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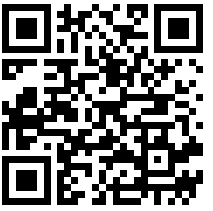

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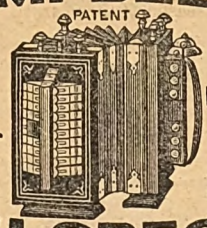

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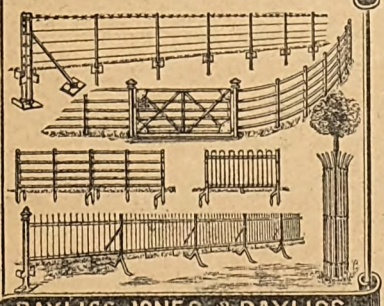

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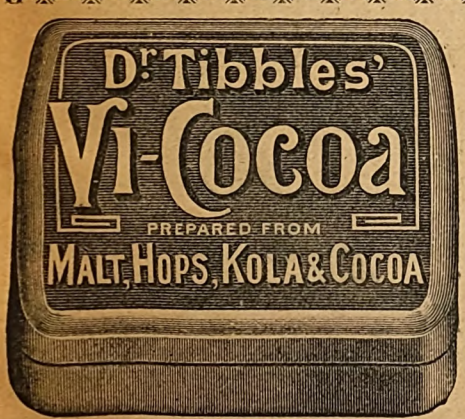

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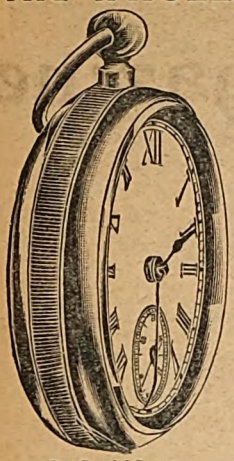

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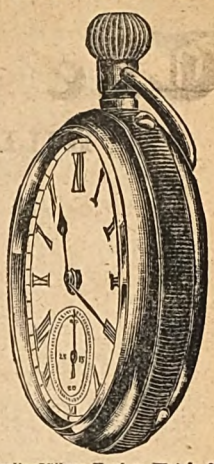

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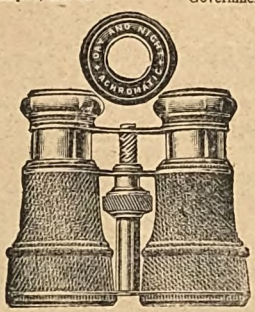

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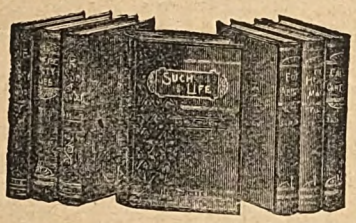

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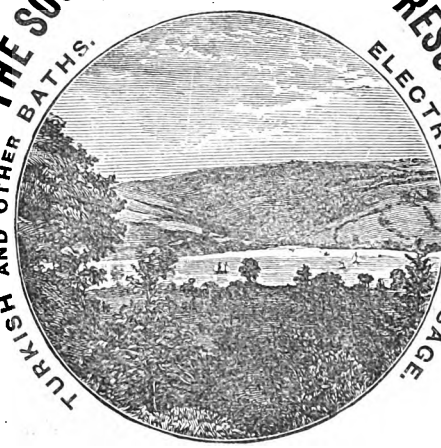

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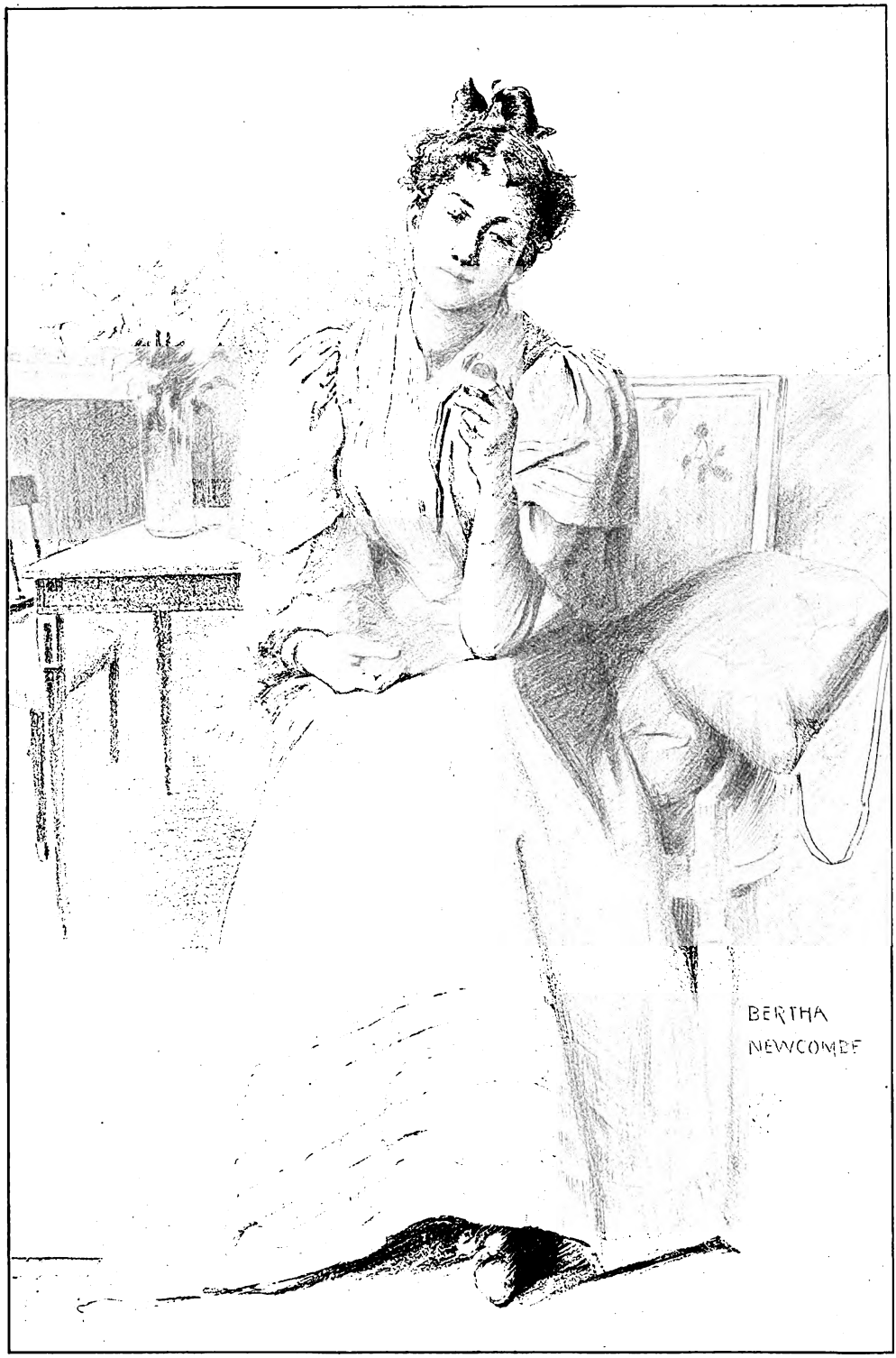

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THE LADY OF THE RED ADMIRALS

By "Q"
(A. T. Quiller Couch)

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

My eyes had been occupied with the grey chimneys below, among the Spanish chestnuts, at the very moment when I slipped on the northern face of Skirrid and twisted my ankle. This indeed explains the accident; and the accident explains why my interest in the house with the grey chimneys suddenly became a personal one. Five miles separated me from my inn in Aber town. But the white smoke of a goods train went crawling across the green and cultivated plain at my feet; and I knew, though I carried no map, that somewhere under the slope to my left must hide the country station of Llanfihangel. To reach it I must pass the house; and there, no doubt, would happen on someone to set me on the shortest way.

So I picked up my walking-stick and hobbled down the hillside, albeit with pain. Where the descent eased a little I found and followed a foot-track, which in time turned into a sunk road scored deep with old cart-ruts, and so brought me to a desolate farmstead, slowly dropping to ruin there in the perpetual shadow of the mountain. The slates that had fallen from the roof of byre and stable lay buried already under the growth of nettle and mallow and wild parsnip; and the yard-wall was down in a dozen places. I shuffled through one of these gaps, and almost at once found myself face to face with a park-fence of split oak—in yet worse repair, if that were possible. It stretched away right and left, with promise of a noble circumference; but no hand had repaired it for at least twenty years. I counted no less than seven breaches through which a man of common size might step without squeezing; availed myself of the nearest; and having with difficulty dragged my disabled foot up the ha-ha slope beyond, took breath at the top and looked about me.

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The edge of the ha-ha stood but fifty paces back from an avenue of the most magnificent Spanish chestnuts I have ever seen in my life. A few of them were withering from the top; and under these many dead boughs lay as they had fallen, in grass that obliterated almost all trace of the broad carriage-road. But nine out of ten stood hale and stout, and apparently good for centuries to come. Northward, the grey façade of the house glimmered and closed their green prospective, and towards it I now made my way.

But, I must own, this avenue daunted me, as a frame altogether too lordly for a mere limping pedestrian. And therefore I was relieved, as I drew near, to catch the sound of voices behind the shrubberies on my right hand. This determined me to take the house in flank, and I diverged and pushed my way between the laurels in search of the speakers.

"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse! Lobelia, how many horses has your father in stable? Red, white, or grey?"

"One, Miss Wilhelmina; an' that's old Sentry-go, and father says *he'll* have to go to the knacker's before another winter."

"Then he shall carry me there on his back: with rings on my fingers and bells on my toes—

> She rode unto the knacker's yard,
> And tirlèd at the pin:
> Right glad were then the cat's-meat men
> To let that lady in!

—especially, Lobelia, when she alighted and sat upon the ground and began to tell them sad stories of the death of kings. But they cut off Sentry-go's head and nailed it over the gate. So he died, and she very imprudently married the master knacker, who had heard she was an heiress in her own right, and wanted to decorate his coat-of-arms with an escutcheon of pretence; and besides, his doctor had recommended a complete change"—

"Law, miss, how you *do* run on!"

The young lady who had given utterance to this amazing rigmarole stood at the top of a terrace flight (much cracked and broken) between two leaden statuettes (headless)—a willowy child in a large-brimmed hat, with a riding-switch in one hand and the other holding up an old tartan shawl, which she had pinned about her to imitate a horsewoman's habit. As she paced to and fro between the leaden statuettes—

> pedes vestis defluxit ad imos
> Et vera incessu potuit dea,

—and I noted almost at once that two or three butterflies ("red admirals" they were) floated and circled about her in the sunlight—a child of commoner make, and perhaps a year older, dressed in a buff print frock and pink sunbonnet, looked up at her from the foot of the steps. The faces of both were averted, and I stood there for at least a minute on the verge of the laurels, unobserved, considering the picture they made, and the ruinous Jacobean house that formed its background.

Never was house more eloquent of desolation. Unpainted shutters, cracking in the heat, blocked one half of its windows. Weather-stains ran down the slates from the lantern on the main roof; while the lantern over the stable had lost its vane, and the stable-clock its minute-hand. The very nails had dropped out of the gable wall, and the wistaria and Gloire de Dijons they should have supported trailed down in tangles, like curtains. Grass choked the rain-pipes, and moss dappled the gravel walk. In the border at my feet someone had attempted a clearance of the weeds; and here lay his hoe, matted with bindweed and ring-streaked with the silvery tracks of snails.

"Very well, Lobelia. We will be sensible housemaid and cook, and talk of business. We came out, I believe, to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie"—

At this point happening to turn her head she caught sight of me, and stopped with a slight, embarrassed laugh. I raised my hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but no strangers are admitted here."

"I beg your pardon"— I began; and with that, as I shifted my walking-stick, my foolish ankle gave way, and plump I sat in the very middle of the bindweed.

"You are ill?" She came quickly towards me, but halted a pace or two off. "You look as if you were going to faint."

"I'll try not to, then," said I. "The fact is, I have just twisted my ankle on the side of Skirrid yonder, and I wished to be told the shortest way to the station."

"I don't believe you can walk; and"— she hesitated a second, then went on defiantly—"we have no carriage to take you."

"I should not think of putting you to any such trouble."

"Also, if you want to reach Aber, there is no train for the next two hours. You must come in and rest."

"But really"—

"I am mistress here. I am Wilhelmina Van der Knoope."

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Being by this time on my feet again, I bowed and introduced myself by name. She nodded. The child had a thoughtful face—thoughtful beyond her years—and delicately shaped rather than pretty.

"Lobelia, run in and tell the Admirals that a gentleman has called, with my permission."

Having dismissed the handmaiden, she observed me in silence for a few moments while she unpinned her tartan riding-skirt. Its removal disclosed, not—as I expected—a short frock, but one of quite womanly length; and she carried it with the air of a grown woman.

"You must make allowances, please. I think," she mused, "yes, I really think you will be able to help. But you must not be surprised, mind. Can you walk alone, or will you lean a hand on my shoulder?"

I could walk alone. Of what she meant I had of course no inkling; but I saw she was as anxious now for me to come indoors as she had been prompt at first to warn me off the premises. So I hobbled after her towards the house. At the steps by the side-door she turned and gave me a hand. We passed across a stone-flagged hall and through a carpetless corridor, which brought us to the foot of the grand staircase: and a magnificent staircase it was, ornate with twisted balusters and hung with fine pictures, mostly by old Dutch masters. But no carpet covered the broad steps, and the pictures were perishing in their frames for lack of varnish. I had halted to stare up at a big Hondecoster that hung in the sunlight over the first short flight of stairs—an elaborate "Parliament of Fowls"—when the girl turned the handle of a door to my right and entered.

"Uncle Peter, here is the gentleman who has called to see you.

As I crossed the threshold I heard a chair pushed back, and a very old gentleman rose to welcome me at the far end of the cool and shadowy room; a tall white-haired figure in a loose suit of holland. He did not advance, but held out a hand tentatively, as if uncertain from what direction I was advancing. Almost at once I saw that he was stone-blind.

"But where is Uncle Melchior?" exclaimed Wilhelmina.

"I believe he is working at accounts," the old gentleman answered—addressing himself to vacancy, for she had already run from the room. He shook hands courteously and motioned me to find a chair, while he resumed his seat beside a little table heaped with letters, or rather with bundles of letters neatly tied and docketed. His right hand rested on these bundles, and his fingers tapped upon them idly for a minute before he spoke.

"You are a friend of Fritz's? of my grandson?"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing him, sir. Your niece's introduction leaves me to explain that I am just a wayfarer who had the misfortune to twist an ankle, an hour ago, on Skirrid, and crawled here to ask his way."

"YOU ARE ILL?"

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His face fell. "I was hoping that you brought news of Fritz. But you are welcome, sir, to rest your foot here; and I ask your pardon for not perceiving your misfortune. I am blind. But Wilhelmina—my grand-niece—will attend to your wants."

"She is a young lady of very large heart," said I.

He appeared to consider for a while. "She is with me daily, but I have not seen her since she was a small child, and I always picture her as a child. To you, no doubt, she is almost a woman grown?"

"In feeling, I should say, decidedly more woman than child; and in manner."

"You please me by saying so. She is to marry Fritz, and I wish that to happen before I die."

Receiving no answer to this—for, of course, I had nothing to say—he startled me with a sudden question. "You disapprove of cousins marrying?"

I could only murmur that a great deal depended on circumstances.

"And there are circumstances in this case. Besides, they are second cousins only. And they both look forward to it. I am not one to force their inclinations, you understand—though, of course, they know it to be my wish—the wish of both of us, I may say; for Melchior is at one with me in this. Wilhelmina accepts her future—speaks of it, indeed, with gaiety. And as for Fritz—though they have not seen each other since he was a mere boy and she an infant—as for Fritz, he writes—but you shall judge from his last letter."

He felt among the packets and selected one. "I know one from t'other by the knots," he explained. "I am an old seaman! Now here is his last, written from the South Pacific station. He sends his love to 'Mina, and jokes about her being husband-high: 'but she must grow, if we are to do credit to the Van der Knoopes at the altar.' It seems that he is something below the traditional height of our family; but a thorough seaman, for all his modesty. There, sir: you will find the passage on the fourth page, near the top."

I took the letter; and there, to be sure, read the words the old Admiral had quoted. But it struck me that Fritz Van der Knoope used a very ladylike handwriting, and of a sort not usually taught on H.M.S. *Britannia*.

"In two years' time the lad will be home, all being well. And then, of course, we shall see."

"Of what rank is he?"

"At present a second lieutenant. His age is but twenty-three. The Van der Knoopes have all followed the sea, as the portraits in this house will tell you. Ay, and we have fought against England in our time. As late as 1672, Adrian Van der Knoope commanded a ship under De Ruyter when he outgeneralled the English in Southwold Bay. But since 1688 our swords have been at the service of our adopted country; and she has used them, sir."

I am afraid I was not listening. My chair faced the window, and as I glanced at the letter in my hands enough light filtered through its transparent "foreign" paper to throw up the watermark, and it bore the name of a firm of papermakers in Aber town.

This small discovery, quite unwillingly made, gave me a sudden sense of shame, as though I had been playing some dishonourable trick. I was hastily folding up the paper, to return it, when the door opened and Wilhelmina came in, with her uncle Melchior.

She seemed to divine in an instant what had happened; threw a swift glance at the blind Admiral, and almost as swiftly took the letter from my hand and restored it to the packet. The next moment, with perfect coolness she was introducing me to her uncle Melchior.

Melchior Van der Knoope was perhaps ten years younger than his brother, and carried his tall figure buttoned up tightly in an old-fashioned frockcoat: a mummy of a man, with a fixed air of mild bewilderment, and a trick of running his left hand through his white hair—due, no doubt, to everlasting difficulty with the family accounts. He shook hands as ceremoniously as his brother.

"We have been talking of Fritz," said old Peter.

"Oh yes—of Fritz. To be sure." Melchior answered him vaguely, and looked at me with a puzzled smile. There was silence in the room till his brother spoke again. "I have been showing Mr. —— Fritz's last letter."

"Fritz writes entertainingly," murmured Melchior, and seemed to cast about for another word, but repeated, "—entertainingly. If the state of your ankle permits, sir, you will perhaps take an interest in our pictures. I shall be happy to show them to you."

And so, with the occasional support of Melchior's arm, I began a tour of the house. The pictures indeed were a sufficient reward—seascapes by Willem Van der Velde, flower-portraits by Willem Van Aslet, tavern-scenes by Adrian Van Ostade; a notable Cuyp; a small Gerard Dow of peculiar richness; portraits—the Burgomaster Albert Van der

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"SHE PAUSED ALMOST AT THE END OF THE AISLE, AND POINTED."

Knoope, by Thomas de Keyser—the Admiral Nicholas, by Kneller—the Admiral Peter (grand-uncle of the blind Admiral), by Romney—and so forth. My guide seemed as honestly proud of them as insensible of their condition, which was in almost every case deplorable. By and by, in the library we came upon a modern portrait of a rosy-faced boy in a blue suit, who held (strange combination!) a large ribstone pippin in one hand and a cricket bat in the other—a picture altogether of such glaring demerit that I wondered for a moment why it hung so conspicuously over the fireplace, while worthier paintings were thrust into obscure corners. Then with a sudden inkling I glanced at Uncle Melchior. He nodded gravely.

"That is Fritz."

I pulled out my watch. "I believe," I said, "it must be time for me to bid your brother good-bye."

"You need be in no hurry," said Miss Wilhelmina's voice behind me. "The last train to Aber has gone at least ten minutes since. You must dine and sleep with us to-night."

I awoke next morning between sheets of sweet-smelling linen in a carved four-post bed, across the head-board of which ran the motto "STEMMATA QVID FACIVNT" in faded letters of gilt. If the appearance of the room, with its tattered hangings and rickety furniture, had counted for anything, my dreams should certainly have been haunted. But, as a matter of fact, I never slept better. Possibly the lightness of the dinner (cooked by the small handmaid Lobelia) had something to do with it; possibly, too, the infectious somnolence of the two Admirals, who spoke but little during the meal, and nodded, without attempt at dissimulation, over the dessert. At any rate, shortly after nine o'clock — when Miss Wilhelmina brought out a heavy Church Service, and Uncle Melchior read the lesson and collect for the day and a few prayers, including the one "For those at Sea"—I had felt quite ready for bed. And now, thanks to a cold compress, my ankle had mended considerably. I descended to breakfast in very cheerful mind, and found Miss Wilhelmina alone at the table.

"Uncle Peter," she explained, "rarely comes down before mid-day; and Uncle Melchior breakfasts in his room. He is busy with the accounts.'

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"So early?"

She smiled rather sadly. "They take a deal of looking after, I assure you."

She asked how my ankle did. When I told her, and added that I must catch an early train back to Aber, she merely said, "I will walk to the station with you, if I may."

And so at ten o'clock—after I had bidden farewell to Uncle Melchior, who wore the air of one interrupted in a long sum of compound addition—we set forth. I knew the child had something on her mind, and wondered how long she would take in disclosing it. Once, by a ruinous fountain where a stone Triton blew patiently at a conch-shell plugged with turf, she paused and dug at the mortared joints of the basin with the point of her sunshade; and I thought the confidence was coming. But it was by the tumble-down gate at the end of the chestnut avenue that she turned and faced me.

"I knew you yesterday at once," she said. "You write novels."

"I wish," said I feebly, "the public were as quick at discovering me."

"Somebody printed an 'interview' with you in ——'s Magazine a month or two ago."

"There was not the slightest resemblance."

"Please don't be silly. There was a photograph."

"Ah, to be sure."

"You can help me—help us all—if you will."

"Is it about Fritz?"

She bent her head and signed to me to open the gate. Across the high-road a stile faced us, and a little church, with an acre framed in elms and set about with trimmed yews. She led the way to the low and whitewashed porch, and pushed open the iron-studded door. As I followed, the name of Van der Knoope repeated itself on many mural tablets, before she paused, almost at the end of the south aisle, and pointed.

I read—

SACRED
To the Memory of
FRITZ OPDAM DE KEYSER VAN DER KNOOPE
A Midshipman of the Royal Navy
Who was born Oct. 21st MDCCCLXVII.
And Drowned
By the Capsizing of H.M.S. Viper
off the North Coast of Ireland
On the 17th of January MDCCCLXXXVI.
A youth of peculiar promise who lacked
but the greater indulgence of
an all-wise Providence
to earn the distinction of his forefathers
(of whom he was the last male representative)
in his Country's service
in which
he laid down his young life

Heu miserande puer. Si qua fata aspera rumpas
Tu Marcellus eris.

"Uncle Melchior had it set up. I wonder what Fritz was really like."

"And your Uncle Peter still believes—?"

"Oh yes. I am to marry Fritz in time. That is where you must help us. It would kill Uncle Peter if he knew. But Uncle Melchior gets puzzled whenever it comes to writing; and I am afraid of making mistakes. We've put him down in the South Pacific station at present—that will last for two years more. But we have to invent the gossip, you know. And I thought that you—who wrote stories"—

"My dear child," I said, "let me be Fritz, "and you shall have a letter duly once a month."

And my promise was kept—until, two years ago, she wrote that there was no further need for letters, for Uncle Peter was dead. For aught I know, by this time Uncle Melchior may be dead also. But regularly, as the monthly date comes round, I am Fritz Opdam de Keyser van der Knoope, a young midshipman of Her Majesty's Navy; and wonder what my affianced bride is doing; and see her on the terrace steps with those butterflies floating about her. In my part of the world it is believed that the souls of the departed pass into these winged creatures. So might the souls of those many pictured Admirals: but some day, before long, I hope to cross Skirrid again and see.

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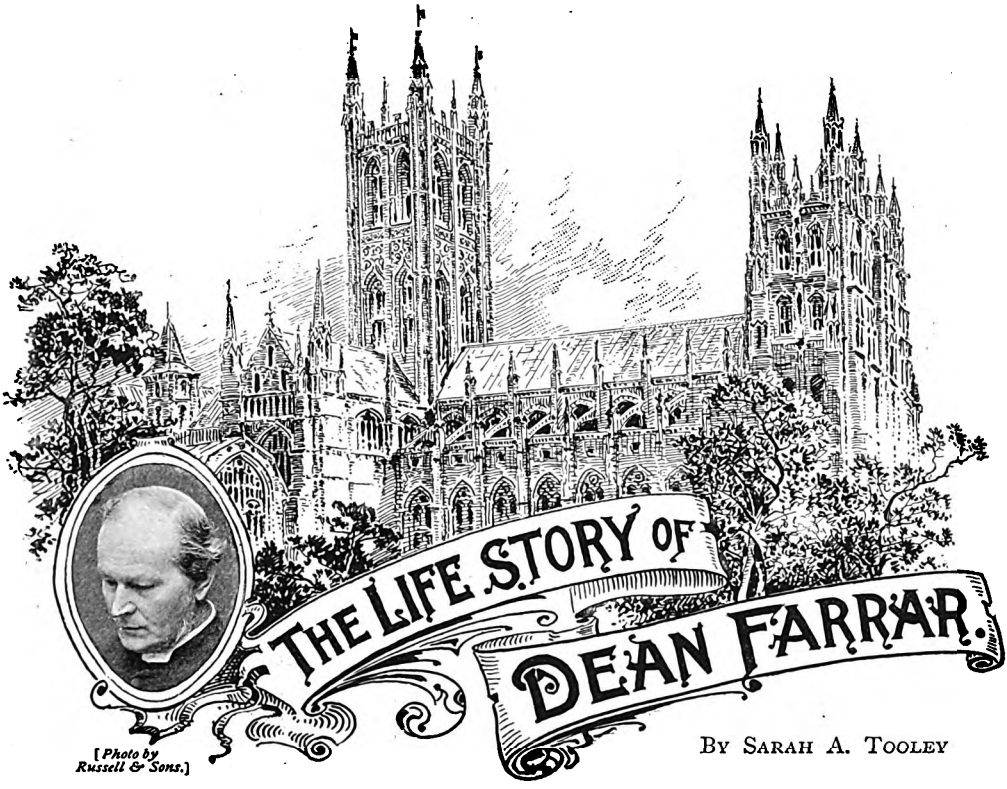

[Photo by Russell & Sons.]

By Sarah A. Tooley

Dean Farrar is disposed to regard his life as too uneventful to be of importance to the world, and shrinks from autobiographical utterances. He will not deny, however, that personal sketches serve a higher purpose than ministering to curious gossip. Many successful men to-day can trace their first impulse towards strenuous endeavour to the reading of such books as *Self-Help*; and the Dean himself acknowledges that next to the Bible he has found the *Lives of the Saints* the most inspiring reading. Happily, saintly qualities did not die with the Fathers, nor capacity for noble endeavour with the workers of a past generation, of which the life-story of the world-famous Canon of Westminster, now Dean of Canterbury, is an illustration.

Dean Farrar is the son of the Rev. C. R. Farrar, late rector of Sidcup, Kent, and is a native of India, having been born at Bombay, August 7, 1831, where his father was engaged in missionary work. When three years old he was sent to England and placed under the care of his aunts, who lived in a pleasant country house in Aylesbury. Of that quiet town are his earliest recollections, with a dim background of a brighter and sunnier land, which had no distinct form in his mind. A fair-haired, blue-eyed little fellow, he lived a free, outdoor life, roaming the fields, the garden, and the orchard, and having books for his chief companions. Not a great variety, it is true, for those were not the days of prolific juvenile literature; but he made an early acquaintance with the novels of Scott, of which *Ivanhoe* was chief favourite, and the characters in it grew to be as real to him as the people who walked the streets. When quite a child he received a present of a small volume of Milton's poems; and this became his constant companion. He read and re-read *Paradise Lost*, until he could repeat many passages if the first line was given to him. Milton and Coleridge, he says, have exercised a deeper influence over his life than any other authors; and that little, worn copy of Milton, which first opened the treasure-house of poetic thought and imagery to his mind, is still to be seen on the Dean's study-table.

He received his earliest instruction from his aunts, ladies of high Christian character, cultivated minds, and broad sympathies, who gave him a large amount of freedom, and only applied the curb when absolutely necessary. Subsequently he was sent to the Latin School in Aylesbury, but probably, like Emerson, learned most from the reading of books not included in the school curriculum. It was a Foundation School, and its pupils numbered the sons of the poorer townsfolk

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as well as those of the landed gentry—a mixture of classes which probably engendered in the future Canon of Westminster his strong democratic sympathies.

When he was eight years old his parents returned from India, and he lived with them, and his only brother, who grew to be his inseparable companion in the years which followed. It was now for the first time that he became really acquainted with his parents, and learned to worship his saintly mother; and the memories which Dean Farrar cherishes of her are indeed too sacred for words. It is now some thirty-six years since she died, but her presence is as vivid to him as though she had passed away but yesterday. She was one of those sweet and gentle souls whose name was never known outside the comparatively narrow sphere in which she lived. "As I think of her life," said the Dean, "and of all it had to bear, I see the triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never remember to have heard a word of anger, uncharitableness, or idle gossip fall from her lips." He recalls the beautiful serenity of her face as she emerged from her room each morning after her private devotions and took up the daily round of her duties. What he saw of his mother's piety has remained the inspiration of his life.

The scene of his boyhood changed when he was eight years old from Aylesbury to the Isle of Man, his parents having taken a house on the shores of Castleton Bay. During the next seven years he lived with his ear close to the heart of nature, in a spot where the rush of life was unknown. There was only one mail a-week in winter and one weekly newspaper in the island, and the people generally spoke Manx. It can well be imagined what a romantic world this secluded island, with its rugged, beautiful scenery and unique customs and institutions, was to a boy whose nature was full of poetry and imagination. He listened to the voices of the mountain and the sea, and drank in life and health as he climbed the cliffs and wandered by the shore, while his spirit was attuned by the beauty of God's earth to love and veneration for its Creator. A love of nature has remained one of the most powerful influences of his life, and the mention of the island still brings to the Dean's face a far-away look of tender memories. *The Manxman* is one of his favourite books to-day; and he speaks in grateful praise of those graphic pictures which Mr. Hall Caine has drawn of the institutions and scenery of the Isle of Man—pictures which will preserve to posterity much that is passing away before the onward rush of the tourist.

Immediately after his parents settled at Castleton, he was entered at King William's College, quite close to his home, and continued to study there until he was sixteen. For the first three years of the time he attended as a day pupil, but after the return of his parents to India he was boarded in the house of the head master, the Rev. Dr. Dixon, of whom Dean Farrar speaks with great appreciation. The long vacations were spent with his relatives at Aylesbury, and the Easter holidays were sometimes passed at the home of Bishop Short, who had a beautiful place on the island, and delighted to encourage his young guest in his passion for outdoor excursions and the study of natural history.

In those days there was no circulating library in the island, and the boys of King William's College had only a limited supply of fiction; but as it consisted of such standard works as the novels of Scott, Fenimore Cooper, and Captain Marryat, they were perhaps none the worse for their limitation. What they did read they assimilated; and Dean Farrar recalls how he and his schoolfellows lay awake in the dormitories, in hot discussion over the characters in these novels. At this period, also, he became familiar with the poems of Goldsmith, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Moore, and Wordsworth, as it was the custom in the school to learn poetry for recitation. He had a particularly retentive memory, and could repeat long poems like "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller" from beginning to end. In after years, when the poems of Tennyson were first published, he was able to repeat *In Memoriam* and *The Princess*, as well as the shorter poems, merely from reading and re-reading, without any idea of memorising them. But to a boy athirst for reading, the supply of books was very inadequate; and the Dean frankly confesses that he resorted to his very "improving" prize books, because he could not get his fill of anything more entertaining. This accounts for the fact that before he was sixteen he had read such books as Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Prideaux's *Connection between the Old and New Testaments*, and Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. Sometimes French books were put under contribution if there was nothing else to supply his voracious mental appetite—it did not matter what, so long as it was a book.

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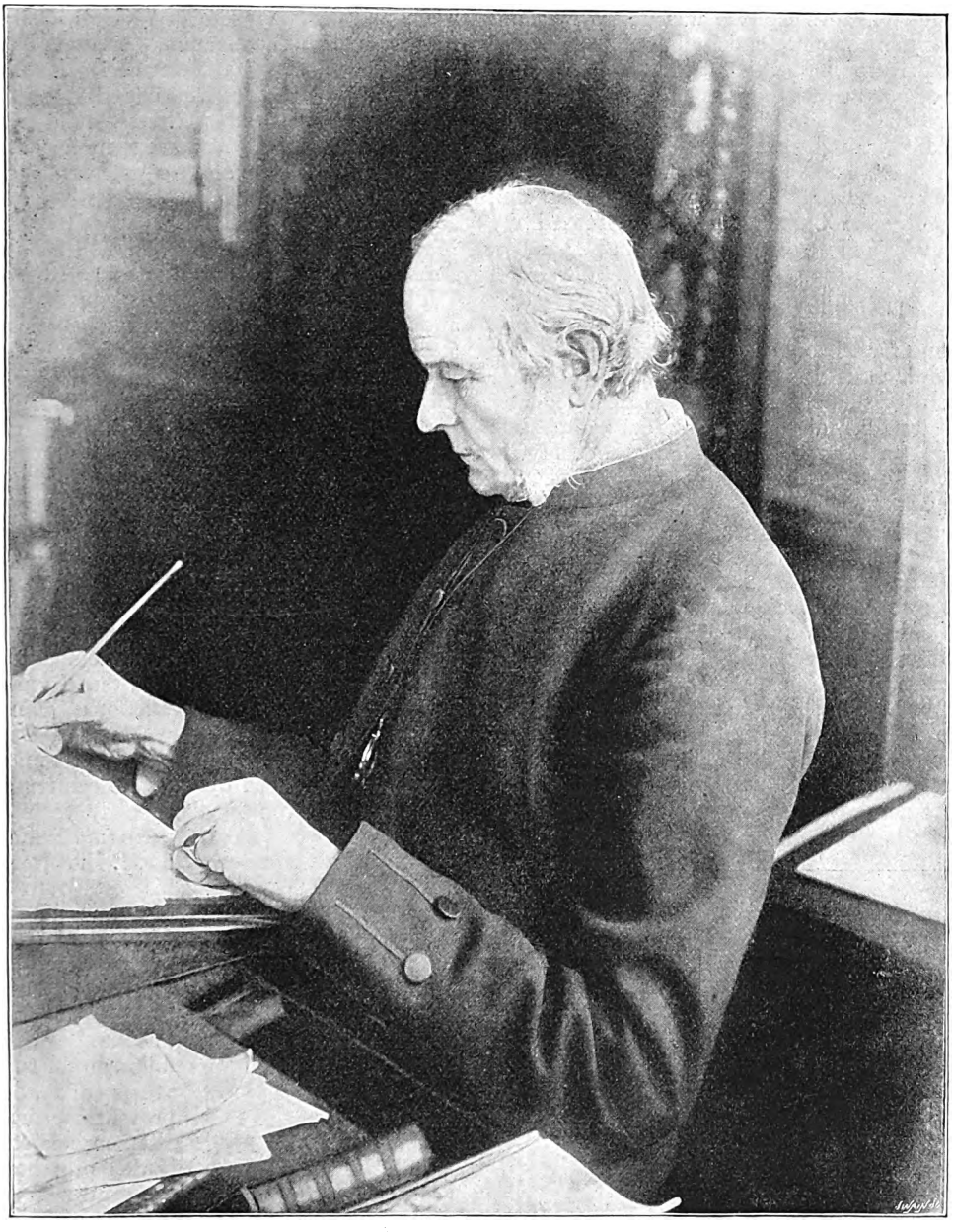

DEAN FARRAR AT WORK.

[*From a new Photo specially taken for* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE *by* H. B. COLLIS, *Canterbury.*]

Full of brilliant talent and keen ability, it is not surprising that before he was fourteen years of age he had carried off most of the prizes in the school. He was building up, too, a strong, robust manhood, finely tempered by the poetic and imaginative faculties which his romantic and beautiful surroundings fostered. Among the schoolfellows of these days, he recalls with affection the names of Professor Beesley, and the Rev. T. A. Brown, author of *Fo'csle Yarns*. One event in his school-life stands out with awful vividness in the Dean's mind to-day. It was the fire in 1844, by which the whole of

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King William's College was destroyed; and that there was not one fatal accident was due in part to "Fred Farrar," to use his boyhood's name, for he was one of the first to give the alarm. "I shall never forget," he said, "waking up at night with the suffocating smell of smoke, and, when I opened the door at one end of the long dormitories, being met by the bursting flames. I roused my brother, and we ran together from bed to bed waking up the boys. Then came the fearful suspense, while we all stood huddled together in a dark passage, waiting for the key to be found for the only safe door of exit; and the joy when it was at length opened and we rushed pell-mell out-of-doors, barefooted and with scarcely anything on but our night-shirts. It was a December night, and the cold was intense; but the wonderful sight of the flames issuing from the windows made me forget everything else. It was the grandest and most awful sight I ever witnessed. Fortunately, my brother and I had friends to take us in; and afterwards we were placed, along with other boys, in a house until the college was rebuilt, and trusted entirely by ourselves, without a master being placed in charge."

When he was sixteen years of age he left the college where he had spent so many happy years, his parents having returned from India and settled in London. His father became the curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell; and he was sent to King's College to continue his education. Amongst his fellow-students at this time, the Dean recalls the names of Henry Kingsley the novelist, Leslie Stephen, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Edward Dicey, and Mr. W. Stebbing, once editor of the *Times*; and he gratefully speaks of the advantages which he derived from attending the classes held by Professor Maurice, History lecturer, Dean Plumptre, Archdeacon Brown, and Professor J. S. Brewer. While at King's College he gained a classical and theological scholarship, and also went in for a London University examination and won a scholarship, which did a good deal towards paying his college expenses; an important matter, as his father was not a rich man. Indeed, the entire college and university career of Dean Farrar is a record of brilliant achievement and self-help.

Removal to London gave him an opportunity for acquaintance with those who were to the front in the religious life and thought of the time, and it was his great delight as a youth to go about to hear celebrated preachers. His brother was his invariable companion; and together they listened to the eloquent utterances of Bishop Wilberforce, Canon Melville, Canon Dale, Dean McNeile, Dean Close, and many more who were prominent in the pulpit at that time. One can readily imagine that even in these early years of unformed manhood. he made his resolve to be himself one of those upon whose lips the multitude waits, and that his highest ambition was to worthily follow in the footsteps of those preachers whose eloquence riveted in his own heart the truths of the Christian religion. When a schoolboy in the Isle of Man, he had been greatly impressed by a sermon preached from the text, "Let them be as the grass growing upon the housetops, which withereth afore it

THE GARDEN AT THE DEANERY.
[*From a Photo by* H. B. COLLIS, *Canterbury.*]

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groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." The vivid imagery called forth by the preacher burned itself into his brain, and he longed that his life might never be as the rank, coarse grass upon the thatch, which the mower and reaper alike despise. In his early manhood no preacher influenced him more than Frederick Denison Maurice, to whose pure, noble life Dean Farrar has paid many eloquent tributes. But one sermon preached by his friend and teacher stands out prominently from others. It was on the text, "Now the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"; and the Dean is fond of describing it as "the noblest sermon of ancient or modern times."

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT THE DEANERY.
[*From a Photo by* H. B. Collis, *Canterbury.*]

But to return to his college career. He graduated B.A. at the London University when nineteen years of age; and as soon as he reached twenty-one and was old enough to be allowed to compete, he gained a scholarship at Cambridge University. He was successively a Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, and gained several prizes—amongst them the Chancellor's Prize for English Verse, by his poem on "The Arctic Regions." As might be expected, so brilliant a student was encouraged in every way by the masters; and the Dean speaks of the kindness shown him by Dr. Whewell, to whom he always refers as the "great Master of Trinity," and Dr. Thompson, and by Professor Clerk Maxwell, who became one of his most valued friends in after-life.

In 1854 he took his Bachelor's degree, in the first class of the Classical Tripos. Before, however, this was known, he was invited by Dr. Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, to take a mastership at Marlborough College. The offer came at a time when he was hesitating what course to take for the future. He had decided to become a candidate for Holy Orders, but was undecided whether to try for a University Fellowship, take a country curacy, or seek a mastership in a school. The invitation to Marlborough settled the point in favour of teaching.

The year 1854 was a memorable one in the career of Dean Farrar: within the space of a few months he took his degree, accepted a mastership at Marlborough, was ordained by Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, and preached his first sermon; and one may add that he also ran a very narrow risk of losing his life. After it was settled for him to teach at Marlborough College, Dr. Cotton further proposed to him that he should assist him with the clerical work of the college; and to do this he must be at once ordained. The Bishop of Salisbury's examination for those about to take Holy Orders took place the day after the school broke up. The Salisbury coach passed through Marlborough at three o'clock in the morning, and Dean Farrar made up his mind to travel by it. He asked the college watchman to wake him; and, in his anxiety to start, neglected to bring either overcoat or rug, notwithstanding that it was a keen, frosty morning in December, and that he was going to ride on the outside of the coach. When he reached Salisbury he felt congealed to the bone, and his ghastly look

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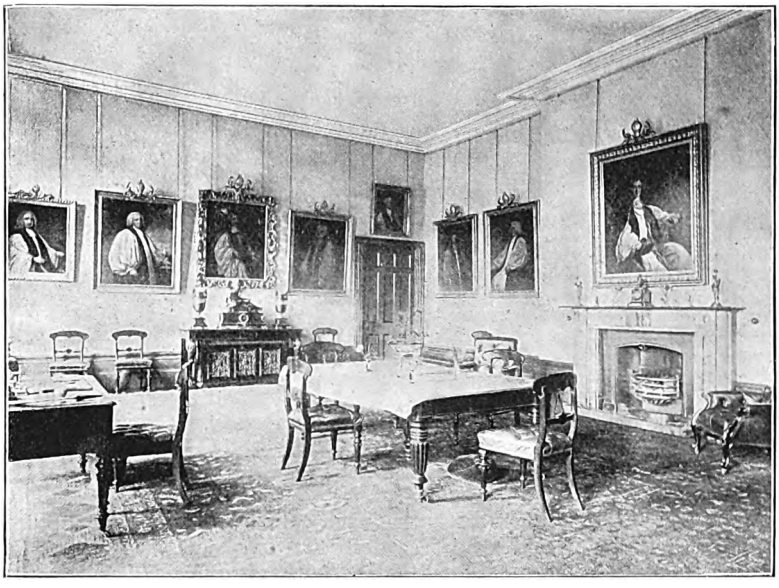
attracted notice when he entered the Bishop's Hall for examination. Fortunately, he escaped with nothing worse than a bad cold. His ordination took place in due course, and on the very day—Christmas Day—that he was ordained, he was appointed to read the Gospel in the Cathedral, and a Salisbury clergyman asked him to preach for him at the workhouse in the afternoon, thoughtfully supplying him with one of the Church Homilies for Christmas Day. However, the newly-ordained young deacon did not like the idea of carrying a book into the pulpit with him, and set to work to write, in the half-hour at his disposal, a sermon which should be at least his own. Looking back upon this time, he feels that it would have been much better if he had given a short extempore address to the feeble old men and women who formed his congregation in the infirmary chapel of Salisbury Workhouse; but distrust in himself, and utter lack of practical instruction in the elocutionary art of preaching, decided him to keep to the "paper."

He recalls to-day the vacant gaze of the old women and the stony stare of the old men in the bare and miserable chapel, and how now and again, as he proceeded to read his discourse on the subject he had chosen—the Angels' Song—one and another got up and walked out, with disgust as it seemed to him. "If ever there was a dead failure," said the Dean, "my first sermon was one. I cannot think of it without a shudder." One can imagine that those old folks in Salisbury Workhouse would probably have used expressive language, if it had been suggested that the crude young preacher was destined to hold great congregations entranced by his picturesque eloquence, and that his fame would travel all over the world. Three years later, in 1857, he was admitted into priest's orders by the Bishop of Ely.



THE DINING-ROOM AT THE DEANERY.
[*From a Photo by* H. B. COLLIS, *Canterbury.*

Meanwhile he had found his work at Marlborough most congenial, and he looks back upon those early teaching days as a very happy period of his life. Two of his old boys have become bishops, and several have risen to great distinction. After a brief period at Marlborough College, he accepted the invitation of Dr. Vaughan to become assistant master at Harrow School, where he remained for fifteen years, Dr. Butler being head master during the latter portion of the time. He recalls with interest that the Honourable Edward Stanhope was the first pupil who entered his rooms at Harrow. Many men now known with distinction in Church and State were under him there, and probably owe much of their success to his kind and skilful guidance; for he had a distinct aptitude for understanding boys and the power of attracting them to him, which is manifest in his stories of schoolboy life.

It was as a writer of boys' books that Dean Farrar began his brilliant literary career. A friend urged him to undertake work of this kind, and in 1858 he published *Eric; or, Little by Little*, a book which has maintained its popularity for forty years, has passed through more than forty editions, and remains

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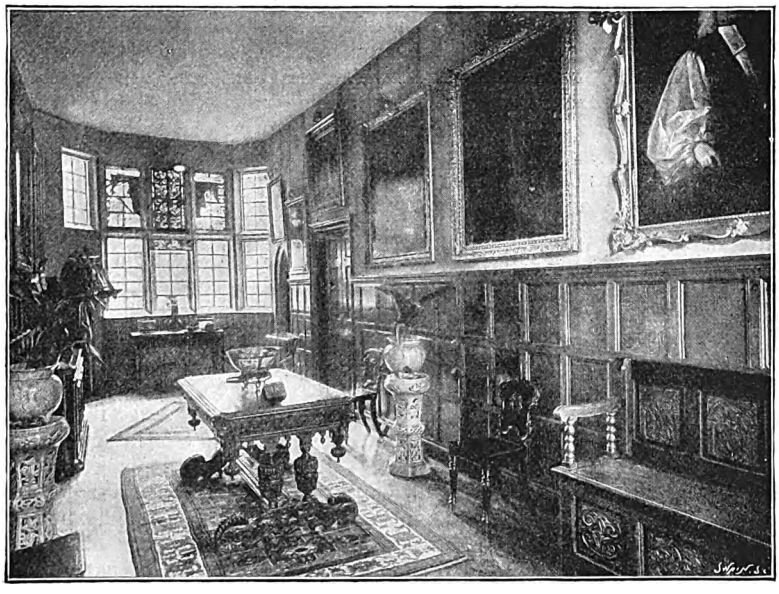
to-day one of those standard stories which every boy reads. It is full of wholesome fun and adventure without any maudlin moralisings, although, we need scarcely say, the lessons inculcated are of the loftiest moral tone. It was written, as the Dean himself says, "with but one single object: the vivid inculcation of inward purity and moral purpose, by the history of a boy who, in spite of the inherent nobleness of his disposition, falls into folly and wickedness, until he has learnt to seek help from above." Letters which the author has received, and indeed is still receiving, from all over the world, show that his object has been more than accomplished. It is an open secret that the Roslyn School of this story is King William's College, and the external scenery is that of the Isle of Man. Anyone acquainted with the facts of the early life of Dean Farrar will recognise that there are some autobiographical touches; but the reader who identifies the school career of Eric with that of his author would fall into error, although the incidents are facts within the Dean's personal knowledge. The avidity with which this book was read, and the good results which followed its publication, induced him to write two other stories dealing with schoolboy life. *Julian Home* was published in 1859; and *St. Winifred's, or The World of School*, in 1863. Attempts have been made to connect St. Winifred's with Harrow School; but the author disclaims that he is describing any place in particular, and says that St. Winifred's might stand for any public school in England.



THE HALL AT THE DEANERY.

[*From a Photo by* H. B. COLLIS, *Canterbury.*]

While still assistant master at Harrow he entered upon the second epoch of his literary career, by the publication, in 1860, of that most fascinating of philological books, *The Origin of Language*, which was followed in 1865 by *Chapters on Language*. For the next six years he continued to publish works dealing with philology and Greek grammar, and imparted to subjects usually dry and scholastic a popular charm.

In 1871 he resigned the mastership at Harrow, which he had held so successfully for fifteen years, and returned to his first love, Marlborough College, as its head master. A flood of memories of those early teaching days, when as Dr. Cotton's assistant he had rather nervously faced the youth of the sixth forms, must have been with him; but the experience gained then proved itself of immense value to him now, and it is not surprising that the period of his head mastership was one of the most brilliant in the history of the college, as it was in his own career; for it was while at Marlborough that he published his *Life of Christ*. This work, which brought Dr. Farrar a world-wide popularity, was issued in 1874, and ran through twelve editions in one year. Probably no theological book has seized more tenaciously upon the popular mind than Farrar's *Life of Christ*: its wealth of beautiful language, picturesque imagery, and minuteness of detail, tempered by a reverent spirit which never allows realism to rob the sublime figure of the Man Christ of His Divinity, have rendered it fascinating to the ordinary

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reader, while students have found in it a wealth of information and illustration. The Dean relates, that before writing the *Life of Christ* he went to Palestine and travelled in every place connected with the Gospels. Many are the almost romantic experiences which he encountered; for it was before the days of organised tours, when travellers to the Holy Land had to explore their way for themselves. He recalls riding out to Mount Gerizim, all the way from Jerusalem, in one ride, one night, to see the Samaritans eating the Passover, in haste, a sight which he describes as wonderfully impressive. It is indeed easy for the reader of Dean Farrar's book to realise that the descriptions of places and scenes are from observations made on the spot: they have that peculiar glow and vividness of local colouring which can only be produced by one who has seen that about which he writes. That the *Life of Christ* was written in the comparatively short space of one year would be matter for astonishment if we did not know that its author had been a student of theology from his schooldays, and that his mind was saturated with religious lore.

The publication of that book naturally brought Dr. Farrar into view as a biblical scholar and theologian, and the Church became eager to profit by his great abilities. He had already been appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains, and was known as the brilliant preacher of the Hulsean Lectures in 1870, since published as *The Witness of History to Christ*. Lord Beaconsfield now offered him the important vicarage of Halifax, which he, however, declined; but subsequently accepted, in 1876, the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a canonry in the Abbey; seven years later he was created Archdeacon of Westminster.

The fame of Canon Farrar as a preacher is too well known to need comment. After his transference to Westminster, St. Margaret's became all too small to hold the crowds who thronged the church doors and filled the aisles, to listen to his words of burning eloquence—too oratorical, some would say, for the pulpit; but he held his hearers as few preachers can hold them. He rapidly became as outspoken as he was eloquent, and was as courageous in attacking the shams and vices of fashionable society as he was bold to examine the dogmas of the Church. The sensation occasioned by his course of sermons, in which he combated the idea that there was no hope for the sinner beyond the grave, was one of the greatest in modern religious controversy. The press teemed with criticism; and the Dean has a vivid recollection of the piles of letters which rained calumny and abuse upon him after the sermons were published as *Eternal Hope*. There were, however, the small and select few who recognised that he was actuated by a desire to broaden the conception of a just and merciful God, and troubled souls wrote to him in gratitude for the "larger hope" which he had enabled them to grasp; and to-day he has the satisfaction of knowing that the Church has to a large extent come round to his position. He recalls with pleasure a visit paid him at Westminster by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who told him that he was the only stranger he had ever written to, and it was the admiration called forth by the reading of *Eternal Hope* which had prompted him to do so.

Not so liberal-minded were some of the genial Autocrat's countrymen. When Dr. Farrar visited America in 1885, amongst the many complimentary receptions given him was one by the clergy of New York. In the address of welcome, however, was an intimation to the effect that the reception was not intended as an endorsement of the distinguished visitor's opinions; and in mentioning the works which he had given to the world, *Eternal Hope* was omitted from the list. Dr. Farrar faced the omission with characteristic boldness, and said, in reply: "I fail to hear mention of one slight production of mine which I had supposed had attracted large notice. I refer to my volume of sermons entitled *Eternal Hope*." He then begged leave to explain its origin, and continued: "It was forced from me by the needs of my hearers, who were, many of them, in a distressed condition and anxious state of mind on this subject, in view of current and what were supposed to be orthodox views." He concluded by asking to be judged by the more careful statement of his views in *Mercy and Judgment* rather than by *Eternal Hope*, which was intended to serve a popular demand. It is often said that the Eternal Hope sermons cost Dean Farrar a bishopric: however, he has not yet entered upon old age; and the office of bishop has not been abolished, so that he may take lawn even yet, and it might not be amiss to have upon the Episcopal Bench one capable of being a leader of thought rather than a mere receptacle for fossilised ideas. Dean Farrar is a teacher of broad Evangelical Christianity, with a reverence for the old while he has a perception of the new, and it has been his aim to bring the religious teaching of the Church into harmony with advancing thought.

For twenty years Dr. Farrar was Rector of

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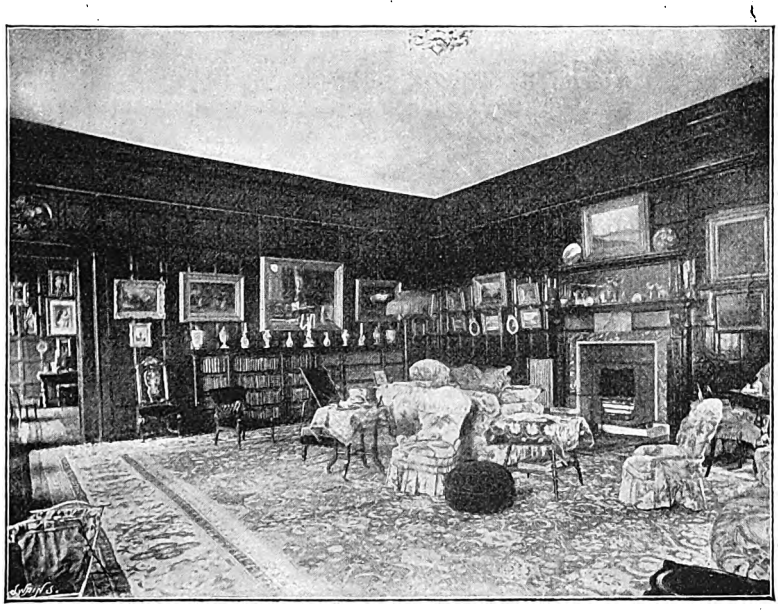
St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, offices which are united by Act of Parliament. He was also three times chosen Rural Dean, and latterly he was Chaplain to the House of Commons. But multiplicity of offices did not mean, in his case, large emoluments, and the actual payment which he received for his clerical labour was scarcely in proportion to the dignity of his position. His work as rector was enormous in a poor and populous parish like St. Margaret's, and necessitated the keeping of three curates, one of whom was his son, the Rev. Eric Farrar. Those who think of Dr. Farrar as the great popular preacher and brilliant *littérateur* scarcely realise the parish work which he accomplished in Westminster; for he was ever ready to attend to the appeal of the poorest among his parishioners, and was the organiser of many parochial schemes and charities, in which Mrs. Farrar and his daughters were unselfish helpers. His sympathies have ever been with the social reforms of the time. He is an ardent temperance advocate, and gave his support to the Westminster Sanitary Aid Association, and founded the Westminster Sunday School Association. He took a prominent part in the Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Young Men, and helped in the formation of a Seaside Camp for London youths.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[*From a Photo by* H. B. COLLIS, *Canterbury.*]

So prodigious a worker did not accept an eight hours day. The Canon was usually to be found in his study at No. 17 Dean's Yard, under the shadow of the venerable Abbey, as early as half-past eight in the morning, and his labours did not cease until ten o'clock at night, when he relaxed his wearied brain with recreative reading—frequently fiction, for which he still retains his boyhood's love. He has always been a rapid writer, and indeed says that he can do nothing slowly; and he finds it more conducive to health to stand while at work, and has a specially-constructed high desk, with shelves jutting out at the side for books of reference. His constant study companion is a parrot bearing the usual name of "Polly." She is a favoured and therefore an audacious bird, and will assert her claim to notice by perching upon her master's hand even while he is deep in the history of early Christianity or in depicting pagan Rome, and has been known to laugh even in the face of a bishop who chanced to be her master's guest, and would not have been awed had he been the Pope. Unlike most preachers, Canon Farrar began the week by preparing his next Sunday's sermon, which was always written in full and read from the pulpit, for, in spite of his natural gift of oratory, he adheres to this method, believing it to have been commended by the greatest preachers; and while he deplores the lack of elocutionary training at the universities, he says that if he began life over again he should write and read his sermons. He counts it one of the joys of his life to have personally known so many of the great men of the age, and recalls the delightful intercourse which he had almost daily at Westminster with Dean Stanley. Browning he found inspiring, as a man as well as a poet, and his lectures on him in America created the greatest enthusiasm. He has

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held communion from time to time with such souls as Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Darwin, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Newman, Tennyson, not to mention F. D. Maurice, whose influence upon him has been already referred to. Among his most valued possessions is a collection of autograph letters received from the great poets of the time, many accompanied by original verse. "I owe an immense debt to the poets," he says, "not only because I have found in them the greatest and best of moral teachers, who revealed to me the purest truths on which it is possible to live, but also because they have illumined many a dark hour, and have added fresh sunlight to many a bright one, by noble lessons set to natural music in noble words. They have helped me to hang the picture gallery of imagination with lovely and delightful scenes, and to take refuge from any storm which might beat upon me from without, in that flood of unquenchable sunshine which they had kindled for me within."

It was while at Westminster that he wrote *The Life of St. Paul* and *The Early Days of Christianity*, the two important works which succeeded his *Life of Christ*; he was also a voluminous contributor to periodical literature and theological commentaries. During recent years he has returned to fiction, which he has always regarded as a powerful vehicle for the conveyance of truth. In *Darkness and Dawn* and its sequel, *Gathering Clouds*, he has painted in vivid colours the epoch of early Christianity, and the period of degeneration which set in with the fourth century, when the faith lost its first ideals. Although the greater part of the characters in these books are fictional, the scenes are historic, and every detail has been studied from both pagan and Christian sources.

In July 1895 came the parting of Archdeacon Farrar from the scene of his laborious and brilliant work. Those who listened on that summer evening to his words of farewell will not readily forget the wondrous pathos of his utterance; for although there had been times when in grim and murky Westminster he had thought regretfully of the romantic scenes of his boyhood, the calm quiet of Harrow, or the delights of his rose garden at Marlborough, he had found in the great city loyal hearts, earnest workers, and inspiring comrades, from whom it was sad to part. And those who listened felt that it would be long ere there came one to fill the blank left by the removal of the Rector of St. Margaret's and the great Abbey preacher.

As Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Farrar now lives in surroundings which seem ideal for the historian of early Christianity. Leaving the High Street of Canterbury, you approach the precincts of the Cathedral by way of Mercery Lane, with its ancient houses and projecting storeys, down which Chaucer's pilgrims and thousands of others wended their way to the shrine of the murdered Becket.

> And specilly from every shire's end
> Of Engle-land to Canterbury they wend,
> The holy blissful Martyr for to seek
> That them hath holpen when they were sick.

At the head of the lane is the site of the old Chequer Inn, where Chaucer and his goodly company put up. Wending your way under the arch of the beautiful Christ Church Gate, the great Cathedral breaks upon your view, and, following round the enclosure, the Green Court of the ancient Priory is reached. To the right stands the Deanery, once the abode of the Priors. It is a long, rambling old house, covered with ivy and creepers, and outside its front garden wall stand tall elms like sentinels on guard. It is upon these immemorial trees and the velvet turf of the Green Court that the Dean looks forth from his study windows. Standing by the Deanery door, you see the great central tower of the Cathedral and the Cloisters from a point which brings their architectural beauty into relief against the sky. The Dean gazes upon the noble pile with a sparkle in his deep-set blue eyes, and a smile of satisfaction lighting up his placid face. Each arch, pinnacle, and tower speaks of the early triumphs of the Christian faith in Britain, of which he is the most picturesque exponent. As he paces the Queenen Walk, leading from the Deanery garden, he will picture to a visitor the procession of chanting monks, walking two and two up to the little church of St. Martin, used as a private oratory by Bertha, the Christian queen of Ethelbert, before even Augustine and his missionaries had come over yonder hill carrying aloft the sign of the Cross. In that same old church still stands the stone font where Ethelbert was baptized from paganism into the faith which Queen Bertha brought to England, and there, thirteen centuries ago, St. Augustine held his first service. The Deanery garden is bounded on the one side by the old convent wall, and on the other by a portion of the ancient city wall, on the top of which runs a path, from which can be seen, as the Dean points out, the cradle of Christianity, typified by the Mother Church, St. Martin's, the Mother Cathedral of Canterbury, and the Mother

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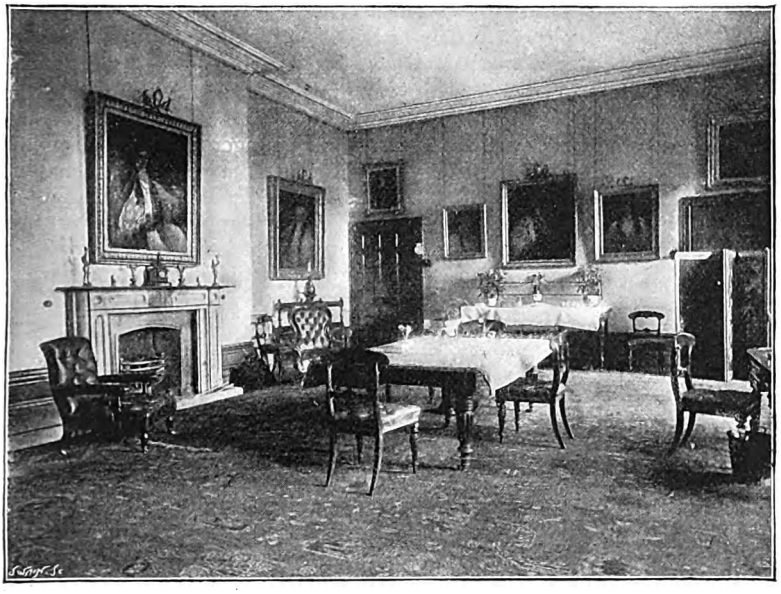
College, St. Augustine's, which existed before Oxford or Cambridge had been dreamed of. Upon the lawn stand mulberry-trees, planted by the monks of old, still bearing luscious fruit, and the beautiful old grey walls have clusters of golden-brown wallflower growing out of their crevices, while in the stillness is heard the cawing of the rooks.

Since he came to Canterbury, Dean Farrar has been restoring and beautifying the Deanery. Over the front entrance he has placed the coat-of-arms of its builder, Prior Goldstone, which is a device of three stones, and bears the date 1494; on either side are the arms of the first Protestant Dean, Nicholas Wotton, 1541, and that of the present Dean, with the date 1895. Dr. Farrar is the thirty-first Dean of Canterbury; and he has great regard for his thirty predecessors, and has had their portraits renovated and the frames re-gilded. Canterbury is the only Deanery which contains a complete set of portraits of its Deans. The newly-cleaned faces of the worthy dignitaries gaze at you from the hall, the study, and the dining-room; and Dr. Farrar will walk round them, and give snatches of their histories in that delightful way of narration all his own. In his study, a bright spacious room panelled in light oak, hang the first of the line, Dean Wotton, the only man who ever held the Deaneries of Canterbury and York together; Dean Nevil, who enriched Trinity College, Cambridge; Dean Bargrave, wearing the signet-ring which, curiously enough, was discovered a few years ago in the Deanery garden, where it was probably hidden when he was seized by Cromwell's soldiers and dragged off to the Fleet prison; and there by the door hangs Dean Boys, another famous Loyalist, who is represented sitting in his study, the ink-horn beside him, and his books standing in a row, with their backs to the wall and their edges only exposed to view. Many of his predecessors, who were made bishops, hang in Dr. Farrar's handsome dining-room; there, too, are the presentation bronzes from the boys of Harrow, who inscribe themselves as "proud of the recollection that they were once his pupils"; and an original painting of Hugh Latimer holding a lantern in his hand, which the Dean likes to interpret as illustrating the text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." One of the staircases is hung with a collection of the shields bearing the arms of the various Deans, a gift from a lady in Canterbury; and over the hall door is beautiful painted glass given by Edward IV. to Elizabeth Woodville, and transferred some time ago from the Cathedral.



THE DINING-ROOM.
[*From a Photo by* H. B. COLLIS, *Canterbury.*]

Happy indeed would Dean Farrar be if it was in his power to do for the Cathedral what he has done for the Deanery. In 1897 will be celebrated the 1300th anniversary of St. Augustine's landing in England, upon which occasion a great Pan-Anglican Episcopal Conference will take place at Canterbury; and a scheme is on foot to celebrate this by the restoration of the Cathedral and Cloisters. He and his clergy are sacrificing largely of their incomes for this object, but enormous is the sum required to preserve from decay the great monument of early Christianity; and this is the object to which Dean Farrar is now devoting himself.

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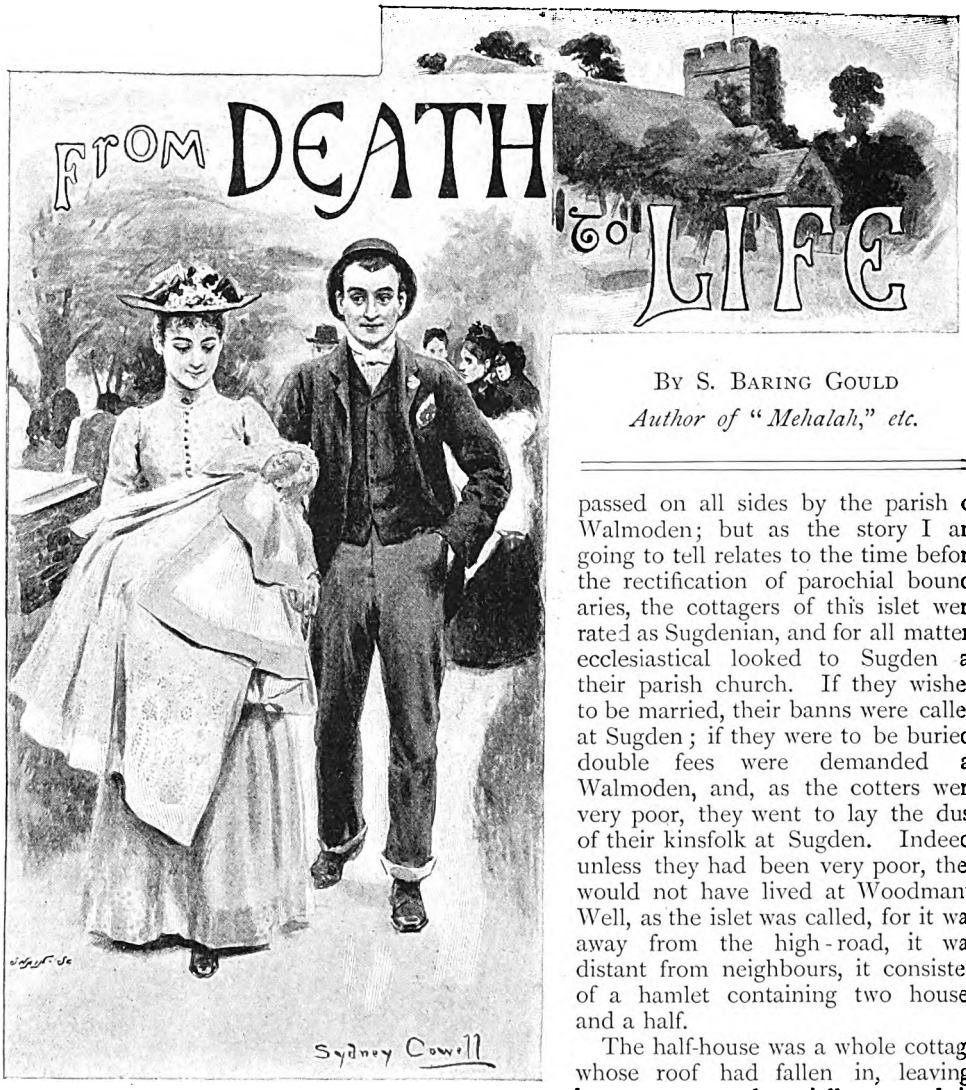

By S. Baring Gould

Author of "Mehalah," etc.

The alteration of parochial boundaries by Act of Parliament has done away with some curious anomalies that had survived from the first formation of parishes in England—that is to say, done away with them so far as rating is concerned, but not ecclesiastically.

The anomalies to which I refer are the odd, outlying patches, like islets, belonging to one parish, and yet surrounded by others. There are counties in England that have their insulated portions; and the same is very general with regard to parishes. How this came about is not difficult to discover. It was due to the ancient holders of estates, who liked to have their properties united ecclesiastically. There was such a detached patch of parish at Sugden. It was three miles from the parish church; it was encompassed on all sides by the parish of Walmoden; but as the story I am going to tell relates to the time before the rectification of parochial boundaries, the cottagers of this islet were rated as Sugdenian, and for all matters ecclesiastical looked to Sugden as their parish church. If they wished to be married, their banns were called at Sugden; if they were to be buried, double fees were demanded at Walmoden, and, as the cotters were very poor, they went to lay the dust of their kinsfolk at Sugden. Indeed, unless they had been very poor, they would not have lived at Woodman's Well, as the islet was called, for it was away from the high-road, it was distant from neighbours, it consisted of a hamlet containing two houses and a half.

The half-house was a whole cottage whose roof had fallen in, leaving, however, one end partially covered, in which an old woman, who gathered herbs, told fortunes, and charmed white swellings, kept up a precarious existence under a tottering chimney. She was not alone; she had a daughter. The two cottages were in partial collapse; their thatch was mouldy, rotten, but not broken through, and the wooden casements were decayed, but not in pieces. If the present tenants were to vacate these houses, their owner believed that he would not be able to find others who would take them and give rent for them. They had been erected on lives, and it was probable that when they fell in to the landlord, they would fall in altogether. By law, of course, he could insist on the holder of the property keeping them in repair; but then, precisely, this holder was an old man living a hundred miles

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away, and was impecunious; consequently his legal right was as good as no right at all.

Those who occupied the cottages were: in the first, a mason and his wife; that is to say, the mason was the tenant in the eye of the law, but his occupancy was casual, and his wife saw but little of him. She was a weakly woman, with one child, a frail little creature of two years, a lovely child with fair hair and blue eyes. The father was fond, very fond, of his little Rosie; but he was fonder of good company at the public-house.

In the second house lived a widow, with her son, Jack Weldon; a fine, strapping lad, with an open face, honest brown eyes always on the twinkle, and a flexible mouth that was ever on the quiver with a laugh. His was an irresistible face. You could not look at it without a smile. There was in it nothing grotesque, certainly nothing deformed, but it was inexpressibly comical. The eyes, the mouth, and an upright jet of hair, like the crown of a cockatoo, were mirth-provoking. Jack was infinitely good-natured, very kind to his mother, and a favourite in the hamlet—that is to say, with his neighbours, the mason's wife and the white-witch. Owing to the temptation of living surrounded by woods and downs, where rabbits multiplied, he was a bit of a poacher, and he kept the two houses and a half supplied with rabbit-meat. Ostensibly and actually, he was a ploughboy. His sporting was done at night and on Sundays.

His good-humour, his drollery, would have made Jack a popular man at the public-house; but, happily, his tenderness to his mother and his love of sport drew him home when the day's work was over, and he preferred laying snares in the wood to sitting boozing at the table in the tavern.

Thomas Leveridge was the mason. He was a man good at heart, but weak,—weak as water,—fond of politics and of argument. Election-time was thought to be not far distant; Thomas had not been home for a fortnight. It is true his work was at a distance of ten miles, and he walked to it on Mondays and returned on Saturdays. But of late he had not been home even for the Sundays; because — well, it was a long trudge, and because — well, his wife was cranky, and because—well, the child had been fretting and crying all night, and he had not enjoyed a good sleep when he was at home.

Thomas Leveridge loved his wife, and he loved his babe, loved his home, but he loved politics better, loved his pleasure better, loved himself most of all.

Now, unhappily, there was a serious and far-reaching reason why the child had fretted and cried. It was sickening for scarlet fever. This he did not suppose was the case. "Children alway be squealin' when they teeths," he said. "They sleeps by day and 'owls o' nights. 'Tis their natur'. But to me as has to work, it's discompoging."

So Thomas Leveridge departed with his bundle on the Monday morning, whistling, went to his work, heard that a dissolution was in the air, was neglectful of his work, got dismissed, went about canvassing throughout the district, and did not receive the letter which had been sent to tell him that his child was dangerously ill. No, nor the second letter to inform him that little Rosie was dead; no, nor the third letter to entreat him to return for the funeral.

What Mrs. Leveridge would have done without the assistance of her neighbours I cannot say. Little Rosie had been her mother's one joy, one solicitude, one ambition. Neglected by her husband, in a dilapidated house, delicate in health, and weak of body, the poor woman had but one sunbeam to enlighten her life; and that sunbeam was her child, and that light was now darkness.

She was wholly overcome, broken-hearted, despairing. Jack Weldon's mother came to the aid of the unhappy woman, and saw to everything, and strove to comfort her. Jack ran to announce the death to the relieving officer, ordered the coffin of the carpenter at Sugden, and arranged with the sexton about the grave. He did more: he went to the town where Thomas Leveridge worked, in hopes of finding him; but could learn only that he had been dismissed by his master, and was all over the country drinking and canvassing. Unable to trace him, he had to return to Woodman's Well.

At this very time Kate Westlake, the white-witch's daughter, appeared, a brown-faced, bright-eyed, pleasant girl, for whom there was not accommodation in the collapsed cottage. She had been in service in a farm; but owing to bad times the farmer had thrown up his tenement, and she had been obliged to leave and look out for a new situation. Meanwhile she came home and found the house she had left practically roofless. Difficulties settle themselves somehow, and this difficulty among others; and this is the way in which it settled itself. Kate went into the cottage of the Leveridges. Mrs. Leveridge needed to have someone with her by night as well as by day, and was very glad

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to accept the attention and help of the good-natured young girl. Mrs. Weldon could not be always with her; and not only had preparations to be made for the funeral, but also the poor woman's health and spirits were so shaken that the ordinary household duties were beyond her powers.

The day of the funeral arrived. Little Rosie was placed in her coffin of plain deal. She had been so small, had become so light through sickness, that the coffin was no weight to speak of. The poor mother was without means, the father was nowhere to be found; he was in no club—that is to say, in no benefit club. He was a member of three political clubs, that brought in no benefit at all, but entailed payments. The funeral must be carried out in the most economical manner. Of neighbours there were only the inmates of Woodman's Well. Owing to the insulated position of this cluster, the population of the circumfluent parish of Walmoden did not regard itself as responsible for sympathy. At a child's funeral it was not etiquette for ardent spirits to be provided; consequently the funeral arrangements were of the most meagre description, and the number of sympathisers few. Jack was to tuck the little coffin under his arm and carry it to Sugden churchyard, and of mourners there would be but Mrs. Weldon and Kate Westlake. The old witch undertook during their absence to keep company with the bereaved mother, who had not the strength to follow the corpse three miles to its last resting-place.

On the way another woman would fall in, who lived in an old octagonal, abandoned toll-gate, and had a passion for funerals, and went to an interment, whoever it might be that was buried, an acquaintance or a stranger.

The day was lovely. Wood-doves cooed in the coppice, and blackbirds fluted; in the blue sky compact white clouds drifted like icebergs in a still ocean. Jack Weldon had done his best to assume a mourner's appearance: he had put on a black round cap with crape about it, a black coat, but could not muster other than brown continuations. His mother had hunted up his father's Sunday pair; but his father had been a short and stout man. These would not fit the length of Jack's legs, and about the waist would have been double, like a Jaeger jersey.

"We must do what we can," said the widow; "nobody expects us to do more. I'll stitch a black crape band round the leg above the knee. Gentlefolks does it on the arm."

By this method the snuff-coloured continuations of Jack were given a suitably lugubrious expression. If they were not black, they tried to look funereal.

"After all," said Mrs. Weldon, "you don't expect for babies what you do for grown-ups."

So the procession started, and augmented itself on the way by the contingent from the toll-gate.

The woman from the latter was of an age agreeable with that of Mrs. Weldon. The way was long. It comported with the occasion to move slowly.

That two old women, both naturally prone to gossip, should walk all the way in silence, was not to be expected; and they were soon in full flow of conversation, carried on in an undertone.

But if it was impossible for two old women to walk three miles in silence, so was it impossible for two young people to do so.

Jack ought to have led the way, followed by Kate; but Jack was burdened, and lagged accordingly, and Kate had an impulsive spirit, and therefore forged ahead.

"I say, Jack," said Kate, "be Rosie terrible heavy?"

"Weighs no more than a feather," answered he. "Poor mite, she wasted away to nothing at all."

"I asked because I thought you seemed tired."

"I tired?"

"Well, you look hot."

"Hot I be—it is the weather. I'm perspiring wonderful, and can't get at my pocket-handkerchief—it is in the pocket next the coffin."

"If you don't mind, I'll wipe your face," said the girl. "But you must stand still and stoop."

Jack halted, bowed; and Kate passed her white cambric pocket-handkerchief over his face.

"Thank'y," said the bearer. "It's terrible refreshing, and smells beautiful."

"That's scent I put on it," explained the girl.

Meanwhile the old women were in lively converse. The black strip round Jack's leg had started them; they diverged to the scandal of Thomas Leveridge being away when his child died, and not being present at the funeral.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mrs. Weldon, "men are monsters. They've no more feelings than have traction engines. I wish we could get along without them."

"But Jack?"

"Ah! Jack is a good son. I'm not speak-

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ing of lads, but of married men. There is poor Mrs. Leveridge, left without a shilling; and whatever she would have done had not Jack caught her a rabbit, I do not know. It all comes of politics."

"You're right there," said the woman from the toll-gate; "when they get politics into their heads, it's worse than beer. They can get the better of liquor with a good sleep, but of politics"—she shook her head and sighed.

"I'll tell'y what it is," continued Mrs. Weldon. "It's our own faults that the men get that r a m p a g e o u's. We give in to them too much. My husband never went after ale nor politics; but then I taught him his duty from the beginning."

"That's it—it all comes of beginning well," said the toll-gate mourner. "It's the same with dogs and with poultry. Lor' bless you, if I didn't take the stick to my cochin-china, he'd be all over the kitchen."

"I'd never advise any girl to marry," said Mrs. Weldon.

"Nor I neither," was the reply; "it's a pity they won't take advice—they are that wilful."

Both couples were interrupted in their respective conversations by a rattle of wheels, shouts, a waving of colours, and up came a light cart occupied by a couple of men, one driving, both vociferating, one brandishing a whip, the other waving a parti-coloured sheet attached to a stick. The cart was drawn by a donkey with coloured rosettes, and was urged forward by the whip, at the end of which was a favour, accentuated with a bunch of thorns. The donkey, stung by the thorns, frightened by the yells, was galloping, and the banner was streaming in the air.

"Hurrah! Vote for Popjoy!" yelled the man with the flag as he flourished it over his head, and, swinging round the corner, the donkey came almost against the bearer with the coffin, and swerved so suddenly that the banner-bearer lost his balance, and was precipitated from the cart into the road, and fell at the feet of Jack Weldon.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the fallen man. "I'll have a law passed to get the likes of you transported for life!"

He tried to rise, but found that he could not, and began to swear.

Then Mrs. Weldon pushed forward.

"Thomas!" she cried, in a voice harsh with indignation, "do you know where you are?—to whom you speak, you ill-conditioned tadpole?"

"THANK'Y. IT'S TERRIBLE REFRESHING, AND SMELLS BEAUTIFUL."

"I know well enough. I'm on the road—and I've hurt my leg somehow."

"Do you know what you are?" again exclaimed Mrs. Weldon.

"I should think I did. I'm a free and enlightened elector."

"Look up, Thomas Leveridge, from where you lie, stopping your little Rosie on the way to her grave."

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"Ah!" threw in the woman from the toll-gate, "if you, her own father, won't come home to see your own sick and dying child, we, who're no relations, must bury her without consideration of you."

Then up came the companion of the prostrate man, who by this time had mastered the ass.

"I say, Thomas Leveridge! what's to be done?" he asked.

The man on the road did not answer at once; he looked with glazed eyes and quivering mouth at the little chest. He tried to speak, but he could not. He tried to raise himself, but was powerless.

"Shall we get you into the cart?" asked his comrade.

"Ay," answered Leveridge; "take me home. I can't go nowhere else. Poor Marianne!"

Some hours later the little funeral party returned to Woodman's Well, without the deal chest, walking at an accelerated pace—or rather, let me say that the old women walked fast; the young mourners lagged. Eventually they got home, and Jack entered the cottage of the Weldons. Without a word he ascended the rickety staircase. It was strewn with scraps of coloured paper, on which were stray letters of the exhortation, "Vote for Popjoy!"

He might have been following a paper-chase; for at intervals along the road, down the lane, these coloured scraps had shown the way to the cottage. They had fallen from the hand of the injured man as he had been conveyed home, and on his way had torn the posters, and strewn them.

On the bed in the upper chamber lay Thomas Leveridge. A surgeon had already been there, and had pronounced the hip dislocated and a bone broken. He had replaced the joint and had spliced the bone. Leveridge was condemned to occupy his bed for some weeks. Beside him sat his wife, with red eyes and pale cheeks; on the floor was a cradle, empty; and she, inadvertently, was rocking it with her foot. Her heart was too full for words.

Jack looked at the man. Leveridge had turned his face to the wall, and was breathing hard; and at intervals a convulsive movement interrupted his long-drawn inspirations. He put up his hand to lay hold of the coverlet and draw it over his shoulder; and it shook—he could catch hold of nothing.

Jack did not speak. He thought:—Let him cry, it will do him good. Tears will wash out his fault; and a fault it was in him to neglect home, even for his political party. Home claims first duties, then come others. If we begin the other way on, we are setting a steeple weathercock downwards, and laying the foundations in the clouds.

Presently Leveridge turned his face round, but would not let the light shine on his eyes; therefore he moved it on the pillow to where it was crossed by the shadow of his wife. Then he sighed and said, "Such a child as was my Rosie! There is no angel in heaven like her. Dear me! I was all for patching of the Constitution, and never mended up my own house. I am a mason, and did not put a bit of plaster to that crack in the wall; and the wind blew in on my little Rosie, and the draught killed her. I'm sure if I were dying"—

"You are not dying," said his wife; "you are only laid by for a bit."

"Ay," said Thomas, "I'm tied to home by my leg, and serve me right; and now I can't go to the poll." He began to kick about.

"You must not do that," said Mrs. Leveridge. "The doctor said you were to lie still."

"I can't help it, Marianne," said the mason. "I'm real hearty glad I can't go to the poll. It just serves me right, and touches me where I'm most tender. When I think of what I have done in leaving you alone, and my Rosie ill, I feel that ashamed as I'd like to dive under the bedclothes and never come up no more. Now look here, Jack. You are not a married man, nor thinking of it."

"No," said Jack, retreating a step; "I'm rather too young, thank you kindly."

"No offence, it was well meant," answered the mason. "What I was going to say to you— But there, I hear your name called below. Run and see who wants you."

The young man descended the stairs. At the foot stood Kate with a newspaper in her hand.

"Were you calling me?" asked Jack.

"I wanted to know if you'd be so very good as to go over the advertisements with me," said Kate timidly. "I am a poor scholar; and I want to know if there is something in the paper that might suit me."

"I'll do it," said Jack. He took the newspaper and spread it out on the kitchen table under the latticed window. "Let's see—what do you want?"

"Go right through, if you please."

"'Messrs. Hampton will sell by auction this day that desirable'"—

"No, Jack, I'm not going to stand that."

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"'THOMAS!' SHE CRIED, IN A VOICE HARSH WITH INDIGNATION, 'DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?'"

"'Tenders are invited for new offices.'"

"That's hardly in my way."

"'Three thousand gentlemen's cast-off suits, overcoats, boots'"—

"No, I shouldn't know what to do with them all."

"'Electrical engineering. A vacancy for an articled pupil.'"

Kate hesitated. "I don't quite understand. I can feed pigs, bake, and milk. Is it anything to do with that?"

"No; as far as I can make out, it has to do with electioneering."

"Then I'll have nothing to say to it. Go on to the next."

"'Bake,' you said. Then here goes. 'Wanted at once, a man well up in smalls. State salary.'"

"But I'm not a man. Is there nothing that will suit me?"

"Here is something new," said Jack, and he began to laugh. "'Matrimony.—Bachelor, tall, handsome, healthy, good social position, possessing gold mines, and £2000 per annum, wishes to meet with a lady, with view to marriage. Send full particulars. State age. Send photo. Thoroughly genuine.'"

"That's the situation for me, to a hair! Do answer, Jack. I'm twenty-one."

"But the photo?"

"I have none."

"Then what is the good of answering? There will be such a run on this gentleman."

"You think so, Jack?"

"Sure of it."

"But not such desirable females as me."

"There's no photo," said the young man sternly.

"But I can get myself photographed."

"And by that time he will be caught up."

"You think so?"

"Sure of it."

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"It is very hard to find a place."

"I don't quite know what you want. Here are a pair of roller-skates advertised, and here is a light phaeton."

"No," said Kate decidedly. "That's not matrimonial, and it's matrimonial I like: read another."

"There is no other."

"Then read over the first again."

Jack did so. Kate mused.

"Look here, Jack," said she. "Write for me and give a good description; and say I'll be photographed the first opportunity."

"That's no good—he'll think you colour yourself too high."

"But if *you* describe me, Jack."

"Well—here goes. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, with a little dimple just at the corner of the mouth, and dark hair that shines, and lips"— Jack threw down the paper on the floor, put his foot on it, and burst forth with, "Drat it! If it's matrimonial you want, come along with me back to Sugden to the parson, and we'll ask him to read the banns next Sunday. But perhaps you're too tired?"

"I—I tired? Bless you, I could run all the way."

After a few weeks Thomas Leveridge was able to get about; and though he could not go at once to a distance for work, he was able to do small jobs near home. The Squire came to Woodman's Well. Complaints had been made by the sanitary officer that the cottages were ruinous and unhealthy.

"I'll tell you what," said he to Leveridge, "I will have them put into thorough repair and send the bill to old Rumage, who's got the life-rights. If he won't pay, then the cottages are mine."

"And may I do them up?"

"Most assuredly."

"That is famous," said the mason; "then I shall have time to whitewash and make sweet before the wedding."

"Wedding? What wedding? I thought there had been a burial—that the place was insanitary, and that"—

"Well, sir, out of Death cometh Life. A funeral sometimes leads to a marriage."

A year and a day had passed since this conversation; then there issued from two houses at Woodman's Well two little parties on their way to the parish church.

But this time no little coffin was carried to the graveyard; on the contrary, two lusty little infants were being conveyed to the baptismal font; and the parties issued respectively from the cottage of the Leveridges and from that of the Weldons. And as both parties arrived at the toll-gate, the woman who inhabited the toll-house issued forth, to act as sponsor to both babes.

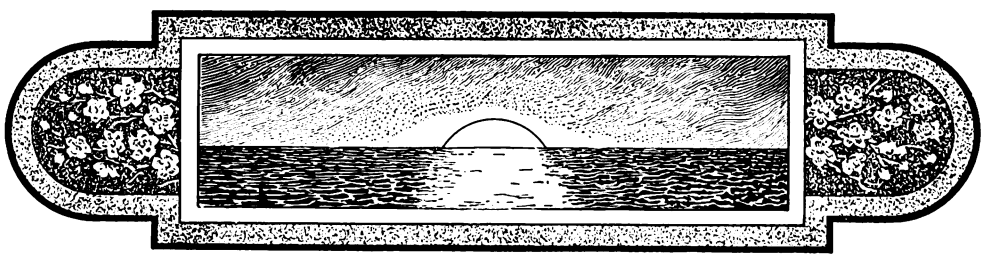
And as she walked along she said to old Mrs. Weldon, "Who ever would have thought it, last time we two went this way?"

"Who ever would?" answered Mrs. Weldon; "but Jack might have gone far and fared worse."

"And then—Thomas Leveridge?"

"He's taken to caring for home first, and politics come second only."

"Well, well! The last time we were here together it was to a burying; but it is true, that sayin' of Scriptur', From Death we have passed to Life."



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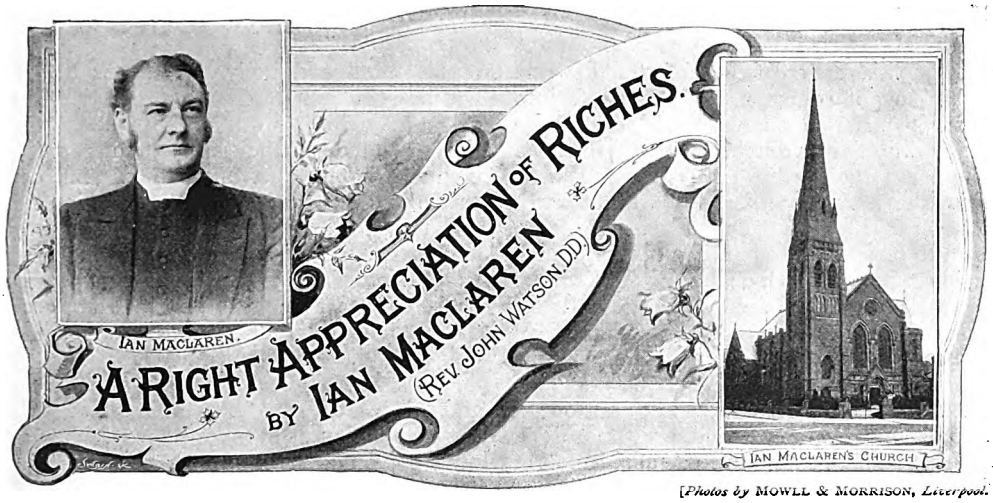

[Photos by MOWLL & MORRISON, Liverpool.

MUCH has been written in Holy Scripture and said by teachers of morality regarding the subtle snare and evil effect of riches, and no one can have seen anything of life or have any insight into character without endorsing such charges. Riches, more than any other influence, have blinded their possessor's mind to the exquisite beauty of Jesus' life, to the radiant splendour of God's kingdom, to the severe dignity of character, to the visions of imagination. When one falls under their baneful tyranny, he loses all sense of proportion in life, he is deceived by false standards of rank, he becomes arrogant in manner, he is coarsened in thought. On account of the greed of money, families have been rent in twain, lovers' hearts have been broken, high ideals have been flung aside, conscience itself has been besmirched, and horrible deeds of cruelty have been done. The secret sin of many a saint has been the love of money. As the gold was concealed in the hair of the young girl of Browning's poem, the public stain on many a great man's reputation has been the taking of bribes. For thirty pieces of silver Judas Iscariot sold his Lord, and with money Simon Magus desired to buy the Holy Ghost.

If God has bestowed upon anyone more of this world's goods than is necessary for the support of himself and his family—which superfluity may be called riches—then it is evident that this is a perilous gift, and it is intended to be a discipline for the soul. One must not be self-confident and take for granted, that because he was in earlier years generous and unselfish he may not grow hard and mercenary in later years. Nothing is more common, nothing is more painful, than the decay of character with the years, so that the spring of fine impulses dries up within the man, and his capacity for liberal deeds withers before our eyes. Cases there are, no doubt, where one has passed into liberty as he grew in riches, — marvellous deliverances of Divine grace,—but for one such there are ten where increase of wealth has ended in meanness of soul. And surely there can hardly be a sadder irony than a man building larger barns for his goods, while an ever-decreasing space will hold his illiberal and churlish soul.

It were, however, an extreme and unreasonable view to regard riches as a necessary and unmitigated curse. Were this the truth, then the path of duty and religion for one and all of us would be monastic poverty, and he only had done the will of God who had left all to follow Christ, as did St. Peter and St. Matthew. This, however, were to change the whole organisation of society, and hardly for the better, since the day of this general surrender would be the beginning of general degradation. One has only to think twice on this matter to discover that the ethical good to be obtained in connection with riches will not, as a rule, be their refusal but their management, and that the man who does his duty best for the race is not he who, through indolence or stupidity, acquires nothing, or having acquired something flings it away, but rather he who, having laboured and received, uses his just reward for the highest good of his family and his fellow-men. This is the appreciation of riches.

From this standpoint riches afford three benefits to their possessors,—and the first is *achievement*; and one means that in the effort, by fair means, to obtain riches, certain

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solid qualities are created and fostered. One is thinking, of course, not of the people into whose hands riches have flowed, but of the people who have wrought hard to gain them. There are those who have inherited their possessions, who are often envied, but ought rather to be pitied. Others there are who seem to have obtained their wealth by some accident or turn of life; but who, it is more likely, have simply seized an opportunity for which they had prepared. Some may have amassed unholy gains by oppression and dishonesty, but their prosperity will be short-lived. All those classes are to be left out of account in any ethical judgment, for it is evident that in their case the acquisition of riches cannot have gone to the formation of character. Take rather the man—representative of so large and honourable a class in a modern commercial city—who was the son of poor parents and began life in humble circumstances, who has prospered with the years, and is now like unto Joseph of Arimathea. It has been the fashion of literature to put this man in the pillory and to make play with him, and to leave the impression that any scribbler who could string together a few verses, although neither he nor his verses had any claim to character, stood higher by the truest standards of worth, and was of more value to the community. This man is also apt to give himself away, by too often insisting on his own history, and speaking as if with his own sword and bow, and not by the good favour of the Almighty, he had achieved his success. But it is common speech which does him most injustice, and quite confuses the situation. For it is asked, "How much is he worth?" and then the answer is given in figures. If this were indeed his exact value, surely his life had been a sad fiasco, and he himself was of no account. What he is worth is another thing from what he possesses; and if you go into the matter his fortune becomes a mere symbol, to be translated from figures into qualities. Just as half a dozen books stamped with university arms show that a young scholar has made a fair beginning in culture, or a simple bronze cross on a soldier's breast proves that he has played the man on the field of battle, so does honourable success in business bear witness to character. It means that a fellow-man called to do his work in his calling has not been idle and careless—flinging away his opportunities and denying his duties. It means that he has not yielded to the lower impulses of his nature and done foolishly, to the weakening of his mind and body. It means that he has resisted temptations to trickery, deceit, and unprincipled work of all kinds. This ten or hundred thousand pounds are in themselves only dust and vanity. But consider them as x, and work the equation out, and they read industry, perseverance, thrift, intelligence, self-denial, integrity. This gold is but another word for brain and conscience, and proves that one has done the work laid to his hand with all his might, and in so doing has built up his manhood.

The second benefit of riches is *opportunity*; and this must be patent to every mind. Has not everyone of us at times envied a rich man, not for his money, but for the good he could do; not for the pleasant garden in which Joseph walked of an evening, but for its use when he consecrated it to the Lord? Did ever the high office of wealth receive a more convincing illustration than when a millionaire of Jerusalem rescued the body of Jesus from outrage and laid it to rest, with honour, in his rock-hewn tomb? In order of beneficence the prophet must stand first, for he declares God, and with him as being of the same kin must be classed the poet, the painter, the master of music. None have done so much for us as those messengers of God who have preached to our souls the kingdom of God and magnified its treasures. But after them, for solid service give place for Joseph of Arimathea, when God has touched his heart. Gold may be only yellow dust, but what is there its possessor cannot accomplish with it? He can enter a home when the head has been stricken with dangerous sickness and send him where the air is dry and the sun is shining, and so restore the husband to the wife and the father to his family. He can find some poor lad whom God intends for a scholar and open to him the gates of knowledge, and so fulfil one of the purest passions of the human heart. He can pull down a nest of evil houses and replace their hideousness with green grass and flowers, so that, where disease and crime once reigned, little children will play in their innocence. He can secure noble works of art and house them in a fitting building, so that the humblest of the people may possess those things in their souls eye hath not seen nor ear heard. He can raise in the midst of the care and labour of the city some house of God wherein the weary shall have a place to pray and the evangel of Jesus shall be preached. Gold, consecrated to God, can bestow life and happiness and knowledge and beauty and hope. It can not only pay

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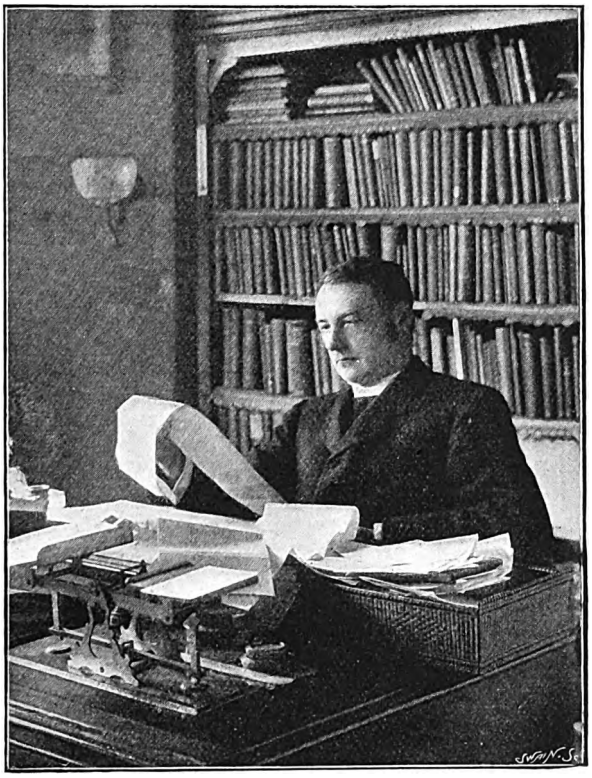
honour to the dead Christ, but can serve the living Christ in the multitudes of His people.

And so riches also must be a *joy* for the great reward their Christian use brings to their steward. No man must give to God in order that he may get from God, for this were a base spirit that can bring no blessing; yet God is not unfaithful to forget any labour of love. No one can purchase heaven by his riches, yet one may so invest his means as to bring heaven within his heart. The recompense of liberality is automatic and spiritual. What victory is greater than his, who, having the world at his disposal, makes it not the minister of his pleasures, but the servant of his brethren, and so is baptized into the spirit of Jesus! What joy can be sweeter than his who has caused the sun to shine on bleak and narrow lives, and so is filling life with peace and plenty! What comfort is like his who in the straits of life is upheld and guarded by the prayers of the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the needy, which, like the mighty angels of God, do continually protect him! What wisdom can be compared to his who has exchanged this poor currency of earth for the lasting treasures of heaven, so that when he departs from this world he leaves nothing behind save his worn-out body, and finds on the other side all he ever gave with a thousandfold of increase! For he has made a happy exchange who gave to Jesus a garden tomb and received of Him our Father's House.



"IAN MACLAREN" AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.
[*From a Photo by* MOWLL & MORRISON, *Liverpool.*]

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CHAPTER I

PENTARNUM MOORS

The uplands moan and moan
To greet the deluge of the skies.

A LONELY moor, wind-swept and almost treeless; a cold, steely sky, with a wrack of angry clouds scudding swiftly past from north to south; a wintry deluge of rain and sleet every few minutes, accompanied by a wilder wailing of the wind; a hedgeless, melancholy road stretching from horizon to horizon, deeply-rutted and uncertain; and last, the figure of a woman hugging a child to her breast, and followed by a lad of six or seven years, who managed to get one weary little limb before the other by holding tightly to his mother's skirts.

Every now and then the woman lifted her head and looked eagerly toward a clump of stunted hollies which grew by the roadside a considerable distance away; and every time she looked she sighed wearily, for she seemed to get no nearer their friendly shelter.

There were three or four small clumps of hollies on Pentarnum Moors, and perhaps half a dozen gnarled and melancholy thorns. How they got there no one knew. The question was often discussed in the neighbourhood whether they were planted or whether they came by chance. But the discussions always ended where they began. No one knew, and speculation was not evidence.

The largest of these clumps, and the one to which the tired woman so anxiously raised her eyes, was known as "Gideon's Chair." Why "Gideon's" was also a mystery. In the annals of the three parishes that surrounded Pentarnum Moors there was no record that anyone of that name had ever lived. The oldest inhabitant, when appealed to, only shook his head. It was Gideon's Chair when he was a boy, and that was all he knew.

As a matter of fact, it was impossible to tell how many people had lent a helping hand in shaping that rude shelter on those wild and lonely moors. The hollies grew in semi-circle, open to the south. At their back was a thorn, which helped to break the force of the wind. Between the trunks of the trees, uncounted hands, through uncounted years, had built turf and stones, until a fairly substantial wall had risen from roots to branches.

Farmers with their teams would pause here to rest and smoke a friendly pipe, and, finding the wind keen at the back of their heads, would stuff a wisp of straw in any gap that might be seen; or, if they had their shovels with them, would cut a square or two of turf, and so add their mite to the friendly shelter.

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In this way "Gideon's Chair" took shape and grew. Not rapidly, for very few people passed that way. It was a lonely road, and badly kept, and exposed to every wind of heaven. Hence no one cared to cross Pentarnum Moors unless he was compelled. Also a man had been gibbeted, a generation or two ago, at a point where two footpaths cross each other. He had been an industrious, well-behaved man, till misfortune drove him to poach in Lord Newlyn's preserves. His plea was, that his wife and children were starving and he had no money to buy food. That he resisted the keepers was perhaps only natural, and left them with sundry bruises. That, however, in the eyes of the English law, was too grave an offence to be passed over with any punishment lighter than death, and death by the most horrible torture.

The moans and cries of this poor creature in his iron cage could be heard, it was said, five miles away; and on stormy nights, in the pauses of the gale, people shuddered in their beds as unearthly wails stole into their rooms.

All this happened many many years before our story opens. But imaginative people crossing the moors after nightfall heard strange noises still—distressful cries and lamentations; and some of them saw, or fancied they saw, blue lights playing above the grave of the felon, and strange shapes dancing in the weird and uncanny lights.

All this tended to keep people from crossing Pentarnum Moors after nightfall, except in cases of absolute necessity. Between Polwhele and Stamer it was the direct road. There was another way round by Mervyn, but that increased the distance by at least one-third. It meant also a steep descent into the last-named village, and a steep pull out of it. So it happened that people who wanted to go direct from Polwhele to Stamer, or *vice versâ*, generally managed to screw their courage to the proper point of tension, and take the direct road.

Indeed, in the summer-time—but for the ruts—it was a way to be chosen. There were no tall hedges to shut off the wind and produce a sense of suffocation. If in the sultry dog-days there was a breath of air to be found anywhere, it was on Pentarnum Moors. Occupying an elevated plateau, hedgeless and practically treeless, the wind received no check, but roamed dreamily across the broad expanse of gorse and heather, and gathered up a thousand perfumes, and shook them out again for the benefit of the passers-by. That it was a lonely road there could be no doubt, even in the brightest weather, with a strange oppressive silence resting upon it and an eerie sense of forsakenness. There was not a house in sight as far as eye could reach, whilst the sheep and cattle found so little to nibble at that there was no encouragement for them to stray so far.

In the winter-time, when all the bloom was gone from the gorse and the purple from the heather, it was a scene of bleak desolation. The few stunted hollies alone relieved the depressing monotony,—gave to it the only bit of colour it possessed,—if we except the pools, which in the evening lights gleamed steely blue and grew wrinkled with the cold.

Amy Milward, as she toiled wearily along the muddy and uneven road, felt as she had never felt before the utter desolateness of the world and of human life. The lonely, treeless moors seemed to reflect her own sad experience. The bitter, pitiless sleet and rain were but a type of the remorseless fate that seemed to dog her steps eternally. Had she nearly reached the end, she wondered. She had but one last card to play. If that failed, there was nothing left. Nothing. For herself she did not mind. During the last fifteen years life had been robbed of everything that could make it worth living—everything save two of the seven children she had borne, Jack and Eve. She sometimes wished they had slipped away like the others; then she could have followed without regret, thankful for the quiet shelter of the grave.

She had not spoken to Jack since they commenced to cross the moors. She felt him tugging hard at her skirts, and heard his little feet splashing in the pools. She would have saved him from such an experience had she been able. She knew he must be terribly tired, and hungry as well, while his little feet would be blue with the cold. But she could not help it. It was for his sake and his sister's that she had taken the long journey which was now so nearly drawing to an end. What that end would be she did not know.

Jack held bravely by his mother's skirts: it seemed like his only hope of salvation. He knew if he let go, he would fall; and if he fell, the chances were he would never get up again. He wanted badly to talk to his mother, but had not courage to open the conversation. He was afraid his voice would break, for the tears were terribly near; and he would not like his mother to think that he was crying, or anywhere near it. He was too

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big a lad to cry now—he was turned seven; and people did not cry after they were seven, except they were girls or else were awfully hardly put to it.

Besides, he knew it made his mother worse to see him cry, and she had enough to bear already. Why she should always have so much to bear was a constant puzzle to him, and why she should be compelled to tramp this desolate road was what he could not understand. She had been very reticent about the object of her journey. To all his inquiries her answer had been, "You must wait and see, Jack. Perhaps it will all end in nothing."

And indeed, to his small mind, this seemed more than probable. Had he been allowed to express an opinion, he would have said they had got to the end of the world.

After the wilderness of dingy streets they had left, with its teeming life and endless roar and bustle, this terrible rain-sodden, wind-swept moor seemed like the end of all creation. He looked beyond his mother, out there to the edge of the moor, where the road suddenly ended in a streak of wintry sky—beyond that there appeared to be nothing—and he gave a little shudder. What would happen, he wondered, when they reached that point, if they ever did reach that point. For, alas! it seemed a long way off, and he felt at every step as if he could go no farther.

He felt, too, that his mother walked much more slowly than she did at first, and that her steps were much less certain. But perhaps that could be accounted for by the state of the road; for in all his small experience he had never known anything to be compared with it. The worst cobbled street he had ever seen was magnificent in comparison.

His mother spoke at length.

"I'm nearly done, Jack," she said. "But we'll rest directly."

"Rest where, mother?" he asked, making a desperate effort to keep his voice from revealing the tears that were behind. "I don't see no houses anywhere."

"Gideon's Chair is just on ahead," she said feebly. "We're nearly there."

"A chair out in the rain won't be of much use, will it, mother?" he asked pitifully. "I want a fire, and somethin' warm to sup."

"Are you very cold, Jack?" she asked, after a pause; for her heart was in her mouth, and the thought of her child suffering was worse than any pain of her own.

"Only my hands and feet, mother," he answered resolutely. "But ain't we coming to some houses soon?"

"Beyond the moor the road dips down into the valley," she said, staggering as she walked. "There are houses in the valley, and just outside Stamer"— Then she paused suddenly, both in her speech and in her walk, and seemed as if she would have fallen.

Jack, however, was not looking; he was only listening.

"Yes, mother?" he questioned.

"I feel very faint, Jack," she answered feebly. "Are we nearly there?"

"Nearly where, mother?"

"I cannot see the trees for the mist," she said pathetically. "Come to my side and let me place my hand upon your shoulder."

In a moment the little fellow obeyed. "You can lean real hard on me," he said stoutly. "I reckon I'm terrible strong. And look, mother, here's a funny little house all made of trees."

"It's Gideon's Chair," she answered, summoning up all her strength. "We'll rest here a bit, Jack, for I'm quite spent."

A rough seat had been fashioned of tree branches and bits of wood, and cushioned with heather and wisps of straw.

Amy Milward sank down exhausted, breathing hard. She was more spent than she knew. Like many another mother, she had given herself for her children. They had eaten while she had fasted. It did not matter about her, she said to herself. She was used to going without food, and privation had been her lot so long that a little more or less could make no difference. Now she was paying the penalty. She tried to rouse herself—to throw off the strange insensibility that was creeping over her.

"Listen, Jack," she said. "Another shower of hail; we're only just in time."

"I wish we could get to some real house," he answered.

"Have patience," she whispered. "I shall feel better directly. I'm glad Eve keeps asleep."

"She's warm, wrapped up in that way," he answered. "She wouldn't sleep if her feet and hands were like mine."

But the mother did not answer, and Jack began to beat his hands to bring warmth into them. He scarcely noticed that she lay all of a heap, her head pillowed against a bank of heather. He knew she was very tired, and was glad that she was able to rest a little, particularly as a blinding hurricane of sleet and rain was sweeping across the moor.

The short November afternoon was

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already beginning to wane. Out in the west, beyond the edge of the gale, was a yellow streak that glowed like amber; that was the only bit of warmth or colour anywhere.

Jack stood in front of his mother and looked out over the darkling landscape. He wanted to cry. He thought it might ease a pain in his throat that threatened to become troublesome. But he knew it was childish to cry. When people had turned seven they were no longer children, and he had turned seven nearly a month ago. He was a lad now, with more than a lad's responsibilities.

Suddenly a startled, feeble cry came from behind him.

"Jack, are you there?" The words came in an awed whisper.

"Yes, mother. Are you better now?"

"I cannot see you, Jack. But you must go and fetch someone. I can go no farther. Perhaps I can keep Eve warm till you come back."

"But where can I go?" he answered.

"Go straight on till you meet someone or see a house somewhere."

"I've been looking for houses," he said dubiously.

"There are none on the moors," she answered, the words coming in feeble gasps. "Oh, my poor boy, may God be with you!"

It was the last prayer he heard her utter; but he never forgot it. He turned hastily and kissed her, and noticed that her lips were white and quite cold. Little Eve was still asleep, lying across her lap, and well protected with shawls.

"I S'PECK GOD CAN'T HEAR IN A WIND LIKE THIS."

He was too stiff and numb to run; moreover, his feet were bruised and blistered; but he hurried on as fast as he could. But the road seemed to get more uncertain the farther he went. He left the rutty cart-track for a sheep-path that looked softer to the feet; and that led into another track; and that, again, into another. He stopped at length and looked round him. Then he began to cry: he felt that he was utterly lost. He could not even see the clump of trees that sheltered his mother and little Eve. He did not know even in what direction to look for it. He knew now that he ought not to have left the wide road, with its ruts and pools. He must try, if possible, to find it again.

So, in his simple way, he endeavoured to make a bee-line across the moors, and every moment the day waned, and the darkness came on apace. The furze pricked his legs and made them bleed, and the rain-sodden heather drenched him worse than he was before; and still the darkness deepened, and all semblance of a path was blotted out.

He cried now without restraint, for there was no one to see him. Bitter scalding tears rolled down his cheeks, and he made no effort to wipe them away. He called for his mother, but his voice was instantly swallowed up in the cruel wind that moaned and sobbed across the moor. He even tried to pray as he had been taught to do at nightfall. But he gave it up after a feeble effort.

"I s'peck God can't hear in a wind like this," he said bitterly. "So what's the use?"

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Indeed there seemed no use in anything.

He stumbled into a furzy hollow at length and lay quite still. He felt he had no strength to get up, nor even desire. He could hear the wind swishing past overhead, and it seemed almost like a lullaby. He was too exhausted to be conscious of hunger or fear—too utterly spent to trouble about anything. He wanted nothing but to lie still and rest.

CHAPTER II

THE "DOWNDERRYS"

A simple country folk were they,
With hearts as true as steel.

IT seemed a little thing to Jack to leave the stony high-road for a grassy sheep-path. That important issues might hinge upon a matter so trivial never once occurred to him. And yet it was in reality such a parting of the ways, that, had he not taken the course he did, this story in all probability would never have been written. Indeed it is more than likely there would have been no story to tell.

Had he carried out his mother's instructions, he would have been overtaken by Jasper Downderry and his wife Leah, who were returning that way from Polwhele Market, and then everything would have been different. But it seemed as if the Fates decided that it should not be. While the poor little chap lay in the sheltered hollow, with the pitiless wind hissing above him and the night gathering blacker every moment, Jasper's cart rattled slowly along on the distant high-road. Had he been listening intently, he might have heard the splash of the horse's hoofs in the pools and the jolt of the wheels along the ruts. But he was not listening. He seemed scarcely more than half alive. Hunger and cold and terror, and the black bewildering darkness that had dropped down so suddenly, had reduced him to a state of utter collapse. He was not expecting any such deliverance as Jasper might bring, and so that deliverance did not come.

Jasper Downderry was a slow-moving individual, and his horse Nero had easily and quite readily fallen into his ways. The wags in his neighbourhood said that Jasper's pace was thirteen miles in fourteen days, and that he would not increase his pace to prevent an earthquake. Jasper, however, did not believe in earthquakes, or in many other things that lay outside the circle of his own experience. An odd mixture was Jasper: devoutly religious, and yet shamefully neglectful of the house of prayer; intensely practical in the ordinary affairs of life, and withal the wildest dreamer in the three parishes; aggressively rationalistic in matters of faith, and yet strangely superstitious at odd times and seasons.

Leah was the antithesis of her husband. A bustling, hard-working woman without ideas or ideals, she knew how to rear chickens, to cure bacon, to make butter, to knead bread. But she never gave herself up to dreams or fancies. She worked from January to Christmas, and if she did not like it she did not complain. She believed it was her mission in life to work, and she could not imagine anybody being born into the world for any other purpose. She had only one fault to find with her husband, and that was that he did not work enough. He was not lazy, but he was much given to day-dreams. She had sometimes, when in the midst of making butter, sent him to the well for "a turn" of fresh cold water, and, after waiting an unconscionable long time, he had come back with both pitchers empty. He had fallen to dreaming on the way and forgotten all about his errand. Sometimes she had gone out into the fields in the middle of the forenoon and found him leaning over the handles of his plough, his eyes staring into vacancy, while the horses would be quietly nibbling at the hedge. And once or twice, when she had sent him to market, he had turned up several hours later with butter and eggs still in the basket, having failed to reach the market at all.

This was a vice in her husband that troubled Leah Downderry a good deal at odd times. Fortunately for her, she was not gifted with imagination, nor was she of the "worriting" sort. And when she had lectured her husband, as she felt in duty bound to do, she put the matter aside till the next occasion.

Jasper would explain to her that he was not idling, but only thinking; and would endeavour to show her how all the great achievements and enterprises of the world were *thought* out before they were reduced to action.

But this, to Leah, was entirely unconvincing, and so much wasted words.

"You may think for a week," she would say, "but that won't get the field ploughed. What you've got to do is to work."

Jasper would mildly acknowledge the

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force of this as a general principle, but he never found himself alone but he fell to dreaming again. Indeed he seemed to dream the more the more she lectured him.

Jasper had profound respect for his wife. He honestly did not think there was her equal in the county. He admired her steady perseverance, her unceasing industry, her practical common-sense. If Jasper had a fault to find with his wife, it was that she did not think enough. She did everything by a rough and ready rule of thumb, and never asked for a reason why. Honestly, she despised reasons, as tending to confuse people and throw them off the beaten track. If they would only take things as they were, she was quite certain it would be much better for them.

"I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP A SERVANT WHILE HE'S HERE. HE MAKES LOVE TO 'EM ALL."

Once, during the early days of their married life, Jasper had worried himself a good deal as to the reason why their great kitchen clock —and all other clocks, for that matter —never struck thirteen. He knew there must be a reason for it somewhere if he could only find it out, and he gave himself no rest until he found out the secret. Those days of mental worry his wife never forgot. She lost her temper at length, and declared with unusual vehemence that a man who wanted reasons was a fool.

But this was just as unconvincing to Jasper as his speeches were to her. As time went on they began to understand each other better, as most married people do, and life became a matter of give and take. When Jasper was struggling hard to unearth some secret that was worrying him, he kept the matter to himself. He knew Leah would not understand, and she might get angry; so he pursued his quest in silence, and kept his thinkings within the compass of his own brain;—while she, always anxious that each day should see its full tale of work accomplished, contrived that her husband should be alone as little as possible. For this reason she never permitted him now to go to market by himself. Whenever the journey was taken to Stamer, or less frequently to Polwhele, she invariably went with him. When she was by his side he was as alert as any of the other farmers, and quite able to hold his own.

Personally, Leah preferred Polwhele as a market for her goods: it was a larger centre. The Union Workhouse was there, also the Lunatic Asylum. She could frequently get a farthing per pound more for her butter at Polwhele than at Stamer: Stamer was right enough if you wanted to buy; but if you had anything to sell, by all means go to Polwhele.

Of course the journey to the latter place was a consideration, for it lay on the other side of Pentarnum Moors, and the road was bad at the best of times. Still, when one had been to the trouble of catching Nero

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(and he was a most interesting horse to catch, and generally exhausted the best part of a forenoon in the operation), when he had been caught and harnessed and safely attached to the market cart, a few miles more or less made very little difference. It was true he was slow, through having caught his master's ways; but he was so sure, that his slowness might readily be forgiven.

During the forenoon of the day on which our story opens, there had been considerable commotion on Crantock Farm. As a general rule, there is not much excitement on western farmsteads during the month of November. The days are generously short, and outdoor work is reduced to a minimum.

At Crantock Farm, however, there was bustle. Mrs. Downderry had announced her intention of going to Polwhele Market, and that meant no small amount of preparation.

Charley — the man-of-all-work — lost his temper, and "didn't see why the missus could not have towld 'im the night afore; then he wouldn't ha' let Nero out of the stable; now the beast was trotting up and down long-close like mad, and was worse to catch than a 'Willy the Wisp.'"

Jasper was bustling round the house at his wife's bidding with much alacrity, and running every now and then into the yard to have a look at the weather.

Crantock was one of the most secluded farms in the neighbourhood. It stood deep under the shadow of Pentarnum Moors, and was at least a mile from the Stamer highway. The cart-road that led up to it did not lead beyond it. When you reached the farmhouse, if you wanted to go farther, well—you had to turn right-about-face and walk back again.

During the winter months, particularly, Crantock was a little world to itself. Sometimes a strange face would not be seen for weeks on the stretch. The nearest farmhouse was a mile away, and the people who lived there were not visiting-folk. People who intend to make a living out of a farm have to be busy. Moreover, entertaining your neighbours, however economical you may be, runs away with money. Leah found that out early in her married life, and concluded that loneliness had its compensations.

There were four people on Crantock Farm: Jasper and his wife, Charley the man-of-all-work, and Susan the servant. Charley was a heavy, freckled youth of some thirty-five summers, with a shock of fiery-red hair, a stubbly beard of the same colour, a wide mouth, a flat nose, and very small eyes. He was, however, a very kindly soul—much better than he looked—and a great favourite with those who knew him intimately.

Jasper and his wife had some trouble with him at the first, in consequence of the ostentatious way he made love to a succession of servant girls that came to Crantock Farm. It had been a notion of Mrs. Downderry's that a servant girl, to be worth anything, must be young.

"You can never get old ones into your way of doing things," she said to her husband. "I like to break 'em in myself."

"All right, Leah," Jasper answered. "Anyway you like."

For a year or two Leah tried her hand at breaking in girls to her own ways, and on the whole was very successful. But the trouble was, that directly they got used to the domestic harness of Crantock they took their departure; and the process had to be gone over again.

At length Leah went to her husband and demanded that Charley should be dismissed. "I'll never be able to keep a servant while he's here," she said. "He makes love to 'em all."

"You don't say so, Leah?" Jasper questioned, opening his mild eyes in astonishment.

"But I do say so," she answered indignantly. "And I won't stand it any longer."

"And don't the maidens like it?" he questioned, with a thoughtful, far-away look in his eyes.

"Like it, Jasper? Really, what next? I'm surprised at your asking such a question."

"I didn't know maidens so objected to being courted," he said, a slight smile curving his upper lip.

"Then it is time you should know," she said, flashing an angry glance at him.

"When I was young they were not much given that way," he said, turning away his eyes and smiling broadly.

"Really, Jasper," she exclaimed severely, "you ought to know better. Think of Charley. One would sooner be loved by a bear. I tell you, you must dismiss him, and at once."

Jasper turned round and looked at his wife for a moment in silence. He had great faith in her judgment, and was anxious as far as possible to oblige her. But this demand was too much. He was a mild man, but all the same he was not to be driven. Many men who talked much louder than Jasper could not put their foot down as firmly as he.

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"I believe you be missus in the house, Leah?" he said insinuatingly.

"I believe I be," she answered.

"And out of the house I be maaster," he replied. "I don't interfere with your maids: don't you go a-interfering with my men."

"And you'll not send Charley away?" she questioned.

"No, I shaan't," he replied; "Charley is almost as good as two. He's ugly, I know. But he's as the Lord made him, and it ain't right to abuse any of His works."

"But what be I to do?" she demanded fiercely.

"You can do what you like," he answered. "Nobody will interfere with 'ee in your own department."

The tears almost came into her eyes, but she controlled herself by a great effort. Jasper was a mild man, but she knew when he said a thing he would stick to it.

"It's a great shame," she said at last; and she actually stamped her foot.

"Leah," Jasper said seriously. "If I turned away Charley and got a good-looking one, I reckon things 'ud be worse instead of better."

"I should get a girl to stay, anyhow," she snapped.

"Very likely, Leah—very likely. But that ain't everything."

"But what would you suggest?" she asked.

"Get a ugly one, Leah;" and he turned and walked away.

So Susan came, and even Charley turned up his flat nose at her. He might not be richly dowered in the matter of looks himself, but he had an eye for beauty all the same; and when Susan arrived on the scene, he seriously debated with himself whether he would not give notice and leave. Her face was a positive offence to him. Moreover, she was forty if she was a day.

At the time our story opens Susan had been seven years at Crantock Farm, and if Charley had not got reconciled to her face he had ceased to consider her presence a hardship. She was a good servant—willing, honest, and as destitute of imagination as her mistress herself. Charley never troubled her with any loverlike attentions, and Leah was saved further anxiety on the question of domestics.

The forenoon was raw but sunshiny when Jasper and his wife drove away to Polwhele Market. The afternoon was stormy and cold when they commenced the return journey. By the time they were half-way across Pentarnum Moors it was nearly dark, and the bitter wind was hissing and soughing through the gorse and heather in the most melancholy way.

Jasper, as usual, was buried in thought—if such fancies as those which floated vaguely through his brain may be dignified by that name. Leah was buried in thought also, or, more correctly, was engaged in an exhausting process of mental arithmetic.

Suddenly she gave a start and sat bolt upright. "Did you hear that, Jasper?" she questioned.

"I hear nothing but the wind a-wailing," he answered.

"But I heard—ah, there it is again!" and a pitiful cry rang out into the darkness.

Jasper pricked up his ears and leaned forward in a listening attitude.

"Can you make it out, Jasper?" she asked, with a tone of alarm in her voice.

"It may be poor Powell," he said reflectively. "They say he cries a good deal o' stormy nights."

"Oh, nonsense," she answered, with a shudder; "Powell's bones have been buried these forty years."

"I don't say as 'tis him," he answered. "And it's the first time I've heard any cries when crossing the moors."

"There 'tis again," she said, edging closer to him. "Nero hears it too. Look at him."

"It seems to me as it comes from Gideon's Chair," he answered meditatively. "And if so, it can't be poor Powell."

"It sounds like a child as has got lost, Jasper."

"Childer don't get lost so easily," he answered. "Besides, the road's as plain as a pikestaff."

"But a strange child might get lost?"

"Ay; but where's a strange child to come from in these parts?"

"It is a child, anyhow," she gasped, leaning eagerly forward. "There, 'Mammy, mammy!' Don't 'ee hear it, Jasper?"

"Ay, I hear it plain enough," he answered. A moment later Nero stopped of his own accord directly in front of Gideon's Chair. And again came the pitiful cry of the child, louder than before: "Oh, mammy, mammy! Wake up, mammy!"

Instantly Jasper threw the reins to his wife. "Hold Nero," he said, "while I see what is amiss." And he jumped out of the cart with unusual alacrity.

Amy Milward had slipped from the seat and lay flat on the ground. She was quite unconscious; probably she was dead. Little

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Eve was struggling to free herself from the folds of a large shawl that had been knotted underneath her, and screaming with terror rather than with pain.

No sound, however, reached the mother's dull ears. She lay cold and white, and almost rigid.

"What is the matter, little one?" Jasper asked kindly.

"Oh, please wake mammy!" she pleaded. "She won't speak. Oh, mammy, mammy!"

"Let me lift you into the cart first," he said, "and then I'll try to waken your mammy."

"Shall I ride?" she asked eagerly, forgetting the terror of a moment before.

"Ay, you shall ride," he said tenderly; and he lifted the little mite into the arms of his wife. She was not heavier than a child of two, and a very small child at that, though she was nearer three than two.

Leah was shaking all over with excitement, and was inwardly wondering at the steady nerve of her husband, who seemed as cool and collected as if it were an everyday occurrence.

"Shall mammy ride too?" the child asked, opening her eyes wide.

"I hope so, my dear," Leah answered, making a frantic effort to steady her voice.

"But why don't the lamplighters come round and light the lamps?" she asked.

"There ain't any lamps here," Leah answered.

"No lamps? What a funny place!"

Meanwhile Jasper was making a desperate effort to lift the prostrate woman into a sitting posture, but without success.

At length he came and whispered to his wife; at which she shuddered and gave a little scream.

"Oh, I couldn't, Jasper," she gasped; "I couldn't. I'm shaking all over. And if I got out of the cart, I should never get back again."

"I can do nothing myself," he answered slowly; "she's a heavy weight. If only Charley was here: he's the strength of two."

"Hadn't we better take the child home, and then you could bring Charley back with you?" She spoke in a whisper, and hid Eve under her big cloak the while.

Jasper went back again to the prostrate woman, and struck a match and looked at her face. He gave a little start as he did so, and returned quickly to the cart.

"There's nothing for it but to do as you say, Leah," he said, climbing to the seat by her side. "We must be as quick as we can." And the next minute Nero was spinning along the road at a pace that he had not attempted for many years.

Chapter III

THE HAND OF FATE

The hand that guides me is unseen,
The way is dark.

There was considerable excitement in the kitchen of Crantock Farm when the mistress rushed in from the outer darkness carrying a child in her arms. Charley, who sat smoking by the fire, started to his feet in a moment, and, as far as his small eyes would permit him, literally stared. Susan came hurrying in from the dairy, her homely face a picture of wonder and consternation, which in a few seconds changed to admiration and delight. A child was the one thing needed at Crantock to give completeness to the place. She had longed during the best part of a lifetime to be permitted to nurse and care for somebody's baby; and it now seemed as if her wish was to be gratified.

"Oh, what a little beauty!" she exclaimed, as Eve stood on the clean-swept hearthstone in front of the great open chimney and wonderingly surveyed the scene.

Charley took his pipe out of his mouth and stood speechless. He had a keen eye for beauty; and the sight of this sunny-haired, blue-eyed, dimpled-cheeked little maiden nearly took his breath away.

"Well, I'm—I'm jiggered!" he was heard to exclaim under his breath; and he sank into his chair again as though all strength had left him.

"Please will you gib me suthin' to eat?" Eve asked at length, staring back at the homely faces that were staring at her.

"Eat, my little beauty!" cried Susan, a lump rising suddenly in her throat. "Why, iss, to be sure, we'll give 'ee something to eat. What would 'ee like—soas? Oh, you be a little dear, you be!"

"I'd like some porridge," was the reply; "but where's my mammy? She'll make it for me."

Susan looked at her mistress sadly: she did not know what porridge was. She had never been outside her native county, and porridge was never heard of in these western valleys.

"Some furren dish, you may depend," she remarked to her mistress. Then, turning to the child, said—

"Leave it to Susan, my dear; we'll get 'ee somethin' nice."

The next moment Jasper clattered in out of the wind and rain.

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"A PAIR OF BROWN SINEWY HANDS QUICKLY LIFTED HIM UP."

"Charley, are you ready?" he exclaimed, with more animation in his tones than he was wont to betray.

"Ready, master? What for?" Charley asked.

"Ain't you told him, Leah?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"Goodness-sakes-alive! No, I ain't had no time yet!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, never mind," he said mildly. "But git on your big jacket, Charley, and come wi' me."

Charley obeyed at once; and a few minutes later they were driving away through the rain and darkness in the direction of Pentarnum Moors.

Jasper explained their errand as well as the gusts of wind would permit him; and Charley listened without comment.

It took them some considerable time to reach the edge of the moors, for the road was steep most of the distance; and Nero did not at all relish having to make a second journey, when he ought to have been feeding quietly in his own stable.

"I fear she's dead, Charley," Jasper said as they neared Gideon's Chair. "But there's plenty of clean straw in the cart, and room for her to lie down."

Charley shuddered. Going out in the night on these lonely moors to fetch a dead body was by no means an inviting prospect. It made him think of Powell, who was gibbeted so long ago.

"I wonder if she'll walk the moors as he do?" he said to himself. "It must be terrible uncomfortable for 'em in winter weather."

"She's a heavyish weight," Jasper said, after a pause. "I tried to lift 'er myself, but 'twere no go."

"But if she's dead, maaster," Charley ventured to remark, "it waant be no use a-takin' her on to Crantock, will it? We don't want no dead foaks there."

Jasper was silent, and his face took on a very serious expression.

"What ought we to do in such a case?" he questioned at length.

"There's 'The Unicorn' at Stamer," Charley suggested. "You see, there'd 'ave to be a hinquest."

"Ay, to be sure," Jasper grunted reflectively.

"But in course we ought to make sartin she's dead," Charley remarked, after a long pause.

"Ay, ay; but we're getting near now. It's a wisht place to die in, Charley."

"'Tes, maaster; a very wisht place 'tes; and on sich a night, too. I wonder if Powell is about?"

"Hush, Charley. One dead body on our hands is enough at a time."

"I was thinkin' she might lay Powell and

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keep 'im quiet. She'd be kinder comp'ny for 'im, don't 'ee see?"

"Ay, there may be something in that. But we're getting *very* near. Do 'ee hear the wind swishing through?"

"I don't 'ear no wind except what's in my ears; but I see the trees."

"Steady, Nero! Steady! I tell 'ee, Charley, I don't like the job."

"No more do I, maaster."

"But we must do our duty as Christians should."

"Ay. Somebody 'll 'ave to yaffel us about when we be dead."

"I s'pose so; but here we be. Woa, Nero." Nero stopped short in a moment, and both men rose from their seats simultaneously.

"Do 'ee see anything, Charley?" Jasper questioned in an awed whisper.

"Bejays, no! I don't see nawthin'," Charley answered, staring hard.

"No more do I, and it ain't so terrible dark."

"Old Nick caant scarcely ha' dragged 'er off, body an' oal?" Charley questioned, with a curious shake in his voice.

"Oh no, no," Jasper interposed quickly. "He don't want people's bodies. It's their souls as he's after."

"But you left 'er 'ere, maaster?"

"Ay." And the next moment the two men had clambered out of the cart.

Charley struck a match and looked all about him, but the "chair" was absolutely empty.

For a few moments they stared at each other in silence. Then they commenced a search in the neighbourhood. They looked behind the chair, behind the thorn-tree, behind a number of gorse bushes, behind banks of heather and peat, into pools and hollows, along the road for a considerable distance in the direction of Polwhele, along sheep-tracks in this direction and that. But all to no purpose. No sight or even sign of the missing woman could be discovered anywhere. At the end of half an hour they stood again in front of Gideon's Chair.

"Well, maaster, what's us to do now?" Charley asked.

"We must go home again." And without another word they climbed into the cart and drove silently to Crantock Farm.

Meanwhile Jack, having recovered somewhat from his weariness, but not from his terror, had made another frantic attempt to find his mother. He had given up hope of finding a house, or even of falling across a stray traveller. If he could only get back again to the poor shelter in which he had left his mother, he felt he would desire nothing more.

Straining his eyes across the sombre moors, he saw what seemed a clump of trees, and with a little cry of delight made straight for it. He did not heed that the furze-pricks pierced his legs, or that his clothes were being torn into ribbons. To get to his mother and little Eve was all his desire.

He reached the clump of stunted hollies at length, but, alas! they were not Gideon's Chair. But there was another clump farther away, and he made straight for that. He felt sure he would be right this time. But a second time he was disappointed, and a third. But he still tramped on.

At length he saw a light in the distance. Such a long way off; but there could be no doubt it was a light. It shone for a few seconds, then disappeared, and after a while blazed out more clearly than before.

"Now help is at hand," he thought, and he stumbled bravely onward. He felt very queer; his throat was dry and painful; his head throbbed strangely, and seemed hot as a furnace; his body was just one solid ache from head to foot. But he had no time to think about himself. He must get to the light, if possible.

It was glowing quite steadily now. Occasionally a bush or a bank would intervene, but only for a moment. It was a red light, too, like a fire, with a big warm halo all about it.

It was still a long way off, but he knew he was getting nearer at every step. His strength was running out rapidly, but his hope was high. The sight of a warm fire, even though it was a long way off, was like heaven to him.

He ran imminent risks on account of bogs and pits and pools, and half a dozen times he came within an ace of his life. Yet somehow he always managed to escape. There is an old saying that there is a special providence over drunkards and little children. It seemed as if it might be true in Jack's case. The chances appeared to be all against him: the great stretch of moorland was so uncertain and so treacherous, the night was so stormy and cold, his little legs were so short and so feeble, his strength was so utterly spent. And yet he managed to steer a bee-line straight for the light, and to fall at length in a dead faint close before the fire.

A pair of brown sinewy hands quickly

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lifted him up and carried him into a tent that stood at the back of the fire.

"Why, Sam, what hast thou there?" a woman asked, standing quickly aside for him to pass.

"A brat of some kind," he answered, not without a touch of feeling in his voice. "Dropped right down in front of the fire like a shot bird. Whether the little beggar is spent or dead, I don't know."

While the man was speaking, he laid the little fellow on a rude bed at the back of the tent.

The woman came, bent over him, and laid her hand upon his forehead. "He ain't dead," she said; "but he's in a fever. I wonder who the little fellow is!"

She had lost a child of her own not so many weeks before, and so there was a tender place in her heart for this little waif that had been cast suddenly upon her hands.

She was only a gipsy woman, born of a gipsy race. She was ignorant, fierce, and with no strong regard for morality. But she was not without sympathy and tenderness, and the sight of this helpless bairn touched her mother-heart in a moment.

"We must keep him here till his friends find him," she said, turning to her husband; "and doctor him as well as we can."

"That'll be very awkward," he answered; "for we ought to be on the move again with the daylight."

"Somebody'll be on the search for him before the night is over," she answered. "We must keep our eyes and ears open."

But no lantern gleamed on Pentarnum Moors that night, no inquiry reached the gipsy camp respecting any missing child.

"This is very awkward," said Sam Lazarus to his wife next morning, interlarding his conversation with a number of inelegant adjectives. "We're nearly a month behind all the others as it is."

"A day or two more or less won't make much difference," his wife answered. "And we're nearer Benny's grave here than we shall be later on."

"But this is not the time of year to be camping-out," he retorted in a somewhat milder tone; "nor is Pentarnum Moor the place."

"It's a bit exposed, 'tis true," she answered; "but there's nobody to disturb us. It's a real no-man's land this."

"That may be. But I want to be on the move, all the same. I'd like to be settled in Stonehouse before the month's out."

"I hate the crowded, foul-smelling towns," she answered fretfully. "I'd like to camp-out all the winter."

"And feed on sloes and aglets, like the birds?" he questioned.

"Sloes are delicious after the frost has touched them and wrinkled their cheeks," she answered. "But go down into Mervyn and see if you can get any tidings of a missing boy. We can't move on till we've delivered him up to his friends."

"We can take him to the workhouse as we pass through Polwhele."

"Ay, at the worst we can do that," she answered. And she turned back into the tent to minister to the little invalid.

For three days Jack tossed and raved in a high fever, and seemed quite unconscious of his surroundings. But the gipsies could hear in no direction of any inquiries being made for a missing boy.

One piece of news, however, they did hear. Two waggoners crossing Pentarnum Moors on the very evening that Jack fell fainting before their fire, found a dead woman by the roadside. Not being quite certain that she was dead, they took her to the workhouse at Polwhele, where it was found that life was quite extinct. Who she was no one knew, and there was nothing about her to give any clue to her identity. The jury had returned a verdict of "Found Dead," and the workhouse authorities had provided her with a black deal coffin and a nameless grave.

When Jack recovered consciousness he began to inquire for his mother and little Eve. And, to the minds of the gipsies, it was clear enough who the dead woman was, but what had become of the little girl they had no means of knowing.

Then arose another question: What should be done with the lad? They suggested taking him to the workhouse infirmary. But he shrank from the idea with perfect terror. "Please let me stay with you till I get better," he pleaded.

Ogla Lazarus was nothing loth to keep him. He would help to fill the gap caused by the death of her little Benjamin; while Sam was equally ready to listen to Jack's appeal. A bright lad could be made useful in many ways. A gipsy has generally many strings to his bow, some of which can be twanged much more effectively by a child than by a grown person.

Had the poor little fellow known how much the choice involved, he would have chosen the workhouse. But he was utterly helpless, and these people spoke kindly to

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him, and gave him medicines that cooled his throbbing head, and promised to help him to search for his mother and Eve when he got better.

So the tent was packed at last and slung between the wheels of the caravan, Jack was placed in a little hammock suspended from the ceiling, and the caravan began to move. He was too weak to trouble much about anything, and too young for sorrow to strike him very deeply. Besides, he enjoyed the novelty of being in a moving house, and looked forward to having a wonderful story to tell when he and his mother met again.

It was well for him that he did not know what was in store—well for him that life's pathway lay out of sight.

Nearly a week elapsed—by which time Jack was far away from Pentarnum Moors—before news reached Crantock of the fate of Amy Milward. Little Eve had been very difficult to reconcile, and had cried almost night and day for her mammy and Jack.

Jasper and Leah had been undecided what to do with the child from the first. They were afraid that in some way they might get into the clutches of the law. To take a child without as much as a "by your leave" might land them in difficulties. They would dearly like to keep the little maiden. But when they heard that the mother had been "found dead" by a "crowner's jury," and that the matter had got into the papers, things began to look serious.

"You'd better take her, Jasper," his wife said, "and make a clean breast of it. The little maid is the property of the Guardians, I expect; and if so, we've no right to her without their leave. Law is a terribly curious thing; and Guardians be awfully stupid folk, they say, though they look terrible wise. If you ask 'em very hard, and promise to bring her up in their religion, they may let us keep her. But we'd better be on the safe side."

So Nero was harnessed to the cart once more, and a fresh bundle of straw was shaken out which nearly filled it to the brim. And Eve—in high glee at the promise of a ride—was laid in the bottom of the cart, or as near the bottom as the straw would let her, and Jasper mounted the seat and took the reins and drove slowly and sadly away.

Susan and Leah both mopped their eyes with great frequency, but neither of them was without hope that the Guardians would surrender their right to this mite of newly-acquired property, and that the child would return again with Jasper.

Jasper fell to dreaming before he was a hundred yards away from Crantock, and he dreamed with scarcely any intermission until he reached the outskirts of Polwhele and the ugly Union Workhouse loomed up before him. Then he suddenly woke up.

"We'll have to call here at this big house for a few minits, little maid; you waant mind, will 'ee?" and he turned his head slowly as he spoke.

Then he gave a sudden start, and stared at the straw as though his eyes would start out of his head.

"Little maid, baint 'ee here?" he asked in a tone of consternation. And he got into the body of the cart and began to pull the straw in all directions. He sat up at length and stared helplessly round him.

The straw was safe enough, but the child was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

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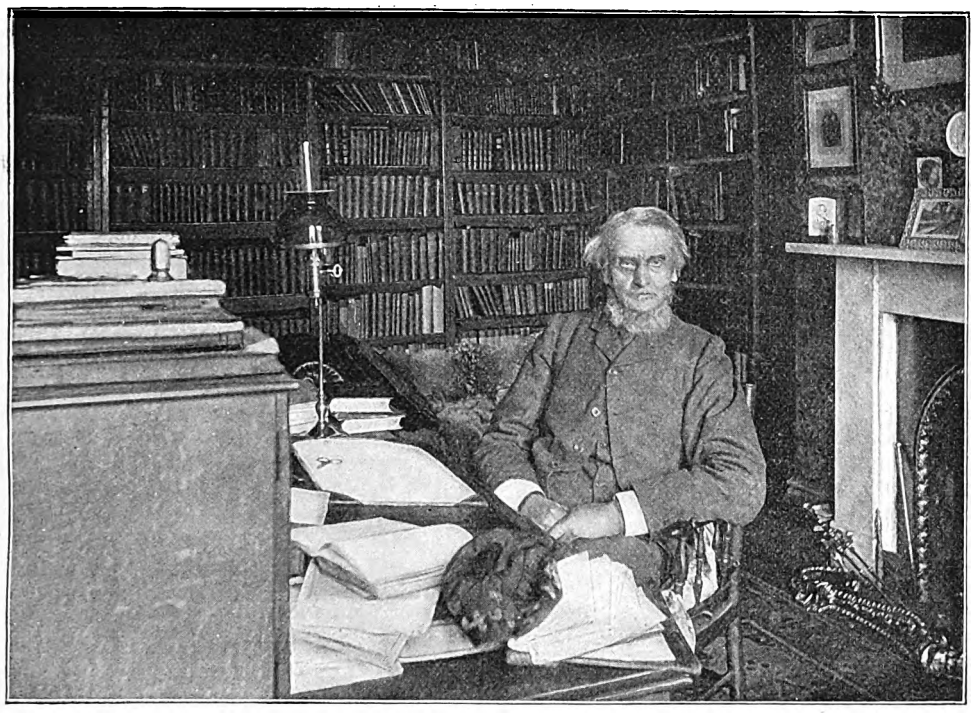

DR. MACLAREN IN HIS STUDY.
[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE *by* B. A. JONES, *Warrington.*]

CHURCHES THAT LIVE AND MOVE

I.—UNION CHAPEL, MANCHESTER

ON a recent and memorable occasion Dr. Alexander MacLaren thanked God that the greater part of his ministerial career had been spent in "dear, grimy old Lancashire—the noblest field of work in England." That the religious community of Manchester has equal reason for thankfulness that Dr. MacLaren's most fertile years have been spent in their city is a proposition which no one would seriously dispute, and yet it is by no means an easy matter to indicate the divers ways in which Dr. MacLaren's beneficent influence has been exercised on the religious life of Manchester. Dr. MacLaren has been from first to last a preacher. Although an ardent Nonconformist and a loyal Baptist, he has never taken any conspicuous part in denominational movements or ecclesiastical controversies. He has resisted the temptations to win the popularity that would have been his had he figured frequently on public platforms; and although a good citizen and a convinced Liberal, he has sedulously shunned political life and municipal conflicts. Parenthetically, it may be said that Dr. MacLaren, to use his own words, believes that "Democracy is a splendid system — when there is a capable autocrat at the head of it." From the day when, still on the threshold of manhood, he left Stepney College and entered on his first pastorate in a quiet, obscure corner of South-west England, he has steadfastly maintained his resolution to concentrate all his available strength on his preaching. It is that resolve, consistently carried out, which has made Dr. MacLaren one of the greatest of modern expositors of Scripture.

Alexander MacLaren entered the ministry at an opportune moment. In 1846, when the young Scotchman closed his college course and entered on his long ministerial life, English Nonconformity was assuming a new complexion. Edward Miall was marshalling English Nonconformists for combined political action, and the Nonconformist Conscience was beginning to find utterance on public matters. From Edward Miall, Dr. MacLaren, as he has himself confessed, caught some of his quenchless enthusiasm for Nonconformist principles. Thomas Binney, whom Dr. MacLaren has described

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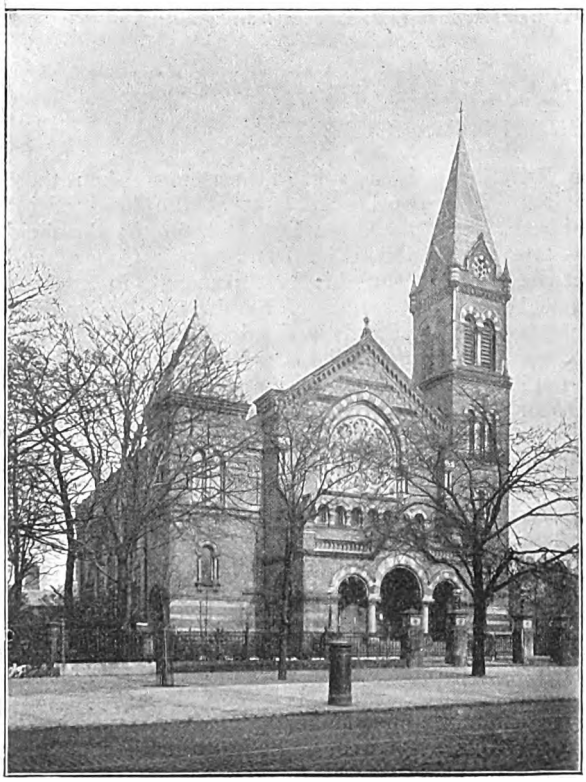
as "the man who taught me to preach," was at that time in the heyday of his fame. Both Mr. Binney and Mr. Miall recognised young MacLaren's ability, and by their friendly encouragement stimulated the young preacher in his work and study. When, after twelve years of patient work at Southampton, Alexander MacLaren removed to Manchester, the world had heard but little of the man who was destined to take a foremost place among the preachers of the nineteenth century. But the twelve years had been spent in severe study and assiduous reading, and the fruits of the sowing were soon manifest. By inclination a student and by temperament a recluse, Dr. MacLaren devoted all his available strength to the preparation of his sermons, finding in his somewhat uncertain health a sufficient reason for seeking relief from extraneous pastoral duties. And so it is that, with the hearty approval of his people at Union Chapel, Dr. MacLaren has for thirty-eight years stood before them—as a preacher, and as a preacher only. Dr. MacLaren's remarkable influence on Manchester is standing testimony in support of the contention that precept is as potent as example. Although something of a hermit, his impulse is felt all over Manchester; indeed he is one of the strongest dynamic forces in the spiritual life of the city. Apart altogether from his own magnificent church, with its missions and innumerable auxiliaries—of which more will be said hereafter—Dr. MacLaren's influence is traceable in almost every mission in the city, for it is an acknowledged fact that there is scarcely a mission in the whole of Manchester which has not among its active workers an adherent of Union Chapel, and that there is not a single mission which has not a worker who owes his or her religious zeal to Dr. MacLaren's inspiring preaching.

A visitor to Manchester, who attended both Sunday services at Union Chapel, and heard Dr. MacLaren preach in the morning and his co-pastor, Rev. J. E. Roberts, in the evening, could not fail to be struck by the marked dissimilarity between the types of the sermons. To contrast the two preachers may be interesting; and it need not be invidious, as a comparison would inevitably be. The service at Union Chapel is simple and yet attractive, inasmuch as the music is good, the choir well trained, and the congregational singing hearty. But at Union Chapel the sermon is essentially the cardinal feature of the service. It is to hear the gospel preached and the Scriptures expounded that Manchester people flock to Union Chapel. Dr. MacLaren's preaching has a peculiar fascination, which is felt alike by the average listener as by the critical sermon-taster. His expositions are always luminous, his appeals to the intellect convincing, and his play upon the emotions irresistible. Dr. MacLaren is a master of illustration; but he uses metaphors and illustrations very sparingly, and they are always choice and apposite. They are drawn from an illimitable field of literature and a vast storehouse of knowledge of natural facts and phenomena. Dr. MacLaren is a fount of originality, but he eschews all eccentricities of speech, manner, or gesticulation. He has at his command a remarkable power of satire of a withering order, and a happy vein of irony which pierces the most self-satisfied listener. Although naturally eloquent, Dr. MacLaren



UNION CHAPEL, MANCHESTER.
[*From a Photo by* B. A. JONES, *Warrington.*]

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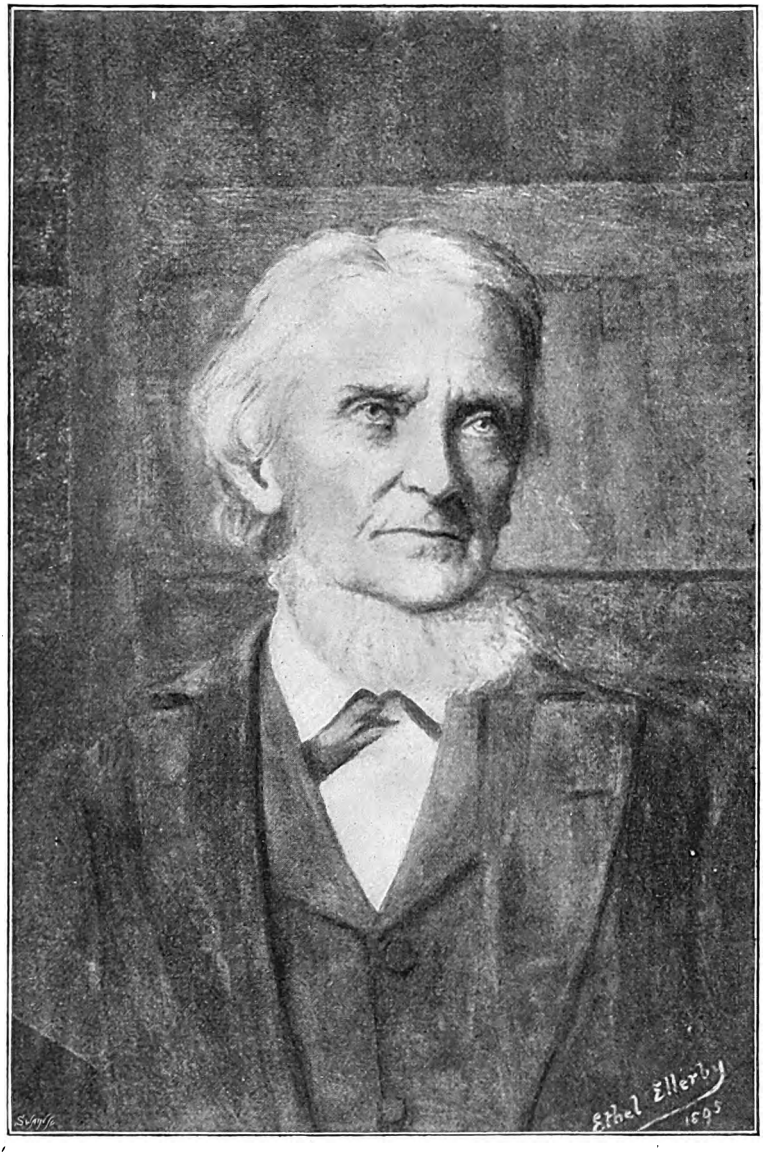
is no rhetorician. His sermons are very carefully prepared. This accounts for the singular etymological accuracy and nicety of phrasing which strike the hearer and foster the impression—which is a perfectly sound one — that Dr. MacLaren cares more for verbal precision than for oratorical polish, and prefers exactitude to epigrammatic brilliance. As to the tenor of Dr. MacLaren's sermons, it is almost needless to say that he is staunchly Evangelical. "I have tried to preach Christ," he remarked, on the occasion to which I have already alluded, "as if I believed in Him—not as if I had hesitations and peradventures and limitations: I have tried to preach Him as if I lived on Him." Dr. MacLaren has no patience with the pessimistic wail that Evangelical preaching no longer holds the people. "Certainly, if a man can preach," was his emphatic, unhesitating answer to my question as to whether he found people as ready to listen to Evangelical preaching as they were when he began his ministerial life, fifty years ago.



DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN.
[*From the Picture by* ETHEL ELLERBY. *Photo by* B. A. JONES.]

The Rev. J. E. Roberts, M.A., B.D., Dr. MacLaren's co-pastor, is a preacher of another type. He, too, is a man of scholarly attainments and wide culture. A good presence, a well-controlled voice, and an easy delivery equip him well for the pulpit. His sermons are earnest, vigorous, practical discourses, full of sound counsel, lit up by numerous illustrations, and delivered in a conversational rather than a declamatory style. On the Sunday I was at Union Chapel, Mr. Roberts preached an eminently practical sermon on the value of the routine and commonplaces of life as a preparation for the crises. Some of the phrases were terse, and the ideas expressed striking. "What we are in great moments depends upon what we are now";

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"If you would die for Christ, you must watch with Him"; "If you want to play the hero for Christ, you must play the hero to-day—you need not look for the gleam of the executioner's axe or the glare of Smithfield fires"; "There are men who think they can be brutes at home and perfect gentlemen at a dinner-party; women who imagine they can be cruel to their servants and everything that is gracious at an afternoon reception; and sons who think they can be rude to their mothers, but models of politeness when they are out with another man's sister." These are a few random sentences jotted down in my note-book, and repeated here to illustrate Mr. Roberts' pulpit style. But Mr. Roberts' greatest service to Union Chapel is in his pastoral work. "I have never been a pastor"—Dr. MacLaren once remarked to me—"that has been my defect; but now, in my old age, Mr. Roberts relieves me of almost all that. He is a real helper and a loyal co-worker—we work most harmoniously together."

THE INTERIOR OF UNION CHAPEL, MANCHESTER.
[*From a Photo by* B. A. JONES, *Warrington.*]

Union Chapel is essentially a church that "lives and moves." Its organisations are sufficiently numerous to challenge calculation, and diversified enough to defy description. Perhaps the most noteworthy of its auxiliaries are its two missions at Wilmott Street and in Rusholme. The former, which is the older and the chief mission, is located in a working-class neighbourhood, close to Oxford Road, and is a perfect hive of Christian activity. The mission, which has now been worked by Union Chapel for about twenty-five years, is jointly supported by Mr. John Thompson, a well-known Manchester merchant, and by Union Chapel. The premises are spacious, and, having been specially built for the purpose, are well adapted for the work, of which the main features are a Sunday School with 632 scholars, a flourishing Scripture Union with 400 reading members, a large Band of Hope, and a well-attended Mothers' Meeting, besides numberless minor societies and subsidiary auxiliaries. From this centre a large working-class population is reached and beneficially influenced. The second mission is at Rusholme, and takes the form of an Institute. Originally, although initiated by members of Dr. MacLaren's church, this effort was conducted on an undenominational basis, but it is now distinctively associated with Union Chapel. Besides manning these two missions and the central Sunday school of Union Chapel,—and apart from founding, and for many years supporting, a branch church at West Gorton, now self-governing and with a pastor of its own,—Union Chapel supplies workers for several Ragged Schools and other undenominational Christian agencies in Manchester.

Of the various societies associated with Union Chapel itself it would be almost superfluous to write, because it may safely be taken for granted that a church which does so much for the people outside its own immediate radius is not likely to neglect the highest interests of its own young men and women. As Mr. Roberts is, and has been for some years, an enthusiastic Christian Endeavourer, the two branches of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour have naturally a warm place in his affections.

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Both the senior and the junior societies are flourishing organisations, with a network of committees and multitudinous outlets for active service. A Mutual Improvement Society, Benevolent Society, Home and Foreign Missionary Auxiliary, and numerous societies and organisations of a religious and philanthropic character are in existence, and in their various ways are exerting their influence on the life of the city.

The retiring disposition which has kept Dr. MacLaren from taking a prominent place in religious and ecclesiastical movements has screened the famous preacher's personality from the public view. Dr. MacLaren shrinks from the publicity which would be thrust upon him by enterprising journalists and ubiquitous interviewers. Indeed he takes a pride in the fact that he has escaped what he is pleased to call the "noisome pestilence of the interviewer." Nevertheless, he readily consented to tell me anything I wished to know about Union Chapel. It was but a short conversation, for Dr. MacLaren was in bad health and suffering acute pain on the day of my appointment. Those who know Dr. MacLaren through his writings only, and even those who have only heard his rich voice pouring forth his richer thoughts as he stands in the pulpit, can have but a poor idea of the personal magnetism of the man. Although only seventy years of age, pain and hard study have left their indelible imprints on Dr. MacLaren's face. He looks older than he really is, and yet the eye is undimmed and the mental vigour

REV. J. EDWARD ROBERTS.
[*From a Photo by the* PARIS PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, *Manchester.*]

MR. ROBERTS IN HIS STUDY.
[*From a Photo by* B. A. JONES, *Warrington.*]

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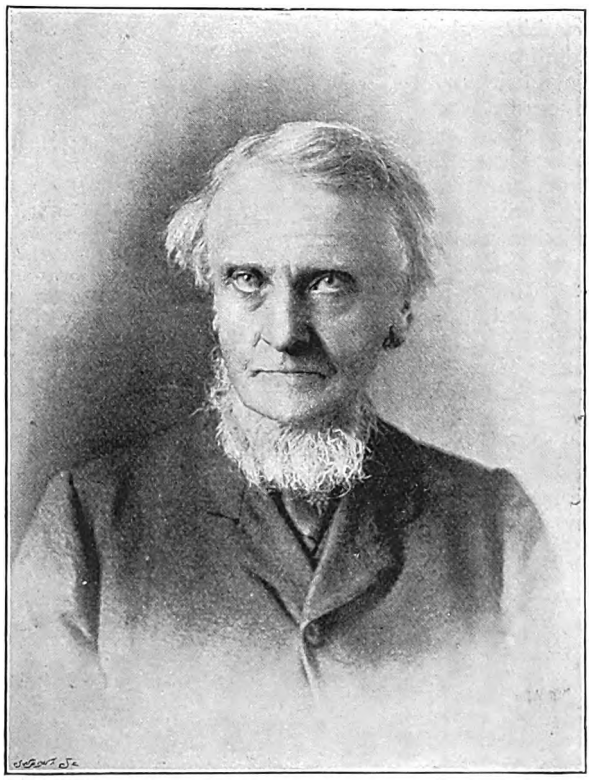
unabated. One of my first questions bore on his declaration that Lancashire is the best field of Christian work. I asked his reasons.

"I strongly believe," Dr. MacLaren responded with emphasis, "that for a Dissenting minister Lancashire offers a better field than any other part of the country. The strength of the people's character, and the extensive influence of Sunday-school training upon the middle classes, are my chief grounds for the belief. And then," he added, "in Manchester the vigorous, intellectual life of the city, which is not yet so large that one man is lost in the crowd, and the fact that the population, which is very cosmopolitan, is more largely leavened by Nonconformity than the population of London, make the Nonconformity of Lancashire of a much sturdier type."



DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN.
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"What do you regard as the main characteristics of Lancashire Nonconformity: is it intellectual, or emotional, or practical?"

Dr. MacLaren paused a moment before replying, and then slowly remarked: "No, they are by no means emotional; but they are extremely reliable, and they are always just a shade better than they say they are going to be."

"Are they exceptionally good listeners, then?" I asked.

"Well," came the answer, again after deliberation, "they are stolid, they are not demonstratively sympathetic, but they are receptive, and they certainly are appreciative. They are willing workers too."

Into the general question whether Sabbath observance is honoured more in Manchester than in other large towns, Dr. MacLaren declined to be drawn, pleading ignorance of other cities; but adding, "I can say this: Along the road past my church there is a regular procession of people going out the wretched statutory three miles to get their Sunday 'drink.' And many of them come home drunk in the evening. No, I cannot say that church-going is proportionately greater than in London, for instance, but really I have not sufficient intimate knowledge of London to justify an opinion. All I know is, that Manchester is bad enough in this respect."

"Do you find the drift to the suburbs injurious to Manchester city churches?"

"Most decidedly," was the immediate answer to my question. "My congregation at Union Chapel has changed its *personnel* completely within recent years. I do not suppose there are half a dozen people left in the church who were even at the age of babyhood when I went to Union Chapel. The centrifugal tendency in great towns is what we city ministers have to fight. Out the men go to the suburbs as soon as they make a little money or have enough leisure to be useful in a church—they find their wives' health necessitates their living ten miles out, and off they pack. My congregation has changed three times over at least from that cause alone."

I left Dr. MacLaren with the expression of a hope that he would be spared to see his congregation change for the fourth time, and to complete his jubilee of service at Union Chapel, the membership of which, I may add, has this year reached the highest point in the church's history.

ARTHUR PORRITT.

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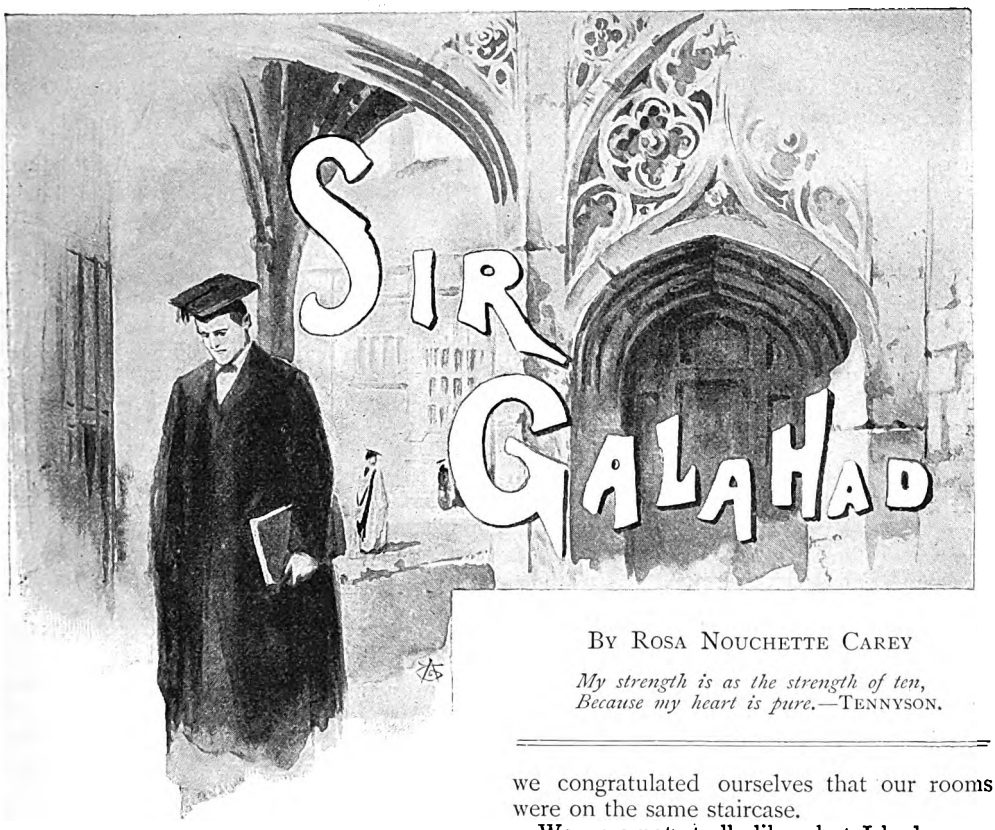

By Rosa Nouchette Carey

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.—Tennyson.

We were having an argument one day in desultory fashion, beating out red-hot truths on our poor little black anvils, and twisting them into strange shapes; and in a moment's freak I called him Sir Galahad. Somehow the name stuck to him.

Even in our schooldays Cyril Barton had always been an odd, dreamy fellow—unsociable, except with those he called his chums; and as an undergraduate he was not more popular.

His tutors indeed respected him, for they knew his worth as a working man; but by the men of our college he was voted slow. They dubbed him the Philosopher and the Hermit of Trinity, and laughed at his queer Quixotic notions.

"What was the use of riding full-tilt against windmills?" they would say scornfully, "or warring against visionary dragons? Athletics and boating would knock all that nonsense out of him." But as Cyril persisted in his odd ways, they shrugged their shoulders and left him for more congenial companions.

We were fast friends, Cyril and I. He had been good to me when I had been laid up at Winchester, and I had not been ungrateful. When we left school and went up to Trinity, we congratulated ourselves that our rooms were on the same staircase.

We were not at all alike; but I had grown used to his ways, and we understood each other thoroughly. I can see him now pacing the Lime Walk at Trinity, with his tall, loosely-knit figure, and the gown dropping from his shoulders; or sitting beside my fire in his favourite attitude, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his deep-set eyes fixed on the flame, either silent or holding forth in a sort of quaint monologue.

He had moods of deep musing sometimes, in which he seemed quite lost to the outer world. But when I questioned him, either jestingly or seriously, the answer was always the same: "Ay, Maurice lad, it is just dreams, dreams, dreams." But sometimes his tone would be full of sadness.

For he was not content; one could see that: his conscience had an odd twist in it. I think myself that he moved on a higher plane than most men: our ordinary levels of everyday duty did not satisfy him. He somehow had the air of saying, "Come up higher. How is one to breathe and live in this low city life?" But it is not everyone who cares to climb up to the mountain-top. We had rare arguments sometimes. I was in the Debating Society, and meant to read for the Bar, and Cyril was preparing for ordination.

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One evening I remember well: it was just before the end of term, and in a few days we were going down to Pemberton Hall. Nellie Pemberton and I had become engaged during the previous vacation; and I had promised to introduce Cyril to her. She had been much interested in my description; and when I had shown her his photograph I had been struck with her remark. "Why, Maurice," she had exclaimed, "what a grand, uncommon sort of face Mr. Barton has! He looks like one of those old knights of the Round Table—Sir Percival or Sir Galahad. But there is a melancholy look in his eyes too;" and she gazed so long at the photograph that I pretended to be jealous. But how glad and proud I was when Nellie said that.

It was a Sunday evening, and we had been down to St. Barnabas; an old Trinity man, who was on the eve of starting for Africa, had preached a missionary sermon. Cyril knew him well, and seemed to regard him as a sort of apostle.

"Well," he said abruptly, as we walked back in the June stillness; "what did you think of Cunningham?" But I am afraid my answer disappointed him.

"I liked him well enough," I replied lazily; "he has plenty of eloquence, but he was a bit crushing on the modern youth of Oxford. We cannot all go out to Africa to seek martyrdom and malaria; and there are plenty of white heathen to be evangelised even in England."

"Yes, I know." And then he was silent until we reached my rooms. He followed me in as usual, and seated himself by the window overlooking the Lime Walk. He was in a brown study; so I lit my pipe and thought about Nellie. A letter from her was in my pocket; and one passage had secretly amused me during the day.

"Diana Grey is coming to stay with us," she wrote. "I hope you will not mind, Maurice dear. Di is a splendid girl, and I am dreadfully fond of her; and she is so longing to see you. Most people think her so handsome. And as she is rich, and her own mistress, she always has a train of admirers; though she will not make up her mind to marry one of them. Perhaps she and Mr. Barton may take a fancy to each other. I suppose your Sir Galahad is capable of falling in love;" and so on.

I was still vaguely smiling over Nell's matchmaking scheme when Cyril's deep voice interrupted me.

"Dreams, dreams, dreams," he was saying to himself. "Ay, but dreams come true sometimes. Maurice, lad, I have solved the problem. I know now what to do with my life!"

Something in his voice startled me; there was a strange glow in his eyes. As I looked at him inquiringly he got up and began to pace the room restlessly, now and then moving aside some obstacle in his way.

I got impatient of the protracted silence at last.

"Of course you know," I said hastily. "I wish my future were half as promising as yours—a snug country rectory in prospective and plenty of fat tithes." But he shook his head.

"You are wrong there, lad; no family livings for me—no waiting for dead men's shoes. I shall throw in my lot with Cunningham and Temple; that is what I have settled to do to-night."

I sat up erect in my chair and stared at him. Was he serious and in his right mind? Cyril was an only son, and there was the fine old living of Grantham in his uncle's gift. What would the rector say?—his father doated on him. It was enough to make the shade of his grandfather the dean rise from his grave to protest against such folly! Cunningham and Temple were pioneers, the mission was in its infancy, and the place was extremely unhealthy for Europeans.

"My dear Sir Galahad, you are crazy!" I burst out; but I might as well have talked to deaf ears: all my conclusive arguments, my taunts and persuasions, only drew from him the same answer: "I have found my work, and I must do it. 'He that putteth his hand to the plough,' Maurice—you can finish that text for yourself." That was our last serious talk for some weeks. We went down to Pemberton; and in Nellie's charming society, and with the delights of unlimited tennis, riding, and love-making, I forgot my vexation and Cyril's exasperating scheme.

And, "tell it not in Gath," the moment I saw Diana Grey and heard her deep musical voice, a glimmer of hope dawned on me.

Nellie was right: she was strikingly handsome, only too serious and mature-looking for her age.

Her face reminded me of a picture I had once seen of a young Roman virgin awaiting martyrdom. I told Nellie so one day as we were pacing up and down the nut copse that separated the Hall gardens from the ring of sloping meadows that surrounded them. But, to my surprise, she did not laugh at the idea.

"I know what you mean, Maurice," she said thoughtfully, "though I have never seen

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"MISS GREY WAS AT THE END OF THE TERRACE FEEDING THE PEACOCKS."

the picture. Di has that sort of face. It is a little too massive in repose; but when she lights up she looks much younger. She is not really sad, I think: she once told me that she had never known a real trouble. Certainly her beauty is of an uncommon type."

"Yes, indeed." And then I wondered what Cyril thought of her; but he was always reticent in giving his opinions of women. I think he liked their society: he treated them with a chivalrous respect and deference that sometimes amused them. I have seen more than one frivolous little damsel look up at him with vaguely alarmed eyes, and then drop all her airs and graces. I think my Sir Galahad had the knack of bringing out the best in them: somehow they seemed obliged to live up to his idea of them. As there were no other guests at the Hall, Cyril and Miss Grey were thrown much together.

When he left us for a few days to go down to Grantham, I could see that she missed him: she was very quiet and thoughtful, and held herself a little aloof; and more than once Nellie glanced at me rather mischievously.

"I wish Mr. Barton would come back," she said once in my hearing; "three is such an awkward number, and Maurice and I are dying to give you both your revenge at tennis." Miss Grey, to whom this remark was addressed, gravely assented.

"He is a very good player," she said quietly; "one can always rely on him." But as she bent over her embroidery frame—was it the sunset, I wonder, that brought the blush to her fair face?

After all, Cyril came back the day before we expected him. We were all on the terrace—the squire and Mrs. Pemberton, and Nellie and I; Miss Grey was at the farther end, feeding the peacocks.

As Cyril came upon us suddenly she turned her head and saw him; and then it was no fancy, the brilliant blush that rose to her cheek. I am sure Cyril saw it, for there was a singular flash in his eyes. He did not go to her at once, but when he came back to us he looked rather pale; and Diana went on feeding the peacocks.

From that evening I noticed a marked change in him: he seemed out of spirits, and more vague and dreamy than ever. He no

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longer indulged in long *tête-à-tête* talks with Miss Grey. True, she was always his partner at tennis; but during our evening rides I often found her left to my care, while he and Nellie galloped off together.

One afternoon Nellie whispered to me to come into the nut copse. "I want to ask you something, Maurice," she said as soon as we were safely out of hearing. "What has gone wrong with those two? Ever since Mr. Barton has been down to Grantham Rectory he has not seemed like himself. He avoids Diana—he seems afraid of being alone with her. Di is very proud and sensitive, and he is giving her pain. She does not know him well enough to understand him."

"Don't trouble your pretty little head about them, Nell," I answered lightly; for I thought it wiser not to discuss the matter seriously. Cyril and Miss Grey could manage their own affairs without our interference. But, all the same, my heart misgave me when that night Cyril entered my room. It was very late, close upon midnight; but I had been doing a stiff bit of reading—there was no getting an hour to myself in the day.

"Are you busy, old man—can you spare me a few minutes?" he asked hurriedly.

Something strained and unnatural in his voice made me look at him keenly. How pale he was; and there was a sombre, tired expression in his eyes.

"Maurice, lad, I must get out of this," almost sharply. "I have had lotus-eating enough for the present. Look here! to-morrow morning I shall have a letter recalling me to Oxford. Say nothing, do nothing to hinder me, if you value my peace of mind. I have vowed that nothing shall keep me here a day longer: the air of this place does not suit me."

I looked him full in the face—

"You are leaving Pemberton because you are in love with Diana Grey." Then his hand dropped heavily on the table.

"In love!" he answered bitterly; but there was anguish in his voice. "Dreams, dreams, dreams! What has love to do with me?" Then he sat down and suddenly buried his face in his hands.

"Heaven knows you are right, Maurice," he groaned. "The one woman in the world for me; the woman I could have worshipped with heart and brain and soul. But I am not free to win her."

"You are as free as most men," I returned brusquely. "Give up this mad project of yours. Good heavens, Cyril! is there no work to do in England? Take an East End curacy! Work in the slums, Spitalfields, Hoxton! Take your choice; and leave other men to go in search of malaria and African graves."

Then he turned on me almost fiercely—

"'*Et tu, Brute!*' First my father, then my mother, and now you! Talk of the old ordeal of walking over nine red-hot ploughshares—the test was easy compared to this! Amongst all who care for me, not one hand held out to encourage and strengthen me. Everyone considers me a fool or a madman."

There was such despair in his voice that for the moment I was silenced. It seemed to me as though the solid ground were cleft between us, and that I had a sudden glimpse of a wide abyss that made me giddy: the depth of one human heart, with its infinite capacity for pain, appalled and thrilled me. When I spoke, it was in a subdued tone.

"Are you sure—are you quite sure—that you are called to this? Heaven knows that the part of tempter is not to my taste; but, if I do not mistake, there is someone else to consider. Remember there is such a thing as morbid duty."

"Yes, and there is such a thing as moral cowardice. Do you think because a duty is hard, that it is less a duty?" Then his voice broke and grew husky. "It did not seem hard that night at Trinity; but now"—he moved hastily away, that I might not see his face; but the heave of his shoulders was eloquent enough—the iron had entered his very soul!

"Cyril, dear old fellow, listen to me. Sit down there. If your mind is set on this thing, I swear to you that I will never say another word to hinder you—go if you must go; but there is something you must do first—tell Miss Grey what you just have told me. No," —as he looked at me incredulously—"I am not mad. You have a right to spoil your own life if you will; but you must not set out on your quest for martyrdom, leaving a woman's heart sore and humiliated behind you. You have said too much and too little; you must speak plainly now."

He shook his head. "I never meant to say one word, for her sake. I thought it better to be silent. She has been so good to me. I must not take advantage of her woman's tenderness. Why did I ever come down here? We have been too much together" —he caught his breath, and his face grew white. "If I go away to-morrow, she will think hardly of me; perhaps that will make it easier for her to forget."

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"Cyril!"—then I gave him a great push, and it seemed to him as though I had lost patience.

"Go your own way!" I exclaimed with an odd laugh; "there are some fools so ready for martyrdom that they light their own faggots. I should like you to leave me before I lose my temper and use strong language;" and, though he looked at me pleadingly, I fairly turned him out of the room, but my eyes were a little misty as I closed my books. That last sad speech rang in my ears: "She will think hardly of me, and that will make it easier for her to forget me." But, if I could prevent it, no noble-hearted woman should think hardly of my Sir Galahad.

In spite of my short night, I was down early. I had work to do—that letter from Oxford must be intercepted and detained for a few hours; and I must get a word with Miss Grey.

She was not generally an early riser, but there was something electric and troubled in the atmosphere that would not let anyone sleep; and as I came out on the terrace I came upon her, standing against a background of crimson roses. In the morning sunshine her face looked a little worn, and there were dark lines under her beautiful eyes.

The next moment a window overhead was thrown up — it was Cyril's. I had no time to spare.

"Miss Grey," I said hurriedly, "do you know that Barton means to leave us? He is going away because he is in great trouble, and he thinks it is his duty to keep it to himself. You and he are good friends, are you not? Perhaps you could help him. Ask him to tell you why he is leaving Pemberton."

She looked at me without speaking, and then her lip quivered slightly, and she bent her head as though in assent. When Cyril came out he found Miss Grey alone. I saw her slowly approach him, they spoke for a moment together, and then their tall figures moved side by side in the direction of the nut copse.

An hour later there was perplexity and wonder at the breakfast-table—what had become of Miss Grey and Mr. Barton? No one had seen them—they were not in the house or garden! Here Nellie looked at me inquisitively.

"THEIR TALL FIGURES MOVED SIDE BY SIDE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NUT COPSE."

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It was no use trying to hoodwink Nellie. As I went to the sideboard to carve the ham, she followed me on some pretext or other.

"Maurice," she whispered, "shall I go and look for them in the nut copse?" and when I returned, quite crossly, "Of course not, you little goose," she burst out laughing.

But I thought it better to go myself, when the squire began to fidget about the cold coffee. So I whistled to Scamp, and incited him to hunt for an imaginary cat. Scamp had a very loud bark, and would herald our approach long before we were in sight. My ruse succeeded perfectly; and as we turned into the copse my arms were suddenly pinioned, and, wheeling round, I saw Cyril's radiant face.

"Maurice, lad!" he exclaimed; "God bless you! You have made me do the right thing, and I am your debtor for life."

"I have told her! Oh, why are women so good—so immeasurably above us! She has been my good angel. She will not keep me back, and yet"—his voice softened with indescribable tenderness—"and yet she loves me—we have loved each other from the first!"

Later in the day I had a talk with Miss Grey.

"He must go," she said in her calm, serious way; and again I thought of the Roman virgin; "he has had his call. If I kept him here in England against his conscience, I could not make him happy. I value his peace of mind beyond everything."

"My dear Miss Grey, you put us all to shame: you are consenting to part with Cyril for an indefinite number of years, and yet, pardon me, you do not seem at all unhappy."

"How can I be unhappy," she returned with noble frankness, "when such a man has honoured me with his love? Mr. Armstrong, you have been a good friend to us both; but for you, Cyril would have left me without one word of explanation. He has told me so, and my pride would have suffered; but now"—

"Well, and now? Be kind, and tell me a little more"; then her lovely face glowed with feeling—

"Now I shall only have to wait until he sends for me—no woman can live there yet. We may have to wait years; but what does that matter? he will be doing his work, and I shall be training myself for my future life."

Yes, she was right; and Nellie and I agreed that they were not to be pitied. Maurice would do his work all the better, knowing that the woman he loved was praying for him at home; his was not the nature to be satisfied with the ordinary smooth love-making: he demanded a heroic devotion from the girl he meant to make his wife, and Diana would not disappoint him.

Three months later Cyril sailed. I did not see Diana Grey again for some time. Nellie and she corresponded. She was training for a district nurse, and meant to take a flat at Hoxton, and live among the people. It was a strange life for a young and beautiful woman to lead; but Cyril approved, and it suited her perfectly—the poor people adored Sister Dinah, as they called her.

She is working there still. Alas! she knows now that Cyril will never send for her. Three years of grand pioneer work—and then the deadly fever claimed him. On his dying-bed he pencilled a few lines to her—

"My Beloved,—I am sending you my farewell and my blessing. Love like ours is for eternity. I know you too well, my darling, to fear that you would keep me when the Master says, 'Come up higher.' For three years you have been my one earthly joy. Will you let this thought comfort you?"

. . . .

"Maurice," observed my wife one evening, as she sat near me in my study, with our youngest boy in her lap, "Diana has been here to-day; they have sent her the photograph of Cyril Barton's grave, and she wants you to see it. Don't look so sad, dear. You should have heard how quietly she spoke about it all. I think," continued Nellie, rocking the boy softly, "that she never really feels lonely—love is for eternity. You remember he said that in his last letter, and her life proves that she believes it. 'One day the call will come for me too,' she said to me; 'but not just yet. My poor people need me too much.' And then, Maurice, she put her arms round me: 'Don't be too sorry for me, Nellie dear; I would not change places even with you.'"

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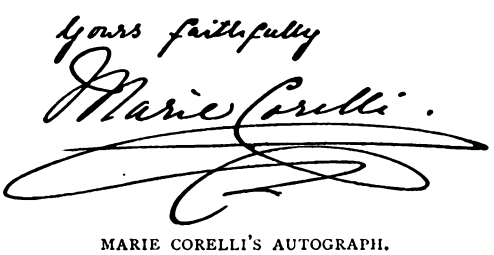
MARIE CORELLI AS I KNOW HER

By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.

At this moment were the question put, "Who is the most popular living novelist in England?" there could be but one answer: "Marie Corelli." Brilliant as was Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, her subsequent books, though exhibiting the same high qualities without some of the defects of her big controversial success, have not caught on with the general public in an equal, let alone an increasing, degree. But Marie Corelli goes "up and up." Two such *coups* as *Barabbas* and *The Sorrows of Satan*—followed at short intervals by *The Mighty Atom* and *Cameos*—are triumphs unprecedented since the days of Dickens, or at least George Eliot. There is certainly no country in the world which can boast of so many high-class women novelists as England, and amongst them all I do not know any living writer who possesses such brilliant qualities combined with such noble and hearty enthusiasms as Marie Corelli. Many people can write one good book; but, as the historian J. R. Green used to say, the difficulty is to go on. Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and a few others, have been triumphant writers from this point of view, but of how many are we forced to admit that after one spurt of originality the spring gave out, and all the subsequent artesian borings into the mind yielded but a poor and difficult return. Marie Corelli evidently means to go on, and there is even some danger that her fascinating and often audacious brilliancy may, for a time at least, blind the public to the legitimate claims of many of her less fortunate but highly-gifted rivals.

Marie Corelli is of Italian extraction, and the name which some people suppose to be a *nom-de-plume* is her only rightful and legal appellation. She was adopted in early infancy by the late well-known author, Dr. Charles Mackay, and became a member of his family, though she is in no way connected with it by any tie of blood relationship, and she was educated almost entirely in England, with the exception of two or three years passed in a French convent. She received a very excellent training in the classics, and in French, Italian, and English literature, but her chief studies were directed towards music.



MARIE CORELLI'S AUTOGRAPH.

Circumstances occurring to herself presently led her to write her first book, *A Romance of Two Worlds*. It was published ten years ago, when she was little more than a girl, and was still engaged in the various studies which are judged requisite for the "finish" of a woman's education. Only four short press criticisms appeared on the book, and they were all unfavourable. But it created so much public interest that it decided her to abandon the musical career for literature. Since that time her success has gone on steadily increasing, and she herself considers this merely the result of her own passionate love for the profession of literature. "If I could not earn a penny by it, I should still write, and still love writing," she says. "The true end of literature is the attainment of Power, not the piling up of cash." She has lived in the house where she now resides, in Longridge Road, Kensington, ever since the publication of her *Romance*. All her books have been written there.

Marie Corelli is a very systematic worker, and writes steadily from ten to two every day. She is, however, no recluse, and goes into a great deal of society (which bores her), merely out of a sincere and conscientious desire to study from the life, and not be accused of writing about what she does not understand.

She has many warm friends amongst what Mr. Toole calls the "Hupper Surkles," but expresses the most scathing contempt for the inane and frivolous artificiality of the "smart world,"—its corruption, insincerity, and heartlessness have been exposed, as with the scalpel of a pitiless vivisectionist, in the *Sorrows of Satan*.

When it became known a few years ago that the Queen was a reader of her books, it was generally said that this would naturally give her an ephemeral popularity; but the solid foundation of genius, which was the cause of Her Majesty's appreciation, has won its own way with the masses, and her popularity has extended not only to our Colonies, but to many foreign countries. Marie Corelli's books are to be read in at least

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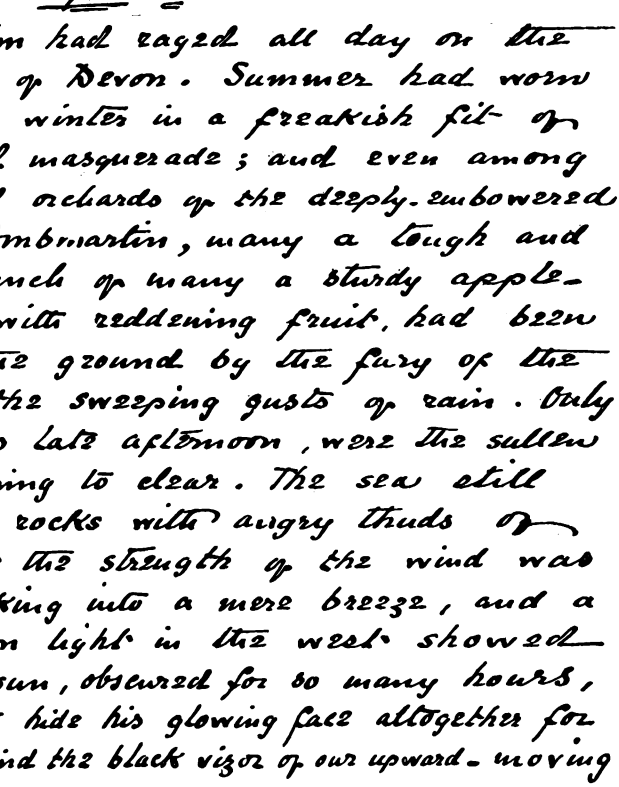
ten different languages, and a city in Colorado has already been named after her—"Corelli City."

One of the most remarkable effects of her famous book, *The Sorrows of Satan*, was the sudden hold it took of the pulpit. Many of the clergy used it as their text, and on one and the same Sunday several sermons were preached upon it in London to overflowing congregations. *The Mighty Atom*, which is really a plea for something like a sanely religious education for children, faces one of the most burning questions of the day. Nothing that can be said against novels with a purpose can hinder the fact that some of the greatest novels of the age have been written with a purpose—*Adam Bede*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, amongst them. It is easy for people who write novels without a purpose—perhaps without a circulation—to cavil at those who use the most powerful and popular literary form of the day—the Novel—to arrest attention and force the consideration of great questions upon the general public, but I fail to see what nobler use could be made of literary talent. That Marie Corelli has always used her great gifts for the purification of society, the branding of vice, and the exaltation of what is noble and good, will be her chief claim to be remembered with gratitude in ages to come, as her brilliant imagination and truthful delineation of character constitute her claim to be so widely read and admired by her contemporaries. Marie Corelli is not in appearance or in manner what some people might expect to find; but when found, to my mind, she immediately fits her books, and we can see that no other sort of person would, or could, be the authoress of them.



The Mighty Atom

Chapter I

A heavy storm had raged all day on the north coast of Devon. Summer had worn the garb of winter in a freakish fit of mockery and masquerade; and even among the sheltered orchards of the deeply-embowered valley of Combmartin, many a tough and gnarled branch of many a sturdy apple-tree laden with reddening fruit, had been beaten to the ground by the fury of the blast and the sweeping gusts of rain. Only now, towards late afternoon, were the sullen skies beginning to clear. The sea still lashed the rocks with angry thuds of passion, but the strength of the wind was gradually sinking into a mere breeze, and a warm saffron light in the west showed where the sun, obscured for so many hours, was about to hide his glowing face altogether for the night behind the black visor of our upward-moving

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS. OF "THE MIGHTY ATOM."

She is of medium height, and rather what the French call *petite* and *spirituelle*; but when one converses with her, the quick sensibility, the decisive tone, the natural passion, the unconventional idea, proclaim the woman of genius. Whilst she steadily disclaims her identity with Mavis Clare (*Dare* stood in the original MS., and was only altered into Clare because someone pointed out that Dare was already appropriated), we may be excused for saying that the ideal sketch in Mavis Clare (*Sorrows of Satan*)

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would have been no unworthy presentation of the fair writer herself; although we are bound to accept her own disclaimer, and attribute Mavis Clare to the unconscious working out of a personal ideal, and not any conscious design to portray herself.

Marie Corelli is personally retiring, and averse to fuss and notoriety, but she has no false affectation of ignoring her literary importance, although she is perhaps over sensitive to the opinions and criticisms of others. In consequence of her intensely impressionable and imaginative temperament, she takes an honest pride in owing nothing to anyone as regards her literary career.

Alone she has fought and conquered. To the people, not the cliques, she has appealed, and the response has been decisive and rapid beyond precedent. No photograph has ever been taken and no picture has yet been painted of the gifted authoress, but, although she refuses to be photographed, she has supplied us with the next best thing—a characteristic piece of her handwriting, which is taken from the original MS. of *The Mighty Atom.*

As a great deal has been said about Marie Corelli and the Royal Family, I ventured to ask her for some reliable information, having often heard her complain of vulgar remarks such as that she was "patronised" by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, etc. The story appears to be simply this:—The late Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, calling on Miss Corelli one day, asked her if the Queen had ever read *A Romance of Two Worlds.* Miss Corelli replied, "Certainly not, so far as I know." The Duchess accordingly took a copy to the Queen, with the result that Her Majesty telegraphed from Balmoral to have "*all* Marie Corelli's books sent to her." A complete set was accordingly forwarded, specially bound, and the Queen acknowledged the gift by two lines of thanks written by one of her waiting-women.

Miss Corelli has had the further good fortune to please the charming Queen Marguerite of Italy. Her Majesty sent for an "autograph copy" of *A Romance of Two Worlds.* She responded to the author's gift by sending her portrait and autograph, besides writing a charming letter in her own hand. As to the Prince of Wales, these are the exact and unvarnished facts:—Miss Corelli was invited to meet him at a dinner given by Sir Charles Hall four years ago at Homburg, and she was not aware till then that His Royal Highness took any interest in her work at all.

Politically, her sentiments are entirely Republican, and her sympathies are all enlisted on the side of the people, *versus* thrones. She abhors toadyism, sycophancy, and panderings to those in power; and it is a great source of vexation to her to find her sentiments upon such matters totally misunderstood in many quarters. So far from flattering the Prince of Wales in her book, *The Sorrows of Satan,* as she has been accused of doing, she has said many things—expressing herself freely and without ambiguity—which are quite the reverse of flattering to His Royal Highness. It is, as I have said, a complete error to think she drew her own portrait as "Mavis Clare." The original of Mavis Clare was an artist friend who died some years ago. Mr. Stead is responsible for starting the idea of "Mavis Clare" being a flattering picture of the author herself, and he has since then apologised in a letter to Miss Corelli "for that and every other injustice I may have done you."

Since the publication of *The Mighty Atom,* many strangers have visited the scene where the story is laid, Combmartin, North Devon. Some of these have written urging her to send an autograph copy of the book to the sexton, James Norman, from whose outward personal appearance she drew the now admired character of "Reuben Dale." So she sent the book, with a personal dedication and a letter. It is said that the sexton at Combmartin gets any number of tips because he is understood to be "one of Marie Corelli's characters."

Marie Corelli is a true and most practical friend of the people. It is not generally known that she is in correspondence with a large number of working-men's clubs and trades-unions, and that her influence is very great among them. She is also "in touch" with various "societies" in America and the Colonies. Papers written by her privately for these societies, of a political and religious nature, are frequently made the subject of very earnest and thoughtful discussion.

Marie Corelli is neither shy nor slow at expressing her likes and dislikes. Her favourite books are—first, the Bible; second, Shakespeare; third, Plato; fourth, Montaigne's Essays. Afterwards, Walter Scott's novels, Charles Dickens, and the poets, such as Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Her favourite musicians are Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Bizet. Her favourite singers (men), Masini, Tamagno, and Plançon; (women), . . . "None!" she exclaimed; "don't like any of them!" Her favourite artists are Luke Fildes and Alma Tadema. Her favourite place, London! The scenery she likes best is at Chamounix and in the Scottish Highlands; and her favourite recreation is music.

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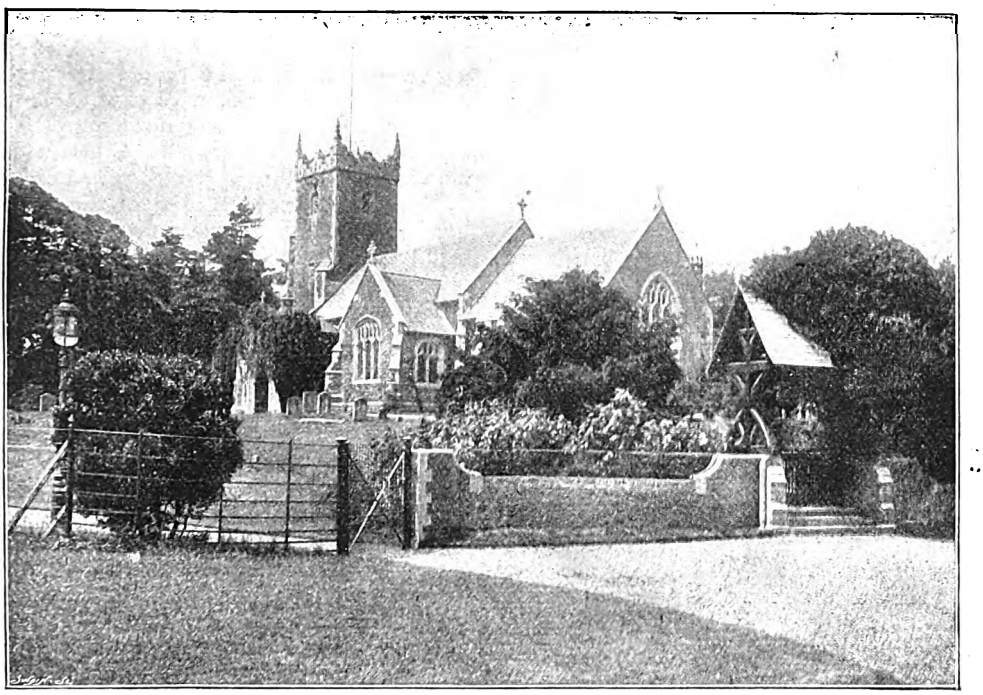

SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.
[*From a Photo by* F. W. RALPH, *Dersingham.*]

ROUND AND ABOUT SANDRINGHAM

THE most considerable of the places which lie round and about Sandringham and flourish under the royal patronage is the little old-world village of Dersingham, and it retains much of its primitive simplicity in spite of the rise in its fortunes. Before the coming of the Prince it was a small hamlet, fast falling into decay; now it has rows of trim cottages for the Sandringham work-people, and its population has almost doubled during the last twenty years. The constant coming and going of Royalty along its quiet lanes imparts an interest unknown before. Now it is the Princess driving her favourite ponies tandem or four-in-hand, or it is the young Princesses on their bicycles, or the Duke and Duchess of York driving *tête-à-tête* in a dog-cart, or Prince Edward and his baby brother, with their nurses, in an open carriage. The good folk of Dersingham have the pleasure of seeing the "R'yals" from the vantage-ground of their own door-steps, and never know the moment when the Princess may not draw up at one of the cottages, in the "Blues Cart," and go in for a chat with some of the old folks. The village shops supply Sandringham House with provisions, for the Prince makes a point of encouraging local trade, and the village chimney-sweep may be seen each morning in winter driving in his smart trap *en route* for Sandringham.

The village of Dersingham is on the Norfolk marshes, a mile or two inland from the Wash; and in the old days it had amongst its inhabitants certain queer characters, who gained a mysterious livelihood down by the shore. The caves where the smuggling fraternity hid their booty are to be found in the creeks below the marshes, and now serve picnic parties for places of shelter or exploration. It is, however, only in very dry weather that one can venture to walk the rough way which leads down to the shore, no regular road having been constructed. In the centre of the village stands the church, which surprises a visitor by its cathedral-like proportions. It is built of flint and stone, with a handsome square tower and a peal of six bells. The present structure was built in the fourteenth century on the site of a more ancient one, evidence of which is to be found in the Norman mouldings and decorations, which have been re-worked into the present structure. It has a spacious nave and side aisles, with a clerestory. The chancel is very large, and divided from the nave by a hand-

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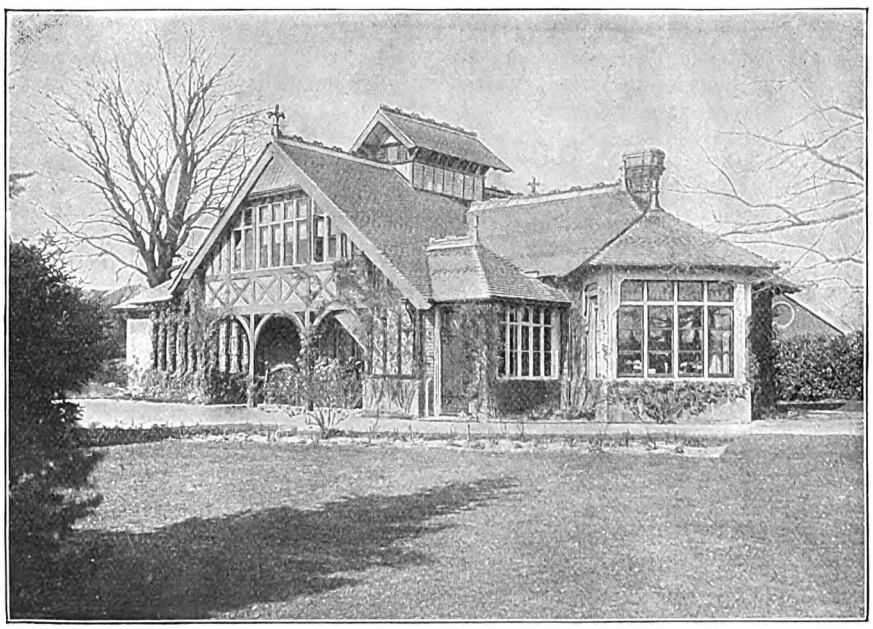
some carved oak screen of the fifteenth century, upon which are traces of the handsome paintings which once adorned it. A large iron hook, conspicuous in the centre of the screen, was used, according to local tradition, by Oliver Cromwell to tether his horse while he directed the defacement of the rood-screen and the altar. There are survivals of Roman Catholic times in the ambry over the altar table, the leper's window, the piscina, and the curious little tunnel in the wall known as the Leper's Squint. The church register, which is kept in a curious oak chest, dates to 1710.

The church was restored in 1877–79, largely at the expense of its patron, Dr. Bellamy; but it is more interesting to think of it with its high oak seats and ancient mode of service, when the parson and the clerk edified the congregation with a duet. When going over the church I was fortunate to have as a companion one whose ancestors had been long connected with the district, and I heard many stories of the quaint doings when Mr. Bellamy, nephew of the patron, was vicar. He wrote his sermons with a quill well charged with ink, and over each page of his manuscript, disdaining the use of blotting-paper, sprinkled silver sand to dry the ink and prevent the pages from sticking together. It was the delight of irreverent young people to watch the parson, as he turned the pages, brushing away the sand, much of which found a lodgment in the hair of the clerk, seated in the desk below the pulpit. One Sunday morning, having reached the sixth head of the sermon, the vicar turned the sheet, brushed off the sand with his hand as usual, saying, "And sixthly, my brethren"; but he brushed in vain to find the words he wanted, until the clerk, handing up the missing page, said, "Here's sixthly, sir." It had descended along with the sand.

On the opposite side of the road from the church stands Dersingham Old Hall; and a little farther on is the hotel, a trimly-kept house with a pleasure-garden at the side, and displaying the royal coat-of-arms as a sign. In olden days it was known as the Cock; but now, as the village wags say, "there is nothing left of the Cock but the Feathers." Rooms are retained there by the Prince for the accommodation of his guests when Sandringham House is full. At the opposite end of the village from the Feathers Hotel is the Dun Cow Inn, a quaint, old-fashioned house, famous as the scene of the Dersingham ghost. One winter, in the good old times, the village was thrown into a panic by a nightly visitation of his Satanic Majesty. Scared villagers would meet in the darkness a man on horseback, having a black, hairy exterior, horns protrud-



DAIRY AND TEA ROOMS, SANDRINGHAM.
[*From a Photo by* F. W. RALPH, *Dersingham.*]

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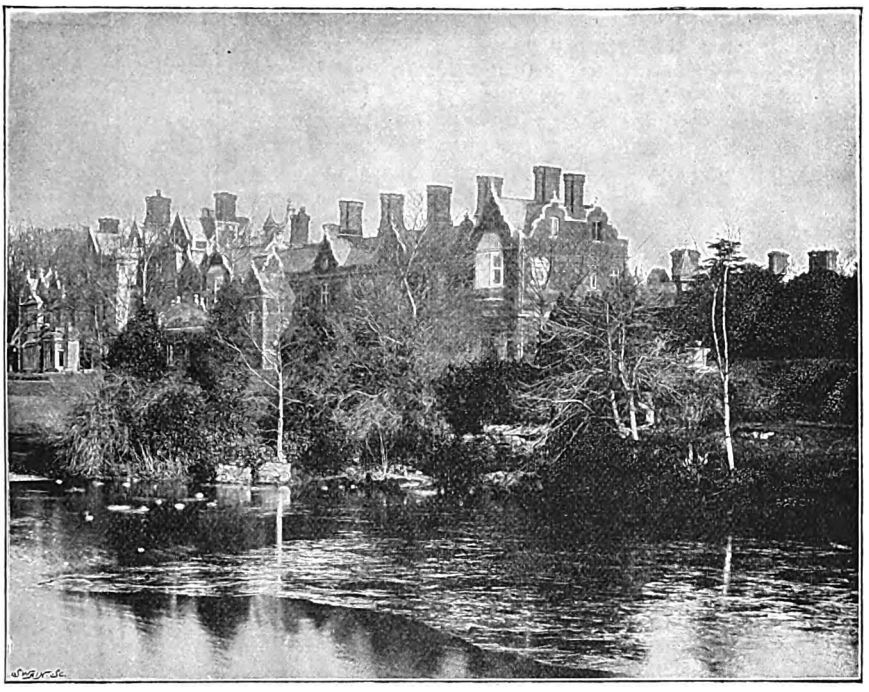

WEST TERRACE AND LAKE, SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* F. W. RALPH, *Dersingham.*]

ing from the sides of his head, and eyes of flaming fire. The horse walked slowly, and was led by a soldier in scarlet uniform. The weird travellers invariably stopped at the Dun Cow Inn and called for refreshment; but when the waiting-maid gave the tankard to the soldier and saw the man upon the horse, she fled screaming into the house, declaring that she had seen the devil, and nothing would persuade her to go back for the money. However, there were adventurous spirits in the village, who lay in ambush for the Dun Cow ghost, and traced it back to a farmhouse. A raid was made upon the premises, and hidden inside one of the beds was found the skin of a black bullock, horns and all complete. This was the Satanic apparel which had been nightly assumed by a young farmer for the purpose of scaring his neighbours, and obtaining a drink of the Dun Cow's "milk" for nothing. There is a clean little temperance hotel at the end of the road leading down from the station; but it is a modern house, and devoid of history, although visitors may find it a comfortable staying-place.

Pursuing the road from the Feathers Hotel, you leave the straggling village with its rustic-looking houses of Carr stone behind, and, climbing a steep ascent, reach the broad avenue, half a mile long, which leads through the pine woods up to the famous Norwich Gates, standing at the entrance to Sandringham House. The house itself, built in red brick and Ketton stone in Elizabethan style, is readily seen from the gates, and the solitary policeman on guard has no objection to a little loyal curiosity. At all seasons the approach to Sandringham is beautiful. The pines are always green, and the broad stretches of turf on either side the wide sandy road look bright in winter and refreshing in summer. Birds seem to be always singing, squirrels leaping from bough to bough, rabbits running about, and the beautiful golden pheasants walking amongst the bracken. All the roads on the Sandringham estate are of sand, and the light-brown colour forms a pleasing contrast to the green stretches of turf, and the pine woods with their undergrowth of bracken. For miles around it is a study in green and brown, relieved in spring and summer by patches of yellow furze, clumps of rhododendrons, and stretches of purple heather. The Heath extends far away to the Wolferton woods, and is swept by the breezes from the North Sea.

The Sandringham avenue is a gay sight in

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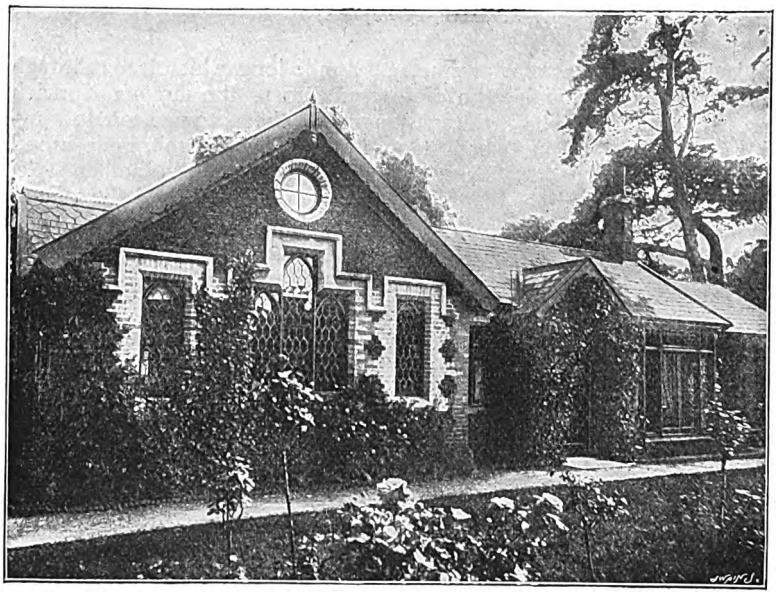
the shooting season, when the Prince's beaters, in their scarlet blouses and blue slouched hats with red bands, are flitting hither and thither about the road, and the continuous bang-bang of the guns is heard amongst the pines. The village folk come trooping up to see the sport, and no objection is made to a visitor following the shooting party through the woods. A special "shooting of the Avenue" takes place on the 9th of November, and is a gala occasion in honour of the Prince's birthday.

Beautiful pleasure-gardens and a fine deer park surround Sandringham House, and a lake twines in serpentine fashion towards York Cottage, lying low at a little distance in the park. The tiny little church of St. Mary Magdalene crowns the rising ground at the side of the park. It is approached by a lych gate, and has a quaint rustic look. On a fine morning in summer quite a crowd of visitors from Hunstanton, Lynn, and other places come in phaetons and waggonettes to see the "Royals" walk into church, and are content to take a passing look and go home again, for the church is too tiny to accommodate more than the village congregation.



GIRLS' TECHNICAL SCHOOL, SANDRINGHAM.
[*From a Photo by* F. W. RALPH, *Dersingham.*]

"I wonder the Prince keeps his head so well as he does," said a rustic to me, "with having a hundred folks standing just to watch him walk into church"; but we fancy that the gracious and ever-beautiful Princess, with her pretty bows and smiles, is responsible for most of the crowd.

Beyond the church lie the rectory and the handsome residence of Sir Dighton Probyn, comptroller of the Prince's household; and between the two is a low house, covered in creepers, where Fraulein Noedel, a former governess to the young Princesses, lives and conducts a technical school for the girls on the estate. The Princess of Wales, having seen the benefit of technical instruction to the people of her own country, has endeavoured to introduce the system upon the Sandringham estate. In a model kitchen cooking is taught, and there is also instruction given in housework and scientific dressmaking; and during the last year or two spinning has been added, the Princess herself taking great pleasure in the practice of this ancient art. She uses a black spinning-wheel, decorated with ribbons in the red and white colours of Denmark. Her Royal Highness started the spinning school, as a means of instructing delicate girls in the adjacent parishes in an occupation which they could follow in their own homes. It was very interesting to walk round and see them busily at work at the whirring wheels. Upon the walls hung bags of flax and wool, the latter taken from the flocks on the Sandringham estate. Some of the girls were engaged in fine needlework, while others were knitting stockings for the fishermen. Very few days pass, when the family are at home, without the Princess and her daughters paying a visit to the spinning school, and chatting with the girls.

On the farther side of the Sandringham grounds, close to the royal stables, is a technical school for boys, under the charge of Mr. Swann. He gives instruction principally in wood-carving and metal-work, and has a number of beautiful tables, chairs, and fancy articles in antique carving on view.

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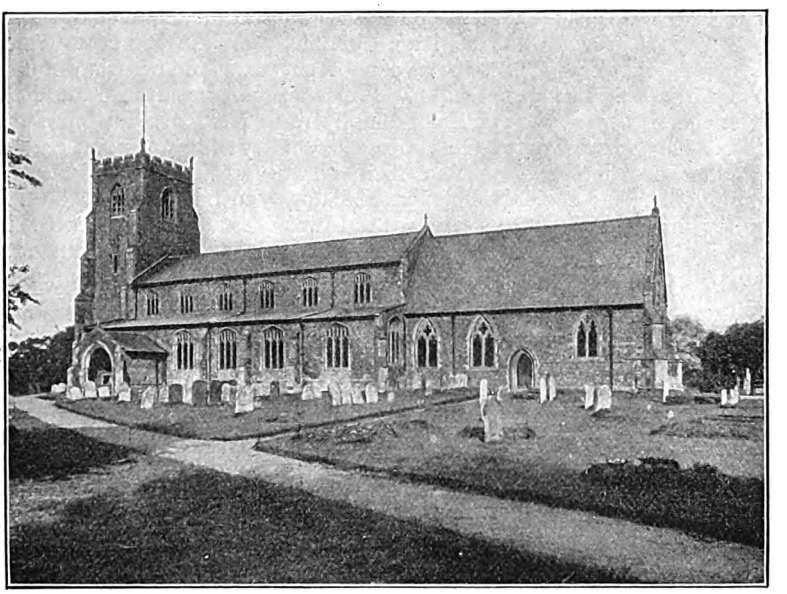
The young Princesses are fond of visiting the carving school; and do a little work themselves occasionally. I saw a very beautiful table in poker-work which the Duchess of York had just completed, and which had come to be polished previous to being sent to a London exhibition. Each year there is a sale of the goods which have been made in the technical schools, and the proceeds go towards helping to maintain them.

The next place of interest on this part of the estate is the dairy, a picturesque Swiss châlet, the porch covered with creepers, and through the open door the dairy-woman can be seen busy amongst the pans of cream, or making up a Norfolk pat. Around the shelves are ranged china models of some of the famous heifers reared on the estate. Adjoining the dairy is the Princess's tea-room, a cosy and delightful room, filled with numberless plaques and bric-a-brac which have been presented to Her Royal Highness. The blue carpet came from Russia, and a fine set of blue plaques from Denmark, while the tablecover is a handsome specimen of Indian embroidery. In a cabinet is the famous Balmoral tea-service, hand-painted with views of Balmoral, and presented by the Queen. On the wall hangs a characteristic portrait of the Prince of Wales, in a jaunty hat and feathers, as Henry the Eighth. There is a companion portrait of the Princess of Wales as Queen Elizabeth; but one is not surprised to hear that her Royal Highness tells her visitors "not to look at it," for it bears but scant resemblance to her beautiful face. The whole family generally meet in this room for tea in summer; but it is an established custom, that if the Prince arrives first on the scene he never enters the tea-room until the Princess comes. The meal is quite unceremonious; waiters are dispensed with, and the Princess pours out the tea herself from an unique tea-pot, which the Prince gave her as his contribution to her pretty snuggery.

Returning to the main road, a short walk brings you to the village of West Newton, which has been literally rebuilt by the Prince. It looks, indeed, a model village with its row of trim "Alexandra Cottages," standing in pairs. Then there are the schools, the club-house, and the church, all interesting to visit. The church is a picturesque ivy-clad building, on rising ground commanding a beautiful view over the finely-wooded country. It was restored by the Prince a few years ago, and was enriched by gifts from the Queen and almost every member of the Royal Family; rarely indeed has a church had so many royal donors. The village smithy lies at the back of the graveyard; and in the stillness one hears the ring of the hammer upon the anvil, a not unmusical sound. In summer the Princess, with her daughters, frequently attends the evening service at West Newton Church, prompted, doubtless, by a desire not to bestow all her favours on Sandringham. Before the death of the Duke of Clarence she was a frequent visitor at the cottages of West Newton, and the old people have many stories to tell of her kind personal ministrations to the sick and the infirm. Sometimes she would delight the



DERSINGHAM CHURCH.
[*From a Photo by* F. W. RALPH, *Dersingham.*]

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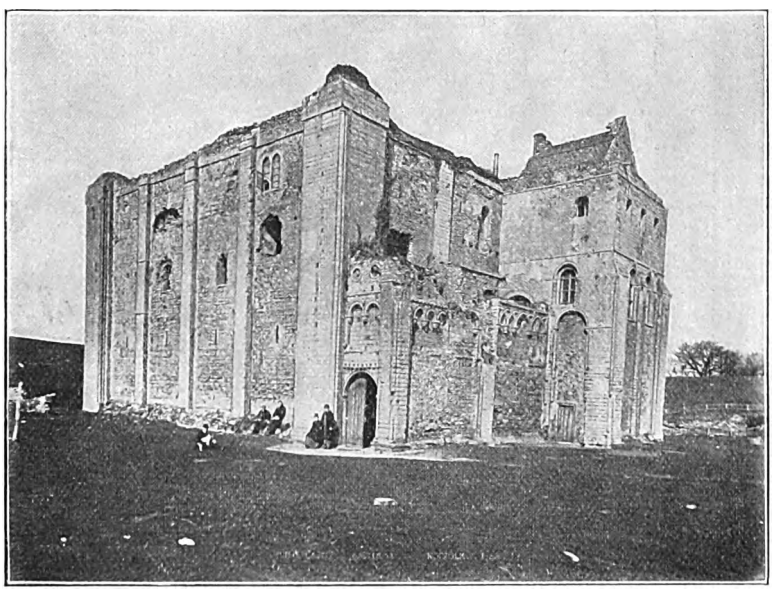
children by taking a bevy of them into her phaeton, if she met them leaving school, and depositing them at their own doors.

The story is also told that one day, when the Princess was walking in one of the lanes near Dersingham, she saw an old woman, carrying a cabbage under one arm and heavily burdened with a large bundle, trying to climb a stile. "You cannot get over with all those things," said the Princess; "let me help you." And she promptly relieved the old woman of the cabbage. On another occasion she met a half-blind granny wheeling a child in a perambulator, quite unmindful that its little head was hanging over the side. The Princess stopped the old woman, and with her own hands lifted the child from its perilous position and placed it comfortably in the perambulator. It is impossible, almost, to convey an idea of the love with which Her Royal Highness is regarded in her Norfolk home for her deeds of kindness.

Opposite to the West Newton Church is the club-house built by the Prince for the accommodation of men and boys above fourteen working upon his estate. It is a picturesque Elizabethan building, embowered in creepers and having a pretty garden. Inside, there are cosy sitting and reading rooms and a good library. The rules are most stringent against betting, gambling, or drinking; indeed, the master of the club is forbidden to supply any member with more than one pint of beer per day, and wine and spirits are not permitted to be drunk on the premises. Non-alcoholic drinks can be had in abundance at moderate charges. The club was first used on the Prince of Wales' birthday, 1884. It was the occasion of a delightful little reunion amongst those who had been proud to own His Royal Highness as their master for twenty years and more, and the general testimony was that a kinder and better master was not to be found. The labourers on the royal estate receive two shillings per week more than the current rate of the district, a house to live in, and a substantial pension for their old age; and should they die, their wives and children are provided for and a home given them on the estate. Two things are very noticeable in going about Sandringham: there is not a public-house on the estate, nor any threats of prosecution to trespassers. Here and there a notice-board intimates that certain parts are private, but does not threaten intruders with any penalty. The Prince is content to rely on the good feeling of the people, and his confidence is rarely abused.



CASTLE RISING.
[*From a Photo by* S. E. Howse, *Ashwicken, near Lynn.*]

A short distance from West Newton is Appleton Hall, the new home of Princess Maud and Prince Charles of Denmark. Many alterations have been made to fit it for a royal residence. The old Hall, which stood on the site of the present house, was of historic interest, as having been the stronghold of the Pastons, an old English Roman Catholic family. It was in those early times protected by a moat, and had a chapel, priest's rooms, and underground passages. In all, a place of romantic interest; and it was the halting-place of pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham.

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The grounds of Appleton would be a happy hunting-place for the antiquarian; and indeed was a favourite spot for exploration with Charles Kingsley, who unearthed many interesting remains during a visit to Sandringham.

The third of the parishes belonging to the Sandringham estate is Babingley, but it only consists of a few scattered houses, and is not so picturesque as either Sandringham or West Newton; it contains, however, the most historic church in Norfolk. Babingley Church stands upon the site where the first church in East Anglia was built. It was dedicated to St. Felix, the Burgundian who converted the East Angles to Christianity, A.D. 600. There are near to it a range called the Christian Hills. The church stands in the midst of fields, some distance from the main road, and is rapidly becoming a picturesque ruin. It suffered so severely during a gale a few years ago as to become unfit for worship; and the Prince decided to erect a new iron church, a little nearer the main road, for the accommodation of the parishioners. The new church, although it cannot claim to have the historic interest of the old, is one of the prettiest little structures imaginable. The iron sides are painted slate-colour, and the top is roofed with ornamental thatch.

ALMSHOUSE WOMEN, CASTLE RISING.
[*From a Photo by* S. E. Howse, *Ashwicken.*]

Pursuing the main road for a mile from the church, you come to the last house in the parish, which is known as the Princess's Hospital. It was originally a farmhouse, and lies in an isolated position, very suitable for its present purpose. After the illness of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever, the Princess determined to have a place where the servants could be sent in case of sickness, and this lonely farmhouse at Babingley was fitted up as a temporary hospital. It has not the slightest appearance of an institution, the Princess having had it furnished as much like an ordinary house as possible. There is a cosy sitting-room for convalescents; and the bedrooms are furnished in light oak and upholstered in blue cretonne, which gives them a charmingly bright and pretty look. Pictures and texts ornament the walls, and I noticed the following motto conspicuously placed in one of the rooms—

> Ask God for all you want,
> Thank Him for all you have,
> And never grumble.

The house is in charge of a man and his wife, who attend to the farm, and a trained nurse is provided for the patients, when there are any, which happily is not often. There were none when I visited it, nor had there been a serious "case" for a long time. It is indeed chiefly used for the servants at Sandringham, if they are in need of a little rest and quiet.

The next parish to Babingley is that of Castle Rising, from which it is separated by the Babingley river; and although Castle Rising is not on the Sandringham estate, it is so near as to be included in its surroundings. For some time after their marriage the Duke and Duchess of Fife lived at the Hall of Castle Rising, and then the comings and goings between it and Sandringham were constant. No one visiting the quiet, pretty little village now known as Castle Rising

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would imagine that it was once an important seaport town; but the old rhyme runs—

> Rising was a seaport town
> When Lynn was but a marsh;
> Now Lynn it is a seaport town,
> And Rising fares the worse.

The decay of Castle Rising was occasioned by the sands gradually obstructing the port, but the rights and privileges of the ancient burgh remained until the Reform Bill was passed; previous to that it returned two members to Parliament, although it is questionable whether there was a single voter besides the lord of the manor and the rector of the parish. The corporation, in ancient times a large and influential body, dwindled down until there were only two aldermen, who alternately elected each other to the office of mayor. The grand old castle-keep, with its walls three yards thick, is all that remains to attest the former greatness of Rising; and if you climb the steep stone steps and gaze from the battlements, you can form some conception of the large area which the Castle originally covered, the deep ditch which surrounded it being clearly defined. It is thought by some to have been one of Alfred the Great's castles, as Saxon arches still remain; but it is now chiefly associated with Queen Isabella, mother of Edward III., who lived there in a species of imprisonment for nearly thirty years. Queen Isabella's bedroom, an exceptionally large, lofty room, for its period, is now used by the woman who has charge of the Castle and lives with her family in the keep. She has many relics to show a visitor, in the way of prisoners' chains heavily weighted with stones, and other instruments of torture found in the dungeon.

Leaving Queen Isabella's castle, you go down the lane to the church, opposite to which are the Almshouses, founded in 1614 by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, for a governess and twelve poor widows or spinsters of Castle Rising, North Wotton, and Roydon. There are thirteen apartments ranged round a courtyard; and as it was a sunny morning, most of the doors stood open, and I could see the almswomen busy about their household arrangements. They are allowed eight shillings a week, with clothing, coals, and medical attendance. It is a most picturesque sight to see these old ladies file out to church on a Sunday morning. They wear blue cloth gowns, the brightest of scarlet cloaks, and huge Welsh hats of beaver, tied under the chin with ribbon, having little rosettes to keep the cold out of the ears. The "governess" or matron of the almshouses was good enough to allow me to examine these wonderful costumes, which are kept all the week in a huge oak chest, and only brought out for Sunday wear. When I inquired as to the origin of the style, I was told that it was the dress in vogue in the reign of James I., when the institution was founded. The every-day dresses are of dark winsey, and new ones are provided each year; but the best attire is only renewed once in seven years, and, as the cloth for the dresses is of special manufacture and costs fourteen shillings a yard, it ought to last a long time. There is an interesting portrait of Queen Isabella in the spacious hall, where the inmates dine on holiday occasions. It is said to be an original oil painting discovered in the Castle, and depicts a face of ghastly pallor, with thick reddish-brown hair brushed back from the temples. The face is seen in profile, with the chin slightly raised, and a sad wistful look in the eyes. From it the governess directed my attention to a portrait on the adjoining wall of the Princess of Wales, and certainly the weird-looking Isabella formed a strong contrast to the chaste beauty of our own Princess. Her Royal Highness had lately paid a visit to the almshouses, and had sent the inmates her picture as a memento. It showed her nursing a favourite little black and white spaniel: "the same dog," said the governess, "which she carried under her arm the day she came to see us."

Returning from Castle Rising to Sandringham, a visitor can branch off to Wolferton station, to inspect the pretty suite of waiting-rooms built by the Great Eastern Railway Company in 1876 for the accommodation of His Royal Highness. This model little village station is kept lively with the coming and going of the royal guests, and the reception and departure of the Sandringham mail bags, which are conveyed to and fro by a mounted footman.

MARION LESLIE.

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CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

ALMIGHTY GOD, may we live and move and have our being in Thee; then shall our thoughts be large, and our love shall be pure and warm, and our whole life one act of joyous obedience. Show us that all obedience is from God; teach us that we can only obey as we are one with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He was in the form of God, He thought it not robbery to be equal with God; yet He made Himself of no reputation, took upon Him the form of a servant, became obedient unto death, yea even the death of the cross. He endured the cross, despising the shame, knowing that the cross well borne means the crown in heaven. Show us that our will must be broken, or we cannot be men acceptable in the sight of God; and show us that our will can only be truly broken as it is broken on the cross of Christ. If Thou wilt thus permit us to look upon all life from the sanctuary of great principles, all life will become easy, pain will be a sacrament, sorrow and loss will be angels sent to take us on the road that leads upward. Otherwise, we shall be in daily fret and care and misery; we shall have no centre, no rock, no solar light. Help us, then, to abide in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as revealed to us by the Saviour of the world when He died upon the cross, and when He rose from the tomb. Thou knowest how little we are, how prone to adopt wrong measurements—how we set up our own little standards, and come thereby to false conclusions. If we could but walk with God; if each could but be the friend of God; if we could be on earth and yet in heaven, as was the Son of Man,—then we should see that even Gethsemane and Golgotha lead on to heaven. Thou knowest who are carrying heavy burdens, Thou knowest whose hearts are sore with grief, Thou knowest whose eyes are blind with tears that are impious because unbelieving: wilt Thou come to us with times of refreshing? wilt Thou lift us upon some mountain peak, whence we can see something of the wholeness of things?—then we shall come back in the morning to our labour singing, though our burden be none the less. Look upon our houses, families, businesses, and all our interests, and enable us to look upon them from a high standpoint. The Lord inspire us daily by the Holy Ghost, the Lord deliver us from evil; all littleness is evil, all pettiness is a section of wickedness. Lead us not into the temptation of considering the part the whole, or almost any part of the whole; lead us to see that we have seen nothing yet; and in our blindness and weakness and self-helplessness may we be found with our love clinging to the Cross. As for guidance, we look to Thee: hold Thou us up, and we shall be safe; guide us with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory. Amen.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE

Now Sheshan had no sons, but daughters.—1 CHRON. ii. 34.

WE have often seen that amongst the Jews and in some Eastern countries daughters go for nothing. They are not counted in the family census. If a Jew had six sons and five daughters, he said he had six children. When reminded that he had five girls he would say, "Yes; but girls are not counted." We have advanced since then. What has brought us on our way? A multitude of ministries, but all centred in the great Christ-life and Christ-thought. My purpose in dwelling upon this unique text is not to speak as about sons and daughters, but to seize the principle that if a man has not one thing he has another, and that we ought to reckon up what we have rather than moan and pine about what we have not. This lesson is always needed. It is more needed by the common people than a lecture upon ancient heresies, than an address upon remote and partially incomprehensible metaphysics. We want human lessons, domestic theology, household reasoning, and piety. We ought to be taught how to count our treasures. If we have not one thing, we have another. We do not want a list of blanks, if it be possible to draw one: we want a list of positive possessions and treasures; and every man can draw up such a list if he will. There is not a lad, how ragged and desolate soever, that has not his own little song, his own occasional laugh, his own transient but palpable comedy. There is a patch of blue on every sky. Why this long moan about the dark clouds, the frowning heavens? Why not now and then pick out flashes of blue, flecks of whiteness—signs that behind all darkness there burns the eternal morning? That is how it is proposed to use this text—"No sons, but daughters"; the word "but" not a disjunctive, separating sweetness from bitterness, not a "but" with a subtle tone of contempt and undervaluation in it—rather a word that indi-

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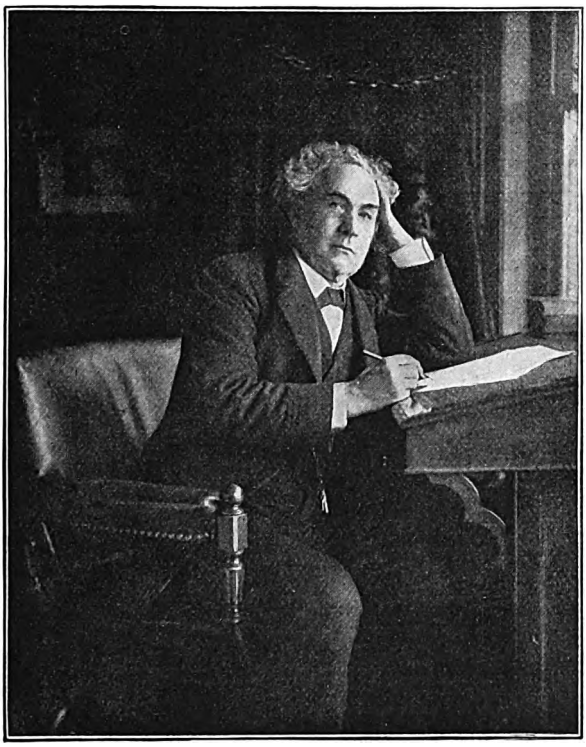
cates that though the one side was a poor record, the other side was a radiant and grateful witness.

Now, what have you? Let us take account of what you have. You have no money, but you have wonderful mental power. Think of that. You have a clear head, you have a far-seeing eye, you have internal resources: you can muse, and think, and contemplate, and dream, and express yourself to yourself in wordless poetry. You have high times with yourself. Many a festival you have alone; you are quite sorry when you hear an approaching footfall, because it breaks up the sweet and sacred revel. You call yourself a poor man. Why, I put you down as a millionaire—a man who can think himself right up into heaven, a man who can look at the wholeness of things, so far as that is possible to our present low estate—a man who can hear the going of God in the wind. Is he poor? is he lonely? is he to be pitied? Pity the man whose hands are yellow with counted gold, but whose heart is without a thought of heaven, or immortality, or God. Put down your treasures. You have no external fame, then what have you? You have an excellent repute at home; that is better. I would not care what the world says about any man if he is not loved at home—if their hearts at home do not weary for him and say, His very speech has music in it. I would not care to have a world following a man if the people at home did not long for him, and think he was the very best man in all the world. That is how you stand to-night. You do not know how much you are loved and honoured; and you would be loved and honoured more if you could think less about yourself and your destitution of external fame. They love you and honour you at home: they say when you come home the whole house will be full of light and music and joy; or if they do not so express themselves they will say, When he comes home we shall feel that the foundations of the house are all right: we shall have a judge within our own four corners, a man of great counselling power, a man of equity, an arbitrator in the house, a referee of our own; what he says will be the word of justice, and will be the verdict of equity—a strong, honest, oak-hearted father ours.



DR. PARKER IN HIS STUDY.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 *Regent St., W.*]

Are you a poor man? Are you to be pitied? Do you look over those whose personalty was sworn at over £500,000 and call yourself a poor man? Their personality ought not to have been sworn at half a farthing. It is a lie to call it personality. How well it is called personalty! I am glad that the law has, by the removal of one letter, saved that word from being confused with personality. They had personalty, but you have personality, individuality, fine-heart life, and you make your little house glad; when your shadow falls on the wall, the wall is pictured with beauty. I will not have it that you are poor. You have no high connections; you are never troubled with finding out whether there was not, about five hundred years ago, a duke in your family. That duke gives you no trouble. There are many persons who think there was a duke in the family about five hundred years ago, and they have got no end of old soiled yellow paper; but there is wanting one marriage certificate. If they could find that! You and I have no trouble about that duke: we know there never was a duke in our family; if there was, we

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should be sorry to know it. You have no high connections. I have heard of a boy who lives on the good-nature of other people, on the ground that he has, or had, or ought to have had, an uncle who was a knight. Do you know how to spell that kind of knight—with a large K? You and I have no trouble even with the knight. No, we stand squarely out in poverty, in honour, in faculty, in power of prayer. God is in the family: His altar is there; and there we have high connections—earls of eternity, aristocrats of piety and nobleness, good-loving and good-doing. Are you a poor man? If you know the way to God in your sorrow, what is the way to any bank of money compared with that high road? No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast go up thereon; they shall not be found there. And you, born poor, and trained on unbuttered bread, and not known by those of fame and name, you have high connections, you have come to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the blood of Jesus, the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. See, up there lie your riches; yonder at the road-end begins your inheritance. I will not have it that you have nothing, so long as you can pray and receive answers to prayer, so long as you can hold generous commerce with heaven: you have all things and abound; and when men tell you of the negative condition or side of your life, you hasten to the positive and constructive side, lay your hand upon your treasures and say, These, every one, these are the gifts of God.

You have no genius, but you have common-sense. And common-sense is genius. Genius is awkward to live with; genius never goes to bed at the right time or gets up at the right time, or does anything in the ordinary way, and is altogether awkward, eccentric, unmanageable, and queer; but common-sense, a good, square, honest, sound-thinking head—God set that head on those shoulders; it swings well, it moves upon the right pivot. I will not therefore have it that you are poor, and that you are to look upon the negative side of your life, so long as you have such a neck and head. You have common-sense, power of sound and comprehensive thinking; you have that almost greatest of all possessions, judgment. It is not always thought you have it, because there are two judgments: there is a little prudence, neat, well-dressed, self-protecting, self-idolatrous—a very pretty toy; and there is that other prudence, which may be yours—the great, magnanimous, sometimes venturesome, sometimes audacious, prudence that conquers by the very splendour of its boldness. I must not, therefore, allow you to withdraw from the Church, as if God had forgotten to be gracious to you, so long as you have that power of criticism, judgment, balancing, and decision upon practical matters. That, in your case, is the seal of God upon you. Oh, break it not! Preserve it; show it to Him at the last, and say, Lord, Thou deliveredst unto me this one talent; it has been the saving of my life.

You have no health—that may be true; but you have wonderful cheerfulness, wonderful spirits. When I want to be raised out of my depression, I come to see you. I find you in bodily infirmity and in bodily suffering; and yet your vivacity, high-spiritedness, cheerfulness, I find to be contagious and remedial. I wonder how you can be so glad when you seem to have so much to carry and so much to endure. You are preaching the gospel of cheerfulness: you are showing that Christ can dwell in a man who has hardly any body at all, or a body that is in continual dilapidation and suffering. It is possible to triumph over infirmity. The apostle shook himself from all his ailments and said, "Yea, we glory in tribulations also." He counted his infirmities in his riches. He had the spirit of cheerfulness; in other words, the spirit of contentment; in other words, the spirit of trust: for he said, I am not living a haphazard life; all these things fall out to me by appointment, and thus I am called upon to illustrate and honour the Cross of Christ. If we could talk so, we should all find that we have a good deal to be thankful for. Magnify the things you have, and do not look at the things you have not.

No feet—that may be so; but what wings! No wings—possibly; but what feet! You cannot run quickly; but how rapidly you can think! You can be in the centre of the sun in a moment. A dog gets no farther on: he has no solar system; he has a master, a kennel, and a bill of fare he cannot read. But you can be across the ocean; some of you are there now: you are thinking of the son that is in Australia, and the daughter just married in America, and the missionary just beginning his work in Polynesia, and you are thinking of the friend who is in the middle of the Atlantic. You can be round the world before the lightning. Is this nothing? Are all these to be counted nothing in the presence of some momentary infirmity or transient trial? Why, you have got hold of the right end of things. In what you have, if such be your possessions, you have begun the infinite. All other things have endings;

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but what I have now indicated as possible possessions are but beginnings, always beginnings, enlarging but never composing and concluding the whole. I call upon myself, and I call upon you, to be thankful, contented, glad. If we have not one thing, we have another: if we have not the outside, we have the inside; if we have not the physical, we have the intellectual; if we are not descended lineally from the Plantagenets, we may be intellectually the descendants of Aristotle and of Shakespeare; we may be allies of the martyrs; we may be the inheritors of immortal power. Think of the bright side; and when you go home to-night, make this the very brightest night you have had at home. Which is the man who grumbles most? I should not wonder if that man has most. He thinks it is almost religious to be complaining. It is not at all religious; there is not one sparkle of piety in such moaning and complaining. All true religion or true Christianity consists of the spirit of music, song, gladness, triumphing over sorrow and weakness. That is the spirit of the Cross when it is infused into our daily and general life.

Some of you have both sons and daughters; some of you are good on both sides of the statement. You have money, and you have thought; you have health, and you have cheerfulness. What shall we say of you? If you are using these great riches well, we say, God multiply them tenfold; I would rather you had them than the bad people had them; I would that all the wealth of the world were in the hands that had been crucified with Christ; then it would be distributed liberally, wisely, usefully. But these sons, what are you making of them? You have the whole making of them in your hands. Not, if you allow them to be five and seven years of age before you interfere. If you begin at the right time, it is you that I charge with the direction of the son; but if I am not spoken to in the right tone until I am five years of age, I am the master of the house. There is a great deal of moaning and complaining at present about our sons leaving their fathers' Church and their fathers' religion. Whom do I blame, if there is any blame in the matter? I blame the father—the moaning, complaining father. He actually sent his son to an unsuitable boarding-school. That is where the mischief began. There are good schools; these exceptions should be carefully singled out and magnified; but I should not wonder if many boarding-schools, particularly boys' boarding-schools, are the most awful sinks of iniquity under God's heaven. That is where the mischief is; and until you get to the root and core of the matter, all your talk is in vain. You want your boy to be a miracle; you want him to be supernatural or superhuman. If I were to appoint a boy to live five days a week in the chimney, and he came out rather black, and I said, "I am rather sorry to find that this boy is a little sooty in his complexion," who would be to blame—the boy or the man? If I sent a girl to be grinding wheat and making flour five days a week, and she came home rather white and sprinkled all over with a kind of soft, warm snow, and I should say, "Well, I am sorry to notice that my girl is not so dark and black as she used to be," who would be to blame? He who begins in common-sense, he who is trained upon rather hard and sharp lines—he is the boy who, as a rule, turns out to be the man of the State, the pillar of society, the broad soul and sound judgment, that can be referred to in critical times and days of difficulty. And as for you, boys, crying, puling boys, that want this and want that—no, I am wrong; there are no such boys here; they are wise, self-controlled boys that hear me now, and I never care to address the absentees.

What are you going to do with your treasures, with your children, with your faculties, with your opportunities? This is the greatest age that ever shone from the sun; the time was never so pregnant with opportunity, so rich in the holiest chance of doing good: what are you going to do? Let us number up our riches and say, All these riches are so many calls and tokens of God, and we are to work along these lines; and if they are God's lines, they will lead to God's heaven. Nor can all this be done from the outside, and mechanically. "Ye must be born again." Until you begin with the right spirit, you never can have the right works. Until you have God dwelling in you, by the power of God the Holy Ghost ruling and directing your whole soul, you can do nothing with the hand. I tell you what you can do with the hand: you can take a watch that is all dead inside, and empty indeed, and you can put the hands right; the clock has just struck eight, I can put my watch to eight and say, I'm right; see! I'm right. That is what your philanthropists, and reformers, and inventors, and theological speculators will do for you. They will put you right for the moment. But I want to be right for ever: I want to beat time with the pulse of God, and that can never be done but by the power of God as incarnated in the Saviour of the world.

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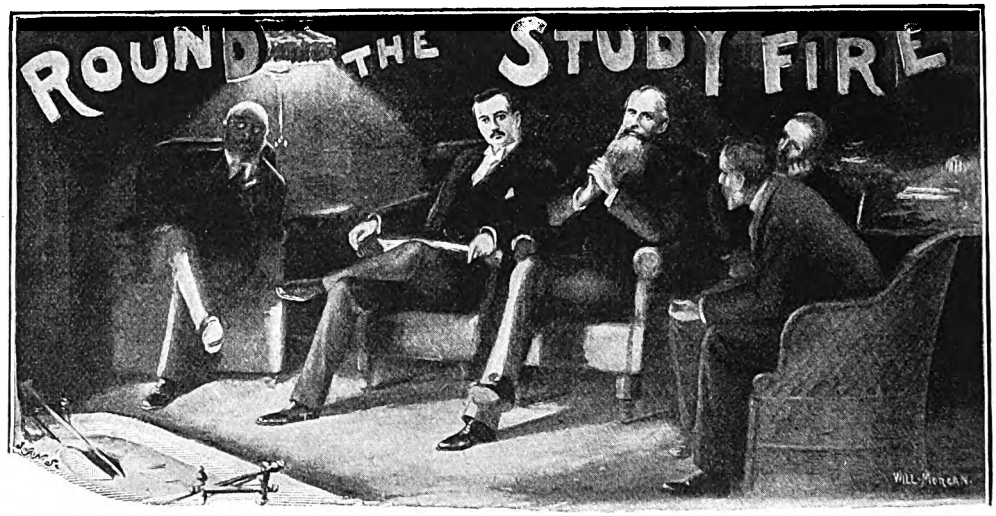

By Silas K. Hocking

Come in: come in. The study is large, and there is room for all, and welcome. I see by the questioning light in your eyes that you are anxious to know something about the new magazine. Something about its genesis, perhaps. Something about its scope and purpose. But one question at a time, please. Let us draw up our chairs for a quiet talk. I am as anxious for information as you, and shall always be glad to listen to suggestions. This fireside gathering is for the interchange of ideas. I am not here to monopolise the conversation, though during this first evening I may have to do the largest share of the talking. But in the coming months you will all have an opportunity of expressing your views. I do not suppose we shall always agree. It is not well we should. Variety is the spice of life. At any rate, if we cannot agree we can agree to differ.

* * *

Dr. Johnson said there were few things in life more delightful than a good "jaw." I confess I am of the same opinion. Perhaps it is a sign of advancing years. If I were ten years younger I should probably give the preference to a spin on the bicycle, and feel happier on the giddy and festive wheel than in the depths of my easy-chair. Alas! time steals from us the energy and enthusiasm of youth. And as the years creep on, we incline more and more—particularly in the shortening days of autumn—to the snug seclusion of our own fire-sides. Here, with a few kindred spirits, we recount the incidents of the past, and discuss with a zest unknown in our younger days the problems of life and destiny.

"That is all very well," my friend Mr. Atkins interposed at this point, "but we have not come here to discuss anything so serious. We dropped in to have a chat about The Temple Magazine, to give our readers information regarding our aims and ideals, and generally to consider the present number and the future policy of the magazine"— "Those are exactly my sentiments," broke in the occupant of the wicker chair, leaning eagerly forward at the same time. "This is not a debating society. We are here for a friendly chat; and what I want to know is, What suggested the idea of a new magazine, and on what lines do you intend to develop it?"

* * *

I wonder if anybody can account for ideas? They seem to float about like thistledown in autumn winds, and to drop anywhere at hap-hazard. Whether they take root or not depends on many circumstances. It would be almost impossible to explain the genesis of The Temple Magazine. I do not know when the idea first suggested itself. I know it grew very slowly at first, and has taken many months to ripen. It is quite true that there seems almost a surfeit of magazines in the field, but it is also true that no other new venture is on precisely the same lines. This is intended as a magazine for the home, the church, and the school—a magazine that may be read on the Sunday and week-day alike, and will be of interest to all classes and denominations. It will not be narrow or sectarian or goody-goody. It will be broad, tolerant, strong, and devout. Nothing will be admitted to its pages that could offend

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the moral sensibilities of anyone. It shall be healthy and helpful and entertaining from the first page to the last.

* * *

This is said in no spirit of boasting. The services of the best and most healthy writers of the day have been secured, and their ripest work will appear from month to month. If money and brains can ensure success, THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE will stand in the forefront. We do not pretend that the present number is the best that can be produced. Everyone who has the smallest acquaintance with journalism knows that in the production of a new magazine legions of initial difficulties have to be overcome. The launching of a new magazine is like the launching of a new vessel. A thousand things have to be done that will not need doing a second time. When the barque is once afloat, the voyages can be run with comparative ease.

* * *

From time to time new features will be introduced that will make THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE still more attractive. But we are not without hope that the present number will give satisfaction to everyone who knows how to appreciate a good article, and will be a sufficient guarantee of what is to come. The special features deserve more than a passing word. The series of Illustrated Life Stories should prove of exceptional interest. They are not mere interviews; they are much more than that. They are terse, vivid, and up-to-date biographies; giving in the smallest reasonable compass all the salient features in the lives of the individuals named. The name of Mrs. Tooley will be sufficient guarantee of the character of the workmanship as well as of the accuracy of the details. In every case her information will be first-hand, special facilities having been granted her for this series of Life Stories. This is true also of the series of articles under the head of "Churches that Live and Move." In each case a special visit will be paid by a representative of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, who will thus write from actual observation, and only such information will be inserted as is likely to be of general interest.

* * *

I think it a happy circumstance that the services of Dr. Parker have been secured for what may be regarded as the strictly religious portion of the magazine. Month by month in THE HOME SERVICE he will give us the best of his heart and brain. And all who have felt the reverence of prayer, and caught glimpses of the deeper meanings of God's truth, will be thankful for those practical, profound, and deeply spiritual expositions.

* * *

We are quite anticipating also that THE TEMPLE PARLIAMENT will awaken more than a passing interest. The subjects that may be discussed are almost numberless; nor need they all be of a serious order. Subjects gay as well as grave may find a place. And since each writer will look at the matter under discussion from his own standpoint, the diversity of opinions expressed should not only be exceedingly entertaining, but highly instructive. That THE HOME DEPARTMENT, under the able editorship of "Phyllis Browne," will be of great value goes without saying. Nothing of interest to mothers and daughters, and housewives generally, but will have a place in this department, and may have the fullest discussion.

* * *

At this point my friend sitting under the lamp suddenly interjected a question. He wanted to know if this was the kind of talk that would go on from month to month. There was nothing in his manner or tone that implied either approval or disapproval. Perhaps for this reason the question seemed all the more embarrassing. I looked at him steadily, but his face remained quite passive and expressionless. It remains so still.

* * *

In truth, it is impossible to tell what turn, at any moment, the conversation may take. Sometimes the letters of correspondents will be read and discussed. Occasionally the literary efforts of young beginners will be subjected to criticism, and such advice and counsel given as may be deemed suitable. It is possible that now and then books will be reviewed, and newspaper and magazine articles laid under contribution. Indeed, any matter that may be deemed interesting or helpful to the readers of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE will be brought in as a topic for conversation.

* * *

Now that the holidays are over, and trunks and knapsacks have been unpacked once more, people everywhere will be turning their thoughts towards the coming winter, and making plans for work or pleasure as the case may be. It is fortunate for us that each season brings its compensations. We hail with delight the approach of summer, and revel in the thought of holidays among the mountains or by "the sounding sea." We turn our backs upon our usual occupations with all the zest and enthusi-

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asm of children let loose from school. But after a month of holiday-making, or even less, we are not at all sorry to turn our faces once more toward home. If we happen to be on the Continent, we get positively sick of the dreary monotony of the *table-d'hôte* dinners, and sigh for a good square meal such as we are accustomed to when at home. We find also that sight-seeing becomes terribly tiresome after a while, and guide-books such a bore that we have not patience to read them.

* * *

I very well remember my first visit to Florence, and my disappointment at nearly everything I saw. The truth is, I had had a surfeit of sight-seeing, and was utterly weary both in mind and body. I had landed at Naples after many weeks' absence from home, and of course Naples had to be explored from end to end, as well as Pompeii and Herculaneum. From Naples we came on to Rome, and attacked the sights of the Eternal City with all the enthusiasm we could command. And by the time we had "done" Rome we had no enthusiasm left for anything else. For myself, I felt I wanted to sit down and rest for a week, and try to sort out what I had seen, and reduce my impressions of things to something like order. But Florence was in the direct route for home. It would never do to hurry through it and see nothing. We might be tired and bewildered, and almost surfeited, but all the same we would have to "do" Florence, or we should never cease to regret it. Well, we did it; but we never appreciated it as we ought to have done. It was not until my second visit, a year or two after, that I discovered how much I had failed to see. On the occasion of the first visit I was glad to turn my back on the "City of Flowers" and the "Flower of Cities," and eager for the white cliffs of Old England.

* * *

It is a mistake to try to crowd too much into a holiday. And it is doubtless a good thing for us that comparatively little holiday-making goes a long way. Home never seems more cosy or homelike than after a month in lodgings by the seaside, or the same length of time in English or Continental hotels. I confess that it was with no feeling of regret that I saw the screen taken away from before my study grate, and in its place the ruddy glow of a cheerful fire. There is something very pleasant about the long evenings, after all. The rooms never look brighter than when the lamps are lighted and the curtains drawn, and the firelight plays on fender and tongs.

I wonder what kind of programme the younger portion of my readers have for the winter months! During the summer we have let nearly all our energy run in the direction of physical development. Boating, bicycling, tennis, cricket, and other outdoor pursuits have claimed nearly all our spare time; and to this no objection can be raised so long as we preserve the balance, now the summer is over, by developing the other sides of our nature. Energy that runs all to muscle is not wisely apportioned. A young man should consider other things than mere physical strength, or he will be but a poor creature at best. The world is conquered by ideas rather than by muscle. But the strength that is most important of all is moral strength. True manhood is attained by the development of all the sides of our nature—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual — and our winter's programme should be arranged with this end in view.

* * *

During these long evenings reading can take the place of rowing, and tennis can give place to teaching. Mountaineering is at an end until another season, but we shall have all the more time for meditation. Our muscles may remain quiet for a while, but our minds in consequence can be brought into more active exercise. We may have less occasion to think about ourselves, and more to think about other people. We are apt to grow a little selfish during holiday-time. We get away from church and school and all the ordinary avocations of life, and often, alas! we forget them altogether. Now is the time to begin again, and to begin with an increase of zeal and enthusiasm.

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But I am not going to preach to you—you get preaching enough, perhaps, from the pulpit. But I do want to be the friend of all the young people into whose hands this magazine may fall. Don't be afraid to write to me if you have any suggestion to make or any questions to ask. And if I can help you in your studies or in your work I shall be only too thankful.

* * *

For many years past I have been in the habit of giving advice to beginners in literature. Not because I have considered myself specially qualified to undertake this task, but because young authors have written to me from all parts of the country beseeching me to advise them how to proceed, and I have not had the heart to refuse them. I shall still be glad—as far as time and circumstances will permit—to place my services at the disposal of those young aspirants who are seeking to enter the crowded

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field of literature; premising, of course, that I make no claim to infallibility or anything approaching it. I have simply had a fairly wide experience, and am willing to give the benefit of that experience to those who seek it.

* * *

I frankly admit that giving advice is a somewhat thankless task. One is quite as likely to offend as please. A great many people who ask advice, it is to be feared, do not really want it. They have made up their minds beforehand; they have fully decided what they will do; but they want someone to confirm them in their opinion and encourage them in their resolve. And so it happens that if your advice runs counter to their wishes, they set their backs up, and write you down as being no wiser than you should be. This is somewhat discouraging, particularly if you have put yourself to some amount of trouble over the matter.

* * *

An acquaintance of mine some time ago went to a friend of his to ask advice relative to some business speculation in which he was deeply interested. I believe he had invested some money in the concern, and was anxious that his friend should commend him for the soundness of his judgment. His friend, however, did nothing of the sort, but strongly urged him to have nothing to do with the affair, and that, if he happened to be in it, to get out of it as quickly as possible. But the man was not the least bit grateful. He left his friend's house in something very like a huff, and has been heard to declare several times since that he had no opinion at all of Brown's judgment, and that he regarded him as a much overrated man.

* * *

People who give advice must always be prepared to run risks of this kind. I shall assume, however, that those who write to me are quite sincere and in earnest. Without such an assumption, one could not undertake the task with any degree of pleasure or any hope of success. Moreover, no one is compelled to follow anyone's advice; and if occasionally I give unpalatable counsel—well, let it be taken for what it is worth. I have no personal end to serve. My only object is to help young beginners to the best of my ability.

* * *

I have been asked already from several quarters whether the Editors of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE will consider the work of unknown writers? I answer, Most certainly. Nothing gives greater pleasure than the discovery of unsuspected talent. There is no intention in the conduct of this magazine to rely on mere names. It is quite true that month by month the best writers of the day will contribute to its pages, but good work will be welcomed from whatever source it may come. It is a great mistake to suppose that editors never look at the MSS. of unknown men and women. It is what they are constantly doing. They search as for hidden treasure; and no one is more delighted than they when they fall across something of real promise. I question if the unknown author himself experiences greater pleasure at the acceptance of his work than the editor who stumbles upon evidence of real genius.

* * *

Let it be remembered, however, that editors are only men — that they have not an inexhaustible supply of patience — that time is precious, and they cannot afford to waste it— that they have generally more work on hand than they know how to get through. That being so, the "inglorious Miltons" of the age should not unduly tax them. Bad writing is by no means an evidence of transcendent ability, and an untidy bundle of rolled-up MS. is not usually regarded as a sign of intellectual greatness. A dirty, badly-written MS. has very little chance of being read. I would strongly advise all young authors to learn to type, or, at any rate, to get all their MSS. typewritten and duplicated.

* * *

In the new enterprise upon which we have entered we desire in every direction to have the kindly co-operation of our readers. We shall always welcome ideas and suggestions; and we venture to ask those of our readers who like the magazine to help us by making it known amongst their friends, and, if possible, by securing one or two regular subscribers. Support of this kind is invaluable. However widely we may advertise, there will always be thousands of people who know nothing of our magazine. These can be reached only by kindly personal effort on the part of our readers. Will you render us this very important and invaluable service?

* * *

One word more, and we will turn the lamp down and let the fire go out. Let no one expect his or her MSS. to be returned unless he or she sends a stamped addressed cover for that purpose. The burden of returning MSS. is always a serious one. Hence, while everything reasonable will be done to meet the wishes of correspondents, they must not expect us to find stamps for the return of unsolicited contributions.

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INTRODUCTORY

THIS department of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE is intended specially for housewives and mothers, and it will be the aim of the Editors to supply here hints and suggestions which will be of practical help to this large and most important but too often much-tried band of workers in the home.

Brief articles on all subjects which relate to the home will therefore here be given. Notice will be taken of the best household methods, and of appliances for comfort and convenience; facts which housewives and mothers ought to know, and which have been proved from experience, will be detailed; times and seasons will be remembered; and warning will be given of the mistakes into which novices in housekeeping are likely to fall. Choice and well-tried recipes for cookery will also be supplied from time to time; hints for pretty and becoming dress, both for children and adults, will be furnished; and various kinds of handiwork will receive attention. But on all these points the note most frequently sounded will be that of Common-sense. Comfort, convenience, daintiness, and elegance will be appreciated and studied, but in considering them there will always be the desire to have them based on economy and thrift, and it will never be forgotten that comfort and cleanliness are inseparable.

The domestic women of this country constitute a mighty and most useful army, and it would be difficult to exaggerate their influence for good or evil on the community. For the most part, however, they are silent, and the more clever they are the less they talk. If they hear of persons who adopt methods unlike their own, they merely say, "That is not My Way of doing things," and sometimes they have no idea of telling what their way is. Now, this is a pity. We ought to be willing to pass on our knowledge, for in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.

By way of assisting the interchange of sympathy and experience, correspondence both of inquiry and information on all subjects of general interest and value to the home is here invited. Those housewives or mothers who are in difficulty on any points of detail in connection with their work are at liberty to write asking what they want to know. Those who rejoice in the possession of special skill are requested to send recipes they have proved and approved, or plans for saving time and labour, etc., and thus lend their aid to their fellow-labourers. There is no doubt that good service will be done if the readers of this journal will aid the work of the diffusion of knowledge. It is promised that all communications shall be regarded as confidential. In all cases, however, it must be remembered that the correspondence must be as brief as possible, limited to four or five lines; and as a guarantee of good faith the real name and address of the writer must be sent, although it will not be published.

It is earnestly hoped that in this part of our new magazine housewives and mothers will always find something to interest them, and something also that will help them on their way.

HELPFUL METHODS IN HOUSEKEEPING

When a young housewife enters into possession of her new home, she feels that the occasion, though delightful, is rather a solemn one. Mingled with the pleasant consciousness of ownership, there is also a sense of responsibility. She makes a tour of inspection through her domain, and notes that all her belongings are as pretty and convenient as love and the means at command could make them. Then she says to herself, "This is my kingdom. Here I am to reign as queen. The happiness, comfort, and well-being of those who dwell under this roof will depend to a great extent upon me. I will do my best. I will try to learn where I am ignorant; I pray that help may be given me to be industrious and thrifty, and to make me a good manager."

Of course our young friend will do her best, and our sympathy is with her. If she works in

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this spirit she is sure to succeed. She will, however, find her task much easier if from the beginning she will adopt certain methods which have been tried and approved by many housewives whose aim has been what hers now is.

One of the most important of these is the method of making and keeping lists of household possessions. These should be drawn under separate headings, such as "kitchen utensils," "house linen," "silver," "glass," "china," "cutlery," "towels and dusters," etc. etc. The lists should be full and perfectly accurate; they should be entered in a plainly-ruled and well-bound memorandum-book; and after they are complete the practice should be laid down of going over them, checking them, and correcting them regularly at stated intervals of three, six, or twelve months, according to the convenience of the housewife.

When one or more servants are employed in a house it generally happens that a portion of the household belongings are placed under the charge of a domestic. Thus it is very usual for kitchen utensils—saucepans and brooms—to be given to the care of the cook or general servant; silver and glass will be in the hands of the parlour-maid, if there is one; and bed linen will be under the supervision of the housemaid. Under these circumstances, a copy of the list which specially concerns herself should be furnished to each individual thus made responsible; and on the spot the housewife and her assistant should compare it with the goods, and thus demonstrate its correctness, sign and date it. The periods for inspection should be fixed, and it should be arranged that at the times appointed the housewife and her assistant should make a practice of looking over the goods in company and comparing them with the written list. Then if there are any losses they will be discovered; if repairs are needed they can be made; if the goods have not been properly cared for, the neglect will be made evident, and can be stopped at once. The business of inspection being made part of the routine of household management, will not be at all onerous; it will occupy very little time; it will cause no annoyance and ill-feeling, because it has been expected and provided for; and it will enable the housewife to maintain domestic supervision and control with ease and dignity.

Housewives who have never tried this plan of keeping and checking regularly lists of household goods have no idea of the assistance it would be to them if they would adopt it. Again and again it has happened that householders have furnished a house (as they thought) suitably and liberally; then they have entered into possession, and prepared to be comfortable. But, almost before there has been time for the music to begin, loss and destruction have made themselves felt. As the need arose for various articles, it has been found that they were not available; moreover, no one knew anything of them; they have disappeared, and it is assumed that they never were there. A housewife, under these circumstances, who has not kept lists of her belongings is helpless. She can make an assertion, but there is nothing to show for it. If, however, she has a list in her hand which has been checked and found correct both by herself and her assistant, she would be altogether in a different position. Forgetfulness then would be impossible. The article was entered in the list, it was there when the list was checked: where is it now? The responsible person has to account for it. When it is once understood in a house that at stated intervals the housewife will inspect, examine, and count her belongings, while possessing accurate knowledge of what ought to be there, a most salutary influence will be exerted over everyone in the house, the sign of which will be that the household possessions will be cared for and respected. There is an old saying that the eye of a mistress is worth two pairs of hands. The truth of this proverb is never proved more conclusively than when it is known that the housewife possesses, and at a fixed period will check, lists of her household goods.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN GOING TO SCHOOL

Strange as it may seem, it is an absolute fact that the diet of a child has much to do with his or her progress at school. Parents are sometimes so much occupied with interest in lessons, and with a desire that their children should "get on" at school, that they neglect somewhat their physical needs. Yet the majority of middle-class children are attending school from six to sixteen years of age; and there is no period of life during which it is more important that the body should be suitably and sufficiently nourished, in order that the system may be built up and developed properly. If growth be checked or health impaired because the diet of children is not what it ought to be, irreparable mischief may be done. In his book on *Health and Disease*, Dr. Burney Yeo says that "those who are entrusted with the care of the young of both sexes should remember that the education of the mind is a lifelong process; there is no need of hurry. The development of the body is strictly limited to a certain period of existence, and becomes

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finally and irrevocably arrested at a given date."

It is by no means a simple and easy business to provide sufficient and suitable food for school children; many points have to be considered in connection with it. For one thing, it is essential that the supply should be liberal. Healthy young people are active, they are constantly on the move; therefore their food digests quickly; and not only must waste be repaired, but the material for growth must be furnished: therefore it is most necessary that they should have *plenty* to eat. It is a good and wise general rule in many households that the members of the family must not eat between meals. When boys and girls are growing fast, however, general rules must be laid aside for a while, and it should always be possible for them to get a slice of bread and butter if they want it. We mothers ought to be thankful when our children are healthily hungry.

Mothers sometimes fear that if growing children have access to food they will acquire the habit of over-eating. There is little cause for apprehension on this account, however, if the food supplied is plain and wholesome. Luxurious living leads to gluttony; simple living does not. If a child's appetite is pampered, he will be tempted to take more than he requires, merely to gratify the palate; but if his food is plain and suitable, he will stop eating when he has satisfied his needs. Let the child's food be invariably plain and wholesome, and he will not take too much.

What, then, it may be asked, constitutes suitable food for growing boys and girls attending school? This is a large question; it needs to be thought over carefully, and it cannot be dismissed in a few sentences. Without attempting to enter into details, however, we may gently hint that young people's food might with advantage be more varied and carefully cooked than it usually is. The likes and dislikes of children should be consulted more than they are sometimes. As a rule, the child whose appetite has never been pampered likes what he requires; his taste is an indication of what suits him. Stern disciplinarians say, "If a child will not eat what is set before him, let him go without. When he is hungry he will take what is given to him." But lessons of this kind ought to be taught in early childhood; the mother who has to teach them to the growing boy or girl old enough to go to school is behindhand with her work. If mothers of young children were wise, they would think twice before they gave baby a "taste" of this or a morsel of that dainty. Indulgences of the sort create a desire for luxuries. The child who is accustomed to good plain food never wants anything more. He is content to have what is good for him.

Then, also, food should be made to look attractive, and plenty of time should be allowed for eating it. Food is not likely to be digested properly when it is not perfectly masticated. Attention even to these small points will do much to promote the health of children; and if, in addition, the right sort of food is supplied, mothers will assuredly be justified in saying that, with regard to diet, they have done for the growing boys and girls of the household "what they could."

CARE OF THE HAIR

Long, silky, luxuriant hair is one of the crowning beauties of women, but a woman can hardly hope to have it unless Nature has bestowed it on her. Still, even thin, dry hair which is of all lengths can generally be improved by care; and an unsatisfactory condition of the hair is usually caused either by weak health or by neglect. Indeed, so close is the connection that exists between the state of the health and the luxuriance of the hair, that if a person whose hair is "falling off in handfuls" were to consult a physician, the probability is that she would be advised to take quinine or some other tonic as a remedy.

A fact worth remembering is that hair grows thin if it is allowed to grow too long. Again and again it has happened that the falling off and impoverishment of the hair has been arrested by having the hair cut regularly once a month; and if we inquire, we shall almost invariably find that when elderly ladies have good hair, the reason is that in early life they did not let it grow too long, but had it cut at regular intervals.

If, therefore, the hair has been neglected, begin the treatment by trimming the ends evenly, and, if tangled, cut a knot off rather than drag it out; after this trim the ends once a month. Cut the short, weak hairs, in order to make them strong, and snip the undergrowth. Clean the scalp and the roots of the hair well with a sponge or flannel and warm water in which a little ammonia or borax has been dissolved, or occasionally with Dr. Erasmus Wilson's hair-wash, which is to be bought of every druggist for a few pence. If the hair is to be kept in good condition, it should be washed as seldom as possible consistently with keeping it clean. Every now and then, of course, the hair must be washed after travelling or after exposure to dust and dirt. The operation, however, should be performed as seldom as may be; and when

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hair is well cared for, it is astonishing how rarely washing is necessary. Everyone knows that after thick hair has been well washed it is a day or two before it is manageable, because it is so dry. We ought to understand that to wash the hair, injures it. A great skin doctor said some time ago that he had not the slightest doubt that baldness was prevalent amongst men because they squeezed the sponge on their heads in the morning bath. Women having long hair, which they cannot easily dry, do not wet their hair so readily, and therefore they are more rarely afflicted in this way.

After the scalp has been thoroughly cleansed, the hair should be well and gently brushed with a perfectly clean brush. Make a practice of giving a hundred strokes with a good brush every morning, and another hundred every evening. This treatment alone will make an appreciable difference in the condition of the hair in a very short time. Never use the old-fashioned small-tooth comb. It is almost as harmful as washing the head. Never use soap for the hair; a little ammonia or borax is much to be preferred. Avoid hair-oils and pomades; when the skin is healthy, oil should not be used at all. If the hair persistently falls out, get a lotion made of two drachms of tincture of cantharides and three ounces of spirit of rosemary. Rub a small portion of this lotion into the roots of the hair while giving the nightly brushing, and, if the skin should tingle much, leave off the lotion for a day or two, and then start again. It is a good sign when the head tingles after being rubbed. There is never so little hope of the hair as when the skin looks bright and shiny, and when mild lotions do not make it smart.

TWILIGHT TASKS

Knitted Shawls.—Housewives of industrious habits, who do not like to "sit nursing their own hands," and are often in doubt how to employ themselves in the twilight hour when it is "too dark to see clearly and too early to light up," are recommended to begin knitting a shawl, either for personal use or presentation to a friend. What are known as "bought" shawls are never as satisfactory as home-made shawls. They look charming when new, but, after being washed once or twice, even expensive ones look faded and poor. Home-made shawls, however, if made of good material, and carefully washed, will wear for years. A shawl of this kind, which is regarded as a treasure, and been washed many times, was made according to the following recipe:—Procure some cream-coloured Scotch fingering (4-ply non-shrinkable vest fingering or "Ruskin Wool" are suitable for the purpose), and a pair of long and rather thick wooden knitting-pins. Cast on any number of stitches, according to the size required for the shawl. (A useful size is made by casting on 170 stitches.) Use two balls of wool, so as to knit double, and knit plain backwards and forwards for as many rows as there are stitches, to make a square. This plain knitting will require little eyesight, no watching, and no counting. There will be no right side to be remembered, and no wrong to be shunned, and if taken up at odd minutes the shawl will become fascinating, nerve-quieting work, and without effort will get itself done. When a square has been produced, cast off, and make a broad lace edging for the shawl. A recipe for an edging shall be given next month.

PRACTICAL RECIPES

Ragout of Mutton—Theory of Ragouts.—To obtain a good ragout, it is indispensable that a good colour should be given to the meat in plenty of grease;—and to draw out the juice of the meat, as we thus gain the special taste peculiar to ragouts.

Take two pounds of the loin or shoulder of mutton; have it boned, and trim away a good deal of the fat. Melt a large cupful of good dripping in a saucepan, let it get hot, then put in the mutton, and let the meat brown all over, turning it about. Dredge with pepper and salt, and towards the end of the process put twenty little onions, two large carrots, and two turnips cut into balls with it. When all is brown, drain off the grease, powder the meat with flour, and pour on as much stock or water as will come half-way up the depth of the meat. Stir without ceasing until the stock boils, then add a shallot wrapped in parsley, a pinch of herbs, and a dozen small potatoes. Cook very gently for an hour and a half. Take out the herbs, and serve hot.

Marmalade Pudding.—Take two eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, and flour, and an additional heaped tablespoonful of flour. Mix half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda thoroughly with the flour. Beat the eggs and butter to cream, add gradually the flour and soda and two tablespoonfuls of marmalade. Butter a mould well, turn the pudding mixture into it, cover with greased paper, and steam two and a half hours. Turn out, and serve with custard sauce.

*** *Letters to be dealt with in this department should be addressed to* "PHYLLIS BROWNE," *care of the Editors of* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, *Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.*

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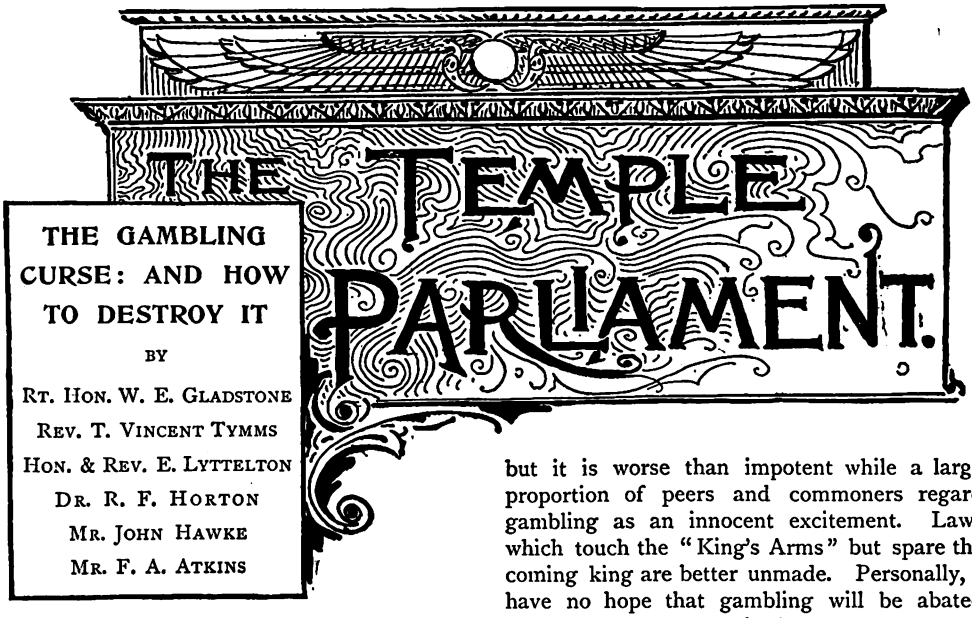

THE GAMBLING CURSE: AND HOW TO DESTROY IT

BY

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE
REV. T. VINCENT TYMMS
HON. & REV. E. LYTTELTON
DR. R. F. HORTON
MR. JOHN HAWKE
MR. F. A. ATKINS

I.—BY THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

MY engagements forbid me to enter upon the very important subject of which you propose to treat. But, in my opinion, there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the abominable practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife even than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads.

I am aware of the arguments raised upon the definition of the word, but I regard them as little better than mere quibbles.

II.—BY THE REV. T. VINCENT TYMMS

President of the Baptist Union

I HAVE no faith in any legislative or police attempts to suppress gambling. Indeed I fear that those which have been made in recent years have tended to aggravate rather than lessen the evil. Any wind which lacks strength to extinguish a flame fans it into a fiercer blaze; and this illustrates my estimate of the effect produced by the hypocritical activities which have been exhibited to pacify Christian indignation rather than to remove the evil we deplore. Raids on betting shops and gambling dens are an insult to public intelligence while Tattersall's and racecourse betting rings remain practically State-protected institutions, and while newspapers are allowed to coin money by inserting the advertisements of professional gamblers, and by publishing the fluctuations of the betting market. Effective legislation would be difficult if all our legislators were earnest and sincere, but it is worse than impotent while a large proportion of peers and commoners regard gambling as an innocent excitement. Laws which touch the "King's Arms" but spare the coming king are better unmade. Personally, I have no hope that gambling will be abated except as men are raised above the state of mind in which it originates and thrives, nor can I pretend that I have any zeal for the work of lopping off the fruit from bad trees.

If we could cure humanity of its open vices without curing its inward sin, we should render it worse than before, and less curable. The modern fashion of attacking sin in its various manifestations is not in harmony with the method of Christ, and is foredoomed to failure. Men gamble because they have no inward rest and satisfaction, and no worthy external object which elicits their energies and absorbs their interest. To those who have no religious faith and aspiration life is a poor and monotonous existence, and to none is it so dull and unsatisfying as to mere hunters for pleasure. Anything which stirs the pulse, irritates jaded feeling, and creates the interest of suspended issues, is sought with avidity by empty hearts, and a bet is almost the only thing in which myriads feel any real interest. We may wisely do all we can to prevent the systematic temptation of the young, and to render professional gambling illegal, but our most effective work is that which goes to the root of the evil, and delivers men and youths from the state of mind in which the temptation to gamble has power.

III.—BY THE HON. AND REV. E. LYTTELTON

THERE are numerous indications, not difficult to note, that wherever the conscience of England has been fully informed as to the spread of gambling, it is rousing itself to stay the plague. Among these I would specially notice the action

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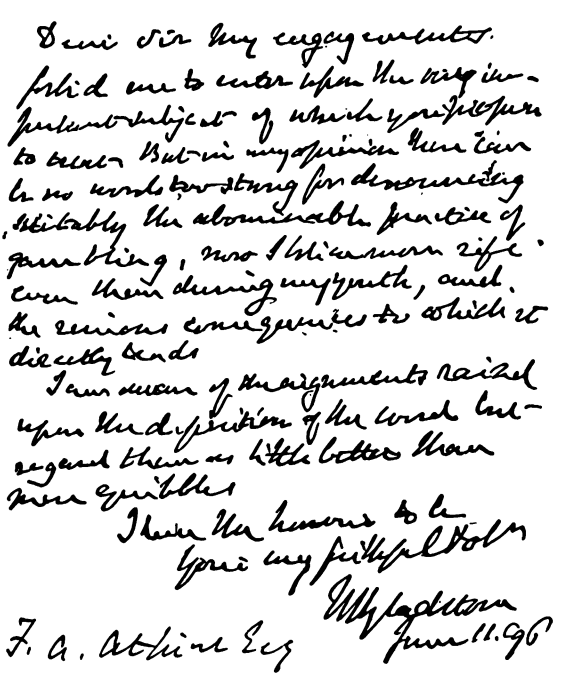
lately taken by some of the Borough Councils in reference to street betting. But there is a great work still before us. First, we have to constantly persuade and exhort; this means, principally, setting plainly before people some indisputable facts as to the havoc caused by the gambling spirit. Then we have to establish the fact that the existing laws are strong enough against authorised professional betting, whether on racecourses or in clubs or on the streets—but that these laws are not impartially administered: they are put into operation against the poor, but are overlooked in the case of the rich. This must be rectified, and will be as soon as the English people recognise the facts. But against us there is a mass of prejudice, gross ignorance, and deeply vested interests. In fighting against all this, we need the support of those who have the welfare of the nation at heart.

IV.—By Dr. R. F. Horton.

I REJOICE that you are attacking the gambling evil, and I wish that I could make any suggestion which would help you in the most difficult of all crusades. For my own part, I see no remedy except that stirring of the spiritual element in man, which fills the mind with other and higher interests. All men who are not born again and truly Christian are inwardly bored, dull, *ennuyés*, weary of themselves, and sick of it all. They want excitement, distraction, some anodyne to thought. Drink is a good anodyne, but obviously brutalising. Gambling is a good anodyne, but apparently innocent, practised and encouraged by princes and reputable persons, by stockbrokers and business men of many kinds. It cannot be too earnestly said that these vices are only symptoms. The root-cure is the regeneration of the individual.



FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

V.—By John Hawke

Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League

GAMBLING itself has existed almost as far back as we can go in history, and perhaps always will exist as long as man is an imperfect creature. But the gambling curse, which in England is polluting the moral life-blood of the nation and undermining religion and education, can be destroyed—at least to the degree in which, in physical disease, vaccination has reduced the ravages of smallpox. The moralist inoculators, however, will make no perceptible progress while an interested swarm of professional betting men—whose operations (setting aside Stock Exchange speculation) dwarf all other kinds of gambling in this country—are busily engaged in the lucrative occupation of spreading the contagion. The preachers must continue to preach, teachers to teach, and parents to warn. Precepts must be enforced and examples set; but, under present conditions, the alarming fact confronts us that the enemy is gaining ground in every direction, not only among men, but with women of the lower classes, and even children, accommodating his temptations to their often pitiful means, in too many cases acquired dishonestly for the purpose. The laws, although much more efficient for the prevention of professional betting than the public generally are aware of, are only capriciously enforced; owing sometimes to betting corruption among the police, and at others to the not unnatural feeling of magistrates, that, as it is so seldom that any attempt is made to set them in operation against influential offenders, it would be invidious to press them to their full extent against others, however desirable for the protection of public morality. The State and

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the Press are prime agents in assisting the evil, and are profit-sharers in the illicit gains of the bookmakers—the former chiefly through its telegraph department, the latter from its sales due to tips and early racing results. But what has done most to protect the growth of the betting trade, and in half a century to turn a few bookmakers dealing with wealthy clients into a veritable army, whose scouts are found in every town and village and in half the public-houses, is the open patronage, in the past and present generation, of gambling and the professional betting system by persons of distinction, whose example is quoted as a sanction or palliation of the misdemeanours of those in inferior stations. This patronage is largely accountable for the halting magisterial decisions, for the compromised position of an otherwise generally healthy press, for the diffidence of some high ecclesiastical authorities, and for the neglect of the subject of late years by the Legislature. What is the duty of the persons of distinction to whom reference has been made? It is stated that many of them *can* do nothing, that they are thralls of the large bookmakers as much as men enslaved for debt among the ancients. Is it not incumbent upon the heir to the throne, if he too is not in chains, to turn his back upon this vile system? At such a signal the machinery of the law would begin to work with smoothness, rapidity, and thoroughness. The bookmaker's trade is the backbone of the gambling curse. Destroy it, and you give the moralists fair play with the poor tempted populace. It can be destroyed—yes, in the present condition of the law, whatever the Prince of Wales may do; but it will take longer without his help; and a considerable share in the moral responsibility for each succeeding year's record of suicide, embezzlement, crime, and ruin, desolate homes, and blasted hopes, should be a heavy burden even for a Prince.

VI.—By Frederick A. Atkins

Founder of the Anti-Gambling League

Mr. Justice Wills recently remarked that when he first came upon the Bench he thought drink was the most fruitful source of crime, but that in recent years he had come to the conclusion that illegitimate speculation was a still greater source of mischief. Most people will agree with this statement. The drink evil is bad enough, but it is not so bad as gambling. The spread of athleticism has done much to save men from drink—for instance, a cyclist soon understands the impossibility of breaking records on beer! But gambling is an ever-increasing trouble; and I refer here not only to the noisy rascaldom of the turf or the quiet bets in the clerk's office, but to the hideous gambling spirit which is seen in every direction. There is a vulgar haste to get rich, a depraved desire to clutch the maximum of wealth with the minimum of effort, and I take it that this is one of the most revolting features of our modern life. A career of honest toil and dignified simplicity seems to have lost its attraction for the youths of to-day; they are cursed with a wild passion for feverish and debilitating pleasures, and a degrading lust for unearned wealth. They hear of some well-known City man who has made a fortune by a sharp piece of speculation, and they immediately want to try their luck. It is true they generally lose, but the mischief is already done; they are unsettled in mind, dissatisfied with honest work, and they no longer have any solid worth of character. I do not advocate a morbid and unhealthy asceticism, but it does seem to me that what we specially need just now is to cultivate simple tastes and plain living, and to get a right idea of the essential dignity of labour. "Work faithfully," says Mr. Ruskin, "and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness; not such as can be won by the speed of a horse or marred by the obliquity of a ball."

The fact is, that Christian men and women have not yet had their eyes opened to the awful havoc caused by gambling. They do not realise that horse-racing has more votaries than any religion; that the gambling spirit blunts a man's best feelings and debases his manhood to the lowest level; that the literature of the turf is enormous in extent and world-wide in influence, providing a risky excitement for the rich and a hideous fever for the poor, showing men how to get hold of their neighbour's property without giving any honest equivalent, which means, in plain English, that it makes men thieves. Some good people even go so far as to ask, "Why is gambling wrong?" Herbert Spencer shows us that the great evil of gambling is that "the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is therefore essentially anti-social, sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct." That is a calm, logical summing up of the whole question.

As for the cure, I am not sure that we want any new laws at present; what we *do* need is, that existing laws should be impartially administered. At present the poor gambler is roughly hustled into jail, while the rich gambler is exalted upon a pedestal of honour. Let us clear our minds of cant. It cannot be right to arrest one gambler and ask another to open a church bazaar.

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MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS.

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ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE,
December 19th, 1895.

MR. G. MELLIN.

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Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.

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But be sure they are Carter's.

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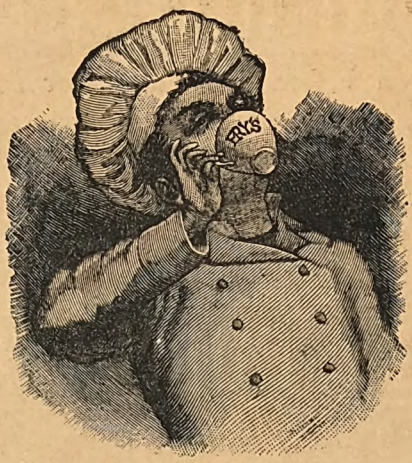

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NOVEMBER 1896.

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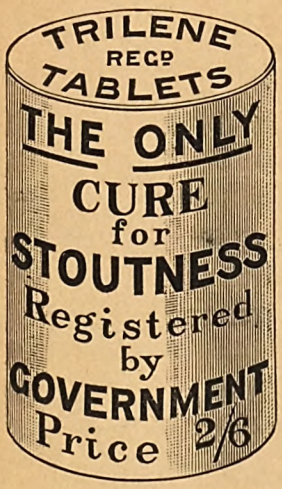

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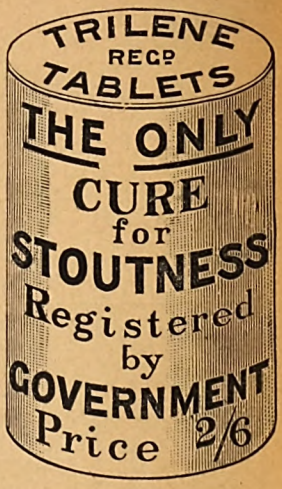

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"GENTLEMEN,—I have had some boxes of your Tablets for my wife, and she has derived great benefit from them.

"Yours faithfully, J. R. CANHAM."

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"6 Brighton Terrace, Hull.

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"3 Castle Road, Deal.

"Mrs. J. PEARSON is glad to say she is much thinner."

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Miss S. J. PRITCHARD says: "They have done me much good. I am 21 lb. lighter already."

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Mr. J. Thomas writes: "When I started the Tablets I weighed 17½ st., and have got down to 14 st. 9 lb."

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Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.

Wrapper printed blue on white.

Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion, Bilious Headache.

But be sure they are Carter's.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine.

Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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The most Ingenious Contrivance of the Day.

"There is no limit to the ingenuity of the Americans in improving upon the ordinary paraphernalia of daily life. The other day I found my office table provided with a set of new editorial pencils—red, blue, and black. Being struck by something unusual in their appearance, I made inquiries and discovered that they represented the latest Yankee notion in lead pencils, the lead being mounted in a stick of tightly-packed paper instead of wood. The paper is laid on in layers; and the advantage of the arrangement is, that when the point is broken or worn down you tear off one layer of paper, and a new and perfectly symmetrical point is instantly produced without any further process of sharpening. This is called the 'Blaisdell' pencil; and if Blaisdell is the inventor, I hope he may make a fortune out of it."—*Truth*, August 15, 1895.

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Here, then, is a Prize Competition in which all can take part. You may not be able to write a story, or solve a riddle, or make a pinafore,—but no doubt you can think of three good ideas for a popular magazine. You need not trouble as to how they can be worked out—that is our part of the business,—we only want you to suggest an original idea for an article or a series of articles,—indeed, to suggest any new feature which you think would be useful and attractive. If you like you can send only one idea; but if you wish to have more than one chance, you can send two or three suggestions, but *not more than three*. The ideas should be very briefly and concisely described on a post card, and your name and address must be attached. All post cards must be sent by November 25 to the Editor of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. *We would strongly urge our readers to send their post cards as far in advance of that date as they possibly can.* The result will not be announced until our January or February Number; but, immediately the decision is made, we shall communicate with the prize-winners, so that they may arrange, if they wish, to join the Cruise on January 26. We reserve the right to use any ideas sent in, whether they win prizes or not.

ABOUT THE CRUISES.

The prizes for the two best original ideas for improving our Magazine are two berths on the magnificent steam yacht *Midnight Sun*, for the cruise to Palestine and Egypt, which starts from London on January 26. We wanted to be quite sure that our prize-winners would have a really comfortable and enjoyable cruise, so we arranged with Dr. Lunn for them to go by the *Midnight Sun*. In his hands they are sure to have a good time. The tickets they will receive will include a second-class railway ticket from London to Marseilles and back, meals on the outward railway journey, and twenty-one days' cruise on the Mediterranean, with splendid cuisine on board, and the use of the steam launch when in port. Passengers, however, must pay their own landing expenses at Jaffa, and their own hotel expenses when on shore.

In case the successful competitors are not able to leave England for so long a period, they will be at liberty to substitute for the berth on the Mediterranean cruise either Two ten-and-a-half-guinea tickets for the winter Skating and Tobogganing parties mentioned below, or Two ten-and-a-half-guinea tickets for the tour to the Riviera, or Two thirteen-guinea tickets for Rome, paying the difference of five guineas, the value being twenty-six guineas instead of twenty-one guineas, which is the value of the berths on the Mediterranean cruises.

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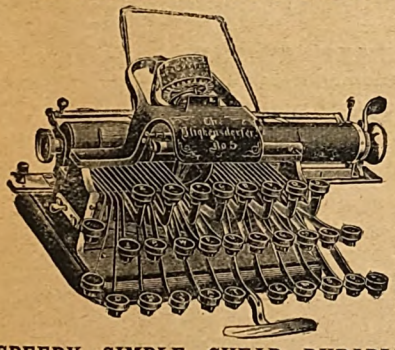

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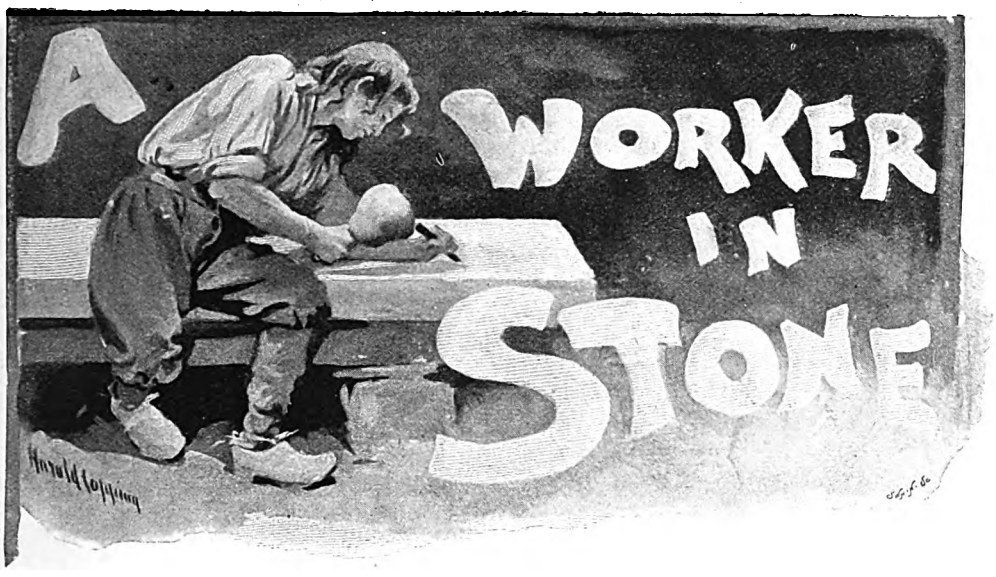

By Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "Pierre and his People," etc.

At the beginning he was only a tombstone-cutter. He was but twenty years old when he stepped into the shop, where the old tombstone-cutter had worked for forty years, and, picking up the hammer and chisel, which the old man had dropped when he fell dead at the end of a long hot day's labour, he finished the stone, and gave the proceeds to the widow. Then, going to the Seigneur and Curé, he asked them to buy the shop and tools for him, and let him pay rent until he could take the place off their hands.

They did as he asked, and in two years he had bought and paid for the place, and had a few dollars to the good. During one of the two years a smallpox epidemic passed over Pontiac, and François Lagarre (that was his name) was busy night and day. It was during this time that some good Catholics came to him with an heretical Protestant suggestion to carve a couplet or verse of poetry on the tombstones they ordered. They themselves, in most cases, knew none, and they asked François to supply them—as though he kept them in stock like marble and sandpaper! He had no collection of suitable epitaphs, and besides he did not know whether it was exactly right or no. Like all his race in New France he was jealous of any inroads of Protestantism, or what the Little Chemist called "Englishness." The good M. Fabre, the Curé, saw no harm in it, but said he could not speak for anyone's grief—that what the bereaved folk felt they themselves must put in words upon the stone. But still François might bring all the epitaphs to him before they were carved, and he would approve or disapprove, correct or reject, as the case might be.

At first he rejected many, for they were mostly stereotyped verses, taken unknowingly from Protestant sources. But presently all that was changed, and the Curé one day had laid before him three epitaphs, each of which left his hand unrevised and untouched; and when he passed them back to François his eyes were moist, for he was a man truly after God's own heart—so full of humanity and loving-kindness as to be rather more man than priest.

"Will you read them to me, François?" said the Curé, as the worker in stone was about to put the paper back in his pocket, "and give the names of the dead at the same time?"

So François read—

"Gustave Narrois, aged seventy-two years"—

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Curé, "the unhappy yet happy Gustave, hung by the English, and cut down just in time to save him—an innocent man. For thirty years my sexton. God rest his soul! Well now, the epitaph."

François read it—

> Poor as a sparrow was I,
> Yet I was saved like a king;
> I heard the death-bells ring,
> Yet I saw a light in the sky:
> And now to my Father I wing.

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The Curé nodded his head. "Go on; the next," he said.

"Annette John, aged twenty years"—

"So. The daughter of Chief John. When Queen Anne of England was on the throne she sent Chief John's grandfather a gold cup and a hundred pounds. The girl loved, but would not marry, that she might keep Chief John from drinking. A saint, François; what have they said of her?"

François smoothed out the paper and read—

A little while I saw the world go by—
A little doorway that I called my own,
A loaf, a cup of water, and a bed had I,
A shrine of Jesus, where I knelt alone:
And now alone I bid the world good-bye.

The Curé turned his head away. "Go on," he said sadly. "Chief John has lost his right hand. Go on."

"Henri Rouget"—

"Aged thirty years," again interrupted the Curé. "Henri Rouget, idiot; as young as the morning. For man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives, and what he sins. What have you to say for Henri Rouget, my François?"

And François read—

I was a fool; nothing had I to know
Of men, and naught to men had I to give.
God gave me nothing; now to God I go,
Now ask for pain, for bread,
Life for my brain: dead,
By God's love I shall then begin to live.

The priest rose to his feet and put a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Do you know, François," he said half sadly, "do you know, you have the true thing in you. Come often to me, my son, and bring all these things—all you write."

So François did; and while the Curé troubled himself about the young man's future, he began to work upon a monument for the grave of a dozen soldiers of Pontiac who were killed in the War of the Patriots. They had died for a mistaken cause, and had been buried on the field of battle. Long ago something would have been done to commemorate them, but that three of them were Protestants, and difficulties had been raised by the bigoted. But François thought only of the young men in their common grave at St. Eustache. He remembered when they went away one bright morning, full of the joy of an erring patriotism, of the ardour of a weak but fascinating cause—race against race, the conquered against the conquerors, the usurped against the usurpers.

In the space before the parish church it stands—a broken shaft, with an unwound wreath straying down its sides; a monument of fine proportions, a white figure of beaten valour and erring ardour of youth, and beautiful bad ambition. One Saturday night it was not there, and when next morning the people came to mass it was there. All night had François and his men worked, and the first rays of the morning sun fell on the tall shivered shaft set firmly in its place. François was a happy man. All else that he had done had been wholly after a crude staring convention, after rule and measure—an artisan's, a tombstone-cutter's labour. This was the work of a man with the heart and mind of an artist. When the people came to mass they gathered near and gazed and gazed, and now and then the weeping of a woman was heard, for among them were those whose sons and brothers were made memorable by this stone.

That day at the close of his sermon the Curé spoke of it, and said at the last: "That white shaft, dear brethren, is for us a sign of remembrance and a warning to our souls. In the name of race and for their love they sinned. But yet they sinned; and this monument, the gift and work of one young like them, ardent and desiring like them, is for ever in our eyes the crucifixion of our wrong ambitions and our selfish aims. Nay, let us be wise, and let us be good. They who rule us speak with foreign tongue, but their hearts desire our peace and a mutual regard. Pray that this be. And pray for the young and the daring and the foolish ones. And pray also that he who has given us here a good gift may find his thanks in our better-ordered lives, and that he may consecrate his parts and talents to the redeeming actions of this world."

And so began the awakening of François Lagarre; and so began his peril and his ambition.

For, as he passed from the church, the Seigneur touched him on the shoulder and presented him to his English grandniece (come on a visit for the summer), the daughter of a London knight. She had but just arrived, and she was feeling that first home-sickness which succeeds transplanting. The face of the young worker in stone interested her; the idea of it all was romantic; the possibilities of the young man's life opened out before her. Why should not she give him his real start, win his gratitude, help him to his fame, and then, when it was won, be pointed out as a discoverer and a patron?

All these things flashed through her mind as he was presented to her. The young man

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did not read the look in her eyes, but there was one other person in the crowd about the church steps who did read it, whose heart beat furiously, whose foot tapped the ground angrily—a black-haired, brown-eyed, *petite* farmer's daughter, who instantly hated the yellow hair and rosy and golden face of the blue-eyed London lady; who could that instant, at first sight, have torn the silk gown from her beautiful lithe figure.

She was not disturbed without reason. And for the moment, even when she heard impertinent and incredulous fellows pooh-poohing the monument, and sharpening their rather dull wits upon its corners, she did not open her lips, when otherwise she would have spoken her mind with a vengeance; for Jeanne Virogue had a reputation for spirit and temper, and she spared no one when her blood was up. She had a touch of the vixen, an impetuous, loving, forceful mademoiselle, in marked contrast to the rather ascetic François, whose ways were more refined than his origin might seem to warrant.

"*Saprie!*" said Duclosse the mealman of the monument; "it's like a timber of cheese stuck up. What's that to make a fuss about?"

"Fig of Eden," muttered Jules Marmotte, with one eye on Jeanne, "any fool could saw a better-looking thing out of ice!"

"Pish," said fat Caroche the butcher "that François has a rattle in his *capote.*

"HE PINIONED HER WRISTS AND DREW HER TOWARDS THE DOOR."

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He'd spend his time better chipping bones on my meat-block!"

But Jeanne could not bear this—the greasy whopping butcher-man to talk so!

"What! what! the messy stupid Caroche, who can't write his name," she said in a fury, "the sausage-potted Caroche, who doesn't remember that François Lagarre made his brother's tombstone, and charged him nothing for the verses he wrote for it, nor for the *Agnus Dei* he carved on it! No, Caroche does not remember Baptiste the fighter, as brave as Caroche is a coward! He doesn't remember the verse on Baptiste's tombstone, does he?"

François heard this speech, and his eyes lighted tenderly as he looked at Jeanne: he loved this fury of defence and championship. Someone in the crowd turned to him and asked him to say the verses. At first he would not; but when Caroche said that it was only his fun, that he meant nothing against François, the young man recited the words slowly—an epitaph on one who was little better than a prize-fighter, a splendid bully.

Leaning a hand against the white shaft of the patriot's memory, he said—

Blows I have struck, and blows a-many taken,
Wrestling I've fallen, and I've rose up again;
Mostly I've stood,—
I've had good bone and blood;
Others went down though fighting might and main.
Now Death steps in—
Death the price of sin.
The fall it will be his; and though I strive and strain,
One blow will close my eyes, and I shall never waken.

"Good enough for Baptiste," said Duclosse the mealman.

The wave of feeling was now altogether with François, and presently he walked away with Jeanne Virogue and her mother, and the crowd dispersed. Jeanne was very happy for a few hours, but in the evening she was unhappy, for she saw François going towards the house of the Seigneur, and during many weeks she was still more unhappy, for every three or four days she saw the same thing.

Meanwhile François worked as he had never before worked in his life. Night and day he was shut in his shop, and for two months he came with no epitaphs for the Curé, and no new tombstones were set up in the graveyard. The influence of the lady at the Seigneury was upon him, and he himself believed it was for his salvation. She had told him of great pieces of sculpture she had seen, had sent and got from Quebec City, where he had never been, pictures of some of the world's masterpieces in sculpture, and he had lost himself in the study of them and in the depths of the girl's eyes. She meant no harm, perhaps; the man interested her beyond what was reasonable in one of his station in life. That was all, and all there ever was.

Presently people began to gossip, and a story crept round that, in a new shed which he had built behind his shop, François was chiseling out of stone the nude figure of a woman. There were one or two who professed they had seen it. The wildest gossip said that the figure was that of the young lady at the Seigneury.

François saw no more of Jeanne Virogue; he thought of her sometimes, but that was all. A fever of work was on him. Twice she came to the shed where he laboured, and knocked at the door. The first time, he asked who was there. When she told him he opened the door just a little way, smiled at her, caught her hand and pressed it, and, when she would have entered, said, "No, no, another day, Jeanne!" and shut the door in her face.

She almost hated him because he had looked so happy. Still another day she came knocking. She called to him, and this time he opened the door and admitted her. That very hour she had heard again the story of the nude stone woman in the shed, and her heart was full of jealousy, suspicion, and fury. He was very quiet, he seemed tired. She did not notice that. Her heart had throbbed wildly as she stepped inside the shed. She looked round, all delirious eagerness for the nude figure. There it was, covered up with a great canvas! Yes, there were the outlines of the figure. How shapely it seemed, even inside the canvas!

She stepped forward without a word, and snatched at the covering. He swiftly interposed and stopped her hand.

"I *will* see it," she said.

"No, you can't to-day," he answered.

"I tell you I will!" She wrenched her hand free and caught at the canvas. A naked foot and ankle showed. He pinioned her wrists with one hand and drew her towards the door, determination and anger in his face.

"You beast, you liar!" she said. "You beast! beast! beast!"

Then, with a burst of angry laughter, she opened the door herself. "You ain't fit to know," she said; "they told the truth about you! Now you can take the canvas off her. Good-bye!" With that she was gone.

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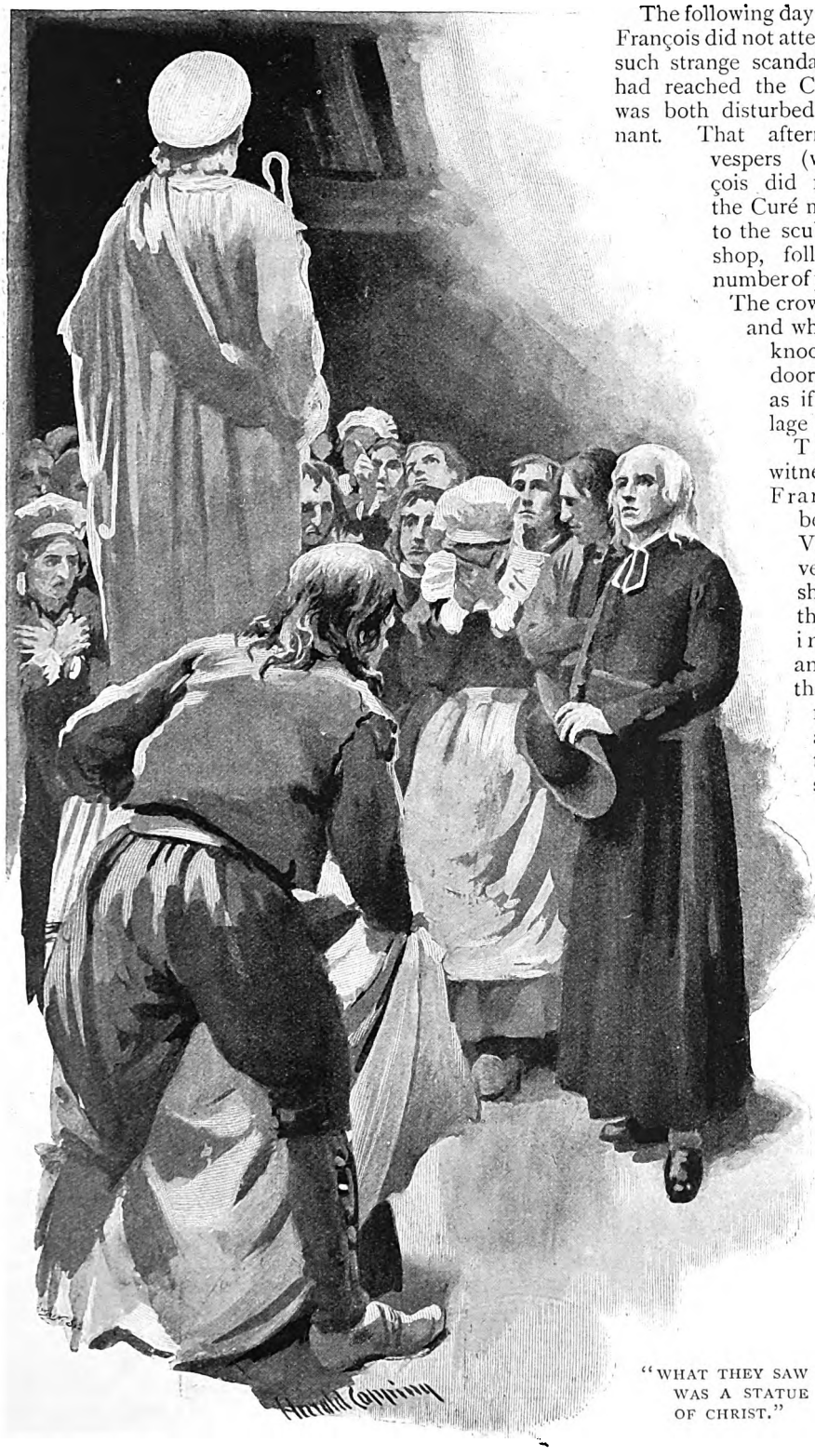

The following day was Sunday. François did not attend mass, and such strange scandalous reports had reached the Curé that he was both disturbed and indignant. That afternoon, after vespers (which François did not attend), the Curé made his way to the sculptor's workshop, followed by a number of parishioners. The crowd increased, and when the Curé knocked at the door it seemed as if half the village was there.

The chief witness against François had been Jeanne Virogue. That very afternoon she had told the Curé, with indignation and bitterness, that there was no doubt about it; all that had been said was true.

"WHAT THEY SAW WAS A STATUE OF CHRIST."

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François, with wonder and some confusion, admitted the Curé. When M. Fabre demanded that he be taken to the new workshop, François led the way. The crowd pushed after, and presently the place was full. A hundred eyes were fastened upon the canvas-covered statue, which had been the means of the young man's undoing.

Terrible things had been said—terrible things of François, and of the girl at the Seigneury. They knew the girl for a Protestant and an Englishwoman, and that in itself was a sort of sin. And now every ear was alert to hear what the Curé should say, what denunciation should come from his lips when the covering was removed. For that it should be removed was the determination of every man present. Virtue was at its supreme height in Pontiac that day. Lajeunesse the blacksmith, Muroc the charcoal-man, and twenty others were as intent upon preserving a high standard of morality, by force of arms, as if another Tarquin were harbouring shame and crime in this cedar shed.

The whole thing came home to François with a choking smothering force. Art, now in its very birth in his heart and life, was to be garrotted! He had been unconscious of all the wicked things that had been said about him: now he knew all!

"Remove the canvas from the figure," said the Curé sternly. A spirit of stubbornness and resentment filled François' breast. He did not stir.

"Do you oppose the command of the Church?" said the Curé, still more severely; "remove the canvas!"

"It is my work—my own: my idea, my stone, and the labour of my hands," said François doggedly.

The Curé turned to Lajeunesse and made a motion towards the statue. Lajeunesse, with a burning righteous joy, snatched off the canvas. There was one instant of confusion in the faces of all—of absolute silence. Then the crowd gasped. The Curé's hat came off, and every other hat followed. The Curé made the sign of the cross upon his breast and forehead, and every other man and woman and child present did the same. Then all knelt, save François and the Curé himself.

What they saw was a statue of Christ—a beautiful benign figure; barefooted, with a girdle about his waist—the very truth and semblance of a man. The type was strong and yet delicate; vigorous and yet refined; crude and yet noble; a leader of men—the God-Man, not the Man-God.

After a moment's silence the Curé spoke: "François, my son," said he, "we have erred. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have followed each after his own way, but God hath laid on Him" (he looked towards the statue) "the iniquity of us all."

François stood still a moment gazing at the Curé, doggedly, bitterly; then he turned and looked scornfully at the crowd, now risen to their feet again. Among them was a girl crying as if her heart would break. It was Jeanne Virogue. He regarded her coldly. "You were so ready to suspect," he said. Then he turned once more to the Curé. "I meant it as my gift to the Church, M. le Curé, to Pontiac, where I was born again. I waked up here to what I might do in art, and you—you all were so ready to suspect! Take it, it is my last gift."

He went to the statue, touched the hands of it lovingly, and stooped and kissed the feet. Then, without more words, he turned and left the shed and the house.

Pouring out into the street, the people watched him cross the bridge that led into another parish and into another world, for from that hour François Lagarre was never seen in Pontiac.

The statue that he made stands upon a little hill which looks out upon the valley where the beaters of flax come in the autumn, through which the woodsmen pass in winter and spring. But François Lagarre, under another name, works in another land.

Now and then while the Curé lived he heard of him and of his fame, and to the day of his death he always prayed for him; and he was wont to say to the little *avocat* whenever François' name was mentioned—

"'*The spirit of a man will support him, but a wounded spirit who can bear?*'"

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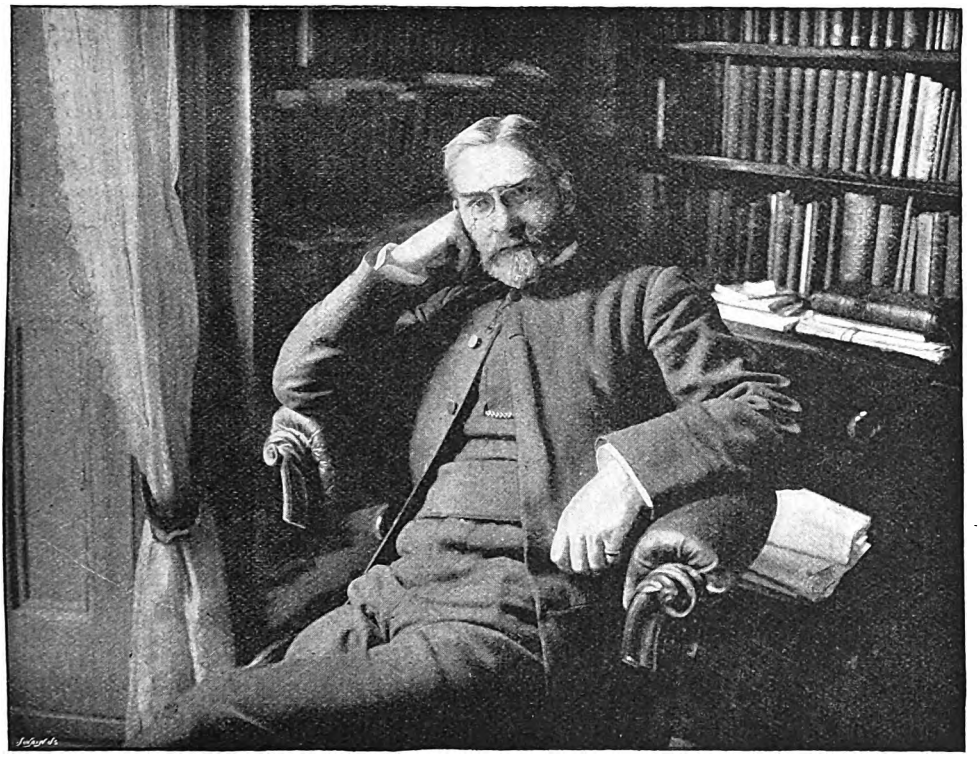

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES IN HIS STUDY.

[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE *by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 *Regent Street, W.*]

THE LIFE STORY OF HUGH PRICE HUGHES

BY SARAH A. TOOLEY

MR. HUGHES once laughingly said that he was Semitic, Celtic, and Teutonic, and it is doubtless this rather unusual combination of ancestry which has made his character so full of surprises. At one moment he magnetises an audience by a torrent of eloquence which denotes the Celt, at the next he is driving home his points with the clear intellectual acumen of the Hebrew, mingled with the picturesqueness of expression which distinguishes that ancient race; or, again, he is organising and propounding social schemes with that practical insight into affairs which marks the Teuton. Those who have the misfortune to be opposed to Mr. Hughes in debate thus find themselves foiled at all points. There is, too, a side to his character of which the public know nothing. Within the private circle of home life he is an altogether childlike being, pleased with trifles, affectionate, ingenuous, and unsuspecting. It seems, when he lays aside his public armour of defence, that he loses those stern, combative, shall we say pugilistic, qualities which have carried him successfully through so many religious and moral campaigns, and becomes gentle as a little child.

It is from his mother that Mr. Hughes derives his Jewish ancestry. A Jew named Levi came long ago and settled at Haverfordwest, and, to disguise his nationality, adopted the name of Phillips. From one of his daughters Mr. Hughes' mother is descended; and it is an interesting coincidence that from another comes the Irish family of Plunkets, so that there is a species of cousinship between the present Archbishop of Dublin and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. On his father's side Mr. Hughes is wholly Welsh, and one of his relatives has traced the family pedigree back to a man who lost no time in cutting off the heads of those who came in his way—a characteristic which has reasserted itself in the distinguished gladiator

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of Methodism, from the mental and moral standpoint. Referring to this pugilistic ancestor Mr. Hughes laughingly said, "If we only go far enough back, we are all of us pretty sure to find that we are descended from some ruffian or another."

To come to recent times, the celebrated Wesleyan preacher, founder of the West London Mission, and leader of the Methodist Forward Movement, was born at Carmarthen, South Wales, in 1847, and is the son of John Hughes, Esq., surgeon, who was not only a man of social influence, but prominently connected with the public life of the town. He was county and borough magistrate, coroner, chairman of the School Board and of the Board of Guardians, and the "big man" at the local Wesleyan chapel. It will thus be seen that Mr. Price Hughes was from his infancy nurtured in Methodism; his home being the chief house of entertainment for the ministers. His grandfather, too, was a greatly beloved and saintly Wesleyan minister in Wales. It was, however, in the more Conservative side of Methodism, as of politics, that he was reared. Anything approaching the Forward Movement of to-day would probably have been regarded by his parents as vulgar Radicalism. Traces of his early training are still to be found in Mr. Hughes' character, but his wife keeps him in the straight path of Liberalism—a responsibility which Mrs. Hughes cheerfully acknowledges. "I often say," she once told me, "that my husband is a Conservative by nature, and a Radical by the grace of God." As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Hughes is not a party politician; and while he considers that a minister of religion should take an interest in all that is going on in the country, he has himself never appeared upon a party-political platform. It may be fairly argued, though, that he has brought politics to his own platform in so far as they affect those great social reforms which he has at heart.

He relates that as a mere boy, before he entered his teens, he took an intense interest in public affairs, and struggled daily with the *Times*, discussing the various questions of the day with anyone who would talk with him. The *Daily Telegraph* was, in his early teens, his favourite newspaper, and the more flowery and verbose were the articles, the greater was his delight in reading them. As a small boy there was a slight disposition to consider himself rather near the centre of the universe, and he early displayed both the national and family gift of speech. "All my family are great talkers," says Mr. Hughes, "and I well remember my father's capacity in that direction. There was a proposed railway extension in Carmarthen which, in his judgment, was unnecessary and objectionable. When the commissioners came down to discuss matters he talked to them and at them for three hours, and they never had the courage to put in an appearance afterwards."

He was, we gather, something of a boy prodigy. He had also an insatiable appetite for novels, which was first created by reading James Grant's *Romance of War*, a book which kept him spell-bound and fired his imagination to a great extent. A fearful attack of novel-reading ensued, Fenimore Cooper's Indian stories being special favourites. Just as suddenly the attack ceased, and he gave up novels altogether. "I dropped them like a hot potato," he once told me, "and have never taken to them since, except to read standard works or the book of the hour for literary purposes."

Mr. Hughes was educated at a private boarding school situated in that lovely and romantic bit of country called the Mumbles, on the shores of Swansea Bay—a place for which he still retains the deepest affection. The headmaster was a Mr. Colston, a well-known Methodist; and it is to his sympathetic guidance and encouragement that his distinguished pupil owes his first attempts at preaching, which began at the precocious age of fourteen, when he was a schoolboy wearing a turn-down collar and an Eton jacket. One Sunday evening he was attending service at the little Wesleyan chapel at Mumbles, since pulled down to build a larger one, when he became stirred with religious conviction. Mr. Hughes does not recollect the name of the preacher, who was a stranger from America, and he cannot recall the text of the sermon, but he remembers that the preacher pleaded with his hearers to submit themselves to Christ, and that as he listened he realised what that meant—and did it. Such is the simple story of the conversion of one of the most celebrated revivalists of the day. Shortly afterwards he received a strong impression that he was called to the Christian ministry, and, schoolboy-like, on the spur of the moment, sent to his father the following laconic epistle:—

"My dear Father,—

"I should like to be a Methodist preacher.

"Your affectionate son,

"Hugh Price Hughes."

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There came an equally decisive and laconic reply :—

"My dear Boy,—

"I would rather you be a Methodist preacher than the Lord Chancellor.

"Your affectionate father,

"John Hughes."

It should be explained that it had been his father's intention to train him for the Bar, hence the reference to the Lord Chancellor. With characteristic impetuosity, the new convert became eager to start preaching at once, and, having the sympathies of his schoolmaster, he obtained liberty to organise some cottage services. On the slope of the hill upon which the school stood were some cottages occupied by old sailors and others, and in one of them lived an old widow, who appears to have had a soft side towards the young evangelist. She arranged for a small consideration, which he paid out of his pocket-money, to let him have her room each Wednesday evening for a service, and also undertook to gather a congregation. Mr. Hughes recalls that the old woman took snuff copiously, and that he had a good deal of negotiating to do with her over procuring two candles and a pair of snuffers.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MR. PRICE HUGHES.

At length the eventful hour arrived, and young Hughes in Eton coat and collar, and looking less than his fourteen years, by reason of his very short stature at that time, took his stand on the cottage floor before a table spread with a white cloth and illuminated by two tallow candles. Two boys from the school, looking as juvenile as himself, were his henchmen. Seated on rickety chairs in front of him were some six or seven old people, conspicuous amongst them being a wooden-legged old salt whose make-shift limb sprawled about at all angles, a person who suffered from rheumatism and groaned at every turn, and the widow proprietress, who snuffed incessantly. The young preacher took for his text: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The sermon had been carefully prepared, written out, and committed to memory, and Mr. Hughes recalls with amusement that he fired it off with a bang in fourteen minutes, that the old people seemed to enjoy it immensely, and testified their appreciation by continuous groans.

This service was followed by many others of a similar character, and in course of time the boy evangelist became a local preacher on trial in the Swansea circuit. He preached his first regular sermon in the chapel at Sketty, and he recalls that in the audience were a very long and a very short man who sat on either side of the pulpit, and kept up a running duet of criticism throughout the service. Mr. Hughes was preaching about Moses, and, in the course of his remarks, said that Moses was Pharaoh's adopted daughter. "Son," ejaculated the long man from the side of the pulpit, at which the young preacher turned and thanked him for the correction with perfect *sang froid*, and proceeded with his discourse, which was, like all his early efforts, given off at railway speed. Some of his school companions usually accompanied him to his preaching engagements; and when they arrived at the chapels, the keepers, eyeing their short jackets, were disposed to box their ears and send them from the premises as a set of impertinent young rascals who were trying to play tricks with them, and their change of front when they discovered their mistake was amusing. When Mr. Hughes

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was, in Methodist parlance, first put "on the Plan," the old local preachers were jealous that he had such good appointments given to him, and some of them hinted that the Superintendents favoured him because of his father's dinners. At the time when he was examined, preparatory to being put upon Full Plan, the Rev. John Vanes was Superintendent, and he, knowing the social prejudice, and also that the young candidate was equal to it, purposely imposed an exceptionally severe examination. "That quite knocked the bottom out of the old fogies' suspicions," says Mr. Hughes, "because they could not have answered the questions themselves."

When only fifteen years of age Mr. Hughes preached in the Welsh chapel of his native town, where his grandfather had once been minister. It was a great occasion; and not only was the chapel thronged with the townspeople, but there were no less than fifteen ministers present to pass judgment on the boy preacher. His uncle accompanied him into the pulpit, and was to give a sermon in Welsh afterwards, but little time was left for him, as his eloquent nephew "held forth" for forty minutes at his utmost speed. Mr. Hughes confesses that his discourse was "frightfully eloquent with sun, moon, stars, galaxys, and all the constellations thrown in."

He was also practising debating at this time in the school club, and delivered some wonderful orations on "Napoleon," "Liberty," and other subjects calculated to afford scope for his oratory. The Civil War in America was raging at this time, and was a subject on which there was much discussion in the school. Young Hughes, as an avowed Tory, was a strong supporter of the Southerners, being persuaded that they were fighting for State rights. He, however, discovered afterwards that it was to maintain their pet institution of slavery that they fought, and he attributes his first awakening to the principles of liberty to a tutor in the school, who was a Hungarian refugee and a friend of Kossuth. They had great arguments together, but matters did not come to a crisis until Henry Ward Beecher gave his memorable Abolitionist speeches in Liverpool. "Now," exclaimed the tutor to his pupil, "if you don't recant after that, I will argue with you no longer." Mr. Hughes confesses that Beecher did open his eyes as no other man had done, and that he listened more sympathetically afterwards to his Hungarian friend's arguments. The leaven was beginning to work. There came a time, however, when the instructor grew disgusted with the outcome of the new ideas of freedom, which showed itself in the Reform riots, when the working men pulled down the railings in Hyde Park, and he would have nothing more to do with the movement afterwards. The Emperor of Austria, when he heard that the exile had recanted his errors, recalled him to his native land and made him a judge. He died in the odour of orthodox sanctity, but the boy in whose ardent mind he had planted the seeds of liberty was progressing each year towards those democratic principles of which he is to-day so eloquent an exponent. His mind was further influenced in this direction during his schooldays by the writings of Mazzini, of which he remains to-day an admiring student. The complete Italian works of the Italian patriot, in eighteen octavo volumes, occupy a prominent position in Mr. Hughes' study.

To a boy who had set his heart on being a preacher theology was naturally an attractive study, and he sprang, moreover, from a race who are all more or less theologians. He took to this subject precociously, as he did to every other, and, while still a boy, wrestled with Watson's *Christian Institutes*, Pearson on *The Creed*, and Butler's *Analogy*. While yet in his teens he became a candidate for the ministry, and preached his trial sermon at Hinde Street Chapel, London. He had a "good time," and obtained the highest possible marks from the judges. Shortly afterwards he entered the Richmond Training College for Wesleyan Ministers, where Dr. Moulton was his tutor.

The usual term for students at Richmond was three years, and Mr. Hughes was the first to remain at the college four years. Subsequently he attended lectures at University College, and took his London M.A. degree. He was a brilliant student, but his keen satire and general air of always being right prevented him from being popular. He had, or appeared to have, a little more conceit than young men ordinarily possess at that age, yet he was at the same time extremely shy, especially of ladies, and would beat a quick retreat if he saw the flutter of a gown in the college grounds. He was in those days a good cricketer, a clever skater, especially in figures, and exceedingly fond of playing backgammon; for the rest he was immersed in his studies. It is interesting to find that it was during his college days that he made the acquaintance of the lady who has been such an invaluable helpmeet to him. Mrs. Hughes was the daughter of the

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governor of Richmond College, and was a little girl of twelve when she first met her husband. "I can distinctly recall his appearance the first time I met him," she told me; "he was a slip of a youth, dressed in a grey suit and cricket cap, and was walking across the college grounds with a bat in his hand. I was too young to think of love or anything of that kind, yet I distinctly remember feeling that I had met with somebody who was going to decide my future life. I made friends by asking him to subscribe to my missionary box. At first he refused because he had promised another little girl, but finally he relented, and agreed to give me a penny a week. I had to go to his room to collect this penny, and he used to tease me by pretending that he had a curious animal concealed in a big box. He was an awful tease, and one day to avoid him I took a flying leap through an open window on to the ground, but he just managed to catch hold of my frock — which was my best one—and the skirt was rent in twain in his hands."

MR. PRICE HUGHES AS A DIVINITY STUDENT.

Mrs. Hughes has also a vivid recollection of her husband's power as a teacher during his college days. It was customary for one of the students to conduct a Bible class for the children of the governor and teaching staff; and it appears that these young people, some eight or nine in number, were an incorrigible set, and made the life of the young man entrusted with their Biblical instruction a burden to him. After several had tried the post and ignominiously retired, the children made choice of Mr. Hughes. The authorities thought him too young, but the "incorrigibles" would have him, and quickly found that they had met with their master. "He ruled us with a rod of iron," says Mrs. Hughes, "and was cuttingly sarcastic, but we were such a depraved set that we enjoyed it and thought it clever. Not only did he bring us into order, but he interested us as no other teacher had ever done. I can remember to this day a series of lessons which he gave us on 'The last week in the life of our Lord,' so vividly were they impressed on my mind."

At the end of his four years at Richmond, Mr. Hughes got into hot water with the authorities, which he regards as his peculiar fate. Dr. Osborn started the idea that it would be well to send away all students from Richmond College except those who were training for foreign mission work, and Conference endorsed it. "I had the 'cheek' to say that it was a mistake," says Mr. Hughes, "because it separated the foreign men from the home men, and prevented the very desirable bond of friendship and sympathy in after years. Of course I knew that I was right, and they were angry because I was — they changed back to the old plan afterwards; but it was considered a dreadful thing for a boy to question the infallibility of Conference." There was some talk of expelling him from the college, and a committee was appointed to consider the matter, but, as there was nothing else found against him, it was decided not to do so. For some years afterwards Dr. Osborn viewed him with suspicion, and took many opportunities of showing it, but before the doctor's death they became friendly.

Mr. Hughes' first ministerial appointment was at Dover, where he spent three happy and eventful years. He was at that time full of the idea of making his mark as an intellectual preacher, and when he walked into the pulpit of Snargate Street Chapel, Dover, for the first time, nothing was further from his thoughts than a revival. But his sermon had a wonderful effect on his audience, and at the close a number of conversions took place. His power for awakening the impenitent came as a great revelation, and made

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him into a pronounced revivalist. To use his own expressive language, "God shunted me on to that line, and I have been running on it ever since. I was called upon to decide whether I should follow my literary ambitions or seek souls, and I thank God that I chose the saving of men." His first service in Dover proved to be the beginning of an extraordinary revival; wherever the young minister preached, there were crowded chapels and numbers of converts. He acted at Dover as military chaplain, and had a great influence over the soldiers; and to-day he attracts more soldiers to his services than any other preacher in London, which is rather curious, considering that he is such a strong Peace man.

Not only did Mr. Hughes start as a revivalist while at Dover, but he also began his work for social reform. It was there that he first came into contact with total abstinence. He had been brought up at home practically as a total abstainer, but had never taken the pledge. At Dover he delivered a lecture in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, taking the view that it was better to abstain for the good of others, but as he proceeded with his argument he came to the conclusion that it was good for himself also. The lecture was delivered twice before immense audiences, and created quite a stir in the town, as there was an election going on, and the ire of the publicans was considerably roused. Soon afterwards he was appointed Secretary of the Temperance Committee, which was then agitating for the formation of Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies in connection with the Methodist Church. After years of fierce opposition and obstruction, Mr. Hughes succeeded in the Bristol Conference of 1877 in carrying the entire scheme, and that burning question was finally settled on the right side.

It was while at Dover that Mr. Hughes first met Mrs. Josephine Butler and became an enthusiastic worker for the repeal of the C. D. Acts. When speaking with Mrs. Butler upon the subject, she told me that she has always retained a vivid recollection of her first meeting with Mr. Hughes. "I made his acquaintance at the house of Alderman Rees of Dover, a magistrate who fought bravely for our cause, and used to refuse to condemn the girls for transgressing the Act. I remember Mr. Hughes as a good-looking gentlemanly young man of about twenty-one, and the thing that most struck me about him was his fervent and eloquent expressions in prayer. He led our private devotions in the drawing-room at the house of Alderman Rees, before we went to the hall where we were to hold a public meeting in favour of the repeal of the C. D. Acts. After I had finished speaking, Mr. Rees turned to Mr. Hughes, who was sitting on the platform, and said that he ought to propose a vote of thanks to me. He at once rose and began a powerful and touching little speech, containing a combined expression of tenderness for the victims and of wrath at the evil. He seemed moved to the very depths. Before he could conclude his speech he burst into tears and rushed from the platform. It created a great sensation in the meeting, for it was not common to see so young a man thus affected, although what I had been trying to bring before the audience was enough to move any generous men to tears. As I saw him rush away to hide his emotion, I thought, 'This highly-gifted young minister is destined to be our champion in the future.'"

Mr. Hughes' first literary venture was the *Protest*, which he started at Dover shortly after the above incident, for the purpose of supporting the Repeal propaganda. It was a small sheet, but full of condensed force. "Whenever we wanted a gun fired at the enemy," said Mrs. Butler, "we looked to Mr. Hughes."

Social purity nas, like temperance, remained a plank in Mr. Hughes' platform, and some years later he was roused to yet a greater pitch of indignation by the revelations made by Mr. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "It was on the second or third day of the publication of those articles," says Mr. Stead, "that I first made friends with Mr. Price Hughes. The *Pall Mall Gazette* had gone to press, the crowd was beginning to gather at the door of the publishing office, clamouring to be supplied, when my secretary brought in Mr. Price Hughes. He was white and silent with suppressed excitement. We had not a long conversation. It was of the condensed sinewy kind, such as passes between comrades going down into the smoke of battle; but it was enough. We made a firm fighting alliance, not in words but in spirit, and we have fought on each on our own lines ever since. He went with me through the country to the great meetings held before my trial; he was one of the last persons who pressed my hand when I left the dock at the Old Bailey; he was on the platform of Exeter Hall when I came out; and ever since, in good report and ill, although we have differed sometimes both in public and private, Mr.

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MR. PRICE HUGHES AT THE TIME OF HIS ORDINATION.

Hugh Price Hughes has been a constant force upon which you could always depend whenever a wrong had to be denounced, a good cause to be defended, or the public conscience to be roused."

Yet another of the movements supported to-day by Mr. Hughes was brought to his notice during those three eventful years at Dover. It was there that, under the influence of the writings of Channing, he became a Peace man. His views were brought most prominently before the public during the Jingo fever which beset the country before the death of Lord Beaconsfield.

Of course Mr. Hughes had his little controversies in the early days of his ministry, and one of these brought him into great prominence in the public press. There was a discussion at the Young Men's Christian Association at Dover as to whether *Punch* should be placed in the reading-room. Many people thought the publication at least too frivolous, if not actually harmful for Christian young men to read, and great was their horror to hear such a promising young divine as Mr. Hughes give his vote in its favour. The *Daily Telegraph* indulged in a "leader" on the subject, and, when the matter came on for final discussion, nearly all the press of England sent representatives to Dover to report on the momentous issue. The vote was given in favour of *Mr. Punch*, and that genial and courteous gentleman, in the next issue, presented his royal thanks to his able champion, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

Another controversy in which he was engaged at this time was with a young Anglican curate, who had told a woman belonging to Mr. Hughes' congregation that she would certainly go to hell if she continued to attend the Methodist chapel. Mr. Hughes wrote him upon the matter, and received an indignant reply, asking how he dared to come between him (the curate) and one of his parishioners. When the correspondence was published in the local press, the offended young cleric threatened an action for libel. However, his bishop thought it best to remove him from Dover.

It must have been with feelings of regret that Mr. Hughes left the scene of his first ministry, which had proved such a notable success. At the expiration of the three years' term, in 1872, he removed to Brighton, where he married and started housekeeping with his very young wife, Mrs. Hughes being barely twenty at the time. She remembers that they had the usual amusing experiences of young people starting life together, their domestic affairs and anxiety over the first baby being a little overwhelming. Mr. Hughes was particularly nervous if the infant

MR. AND MRS. PRICE HUGHES BEFORE THEIR MARRIAGE.

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chanced to cough or cry. The happy married life which he has passed with his bright and helpful wife has given just that softness to his character which was needed. "Had Mr. Hughes been a celibate friar," said Mr. Stead on one occasion, "he would have been a very unlovely person indeed."

His next appointment was to a London district, Stoke Newington, where he began to feel the throbbing pulse of the great city, and to dream of some such schemes of reform as he is to-day carrying out in the Forward Movement. It was, however, after his removal to Barry Road Chapel, Dulwich, that his name became more widely known in the metropolis. I believe that Mr. Hughes regards Barry Road as his most successful church: it was poorly attended when he came to it, but soon the congregations became too large for the building. Through his efforts money was raised for the erection of large and splendid buildings for the Sunday school, which soon became one of the largest in England. Mr. Hughes at this time began to acquire that marvellous reputation for raising money with which his name is so prominently associated in Methodism. His success in this direction reached perhaps its culminating point while at Oxford, where he went in 1881, as the Superintendent of that circuit. In the old classic town his influence was very great, for there is a vein in Mr. Hughes' composition, to which we have before referred, which leans towards the old, the picturesque, and the academic. A ripe scholar himself, a man with a keen appreciation of the amenities of life, he was able to gain the confidence of the cultured classes of this conservative centre, and he brought to it the warm glow of his own religious enthusiasm and passionate ardour for social reform. His fervour was the better received, because it was always held within bounds. There is a fine mental balance which always tones Mr. Hughes' emotionalism. He had a wonderful time at Oxford, and during the first year wrote an account of the Barry Road work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which Mr. Stead was at that time publishing a series of articles on "Religious Centres."

It was while at Oxford that Mr. Hughes raised that memorable £8000 for Foreign Missions. He was in London attending the yearly meetings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and at the Saturday breakfast he made such a stirring appeal that £4000 was promised on the spot. Sir William M'Arthur, with his usual princely generosity, said he would give £1000; Mr. E. Holden agreed to subscribe another £1000; Mr. Alexander M'Arthur promised £500; and others present guaranteed smaller sums. One quite pathetic incident occurred when the devoted missionary, Mr. Calvert, offered the sum of £250, saying it was all he had. The £4000 thus subscribed was only, however, promised on condition that a like sum should be raised at the public meeting, which was to take place on the following Monday in Exeter Hall. Upon Mr. Hughes devolved the task of getting the second £4000, and of getting it, too, within the space of twenty-five minutes. Few who were present will ever forget the extraordinary fervour of his appeal, and the almost magnetic manner in which he swayed his audience, until by the tick of the clock the last pound was promised, and the raising of the £8000 was an accomplished fact. After this, wherever there was a sinking cause to be supported or a chapel debt lifted, office-bearers said, "Send for Mr. Hughes," and his arrival in a town was the signal for a great wave of generosity sweeping over the place. Any attempts upon the part of the Fathers in the church or of local magnates to keep their purses fastened were unavailing; the clasps broke, and the gold rolled out. During this period Mr. Hughes was instrumental in raising, in the course of eighteen months, some £30,000 for Methodism. During his public life he has been the principal agent in raising considerably more than £100,000 for Methodist purposes.

From Oxford Mr. Hughes returned in 1884 to London. He was stationed at Brixton Hill, the most important Wesleyan chapel in South London, and each Sunday saw it filled with crowded congregations. By this time he was widely known as one of the most gifted and successful preachers in his denomination, and he rapidly attained distinction in London. When Mr. Hughes was on one occasion asked to give the qualities in public speaking likely to conquer an audience, he enumerated them thus:—"The first quality is Sincerity, the second Disinterestedness, the third Moral Courage, the fourth Lucidity, and the fifth Geniality." His success is due to his having followed his own maxims. No one can listen to Mr. Hughes without being conscious of his absolute sincerity and disinterestedness, while his moral courage has been shown again and again in the manner in which he has espoused unpopular causes. His style, too, which in his youthful days was rather overweighted

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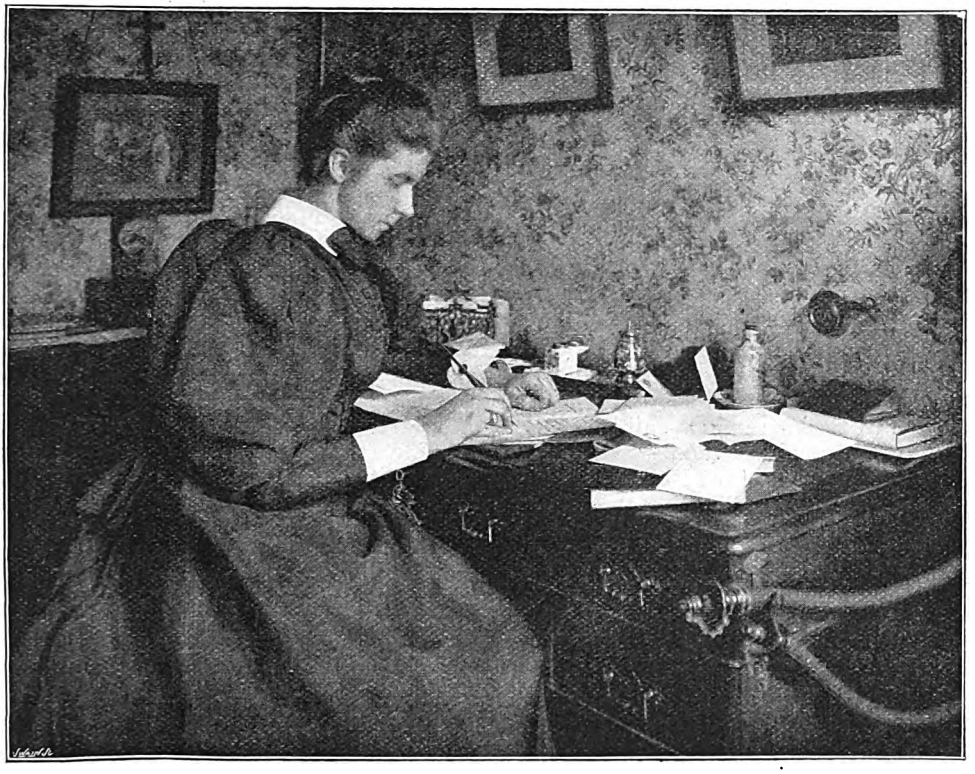
with florid rhetoric, is clear and simple; each sentence strikes home, yet in the midst of his calmest utterances there is always the warm glow of fervour. Like every successful speaker, he knows how to relieve the tension of an audience by pleasantries and humour. Satire and sarcasm are weapons which he can wield with cutting effect, but he reserves them for special transgressors, or for the exposure of some glaring evil. They do not form a part of his regular discourses.

florid rhetorical style is at a discount. At one time ministers of religion used to prepare elaborate and brilliant sentences, worked up into climaxes, which produced a great impression upon half-educated audiences. But the age has become so much more earnest that it will not stand that sort of thing except occasionally."

Mr. Hughes is always at his best as a speaker when he is opposed. The manner in which he dealt with a Roman Catholic



MRS. PRICE HUGHES AT WORK.

[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE *by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 *Regent St., W.*]

"Those," he says, "who are everlastingly indulging in satire and sarcasm pall upon the public appetite. A feast that consists entirely of vinegar and salad is not much frequented."

Although Mr. Hughes is only in the prime of life he has seen great changes in the style of pulpit oratory. "I can well remember," he said, "the horror of some members of my own congregations when I first substituted the singular pronoun 'I' for the royal 'we,' in which I had been trained. Another remarkable symptom of the age is the fact that the old, artificial, elaborate, and exceedingly

priest who stood up in one of the St. James's Hall Conferences to defend the C. D. Act has become quite an historic incident. After the priest had finished his feeble defence of the Act, Mr. Hughes mounted the platform, white and trembling with suppressed passion, and poured forth such a torrent of righteous indignation that the audience rose excitedly to their feet, and the unhappy priest turned and fled. The scene which followed was one of frantic excitement: men waved their hats, ladies their handkerchiefs, and a clergyman called for three cheers for Mr. Hughes.

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While at Brixton Hill, Mr. Hughes fully established his fame as a revivalistic preacher who united culture with his religious zeal, and it was during the same period that he started the *Methodist Times*, and made himself famous as an editor. The paper is now an influential organ of Methodism, and has, in deed, a reputation beyond the borders of its own particular denomination. It is devoted to the furtherance of the Forward Movement, of which Mr. Hughes is the acknowledged leader. Temperance, Purity, Peace, the reconciliation of Labour and Capital, and the emancipation of Women are the chief planks in his social propaganda; while in religion he advocates an earnest Evangelicalism, united to a broad and liberal spirit. He aims at a social as well as a personal salvation, and has probably done more to bring social topics into the pulpit and into the religious life of the people than any other man, and in doing so he would claim to be following in the footsteps of Wesley. He published in 1889 *Social Christianity*, and in the following year *The Philanthropy of God*, books which set forth th chief aims of his propaganda, and have had a wide circulation. He has also published two other volumes of sermons, entitled *Ethical Christianity* and *Essential Christianity*. He is this year President of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, the supreme organisation of the great movement which is rapidly bringing all the Evangelical Churches into federated co-operation.

As an editor, Mr. Hughes is remarkable for the clearness of his vision. He sees the drift of a thing at once, gets at the true inwardness of it, and has, moreover, the faculty for making other people see it. He is naturally rapid in all that he does, and arrives quickly at a decision; in the same manner he will master the salient points of a book before other people have got beyond the preface. With the true cosmopolitan spirit of journalism, he gleans information from every available source, and is always taking in fuel from those whose experiences are different from his own. As an example of this assimilative quality, only a short time since, when taking a long railway journey, he found that a fellow-traveller was a meat merchant; and as Smithfield was to Mr. Hughes an unexplored region, he immediately began to make inquiries, and before the end of the journey was reached he had drawn sufficient information from his travelling companion to almost qualify him for a dealer. Knowledge of this miscellaneous kind serves him for apt illustrations in his trenchant leaders in the *Methodist Times*, and in his sermons and public addresses. It need hardly be said that Mr. Hughes is an extempore preacher; one cannot imagine a speaker so original in his ideas and so keenly responsive to his audience "sticking to the paper." It is essential to his success for him to follow the impulse of the moment, but every subject which he approaches has been well thought out in the quietude of his study, and he is always clear-headed on the platform, even when swayed by intense emotion.

The last phase of Mr. Hughes' Life Story is the inauguration of the West End Mission, one of the most successful of modern movements for the social and spiritual regeneration of the people. It was started in 1887, and the idea originated with the publication of *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, which Mr. Stead did so much to bring before the Christian Churches. Methodism was fully aroused to its responsibilities, and it was first suggested to Mr. Hughes that he should start an East End Mission, which he was quite prepared to do; but the Rev. R. W. Allen, now military chaplain to the Guards, suggested that it should be a West End Mission. "I laughed at the idea," said Mr. Hughes, "and did not take to it at all; but it gradually grew upon me, and, when the formal proposition was made that I should take charge of such a work, I felt that I could not incur the responsibility of declining. A very curious incident happened. It was borne in upon me that Mr. Mark Guy Pearse should go with me, if I was to go; why his name should have occurred to me I cannot tell, for we were not special friends at the time, only slight acquaintances. However, I wrote to him and laid the plan before him, and he replied—

"'My dear Hughes,—

"'Wherever you go, there is no room and no need for anyone else.' . . .

"Eventually he came to see me at Brixton Hill, and after I had talked to him in my study for the space of forty minutes he jumped up and said, 'I will go with you,' and so the compact was made."

Now, when Mr. Hughes has made up his mind about anything, he quickly carries it into effect. When he began to "prospect the land," he found that there were some 400,000 people in West Central London for whom his own Church was doing nothing; and, while recognising the work of other sections of the Christian Church, he still felt

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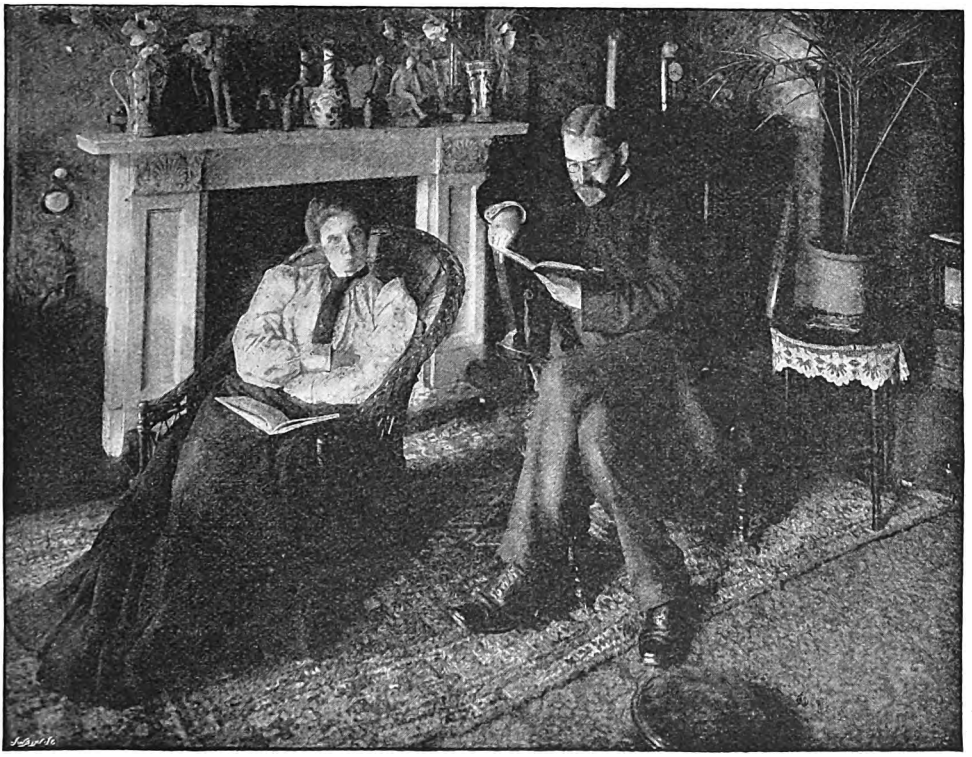
that there was abundance of room for Wesleyan Methodism. His object was not, however, a sectarian one; the mission was organised on a catholic basis, and no effort is made to induce converts to ally themselves with his own communion, although they are always urged to join some branch of the universal Church of Christ. The inaugural sermon of the mission was preached by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon in St. James's Hall on Friday morning 21st October 1887. On the following Sunday Mr. Hughes' colleague, Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, preached in the hall in the morning. Mr. Hughes held a conference on social questions in relation to the teaching of Christ in the afternoon, and held an evangelistic service in the evening. This order of services has been maintained ever since, and the huge congregations which thronged St. James's Hall on that first memorable Sunday have not diminished, but have rather grown larger. The hall seats 2500 people, and during the winter months hundreds are constantly turned away for want of room. At the afternoon conferences the social topic of the hour is treated by Mr. Hughes in that clear racy style all his own, and draws together workers in social progress from all parts of London. Music plays an important part in the services, there being both a military band and an orchestral band in connection with the Mission.

Mr. Hughes does not believe in preaching to a class, and did not start this work as a mission to the aristocracy, which its location in the West End led some to imagine, although there is scarcely a palace or mansion in the vicinity which does not send members to the congregation. Servants from Buckingham Palace attend, as do members of the Duke of York's household; and recently, when that indefatigable worker, Sister Lily, was called to Windsor Castle to visit a royal servant (a member of the devotional class), who was ill, she found many others at the castle who attended the St. James's Hall services when in London. The bulk of the congregation is composed of young people from the West End houses of business, visitors to London, and members of the theatrical profession. A man who had



MR. AND MRS. PRICE HUGHES AT HOME.

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been attending the evening service told Mr. Hughes that he had recognised no less than thirty-five ballet girls in the congregation. People of distinction in various walks of life, whose names are household words, are also to be seen quietly taking their seats among the cosmopolitan throng. It is perhaps the most wonderful congregation in London. The mission includes every phase of life—rich and poor, English and foreign, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic. Not a Sunday evening passes without conversions taking place; and could Mr. Hughes and his helpers break the secrecy with which they guard the stories to which they listen, what volumes of tragedies might be told! There are the cases of women living in palaces of vice, of the girls who nightly walk Piccadilly, and of that great multitude of sorrow-laden hearts who seek relief in the murky waters of the Thames. Many such as these have found peace under Mr. Hughes' ministry, and regard the night upon which they strayed heart-broken into St. James's Hall as the beginning of a brighter day. Mrs. Price Hughes has a separate inquiry room for women, and also a large week-night devotional class.

During the nine years that the mission has been at work it has increased and thrown out branches of many kinds. Besides St. James's Hall there are Craven Chapel, Craven Hall, Cleveland Hall, and Somers-Town Hall, in which Sunday and week-day services are held, and each of these places is in itself a centre of mission work. Mothers' meetings, devotional classes, boys' clubs, girls' clubs, workhouse teas, temperance societies, medical missions, a crêche, a rescue home, a convalescent home, a hospital for the dying,—all form a part of this grand scheme of social and religious work.

Mr. Hughes has always been a strong advocate for securing the co-operation of women in all good works, and for giving them the educational advantages which men possess. He warmly supported the movement by which his own university—the London University—was thrown open to women, and he was the chief advocate at the meetings of the Wesleyan Conference at Birmingham in 1894 for the admission of women as representatives to Conference. I have a vivid recollection of that stormy debate, and the fiery torrent of eloquence which Mr. Hughes poured forth. "Do you intend to slam the door of Conference in the face of all women?" he asked. "Why, even the Church of Rome has given great recognition to women. It is a monstrous thing that Methodism should be more reactionary than the Church of Rome. Depend upon it, this agitation will never cease until women sit in the Methodist Conference." One of the unique features of the West London Mission is that splendid army of self-sacrificing women known as the Sisters of the People, at the head of which is Mrs. Price Hughes. To detail all their work would take a volume in itself. They nurse the sick, comfort the dying, rescue those who are perishing in vice and intemperance, care for the children, minister to the mothers, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and give spiritual comfort to all. The senior member of the sisterhood is that singularly-gifted woman, Sister Lily. She holds a large devotional class for young women, and is ever ready to speak for the mission at drawing-room meetings.

This immense organisation, with all its associations, takes £8000 annually to keep it going. So far as church work is concerned it is self-supporting, for Mr. Hughes never has a public meeting of the mission without having a collection, and he often says that he never met with such generous givers as his mission people. But the many beneficent agencies conducted by the Sisters have to be supported by outside contributions.

In their home at 8 Taviton Street, Gordon Square, Mr. and Mrs. Price Hughes live a busy life, each to be found in a separate study immersed in the work of the mission. With the superintendence of such a vast enterprise continually pressing upon him, it is little wonder that Mr. Hughes broke down in health some two years ago. But a long rest in Italy, a land for which he has a peculiar affection, restored him to his work, fresh and invigorated, and of late he has derived great benefit from cycling, in which he is joined by his wife and children. The religious enthusiasm which made him, when a mere schoolboy, decide to be a Methodist preacher, has carried Mr. Hughes already to a position of great influence, and in the years which are to come a still greater prominence awaits him as a leader in Methodism. I have said little of the active and prominent part which Mr. Hughes takes in the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, and in the legislative and administrative committees of that venerable assembly. But it is well known that he has a sort of acknowledged leadership on the Progressive side in the discussion of the questions which necessarily agitate that large and vigorous community.

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By Mary Angela Dickens

Chapter I

"At that old scrubbing yet, Liz! It's gone four. I heard church clock as we come down th' hill."

"Yes, I know."

The girl raised herself from her bent position and sat up as best she could, holding her scrubbing-brush poised in her right hand, while with the other she brushed back from her hot forehead her heavy golden hair, which was falling untidily over it.

"Billy, he seems very middlin' this afternoon," she went on. "I've had him on my lap since I washed dinner things, and it's backened me a bit. He's asleep now."

She nodded as she spoke towards the sofa under the window, where, rolled up in an old shawl, a child of about three was asleep.

"It's a wonder he never waked with me coming in," Mrs. Woodbridge said carelessly as she flung herself down on the nearest chair, making its legs grate loudly on the brick floor. She stretched out her feet, encased in a pair of new smart shoes, beyond the edge of her still smarter blue gown, and she drew the latter up a little that she might see the shoes more clearly.

"I only give five and sixpence for them at Spike & Stead's," she said. "Good-looking shoes, aren't they?"

Liz stared in silence. Her eyes were blue, and very deeply set; they were shaded by long lashes, which at this moment completely prevented Mrs. Woodbridge from seeing their expression.

"Well, what do you think of them?" Mrs. Woodbridge asked sharply.

"I expect they was cheap," said the girl, rather slowly, the little drops of dirty water falling, as she spoke, from her scrubbing-brush on to her coarse apron with a regular soft sound. "And they're very nice-looking, as you say."

She resumed her kneeling position again suddenly, and began to scrub with energy, while Mrs. Woodbridge went on admiring her shoes, with a well-satisfied smile dawning on her pretty, foolish face.

"Is Billy's knicker suit and Fanny Mary's hat in them parcels? Liz said abruptly.

Mrs. Woodbridge let her blue gown fall over the shoes, and rose from her chair with a flounce.

"There never was such a worritin' girl as you, Liz—never!" She was wearing a straw hat, much over-trimmed with cheap pink roses; and she took the hat-pin from it as she spoke and flung it on the table angrily. "You're for ever worritin' about them

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children! No, Billy's knickers ain't in them parcels, nor yet Fanny Mary's hat. Reason good they shouldn't be—I hadn't no money to buy them."

Mrs. Woodbridge had turned away from Liz, and was gazing complacently at her own face in the strip of looking-glass over the mantelpiece.

"You promised them!" said Liz reproachfully. "There's Fanny Mary's been as good as gold all day, thinkin' of her hat. She's gone off now with Mrs. Jakes's little Rose, tellin' about it. And Billy, his clothes is—Why, Rosetta, you had money all right when you went out this morning!"

"What if I had?" said Mrs. Woodbridge. "I haven't got it now, and that's all about it. I had to get myself a bit of a cape, and then—well, the Bridge fair-week you're sure to meet a friend, and I never was that nasty and mean with my money as some I know."

She had turned when she began her explanation to look down with a sort of sneer on the girl's patched cotton bodice, and the faded red merino skirt which was turned up and pinned together at her back. But the sneer faded very suddenly from her face. Liz threw the scrubbing-brush down on the floor and rose to her feet.

"What's that you said about meeting a friend?" she said, grasping the other woman's wrist in her hot wet hand. "What is it you mean, Rosetta? You won't stand there and tell me that you've been out with Jack Summers again! It isn't a three weeks since you give me your solemn promise that you wouldn't"—

"Oh, my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Woodbridge, with a forced half-hysterical giggle. "This is coming to something—this is! when a woman's to be talked to like this in her own house by her own husband's daughter! Seems to me you forget, Liz," she went on with another giggle, "I stand to you in your mother's place."

A flash of light shot from the blue eyes which were gazing into her own, and Mrs. Woodbridge turned suddenly pale. But the flash died out again, and with an evident effort Liz controlled herself.

"No, you don't, Rosetta," she said steadily; "not to me, nor you don't think it! You never will, and I don't ask it of you. All I do ask of you is to keep yourself respectable. I don't suppose you want to break father's heart; but you easy could, he believin' in you like he does. And if there was talk about you and Jack Summers, that's what it 'ud do—just about. I've told you this before, twenty times! And you give me your solemn promise most as many times. If you ain't going to keep it I can't do no more, and that's all."

Without another word Liz let go the wrist she had been holding all this time, dropped on her knees, and went on again with her scrubbing.

Mrs. Woodbridge stood looking at her for a few moments in a silence that was half-defiant and half-shamefaced. Then she turned sullenly, and, taking up her parcels from the table, went up the wooden stairs which led out of the downstairs room to the bedroom above. Liz scrubbed on in silence. Only a quick sigh or two escaped her. She had just done the last bit of the floor, and was standing with her pail in her hand looking at the now tidy room with relief in her tired face, when the child on the sofa, wakened perhaps by Mrs. Woodbridge's creaking movements on the floor above, waked with a little fretful cry.

"Liz," he said, rolling off the sofa to come trotting slowly across the room to her, "Billy's so tired! Liz must play with Billy." Then, as he caught sight of one of the parcels which Mrs. Woodbridge had left on the table: "Has mother come home?" he said. "Where's my new clothes?"

Liz caught up the child in her disengaged arm and carried him out into the wash-house. "Billy shall have his new clothes soon," she said. There was a little break in her voice, and before Billy could turn round in her arms a tear had fallen from Liz's blue eyes on to his curly hair.

Chapter II

It was two hours later. The cottage in which the Woodbridges lived, possessed, in common with all the others on that side of the village street, a narrow strip of ground at the back, running down to the deep "dyke" which ran by the village and formed part of the network of drainage which covers the fens in which the village lies. Woodbridge had planted his strip with potatoes and ordinary kitchen-garden produce at the end nearest the house. But where it bordered the dyke it consisted of a piece of grass, in which grew half a dozen gnarled and bent old apple-trees, the remains of a much larger orchard. The fruit blossom had been rather late this year, kept back by cold winds. And on

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this May evening the pink and white blossom, with the slanting rays of the sun shining through the network of gnarled branches and making the pink of each petal a little pinker, and the growing green leaves a little fresher, was in its greatest beauty.

Two or three soft pink petals fluttered gently down and lighted on Liz's golden hair. She was bending over the dyke with a bucket to get some water to fill the kettle.

"Hullo, my wench!"

Liz looked up at the sound of the voice. Her father was just tramping across the plank bridge which crossed the dyke a little lower down, and was used impartially by the owners of several gardens.

"Supper ready?" he added as he came nearer to her. "I'm ready for it. A stiffish day's carting I've done to-day!"

"BOB LOOKED AT HER BENT GOLDEN HEAD."

"Yes, father," Liz said, looking up with a smile which made her blue eyes sparkle and all her fresh young face very bright. "Yes, father; Rosetta, she was just a-settin' the cloth when I came out."

"Ah!" Woodbridge straightened himself with a long-drawn sigh of pleasurable anticipation. He was a tall fine-looking man, not yet forty, with hair and eyes very like Liz's, and a face tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather. "It's a good thing for a man to have a good home to come to after his day's work," he said; and he went on up the garden with a quick step.

Liz had filled the bucket, and set it down again at the foot of one of the apple-trees. The tree forked very near the ground, and the fork made a convenient and comfortable place to sit on. Half unconsciously, Liz let herself sink on to it as her father's footsteps died away.

Liz had changed the patched cotton bodice in which she had been scrubbing for a stuff one. It, also, was mended, but not quite so visibly. Though its colour had nearly left it in the course of several washings, it still retained faint traces of blue; and it was quite neat. The old merino skirt was nearly covered by a spotless clean white apron—Liz's "afternoon apron"—put on only when the day's work was done. The whole made a curiously-fitting setting for the girl's fresh youthfulness; for fresh and youthful her face was, in spite of tired lines under the blue eyes and the weary anxious droop of the corners of her mouth.

She stretched out one hand, caught hold of a projection in the trunk of the apple-

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tree, and let her head rest against her arm. She would wait a moment or two, she thought, before she took the bucket back to the house. She was not actually wanted at that moment—Billy and Fanny Mary were safe in bed—and she was certainly tired.

"Liz! Liz Woodbridge!"

Liz started. Her arm dropped, and her face became flooded with colour.

"Can you come out with me a bit this evening, Liz?"

On the opposite side of the dyke stood a tall young man of about five-and-twenty. Curious characteristics of their Danish ancestry remain to this day among the fen men; and the young man, like Liz's father—and, for that matter, Liz herself—possessed the fair hair and the blue eyes of those distant ancestors. He was a tall broad young man, with strength in every gesture and movement, and an honest independence and manliness in every line of his frank face. "Handsome Bob" he was called in the village. "Very free and independent in his ways, and a clever young fellow at his trade," would have been the summary anyone in the village would have made of Bob Stoney's character. He had worked, first as apprentice and then as journeyman with Welman the carpenter, who did the carpentering and cabinetmaking of the village and country around. He was earning very good wages; and there were few girls in the village who would not have thought Bob Stoney's attention very well worth having.

"Liz!" he called again, gently.

Liz rose and moved slowly towards the plank bridge. The position of women in that out-of-the-way village was not so emancipated as it is in the larger world. It retained more traces of an earlier civilisation. And it seemed quite natural to Liz that she should go to Bob when he called her, instead of summoning him to her. They met in the middle of the plank.

"Come out for a bit of a walk," repeated Bob. "I want to speak to you."

"I can't," said Liz, though her heart throbbed wildly at the look she met in his eyes.

"Why can't you?" he said insistently.

"I can't," repeated Liz; and the washed-out blue bodice rose and fell with the quick heaving of her chest.

"You must," said Bob masterfully. "'T anyrate 's far as the elder-bush stile. I'm going to speak to you, and I'm not going to speak to you here, neither."

He turned and walked off the plank bridge, Liz obediently following him.

The dyke was bordered on the other side by fields—fields of growing wheat, potatoes and "roots," which seemed to reach away in one vast sheet of green to the horizon, red with the May sunset. Along the very edge of the dyke a narrow foot-track ran through these fields, barred, at every place where the field fences intersected it, by a rough stile. Liz followed Bob in silence to the second of these. It was nearly overshadowed by an enormous elder-bush which grew on the bank of the dyke, and seemed to have its roots almost in the motionless dark water. It was just coming into bloom, and its oppressive scent was beginning to fill the air.

Liz leaned back against the stile, under the elder-branches, and said nothing. Bob stood just in front of her.

"Liz," he said, "I suppose you know what I want to say to you?"

Liz tore a half-opened bunch of elder-flowers from the bush and began to pull them to pieces. Her strong work-roughened hands were trembling, but she did not speak.

Bob looked at her bent golden head, and as he did so the same light flashed out in his eyes which had made Liz's heart throb some moments before.

"I won't waste time argyfying whether you know it or not," he said. "It's just this, Liz. Welman's made me a offer to-day to take me in partner at Michaelmas. He thinks we should do well with the business together, he says, and he's getting on in years to manage it alone. You know very well, Liz, that I've thought this long time of marrying you, and I've liked you a deal better than any other girl in the town. An' I know your father'd be willing. You've never said nought—I know that, Liz—but I'm not without hopes you could fancy me for a husband; and if you could—why, Liz, why"—Bob's would-be stately reasoning gave way. He came impulsively a step nearer to Liz and caught hold of her arm. "Why, then I'd be the happiest man in the place," he cried.

Liz wrenched her arm away from him.

"Oh, Bob," she said brokenly, "I can't!"

Bob's eyes became round with genuine wonder.

"You can't what, Liz?" he said. "You can't like me enough to have me? Or you can't marry me at Michaelmas?"

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"I can't marry you," said Liz, very low. "Not at Michaelmas, nor—never."

A little tearless sob broke from Liz's lips. She looked up for one moment, steadily, into Bob's face, and then looked down again.

"You can't marry me?" repeated Bob, a great bewilderment clouding his eyes. "What d'ye mean by it, Liz? I'd thought o' taking that house near Welman's as faces the green on the top. And I should furnish it all new with things from the new shop in Eastborough High Street. And you shall keep a girl, Liz, for all rough work, and shan't never need to soil your hands," Bob continued, lapsing from the doubt of the conditional to the certainty of the future tense, in his eagerness. "You shan't do a hand's turn, Liz, if you don't want," he ended pleadingly.

"'T ain't no good, Bob! I can't!' Liz said, almost under her breath.

Bob's handsome face flushed a dark red.

"Are you making a fool of me, Liz?" he said, rather huskily. "Is there some other fellow you think— If it's that Jim Goodman, I'll"— Bob broke off, his face working convulsively.

Liz turned to him. Her face had grown pale, but her hands had ceased trembling, and her voice was steady.

"It's not Jim Goodman," she said quietly. "There ain't no other fellow, Bob, as I'd think of twice — not in the whole place. If I'd had thoughts o' marrying, it 'ud be you I'd a' married," she said simply. "I won't deny," she went on with the same simplicity, "I have had such thoughts. But they're gone now. I don't mean to marry no one. So don't ask me no more, Bob."

She raised herself from her leaning position against the stile as she spoke, and stood straight upright. Her face was very white now, but very resolute. She threw the elder-flower she had been playing with into the dyke, and stood for a moment watching it sail away down the dark water. Then she turned again.

"Good-bye, Bob," she said. "And thank you all the same, ever so much."

And before Bob could remonstrate, she was speeding through the now fading light along the narrow track back to the plank bridge.

Chapter III

The spring, that had been held back so long by the cold winds, seemed to merge itself at once into summer; and the long hot summer of that year began, as it were with a sudden impulse, in the middle of May. One hot oppressive day had succeeded the other since the day when Liz had refused to marry Bob Stoney by the elder-bush stile. And Liz, as she walked along one of the fen roads, in the height of the midday sun, looked pale and languid. She had been carrying her father's dinner to him. It not infrequently happened that, through carelessness or neglect of some sort, Rosetta had nothing ready to give to Woodbridge to take with him for his dinner when he set out in the morning to work at a distance. And when this happened, Liz would always hastily supply the deficiency by offering to take his dinner to him when it should be ready. On this particular day his work happened to lie in a distant part of his employer's farm; and Liz's walk had been a long and weary one, and her steps were slow and tired.

But her tired steps and her languid-looking face were not entirely due to the heat and weariness of her walk. During the past fortnight much of her youthful freshness had gone, never to return. Her face had changed from a girl's to a woman's, all at once. It was a woman's sorrow that had traced the shadows under her blue eyes, and the patient lines round her mouth.

Liz had loved Bob Stoney with all her heart. For months now she had thought how happy she should be if he ever asked her to marry him—how the life of "seeing after" his comforts, which would then lie before her, would be for her the very best and sweetest possible on earth. And yet, when the moment had come, and that life had been actually offered her, Liz had refused it. She had "had to," she said to herself. She could not leave the plain duty which lay before her, for the sake of her own happiness. And that plain duty seemed to her to consist in "keeping Rosetta from breaking father's heart." Liz knew that if she left her father's house his comfort would be utterly neglected, and the little delicate children, whom she loved as if they were her own brother and sister, would be allowed to run wild and uncared for. And there was a darker shadow yet in Liz's heart. There was a cousin of Rosetta's, Jack Summers, a good-looking, dissipated, young platelayer, whose work had lately kept him in the neighbourhood of the village.

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Rosetta was not a bad woman; Liz knew that well. But she was vain and flighty. And steadily in the background of Liz's thoughts had grown the conviction, that if Rosetta were left to herself she might "go off with Jack Summers."

There was no one but Liz who could prevent this; no one else who could give the constant care which was needed to keep the household together. And so it had seemed to Liz that there could be no hesitation as to her answer to Bob Stoney. There was no question in her mind when she gave it. There was no question in her mind now; only, she thought to herself, as she walked along in the heat of that summer morning, that nothing would ever be the same again.

Liz had two or three wild flowers in her hand that she had gathered for Billy. The child had got over the slight feverish attack that had made Liz pet him and nurse him on the afternoon when Rosetta came back with her new shoes. But he was still fretful, and demanded constant amusement. She added to her flowers a bit of wild pink convolvulus, which was growing among the rough grass on the side of the road. And when she had done so she turned off from the road itself into a field track, which was a short cut to the village. It took an angle off the straight fen road, and eventually joined the little track at the back of the Woodbridges' garden.

Right across the fen, in this part, runs a great main line of railway. It is raised on an embankment, reared with infinite pains and trouble on the loose untrustworthy fen soil, and visible for many a mile in the flat stretch of country on either hand. The short cut which Liz was pursuing crossed the embankment and the railway line. She faced it as she walked, and her eyes were fixed on the great white moon daisies which grew all up its sides. She would pick a nice bunch of them to take home to Billy, she thought; and she quickened her steps, her skirts brushing the beans in flower on either side of the narrow track, and sending a waft of delicious scent across the oppressive noonday air. She reached the embankment and climbed slowly up it, gathering the great daisies as she went, until she had such a quantity that she was obliged to take her apron and lay them in it.

"YOU'VE NO CALL TO LOOK LIKE THAT, LIZ," SHE SAID.

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As she reached the top of the embankment a sudden fear as to the time of day came into her mind. Something in the shadows struck Liz's practised eye, and she feared it might be later than she had thought. So she walked across the line hurriedly, looking neither to the right nor to the lett, and sped down the path on the other side without waiting to gather any more daisies.

Just at the foot of the embankment the track was crossed by a stile, and on the other side of the stile grew two or three pollard willows—the remains, perhaps, of one of the "withy beds" which had been common enough on that spot before the fen was taken into cultivation. Liz had reached the stile, and was just getting over it, when the sound of voices caught her ear. The voices belonged to a man and a woman; the woman's voice was Rosetta's, while the man's voice made her start and drop half the daisies from her apron, for it belonged to Jack Summers.

She understood in a moment. Jack Summers was evidently working near, along the line, and Rosetta must have arranged to meet him here, in his dinner-hour. Liz walked up to the willows and confronted the two.

"Mornin', Miss Woodbridge," said Summers carelessly.

Rosetta turned and faced her stepdaughter, with defiance in every line of her pretty, impudent face.

"You've no call to look like that, Liz," she said. "If I choose to come out here for a walk with Billy, who's to hinder me, I should like to know? And Billy's here all right," she added emphatically.

She turned round as she spoke, evidently meaning to produce the child as a sort of triumphant testimony to her words. But Billy was nowhere to be seen.

"Plague take it, where's the child got to?" Rosetta murmured.

At that moment a loud cry broke from Liz. She had turned away from Rosetta, and she stood facing the line, which was hidden from the other two by the willows. On the top of the embankment, outlined against the summer blue of the sky, was Billy, contentedly balancing himself on one of the metals while he hugged a bunch of daisies in his arms. Behind him, in the distance, round a gentle curve in the embankment, swept on —against the wind, and consequently quite inaudibly—the fastest train in the day, the midday express to the north.

Liz was over the stile and dashing along the bit of rough track which separated her from the embankment before the other two moved from behind the willows. Then Jack Summers turned suddenly pale.

"Good God!" he said. "She won't do it!" And he set off to follow her, while Rosetta watched them both with horror in her eyes.

Up the long grass of the embankment, through the tangling moon daisies and grass which hindered her, Liz fled, with steps that seemed to be winged, leaving Jack Summers' panting steps farther and farther behind. She tried to call, and she heard the man behind her shout to the child again and again. But the wind carried his voice away, as it carried away the roar and rattle of the engine gliding on in that fatal silence. The long length of the train was blotting out the blue sky now, and the little child in front of it, undisturbed, went on happily balancing himself in its path.

At last, as she reached the top of the embankment, a hoarse cry broke from Liz's lips, and Billy heard it. He turned joyfully, stretched out his arms, and prepared to run to her. Then he caught sight of the train, now close upon him, and stood, his childish form stiff with fright, rooted to the spot. Jack Summers saw Liz cross the metals, saw her catch up Billy and with all her strength fling him down the embankment. He caught the child, and then a sudden mist seemed to come before his eyes, and he could only see the face of the engine-driver as he stopped the train—too late.

. . . . .

Half an hour later he helped to carry what had been Liz over the scattered heap of moon daisies which she herself had gathered so short a time before, through the field track, and across the plank bridge, home. And three days later he, with his whole face working with emotion, made one of the four young men who carried the girl to her grave.

Liz's death had been, doubly, not in vain. She had saved Billy, and she had saved Rosetta too. Sobered and shaken and touched, as Liz's patient life might never have touched her, Liz's death showed Rosetta the truth. On the day of the funeral she told Woodbridge, with many sobs and tears, all the truth. He forgave her for Liz's sake —forgave her generously. And for Liz's sake, in the years that followed, Rosetta never gave him cause to regret that forgiveness.

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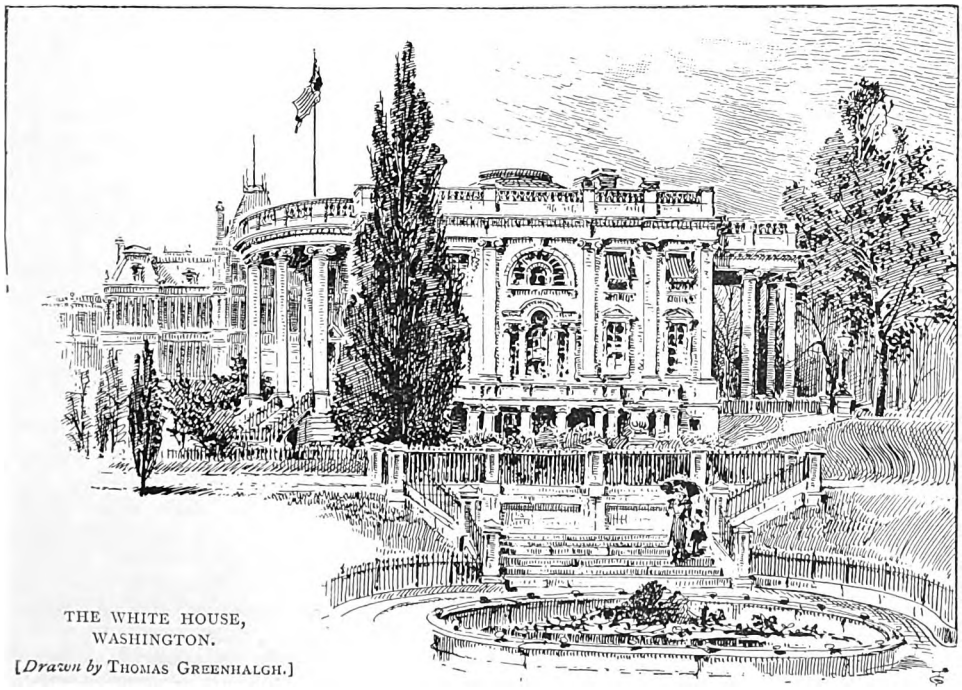
waves; but the average Briton is content to rule them in imagination, and becomes a shivering coward when he is invited to brave them. Yet the terrors are greatly exaggerated, and to a large extent imaginary. I have seen more sea-sickness and consequent suffering in one short passage across the English Channel than I have seen in all my several voyages to and from America. The mighty waves of the Atlantic are much more merciful than the choppy seas and irritating currents of narrower waters, and the vast power and capacity of the great Atlantic liners secure one both against the confined air and the incessant pitching and rolling which in smaller boats produce temporary martyrdom. There are people, indeed, who find a seven-days' voyage a long weariness and monotony even though they have none of that suffering to endure to which I have referred, but they are for the most part people whose eyes are never quite open, and whose minds are always vacant unless they have frivolities and excitements to occupy them. To me those days on a well-appointed steamer, and with one or two congenial friends, are days of unbroken enjoyment. The complete rest of mind and body, the health-giving air, the pleasant variety of incidents in the daily run, the chat with people whose travels have carried them to the ends of the earth, the study of character in the little world of human life on board, and the exhaustless wonders of the ocean, make up a holiday which, once enjoyed, is ever longed for again.

And I imagine that a good many who would cheerfully endure the voyage if that were all, are deterred by somewhat extravagant notions about the time and expense involved in the trip. The time can be as long as one pleases to make it. The American continent is so vast, that to traverse its whole extent, and see one half that is worth seeing, would require at least twelve months of incessant journeying; but it is possible to visit the main attractions in the eastern half of the States and Canada in one-sixth of that time. Last year I was just forty-two days out from leaving Liverpool until my return thither, and I touched at the principal eastern cities as far as Chicago, and spent a week in a hurried run through Canada. Much the same thing may be said of the cost. It is determined by one's tastes and requirements. A full purse can be as easily emptied in the United States as in any part of the world, and a moderate purse will carry one a long way with economy and a little knowledge of the country.

Railway fares are a trifle more than on this side the ocean, but on the best frequented



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.
[*Drawn by* THOMAS GREENHALGH.]

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roads they rarely much exceed two cents or a penny per mile, and journeys can very often be taken by steamboats, where time is of no importance, at much less than that rate. I travelled once more than a thousand miles on the great lakes for about forty shillings, inclusive of board for some seven days. The expenditure in hotels varies enormously. In the largest and most sumptuous of these establishments the charges are from five to ten dollars a day, but perfect comfort and a sufficiency of all things may be obtained in the less ambitious hotels for three or even two dollars. If one is content to lodge at these smaller houses, and to go intermediate on the steamers across, he will find that the cost of a six-weeks' trip is not greater than a Continental tour of equal duration, and can be accomplished for fifty or sixty pounds. The time of the year should determine the route taken. On my first journey I landed at Boston, and proceeded forthwith northward into Canada. It was the beginning of June; the winter was over, but the summer had not come, and day after day country place and city were immersed in a deluge of somewhat cold rain. The discomfort of those days will never be forgotten. They gave me an impression of our great Dominion which was altogether unfavourable, and equally unjust. I have seen Canada since in the glorious summer sunlight, and have learned to love it, as much as I do its people. If one's journey is taken in the spring or early summer, it is well to turn first southward, visiting New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and if possible Richmond, then west as far as Chicago, returning by the northern route through Canada. In all the first-named cities July and August are months of almost tropical heat, while in Toronto and Montreal they are perfect uninterrupted summer of that kind which reminds one of our happiest English days.

The great feature of American life, to a stranger's eyes at least, is its magnificent cities. They have nearly all a modern aspect, as need hardly be said, for they are comparatively new, and some of them have sprung up entirely within the present generation. There is nothing quaint about them, no touch of antiquity, and hardly the least trace of that delightful irregularity and complication of twists and turnings which are the puzzle of travellers in the old cities of the older world. Boston is the only American city which I have seen that has been built on the European plan of endless curves and intricate confusions. It owes its singularity to the fact that it came into existence before the American mind had reduced its house to order. Elsewhere the cities show one almost invariable design: their streets are laid out with the precision of the compass, due east and west, north and south. They are broad, perfectly straight, and run exactly parallel and at right angles to each other, and they are generally numbered rather than named, so that it is easy for a stranger to find his way to any part of a city and any house without making a single inquiry.

Nearly everywhere except in a few business centres, and sometimes even there, trees have been planted in regular order, and form noble avenues or boulevarts, in which, in some of the larger cities, one can walk or drive for endless miles; and it is impossible to go very far without coming to some elegant drinking fountain, or some more elaborate piece of statuary, which has been erected in honour of a national celebrity or notable citizen. There is hardly a city, great or small, without a number of these monuments reared to preserve the memory of men who have rendered service to the community; and one is made to feel at every turn, either that America is far more generous than we are in recognising its great men, or that each city has produced an extraordinary number of them. In the main business streets the buildings are impressive, not so much in the way of architectural beauty as by their vastness and sometimes stupendous height. Some of the stores and warehouses, particularly in Chicago, are of simply colossal magnitude, and tower up to twenty-four or more storeys. With the exception of some public municipal buildings, in which the artist has had full play, the most striking structures are the churches. All the denominations seem to have vied with each other in the endeavour to produce the most imposing effect; and nowhere is the wealth of the people more manifest than in the costliness of their sanctuaries. Fifty thousand pounds, or even twice that sum, is an ordinary estimate of the expenditure. Externally the churches are equally solid, massive, and ornate, and they are like the king's daughter, all glorious within.

Every city has its parks, with well-kept drives under shading trees, ornamental waters with fountains, flower-beds laid out with exquisite taste and preserved with endless labour; and in several of the larger cities, botanical and zoological collections of manifold variety. One welcome feature to a stranger visiting these cities is that everything

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A STREET IN NEW YORK.
[*Drawn by* THOMAS GREENHALGH.]

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is free and open to the public: one can go almost anywhere into parks and conservatories, and museums and national buildings, and Congress and Senate Houses, unchallenged by attendants, and with no chance of disbursing fees, however generously he may be disposed. Even the gardens in front of private houses are seldom railed off; they are open to the street, and one is free to tread their paths without hindrance. The tram car is universal—cable cars, horse cars, and electric cars. There is hardly a street without its iron rails. They are found in cities which we should call villages, where the population does not exceed three or four thousand. Indeed, the streets are usually so badly and unevenly paved, and produce such jolting in an ordinary vehicle, that if one wishes to ride he is forced to the cars as a matter of necessity. Cabs are few and far between, rarely used except by strangers, and the stranger does not often repeat the experiment. I paid nine shillings for my first cab ride in America, a distance of about one and a half miles. Since then I have thought it advisable to make a bargain before engaging; but the terms are always exorbitant to our ideas, however carefully one bargains. The cars, make a uniform charge of five cents (2½d.) for long and short distances alike; you may often go six or seven miles for that sum, either on the overhead railways or on the street cars, but if you only travel from one street to another it is just the same—five cents. And the Americans do not walk even the shortest distance if there is any possibility of avoiding it. It is a common thing to see ordinary labourers and domestic servants take the cars and pay the five cents for a journey from one block to another, a stretch of perhaps two hundred yards.

The cities which one ought to see in a tour of short duration are—Boston, with its fine churches and famous historical associations; New York, with all its sumptuous splendours, business activities, and wonderfully beautiful Central Park; Philadelphia, with its stately grandeur and picturesque surroundings; Washington, with its ample boulevarts, groups of national buildings, and noble Capitol. These are all on the eastern border, and distant from two to eight hours by railway from each other. Then nearly a thousand miles to the west lies the huge and ever-growing Chicago, which has sprung up within about sixty years from a small military fort to a city with a million and a half of people. It is built on the banks of Lake Michigan, in a position of great natural beauty; and art and wealth, combined with that, have made it perhaps the most attractive commercial city in the world. Day after day may be spent in driving through its interminable avenues and miles of parks, surveying the palatial residences of its magnates, and watching the innumerable ships which come in and go out on the huge inland seas. Here one may visit, if he is not afraid of being revolted by the sight and smell of blood, one of the great slaughtering and meat-packing establishments, which contribute largely to the wealth of the place; but one visit will satisfy him for ever. And here, too, may be seen to perfection the frenzied hurry, the wild feverish excitement of American commercial life. A visit to the Produce Exchange, and a sight of the wheat pit, with all their furious clamour and strained intensity, leave pictures on the mind, not beautiful indeed, but too impressive to be for ever afterwards erased. If time is of no great consequence, some of the smaller cities may be pleasantly visited by a lake steamboat from Chicago to Buffalo. The trip takes about seven days. The boats are fairly well appointed, and the food and sleeping accommodation, if not luxurious, sufficient for plain folk. The shore is for the most part flat, and very often no shore is visible because of the great expanse of waters; but the boat calls at every main city on the way, to take in and put off cargo, and at each place the passenger has several hours allowed on land. In this way the cities of Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, and many others may be touched, all of them interesting, and some of them, especially the three named, full of charming features.

Now, if a Canadian should happen to see what I have written thus far, he will exclaim, with an impatience which I have more than once heard expressed: "That is what all you English do—spend the whole of your time in the States, and forget your own fellow-subjects." The Canadians are jealous, as they perhaps ought to be, because they love the British connection, and there is no place in the world where a Briton receives a heartier welcome than in the great Dominion. One should by all means, then, visit at least Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec. Toronto is a sort of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh combined. It is the largest and the most prosperous of the Canadian cities, and certainly, to my mind the most beautiful, built as it is in a position which gives it singular advantages, with the hills looking down upon it, and the noble Lake Ontario at its feet. Here are all

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BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK.
[*Drawn by* THOMAS GREENHALGH.]

the schools and universities, for it is Canada's seat of learning. And here everything, except the climate and surroundings, is emphatically and intensely British. Montreal suffers in comparison both in the elements of cleanliness and prosperity. Half its people are French and Catholic, and their quarters are not inviting; but its Cathedral is worth a long journey to see, and its Mountain Park (crowning an ascent, as its name implies) commands a view of the valley of the St. Lawrence as lovely as it is extensive. One sees the broad river, and the region through which it flows, for a distance of thirty miles in either direction. Quebec is wholly French, and, alas! dirty. Yet one feels that it is a dear old place, in a land where nearly everything is new, and that it has a sort of fascination for an Englishman, because of the memorable part which it played in the great struggle for the possession of the American continent.

I have said nothing hitherto about the natural scenery of the country, nor is it possible to say much in this brief sketch. And in fact, unless one goes a long way west, there are few scenes to be compared with the best of those which we find in a comparatively short European trip. One must travel nearly three thousand miles from New York, and get among the giant peaks and tremendous gorges of the Rocky Mountains, before he comes to anything equal to Switzerland, or even surpassing our own mountain resorts. There are a few wonderful natural phenomena, known all over the world by name at least, such as Niagara and the "thousand islands" of the St. Lawrence, and there are picturesque rivers like the Hudson, and delightful hilly regions like the White Mountains, and inland waters that vie with our own, like Lake Champlain, all of which every visitor should endeavour to see. But the country as a whole, for at least fifteen hundred miles from the eastern coast, is too flat to lend itself to the grand or even to the picturesque; and some of the long journeys which one takes by rail become wearisome, from the monotonous stretch of uninviting landscape. The cities and the people are the great attraction; and unless the traveller has time and means to extend his tour towards the Pacific coast, he had better not go to America with the hope of having his eyes and imagination excited and charmed with nature's fairest aspects.

But, scenery or no scenery, everyone who is able to do it will find that he is well repaid for the time, labour, and expense involved in a trip to America.

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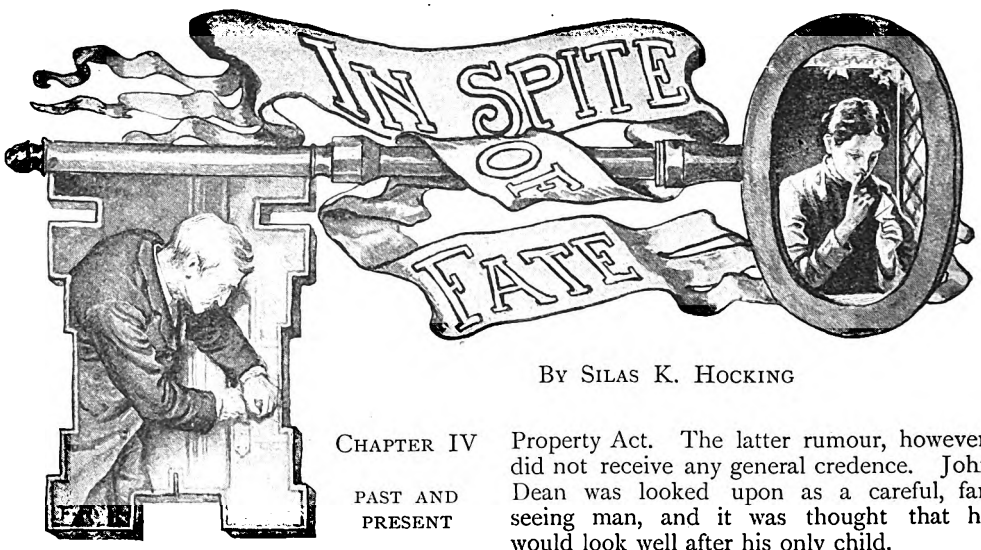

By Silas K. Hocking

Chapter IV

Past and Present

O youth, for ever fled and gone!
O joys beyond recall!

Amy Milward's story may be summarised in very few words. Nearly sixteen years had elapsed since she ran away from home to marry Arthur Milward, a young gentleman of somewhat handsome presence, but doubtful antecedents. He represented himself as an artist from London who was on a sketching tour through Cornwall. Poor Amy—who met him first while crossing some fields close to her home—fell in love with him at once. She was a simple country maid, without experience and without guile. She had no idea that people could be any other than what they represented themselves to be. She always spoke the truth herself, and fancied that everybody else did the same. And so when Arthur Milward made love to her, and promised her a beautiful home in London and a life of pleasure and gaiety, she believed all he said.

She was not happy in her own home. Her father was dead, and her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth, was a hard unsympathetic man, who ruled both her and her mother with a rod of iron. In the village of Stamer, and in the neighbourhood generally, Amy Dean was regarded as an heiress. It was said that her father had left all his property absolutely to her on the death of her mother; others said she would come into a share of it when she was twenty-one; while a further rumour declared that John Dean had willed all his property to his wife, and that she would be able to dispose of it as she liked, unless, of course, she married again,—in which case her property became her husband's, there being at that time no Married Women's Property Act. The latter rumour, however, did not receive any general credence. John Dean was looked upon as a careful, far-seeing man, and it was thought that he would look well after his only child.

It was a great surprise to most people when John Dean's widow married again. Isaac Pengarth was her late husband's first cousin, also his executor along with herself. Also, he was a widower with a nearly grown-up son.

In the Unicorn Inn at Stamer people discussed the turn of events for many months after, and wondered what the upshot would be. Speculation became rife again as to the manner in which John Dean had disposed of his property, and Amy's position as heiress was thought by some to be in considerable jeopardy.

Isaac Pengarth was known to be a man who lived only for money, nor was he particular, people said, by what means he came by it. Business men who knew him intimately roundly asserted that unless the provisions of John Dean's will were clear and explicit beyond all dispute, Isaac would in the end get the entire property into his own hands.

Amy never troubled herself about her father's property, nor did anyone take the trouble to enlighten her. But under her stepfather's stern rule she grew daily more unhappy. Her mother was a meek long-suffering woman, who surrendered everything for the sake of peace and quietness; consequently, Amy was able to extract very little help or comfort from her.

When she was eighteen her stepfather wanted her to marry his son Tom—a loosely-built narrow-browed clown. It was this, more than anything else, that drove her into the arms of Arthur Milward.

Milward gave ready ear to the stories that were in circulation respecting her prospective wealth, and made love all the more hotly in

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consequence. He had been looking about him for a considerable time for some easy way of retrieving his broken fortune; and this seemed the very thing.

Isaac Pengarth was furious when he went and asked for the hand of his stepdaughter, and, for a fortnight after, Amy was locked in her own room and not permitted to see anyone.

Love, however, will find a way And what love lacks, cunning will supply. Amy managed to escape, and the marriage was duly solemnised before they could be overtaken. For a few weeks she was happy enough, but gradually the truth began to dawn upon her. Her husband was not without ability, but he was idle and extravagant, and the dream of a fine house and a life of gaiety ended in a couple of ill-furnished rooms in a dingy street.

Amy summoned up courage at last to write to her mother, but no answer came. In truth, the letter never reached her mother. Isaac Pengarth made sure of that.

So the months dragged slowly away, and grew into years. Children were born, and sickened and died. Arthur Milward made one or two journeys into Cornwall to try to get some information respecting his wife's property. But he might as well have gone to the antipodes for any good that came out of it. The lawyer who drew up the will of John Dean was dead. Isaac Pengarth was practically sole executor; moreover, he was in possession. Milward bearded Isaac in his den, and began to threaten impossible things. But the appearance of Tom upon the scene quickly caused him to beat an ignominious retreat, and he did not visit Isaac again.

After many years had passed away, Mrs. Pengarth discovered Amy's address, and by much manœuvring managed to send her a hamper of things now and then. Poor woman, she had little opportunity of sending money, for her husband held the purse, and kept its strings always tight. But she did manage to make frocks and underclothing for the children, which she elaborated with needless labour, and wrought monograms in silk, which were sadly out of place.

But the clouds never lifted in the fortunes of the Milwards. Amy did her best, and took in sewing, and tried in various ways to supplement their scanty income; but when she had done her best, abject poverty still stared them in the face. She rarely blamed her husband. Her love made her blind to many of his faults. He was unfortunate; that was the all-sufficient explanation.

How he spent his time she never knew. Sometimes he went away for weeks on the stretch, but he always had a plausible excuse, and she gave him pity instead of blame.

At length there came a letter in a strange hand to say that her husband had been taken ill in a distant part of the country, and had died. And so, after a few days spent in mourning, she gathered what things she had together and sold them, and what she could not sell she pawned. Everything save what she and her two children stood up in was disposed of, and then the proceeds were only sufficient to pay for the long railway journey into Cornwall. They had to tramp all the weary distance to Paddington, and when they reached Penduloe Station, in Cornwall, another long tramp of nearly a dozen miles lay before them.

She did not know what sort of reception she would get. But her hope lay in her mother. Her stepfather, she knew, was hard and bitter and relentless, but there was just a possibility that even he, when he saw her and her children, would be moved to pity and would grant them succour. But if this failed, and he still turned his heart against them, she could not forget that she was her mother's own child, and that no stepfather had any right to separate them or keep them apart.

Yet, somehow, this thought did not give her very much encouragement or hope. She knew how helpless her mother was, how completely she was under the thumb of this man she had been foolish enough to marry.

It was, however, her last card. There was nothing but that or the workhouse. She did not talk much to her children during that long and weary journey. She did not know what the end would be, and felt that it would be cruel to buoy them up with hopes that might end in bitter disappointment.

Fifteen long years of want and poverty had taken away all her pride. She was prepared to go and kneel at the feet of her mother's husband; to be his servant, if needs be; to humble herself in any way he should desire. She had no spirit left. She had no strong desire to live. If she could only find a sanctuary for Eve and Jack, and be sure that they would be provided for, she would be content to die.

So she tramped through wind and rain till almost within sight of her home, and then without a struggle she passed out of life. She saw dimly her little Jack limp away from the shelter of Gideon's Chair, and then darkness came down upon her, and forgetfulness;

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and she knew no more till she awoke on the other side.

Had help come earlier, it is possible her life might have been saved. But it was not to be. It was only her body that the scared but kindly waggoners took to the workhouse at Polwhele. And the jury on the following day, with almost unseemly haste, returned an open verdict, and went their ways to their farms and merchandise, and forgot the matter as quickly as possible. It was only a tramp that had been found dead, and in their hearts they would not have been sorry if a few more of them shared a similar fate. In their judgment there were too many tramps by half roaming the country. They were a source of danger to respectable folk, and ought to be dealt with by the authorities.

Had they possessed imagination, or even an average measure of discrimination, they might have known that this thin sad-faced woman—whose abundant hair was still untouched with grey, and whose garments though poor and travel-stained were well and neatly made—was not an ordinary tramp. But they were not imaginative men, and the deputy-coroner, who was in a hurry, was glad to get the business through as quickly as possible. So the white comely face of the dead woman suggested no tragedy, awoke no interest, aroused no curiosity.

It was not so with the women who performed the last offices for the dead. They came across evidences of refinement, perhaps of better days, that astonished them—fine linen and embroidered garments, and monograms wrought in silk; then there was a battered locket with a thin chain of gold suspending it round the neck, and a curious ring on the second finger of the left hand.

They called the matron, and pointed out these things. And she, with a woman's keen intuition, saw in a moment that there might be a story behind. So she took possession of everything that might be of value, and carefully labelled them and locked them away.

Workhouses often see the culmination of life's most pitiful tragedies, and in their archives are records more wonderful than novelist's pen ever yet described.

So Amy Milward—the heiress, as people called her in her young days—was buried in a parish coffin, and in the paupers' portion of the bleak and windy cemetery, and no one guessed the secret that lay behind. She had no name. A stone with a number—555—was placed at the head of the grave. Could she have had her wish, she would have slept in Stamer churchyard with her father, and had her name chiseled below his in the granite obelisk that marked his resting-place. But the fates had otherwise decreed.

Yet her sleep was none the less sweet because she made her grave with the poor, and her memory none the less precious to her children because they did not know where she had been laid.

The day after she was carried out of the workhouse in her nameless coffin, Jasper Downderry drove up to the large iron gates that guarded the entrance—as he supposed, with little Eve. But he did not pass within.

Never did man's face betray greater perplexity than did Jasper's when he discovered that his cart was empty. For several minutes he seemed utterly unable to realise that the child had actually disappeared. It seemed utterly incredible.

He sat down at length on the edge of his vehicle and stared round him. He was not a rapid thinker at best, and a shock like this seemed almost to paralyse his brain.

Nero stood quite still, apparently glad of a rest after his long pull across Pentarnum Moors.

The first stage in Jasper's reasoning was that there was something uncanny, not to say supernatural, about the whole affair. This was the second time within a week that he had discovered that people were not where they ought to be. This child's mother could not be found when he went back to look for her, and now the child herself had been spirited away in some mysterious fashion, and in each case Pentarnum Moors had been the scene of the mystery.

Having got so far with his reflections, he began to wonder if Powell was in any way mixed up in the business. Powell walked the moors after nightfall, it was said, particularly when the weather was wild and stormy, and added his wail to the fierce hissing of the storm. But nobody had ever hinted that he prowled across the lonely reaches of heather in the daytime.

Then by a very easy transition Jasper's thoughts flew back to Crantock. His wife cared nothing about theories or speculations; all she concerned herself about was facts, and she would at once fasten upon the bare fact that the child was lost, and that he had lost her.

Jasper grew very hot and uncomfortable, and for once in his life he was strongly tempted to deceive his wife and tell a deliberate falsehood. It would be so easy to intimate that the workhouse authorities, in

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the exercise of their rights, claimed the custody of the child and refused to give her up. He knew that Leah would be quite unsuspicious. She was a practical woman, without imagination, and would ask no questions.

He raised his head and climbed back into his seat.

"Git up, Nero," he said to the horse. "We must git home again as soon as we can." And Nero pricked up his ears and trotted away at a most unusual pace

Jasper fell to thinking again. "Was a lie justifiable under any circumstances?" was the problem he set himself to solve. Had anyone asked him the question an hour earlier he would have answered readily enough that there were no circumstances which could possibly justify a man or a woman in departing from the truth. But somehow this afternoon, as he joggled away in the direction of Pentarnum Moors, he felt as though his moral equilibrium had been disturbed. Losing the child out of his cart had upset everything. His courage seemed degenerating into cowardice.

"SHE CAREFULLY LABELLED THEM AND LOCKED THEM AWAY."

He roused himself when he crossed the threshold of the moors, and began to look round him. If Powell had spirited the child out of the cart, she might be somewhere about, and he might secure her again.

His face brightened considerably at the thought.

"If I wance get hold on her again," he muttered to himself, "the Guardians may whistle. No more workhouse for the little maid. I shouldn't be surprised if losing her ain't a judgment on me for trying to take her there."

Nero toiled slowly enough across the moors, and Jasper kept a sharp look-out in all directions. He even paused once or twice and listened. But no childish voice mingled with the dreamy swish of the wind, no childish face showed itself on the great waste of furze and heather. If Powell had spirited her away, he had done his work all too successfully.

When the moor was crossed and the road began to dip on the other side, Nero seemed to get the smell of the corn-bin in his nostrils, and rattled down the incline at a pace that threatened to shake Jasper's teeth loose.

"Woa, Nero. Woa, old boy," Jasper said, holding the reins tightly. But Nero was deaf to all entreaties. He only shook his head defiantly, as though he meant to say, "You refused to put me up and give me a feed of corn at Polwhele, now I'll give you such a shaking up that you won't be likely to forget."

In a few minutes they left the highway and turned into the lane leading down to Crantock Farm.

Jasper's heart began to thump very uncomfortably. Never before had he been in such a dilemma. To tell a lie seemed a very terrible thing. To confess that he had lost a child was not less terrible in its way. "Lord! what shall I do?" he muttered pitifully.

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The next moment his heart seemed to stop, for he saw his wife advancing to meet him with rapid strides.

CHAPTER V

NEVER AGAIN

I oped the door, not knowing why,
And lo! an angel came.

NERO appeared to feel that there was something in the wind, for he slackened his pace suddenly, and as his mistress drew near came to a full stop. Leah Downderry was evidently in a state of considerable excitement. Her eyes shone with unusual lustre, and a pink spot glowed on either cheek.

"Jasper," she said sharply, "where on earth have 'ee been all this time?"

"Where've I been?" he exclaimed, getting on the defensive in a moment. "What do 'ee ax a question like that for? You know well enough where I've been."

"How'm I to know where a dreamin' seven-sleeper like you'll turn up at?" she asked cynically. "I know where you meant to go."

"And I've been," he said doggedly.

"All the way to Polwhele?"

"Of course! Where else should I go?"

She laughed harshly. "And where's the little maid?" she demanded.

"The little maid?" he said in confusion. "The little maid is where she ought to be."

"She is, is she?"

"Of course she is."

"And where's that?"

"Now look here, Leah, what's the use of all this pratin'? Did you expect me to bring her home again?"

"Yes, I did; but I see you haven't."

"No, I haven't; and ain't that sufficient to satisfy you?"

"No, Jasper, it isn't. I want to know how you lost her."

"Lost her?" he exclaimed, with wide-open eyes. "Left her, you mean!"

"Jasper, how dare you? Will you try to deceive your wife, and you a professor? I want to know how you lost her?"

"Who said I'd lost her?" he cried angrily.

"I said so," she answered.

"Then, if that be so," he said, in a sudden flash of intuition, "what I want to know is, who's found her?"

"Ay, you may well ask," she answered. "But if anything serious comes of her tumble, what's to become of you?"

"Look here, Leah," Jasper said, with a sudden return to his natural meekness, "I don't see no use of beatin' about the bush in this way. Let's have it all out at once."

"Hold up Nero's head, then, while I get into the cart," she said. "Poor old horse, he's had a long tramp for nothing."

"He's getting a bit hungry," Jasper answered meekly.

"And to think you never found out that the little maid was gone!" she interjected as Nero trotted away once more.

"I thought she had tumbled asleep," he said meekly.

"Instead of which she tumbled out of the cart," was the reply.

"But when or where?" he asked.

"Goodness knows," she answered. "You'd been gone the best part of an hour when we fancied we heard a child crying up the lane. Susan ran out in a moment, and I after, and such a sight we saw as you never."

"Why, what did 'ee see?" he asked, breathing hard.

"Susan nearly fainted," she went on, without heeding his question, "and I got quite a turn. She'd cut her head, which was bleeding terribly, and had rubbed it all over her face, and oh, she was such an object!"

"And is she better now?" Jasper asked anxiously.

"I left her sleeping when I came out. Susan and I have doctored her as well as we could. I reckon she lay for a long time senseless before she began to cry."

"She ain't broke no bones, I hope?" Jasper questioned, with a sigh.

"No, I don't think so; though the wonder is she didn't break her neck. Think of her tumbling out of a cart!"

"I wonder how she did it?" he questioned, with a distant look in his eyes.

Leah turned round and looked at the cart, full to the brim with straw.

"As easy as fallin' off a chair," she said as if speaking to herself.

Jasper gave a great sigh, but made no further remark. He was strangely perturbed. The events of the afternoon had upset him terribly. His feelings had been so shaken up that he was unable to sort them out. He was very miserable and very happy at one and the same time.

"I might have known," Leah reflected after a long pause. "You always fall to dreamin' when you be alone. The next time I'll go with you."

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"The next time?" he questioned dubiously.

"Ay, I'll not trust 'ee to take her a second time."

"Take her where?" he asked quickly.

"Why, to the workhouse, to be sure."

He turned a pained face on her in a moment.

"Look here, Leah," he said, "that little maid 'll be taken to the workhouse never no more. You hear that. Never no more."

"Do you mean"—

"Yes, I mean what I say. I vowed when I was looking for her on Pentarnum Moors, that if I ever found her again, I'd keep her. God gived her to us, Leah, and we ain't going to let her go."

"She's a dear little maid," Leah remarked after a pause.

"She ain't got no mother," he said, a mist coming up before his eyes. "Very likely she ain't got no father neither, or the poor woman would not be there alone."

"I'm very willing to keep her," his wife answered. "She'll brighten the house up wonderfully. But what will the Guardians say if they get to know?"

"The Guardians be hanged!" he snapped, as Nero pulled up at the garden gate. "Here, Charley," he called, "give Nero a good rub down," and, without waiting to help his wife out of the cart, he rushed into the house and up the stairs into the bedroom where the child lay sleeping.

"She looks like a little angel," he muttered, and two tears rolled down his brown weather-beaten face.

She was breathing very quietly and regularly. Her rosebud lips were just a little apart, showing two rows of tiny pearls; her left chubby hand lay upon the coverlet.

"I don't think she's very much hurt," he muttered to himself at length. "But oh, Lord, if she'd broken her neck, what should I have done?" and he shuddered visibly.

Then he laid his hard rough palm on her white soft hand—very gently and very tenderly, for he was afraid of waking her.

"No, she ain't very hot, either," he reflected. "I reckon the Lord only meant to frighten me a bit. But, oh dear, it might have been a tragedy."

When he came downstairs his face had considerably brightened, and in his heart pleasure had nearly crowded out the pain.

"Keep your ears open, Leah," he said, "she may wake up any minute;" and he went and joined Charley in the stable.

Eve did not wake till long after the short November day had closed, and then she seemed little the worse for her accident. Leah, however, persuaded her to stay in bed till morning, promising to sit by her side and tell her stories while she kept awake, and offering as a further inducement a piece of bread and cream for supper.

Jasper came up after he had finished his outdoor work, and sat on the foot of the bed. Leah was in the midst of a very long story, which related chiefly to the wonderful exploits of the mythical Tregeagle; and Eve, with wide-open eyes, was drinking it all in with manifest delight.

Jasper watched the child's delighted face with a strange sensation in the region of his heart. Until this afternoon he had regarded the little waif as a foundling, to be given up at any moment. Now he looked upon her as his own. He felt that she was God's gift to him. He had nearly lost her. But God had been kind, and he did not know how to express his gratitude.

As soon as Leah had finished her long recital, he edged himself considerably nearer, and lapsing into broad vernacular, as he had a habit of doing on occasion, he said—

"An' 'ow be 'ee feelin' now, little maid? Be 'ee nearly all right again, soas?"

"I'm not a little maid," she answered stoutly.

"No?" he questioned wonderingly. "What be 'ee, then, my little dear?"

"I'm a little girl," she replied.

"Oah iss, so you be, my dear," he answered, with a plaintive smile. "But we do call 'em all maidens down this way. You be up-country, I reckon?"

But this remark was evidently beyond Eve's comprehension. For several seconds she looked at him with a puzzled expression in her eyes; then she said, "I reckon you're a very funny man."

"Do'ee really think so?" he said, a broad grin spreading itself slowly over his face. "Well, I b'lieve I be. A terrible funny man. But bless 'ee, my little dear, I do main well.'

"But why do you speak such funny words?" she asked.

"Oh, laws, don't 'ee think I'm spaikin' fitty, my little dear? Es ut that as is makin' ov 'ee look so wisht like?"

"What's 'wisht'?" she asked.

"Lawks sake, now, don't 'ee knaw what wisht is? Why, bless yer little heart! Wisht, my dear, why, wisht is wisht, to be sure."

"Is it?" she said innocently, a bewildered look coming into her eyes.

He burst out laughing now at his own

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stupidity. "I be makin' a terrible coadle of it, my dear," he said. Then turning to his wife he said, "You tell her, Leah, what 'wisht' is."

Mrs. Downderry was not without education, and often prided herself on her ability to steer clear of the Cornish dialect, though her success was much less in fact than in fancy. Jasper, on the contrary, loved the Cornish speech; there was a rhythmic music in it that soothed him like a psalm. And the quaint lilting words had a meaning in them that no other words possessed. In his tender moods, when he wanted his speech to be endearing, he always lapsed into expressive vernacular.

Leah, being appealed to, set herself to the task immediately and with a full amount of dignity.

"You must know, my dear, that it isn't a proper word," she said; "but it's made to do duty in Cornwall for a lot of words. For instance, if the weather is very dismal, they say it's wisht weather; and if people look ill, they say they look very wisht; and if people feel sad or lonely, they say they feel very wisht; and if the fire is nearly out, they say it's a wisht fire; and if a house is bare of furniture, they say it's a wisht house"—

"Oh, that will do, please," Eve interrupted. "I'd very much rather have a story."

After that, Jasper stole downstairs, and joined Charley over a pipe in the big kitchen chimney.

Later in the day, when all the others were in bed and the house was hushed and still, save for the wind that now and then rumbled in the chimney, Jasper sat before the fire alone. His face bore evidence of deep thought, and his mild eyes had a pained and anxious expression in them.

At length he slipped off his chair and fell on his knees.

"O Lord," he said in tones of deep distress, "I know I'm a terrible sinner. I as near as nothing told a thumping big lie, and if Leah hadn't out with it in the nick of time there's no knowing what I should have said. Do forgive me, Lord, and I'll fight the lying spirit as I've never done."

This petition he repeated many times, and with many variations; after which he stole silently to bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Jasper was a brighter man after that day. He dreamed less and laughed more. A new interest had come into his life, a new chord had been touched in his heart, a new music sounded in his home.

He racked his memory for all the stories that he had ever heard that he might entertain his little maid during the long winter evenings; and so well did he succeed, that she became as fond of him as he was of her. She would hail the lighting of the lamp with genuine pleasure, and fetch his slippers sometimes an hour before they were wanted. For a week or two she asked constantly for her mammy and Jack. Leah always evaded her questions. But one evening Jasper—after thinking the matter out very carefully during the day—took her upon his knee and told her all he knew.

"Your mammy," he said, "is gone away to a beautiful country, where it is never cold, and the people are never hungry nor sad, and the city has golden streets, and everybody is happy all day long."

"And will she be coming back soon?" the child asked, with wondering eyes.

"Not very soon," he answered; "but you will go to her some day. She'll be looking out for you, and she'll love you a terrible lot when you meet again."

"Shall I go to her to-morrow?" Eve asked eagerly.

"Not so soon as that, I hope," he said, pressing her more closely to him. "I don't want you to go away yet. I want you to stay here with me a long long time."

"Couldn't I come back again if I went?" she asked.

"You wouldn't want to come back again," he answered evasively. "It's such a beautiful place that folks who go never want to come back again."

"Oh, but *I* should want to," she said stoutly.

"You may think so now, dearie," he answered; "but you would not think so when you got there. Folks are so happy there, that they never want to come back to the wind and rain and cold and hunger that we've got here."

"And is mammy very happy?"

"Yes, she's happier than she ever was before."

Eve shook her head dubiously. "I don't think she can be happy without me," she said.

"Oh yes," Jasper answered eagerly; "she knows where you are, and that you're well taken care of, and that you'll be coming to her some day."

"I'd like to go to her soon," Eve answered, with trembling lip.

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"THE WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF THE MYTHICAL TREGEAGLE."

"Oh, my purty little dear, don't talk in that way," Jasper answered, with a choking in his throat. "You surely don't want to leave us so soon?"

"You're very nice, though you be so funny," was the ingenuous reply; "but you're not like mammy."

"No, dearie, that's true," he answered sadly. "But we'll try to be very kind to 'ee, all the same. You see, we ain't got any little boys and maidens of our own."

"Mammy had only me and Jack," she said. "Is Jack with mammy in the beautiful place?"

"I've not heard, my dear. Is Jack bigger than you?"

"Oh yes, Jack is very big. He's seven."

"Oh, indeed! I fancy he'll be turning up to look for you some of these days."

"If you see him you'll bring him here, won't you?"

"That I will, dearie. I'll be on the look-out for him every day till he comes."

After that she was silent for a long time. The fire of logs crackled on the hearth in the big open chimney, and the wintry wind grumbled and rumbled round the corners of the house. Leah and Susan were bustling about getting supper ready, and Charley had gone out to take a last look at the horses and cattle.

Eve pressed her golden head more closely against Jasper's doe-skin waistcoat, and looked with dreamy eyes into the fire. She felt very happy without knowing it. She was too young to analyse her feelings—too young for sorrow to strike very deeply. She still wanted her mammy and Jack, but she no longer felt lonely or terrified. She had no wish to go away from Crantock. If Jack and her mother would only come to her, her cup of joy would be full.

Jasper watched her with a tender pathetic light in his eyes, and wondered at the beauty of her hair and the rose bloom on her cheeks. She seemed to him to grow more beautiful every day, and every time she spoke he discovered a new tone of music in her voice.

Leah looked at him once or twice as she passed, and smiled to herself in a superior sort of way. She was not emotional herself, or given to sentiment. She was kind in her way, and always ready to do a friendly act, but there was nevertheless a touch of hardness in all she did and said.

She could not understand her husband. The advent of Eve seemed to reveal him in a new light.

"The master's going quite totelish over the little maid," she said to Susan.

"He's terrible fond of her," Susan remarked sententiously. "But, then, who can

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wonder? She's better'n a canary in the house."

So the long winter evenings sped away like a dream. Jasper was always eager to get his work done, that he might sit by the fire with Eve on his knee and tell her stories, and see the light sparkle in her eyes and glow in her golden hair.

No one came to Crantock to inquire after her; no paragraph appeared in the papers respecting a missing child. A story was circulated in Stamer that the Downderrys had adopted a little maid—a relation, it was assumed; but nobody wondered greatly, and such wonder as there was died away before Christmas.

Jasper kept his ears open for any intelligence of Jack, but no whisper ever reached him. He often wondered what could have become of the lad. For Eve was always emphatic about her brother. But wondering did not solve the problem. As the winter wore away and grew into spring, Eve talked less and less about him. The old life was slowly fading from her memory. The present seemed the only reality, the past was but as a dream.

CHAPTER VI

A FRUITLESS QUEST

Our life is free as summer air,
Our home is here or anywhere.

MEANWHILE Jack was slowly recovering from a long and trying illness—an illness that at one time gave no hope of recovery, and which made Sam Lazarus wish a hundred times over that he had never bothered with the boy at all, but had taken him at once to the workhouse.

For a day or two after they left Pentarnum Moors he rallied wonderfully, and Ogla Lazarus imagined that he would be as well as ever in a few days. But an unexpected relapse dashed her hopes to the ground, and tore open afresh the wound caused by the death of her little Ben.

Sam Lazarus swore unreasonably, and threatened impossible things, and yet in his heart he was afraid to acquaint the authorities with the fact that he had a sick lad in his caravan, lest he should be asked questions that he would find difficult to answer.

Arrived at Stonehouse, they found themselves in a little colony of caravan people, who gave them a boisterous welcome, and noisily commiserated with them in their troubles.

After considerable manœuvring and rearranging of families—for these people did not believe in renting more tenements than were necessary—a separate room was found for Jack, and a larger one adjoining was given up to Sam and his wife.

Jack was too ill to notice the communal spirit that existed among these people. He did not inquire where he was. He did not care. He had only one desire, and that to be left alone. He sometimes thought of his mother and little Eve, and wondered if they had reached their destination. But he could not trouble about them. He was too far spent for that; he tried to persuade himself that they were all right, and that if he got better he would be able to discover them without very much difficulty.

Dr. Jonas, a clever surgeon, but a terrible rake, came to see him every day, and under his ministrations—after what seemed an interminable period—he began to mend. But the tide of life had ebbed so far that it was very slow in coming back again.

When the days, however, began to lengthen in the new year, he took a decided turn for the better, and by the end of March he seemed as well as ever, and was certainly two inches taller than when his illness commenced.

And now arose the question again: What was he to do? During all the winter the little colony of gipsies had been kept busy. The women manufactured mats and slippers and chairs. The men made brushes and pans, and varied their labours with a little horse-jobbing, and occasionally indulged in other occupations that they never alluded to except in a jargon that Jack could not understand.

On the whole, he was not unhappy amongst these people. Ogla Lazarus was distinctly kind to him; and even Sam condescended to speak pleasantly when he discovered that the boy could be of use to him. Nor were the other members of the little colony unpleasant people to live with. They manifested an amount of neighbourliness and goodwill toward each other that, young as he was, impressed him very forcibly.

But all the while his heart was with his mother and little Eve. He wanted to find them, if possible. He was not ungrateful for the kindness he had received, but he pined for the dear faces that he had not seen for so long a time.

The colony was getting ready for its spring

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exodus. Caravans were got out and re-varnished; internal fittings were overhauled and repaired. Stock was taken of the goods that could be exposed for sale, and an air of pleasurable excitement was observable in all directions. In a week or two at most all the able-bodied ones would be on the wing. The aged and infirm would have to remain behind. Children once more dreamed of green fields, and breezy commons where the gorse flamed and the heather hummed in the summer wind. Youths and maidens pictured pleasant evenings in quiet lanes, and whispered talks in the glow of the camp-fires. The older people had their eye on the fairs, and speculated on the chances of a good season.

Jack caught the general contagion. He was as eager to be on the move as any of them. The sooner they got away the sooner he would find his mother and Eve. As yet he had no inkling of their fate. For some reason or other the Lazaruses hesitated to tell him that his mother was dead. It was the middle of April before they left the grimy slums of Stonehouse, and then, instead of turning their steps westward, they struck out for the north; then they travelled eastward, then turned their faces to the south, then back again to the north. So during six months they zigzagged about over a considerable portion of the county of Devon, following the fairs mostly, and in slack times doing what business they could in the villages.

Jack was taught how to split willows and plait them, how to sort bristles for brush-making, how to stitch mats and hearthrugs, and even how to get things without the necessity of paying for them. Some of these latter transactions puzzled him very considerably. But Ogla Lazarus always had a ready answer to his queries. She never let him suppose that he was doing anything that was not strictly honest. She was clever enough to see that the teaching of his childhood could not be set aside suddenly, but she had no doubt that in a few months he would fall into their gipsy ways and methods without question and without compunction.

Her ethical standard was not a very exalted one. The community to which she belonged had certain rude notions of honour, which they observed strictly among themselves. They would not cheat each other, or steal from each other. On the contrary, they helped each other all they could.

But all outside they regarded as fair game. When they started on their travels truth was no more to be considered, policy became the rule of their life. To get all they could was their purpose and aim. The means to be employed had no moral significance with them whatever. These were the best means that best served their purpose.

Jack had been taught to say his prayers every evening before he went to bed, and to regard God as an all-pervading presence, who saw all he did and heard all he said, and whose will and word were to be considered before everything else. But all this gradually fell into the background. God's name was never mentioned by Ogla Lazarus, and Sam only used it as a name to swear by.

So with his prayers. He was allowed to pray if he liked. No one discouraged him, but on the other hand no one sympathised with him. To say his little prayer at the knee of his mother was very different to praying alone in the dark. He was too young to reason, but all the same he felt that the woman who in every way treated him kindly, looked upon praying as so much childish nonsense. So it happened that sometimes he was too tired to pray, and sometimes he forgot, and so gradually the force of habit lost its hold upon him, and praying mingled only with his dreams of other and earlier years.

Nearly every day during their wanderings to and fro Jack kept hoping that they would alight on Pentarnum Moors. He thought he would be certain to recognise the lonely stretch of gorse and heather if once his eye lighted upon it. He did not know its name; but he remembered there was a clump of holly-trees by the roadside which his mother called Gideon's Chair. That spot was indelibly fixed upon his memory. If he lived for a hundred years, he felt certain that he would never forget it. He had seen it in his dreams scores of times since, and was constantly picturing it in his waking moments. There might be other stretches of moorland so similar that his eye might be cheated. But he felt sure there was only one Gideon's Chair; and if he could but find that, he imagined it would be easy to find the dear ones he had left in its shelter.

One day as the summer began to decline, and the dog-days rendered the valleys uncomfortably hot and oppressive, they found themselves on the edge of Dartmoor. Jack ran on before the caravan in a state of great excitement, and as his eye caught glimpses of the wild, boulder-strewn, storm-swept upland his spirits rose to shouting point.

"Oh, Lala," he exclaimed, "we've got to the place at last!" Why he called her

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Lala no one knew. It was a name that grew during his long illness, but neither he nor anyone else could explain its genesis.

"Got where?" she called after him.

"To the place where I left mother and Eve. Don't you think it is?"

"No, I don't think it's the same place," she answered slowly. "It may be something like it."

"Oh, I reckon it's the same," he said resolutely. "Only, I don't see any trees about just yet."

"Anyhow, you'll have time to look around," she said encouragingly. "We'll stay here a few days, very likely."

At that he came back to her side. "I don't see anything to stay here for," he answered. "There's scarcely a house anywhere."

"But there's plenty of heath for brooms," she replied.

"I'd like to find Gideon's Chair," he said musingly.

"But you don't suppose your mother's been there ever since, do you?"

"No; but don't you see, Lala, I should know I was in the right place?"

"But she may have got miles away by this—hundreds of miles."

"I don't think she would," he answered, with a distant look in his eyes. "She'd stay to look for me."

"Perhaps you'll meet again some day," the woman answered after a long pause. "Who knows"—

"Oh, I reckon we shall," Jack answered cheerfully, "but it's a terrible long time."

Jack was an optimistic soul in the main. Now and then he had his dark days like other people. But it is the nature of healthy childhood to be hopeful. Moreover, the keen edge of his grief and loss was unconsciously wearing away. He couldn't be always thinking of his mother and Eve. In the main, he was kept so busy that there was little time left him for repining.

It generally happened also that when they settled down in any place for a lengthened stay they were joined by two or three other caravans. This made things considerably more pleasant. Fresh company gave a new interest to life. The evenings lost their feeling of loneliness. Some of the caravans almost swarmed with children, and so games could be indulged in until the darkness came down and prevented further play.

They remained on the slope of Dartmoor for over a fortnight, and were joined by three other families. In the valleys the heat was oppressive, but on this high plateau the air was always fresh and generally cool.

Jack made long excursions, whenever he had the opportunity, in search of Gideon's Chair. Sometimes he went alone, but more frequently he had company. In the small colony was a little girl of some four years of age that Jack took a great fancy to. She reminded him of his lost sister Eve in many things. She was fair—not so fair as Eve, but remarkably fair for a gipsy. She was better formed also than the other children—straighter and lither of limb, and less "dumpy," as he expressed it And then she had a winning smile, that won Jack's heart. Moreover, she showed a decided liking for his company, and that completed and cemented the friendship. Jack had often played with her during the previous winter at Stonehouse. And so, when after four months of wandering, the Banfyldes joined the Lazaruses on the slopes of Dartmoor, Jack felt that he had some compensation for not finding Gideon's Chair.

Jack was four years older than Pearl, and so felt himself to be her natural protector. She was too young yet to be taken into his confidence; she would not understand things if he tried to explain them to her. He did one day give her a hint or two respecting his past history, but she did not appear to comprehend him. But in his superior kind of way he reflected that she would grow better of that as she got older. What could be expected of anyone who was only four years old?

But there was no denying one thing—Pearl was exceedingly pretty, and was unlike any other little girl in their community; and since she showed him more favour than she showed to any other boy, he felt decidedly happy, and not a little proud, when he and Pearl were together.

He did not, however, like the other members of her family. There were two other girls, older than Pearl, and not so fair—girls with low brows and dark cunning eyes, like their father. He heard something once about a brother, much older than the girls, but where he kept himself Jack did not know. He made inquiries once, but he got no answer.

There did not seem to be much love lost either between Pearl and her sisters. As a matter of fact, they had nothing in common; and though they did not often quarrel, they very rarely played together.

With her father and mother, however, Pearl seemed to be the favourite. If any-

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thing ailed her, she got twice the amount of attention that either of the others would. Perhaps it was that she looked delicate, and they were afraid that she might die. Perhaps the fact that she was the baby explained it. Anyhow, Pearl was very well treated on the whole, and generally appeared as happy as a child could be.

Jack had a happy time, as a rule, on the slopes of Dartmoor, notwithstanding his disappointment in not finding Gideon's Chair. The free outdoor life suited his mood, and brought health and vigour to his frame. It was an unmixed delight to lie on the scented heather and watch the flies dancing in the air, and listen to the soft lullaby of the wind.

One day, in taking a long ramble alone, he came in sight of Princetown and the gloomy walls of the great convict settlement. He did not know the name of the place, nor what those forbidding walls meant; but he felt that this was not the neighbourhood in which he had left his mother. He was on the wrong track, and, with a little sigh, he began to retrace his steps, feeling in a much more sober mood than when he set out.

That evening, as he sat in the mouth of their tent, leaning his head against a small pyramid of heather brooms, he was arrested by the sound of voices near him.

"I've watched the gangs going and returning from their work for days," Dick Banfylde was saying, "but he isn't among 'em. If I could see him I'd look hope into his eyes, and signal in a way he'd understand."

"But Bill isn't the sort to funk or lose heart," Sam Lazarus answered.

"No, but fifteen years make an awful hole in a lifetime."

"That's true. But time slips quickly; the best part of three years has gone already."

"Well, well," Banfylde answered moodily, "one comfort we have, we don't suffer for naught. Revenge is sweet, and the vendetta of a Banfylde may travel slow as a snail, but it is as sure as death."

"HE'LL KNOW TORTURE WORSE THAN DEATH."

"It wasn't slow in thy case, Dick," Lazarus answered, with an abrupt laugh. "Why, in less than six months you made him suffer in the tenderest part."

"Ay, and he's suffering still. But it's only the beginning. Provided nothing happens to the maid, he'll know torture worse than death."

"It's a very ingenious plot of thine," Sam answered meditatively.

"Ay, and the fates have been favourable. She's branded in a way that there's no mistaking, and no other bairn has come to the big house to take her place."

"All in good time yet," Lazarus laughed.

"Perhaps so. But a Banfylde doesn't often fail in what he's set his heart on. We're a decayed family, but the new alliance will put us on a fresh footing."

Sam Lazarus laughed hoarsely. "A lot

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thou cares about any fresh footing," he grunted.

"But it will be a sweet morsel, nevertheless," Banfylde answered in a tone of triumph. "Think of it, man: a daughter of the ancient house of Treherne the mother of gipsies."

"I'll think of it when it's a fact," Sam answered.

"Fact, man! The stars don't lie. And that which is written in the book of fate must be. Bill, after his long captivity, will rejoice in a bride with skin so fair, and eyes blue as heaven itself."

"But the maid may object. Girls like, as you know well, to choose for themselves."

"That may be, Lazarus; but she's not of the stubborn sort. Besides, if she were, how's she to help herself? We're bound by no Ten Commandments when ends are to be gained, and there are more ways of killing a dog than choking him with butter. Don't you make any mistake. The Banfyldes are not often caught napping, and when they are it is not they who suffer most." And he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and turned into his own tent.

Jack lay awake for a long time that night thinking of what he had heard; but he could make nothing out of it. He did not know who they had been talking about, and he was too young to splice the disjointed threads of conversation into a connected story.

For several days after, bits of the conversation haunted him, and he wondered once or twice if the talk in any way referred to Pearl; but if suspicion had been aroused in his mind, he saw nothing to confirm it, and after a few weeks it gradually faded from his memory.

But, though memory hides, she does not lose. Unremembered things are not forgotten. There came a day in Jack Milward's life when the whole of that conversation woke fresh and clear in his mind—when he stood with white face and clenched hands and teeth as though a tidal wave had swept over him, and there crept into his soul a great horror such as he had never known before.

(To be continued.)

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

We walkt in early Eden prime—
A man and woman, side by side,
And, somehow, one had lightly scoffed,
And, somehow, one had lightly lied.
So anger held our lips in chain,
And choice was weak. Now wish is vain.
But, oh, if then we had only heard
The sound of one unuttered word!

We saw the desert stretch before
The briars and the thorns were there.
How deep within our bosom throve
Worse poisoned thorns to prick and tear.
Still, still, our lips would give no room
To that which hid in heart's cold gloom.
But, oh, if then we had only heard
The sound of one unuttered word!

Hand loosed from hand. We walkt apart.
The way was hard—the wounds were sore
Our distance widened with our days,
And still we both dumb burdens bore.
Neither would speak—too proud, alas,
We out of sight began to pass.
But, oh, if then we had only heard
The sound of one unuttered word!

Alone I travelled till, at last,
I climbed a Hill and found a Cross—
A Cross with blood-marks crimson stained:
Some whisper spoke of gain through loss.
I wondering stood for some short space,
There was strange healing in the place.
It toucht my dumb, dead soul—God heard
The sound of that unuttered word!

Old lives and states are passed away—
First Eden vanisht to a name.
But now the frozen will and heart
Are melted by an interior flame.
It burns all sullenness away,
Deceit and pride they cannot stay.
And some day we shall both be stirred
To hear at last the unuttered word!

ALFRED NORRIS.

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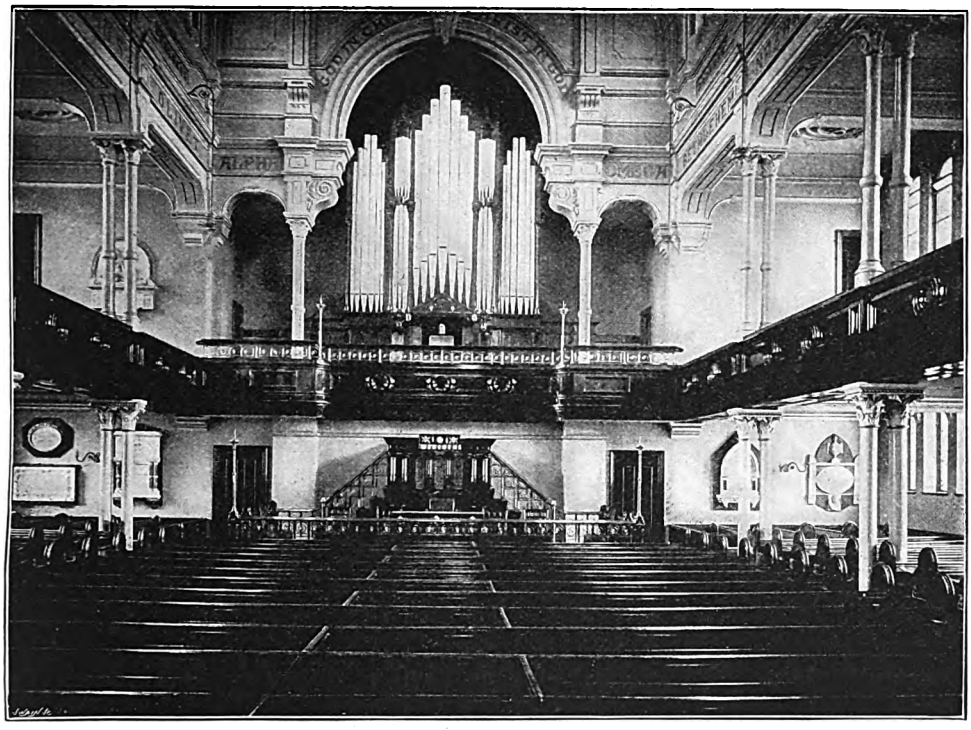

INTERIOR OF DR. BERRY'S CHURCH.

[*From a Photo by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

CHURCHES THAT LIVE AND MOVE

II.—QUEEN STREET CHURCH, WOLVERHAMPTON

DR. C. A. BERRY is one of the few brilliant young ministers who have had the courage to keep out of London. His steadfast adherence to Queen Street Church, Wolverhampton, cannot, however, be attributed to the absence of any temptations to transfer his ministry to other alluring spheres. Very few ministers have declined more tempting calls than Charles Albert Berry. He might have been Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales when Dr. Hannay died, but prior to that he had respectfully declined an invitation to succeed Henry Ward Beecher at Brooklyn. At a later date he was pressed to accept the pastorate of Brixton Independent Church, one of the largest and most influential Congregational churches in South London, and was twice invited to fill the pulpit of Samuel Martin at Westminster. To these and many other overtures Dr. Berry has always turned a deaf ear, and the suspicion has become a conviction that no allurements will inveigle him away from Wolverhampton. The reason is not far to seek. The mantle of the late Dr. Dale has fallen on the shoulders of Dr. Berry, whose influence on the religious life of the Midlands compares with that of any bishop in his diocese.

Queen Street Church, Wolverhampton, is an excellent example of the Congregational system at its best. It is a church which proves the possibility of combining solidarity and elasticity under the Congregational polity. Queen Street Church both lives and moves. Its life is full and vigorous, and its auxiliaries comprehensive and numerous. It is, in fact, the centre of a network of activities of an almost unique and certainly a remarkable character. Apart altogether from general home organisations, Queen Street Church is a religious motor whose generated power is transmitted through all the villages around Wolverhampton. No fewer than eight Home missions are manned, and to a great extent maintained, by this church. Six of the stations or branch churches are in outlying villages; the other two are in poor districts in the town.

There is nothing nominal about the con-

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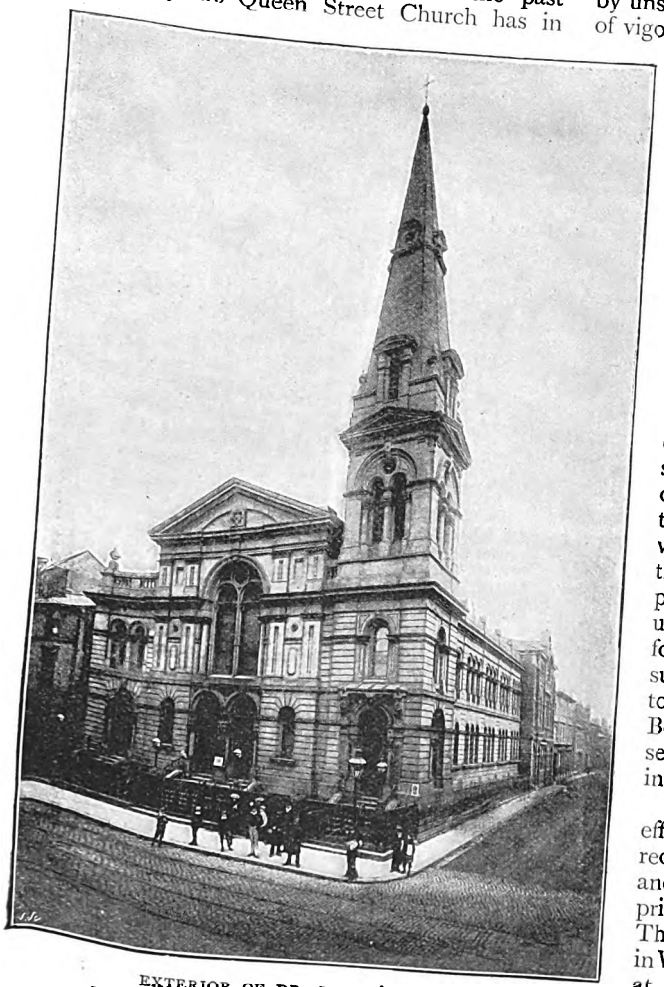
nection of Queen Street Church with these outlying branch churches. It is a close and vital connection, both in the matter of finance and responsibility. To each branch the parent church appoints representatives, who with the lay preachers' meeting, consisting of pastors, deacons, superintendents, and preachers, are responsible for the management of the branch churches. The supply of all the pulpits also falls upon Queen Street Church, whose lay preachers number thirty-three. The system upon which the branch church pulpits are supplied bears strong resemblance to the well-known itinerancy of the Wesleyan Methodist body. A plan is drawn up every June, allotting to each lay preacher his work for the whole year. By this arrangement every church has a different preacher almost every Sunday of the year. For the past seventy years Queen Street Church has in this way been a centre of Home Missionary activity on a scale which very few, if indeed any, Nonconformist churches can be said to equal. As two of the branch churches have now settled ministers, the mission stations serve another end—they provide a splendid training-ground for young pastors fresh from their theological courses.

Apart from the heavy initial expenditure on the branch church buildings—and that outlay has run into five figures during the last decade alone—the maintenance of these Home missions makes heavy demands on the Queen Street exchequer. A church which cheerfully takes upon itself this financial burden, to say nothing of the responsibility of providing preachers for the missions, is obviously an organisation moved by unselfish impulses and guided by a man of vigour and resource.



EXTERIOR OF DR. BERRY'S CHURCH.
[*From a Photo by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

But the vitality generated at Queen Street Church is not, by any means, wholly expended on the outlying branch churches. The Home Missionary work exhausts only a proportionate share of the activity of the church workers. Every organisation connected with Queen Street seems to be planned on broad liberal lines, and worked with irresistible energy. District visitation, for instance, is conducted on a system as methodically arranged as the lay preachers' plan. Wolverhampton is mapped out into thirteen districts, over each of which a lady superintendent has charge. The districts are again subdivided into thirty-three zones, to which lady visitors, under the supervision of the lady superintendent, are appointed. A gentleman visitor, usually a deacon, is also selected for each district to give attention to such special cases as may be reported to him by the superintendent. Dr. Berry's assistant pastor devotes himself to the special work of visitation in cases of sickness or trouble.

The value and importance of efficient Sunday schools are fully recognised by Queen Street Church, and into this branch of work a surprising amount of energy is directed. Three Sunday schools are supported in Wolverhampton, the central school at Queen Street having an average afternoon attendance of 326 scholars and 37 teachers, while Stafford Street

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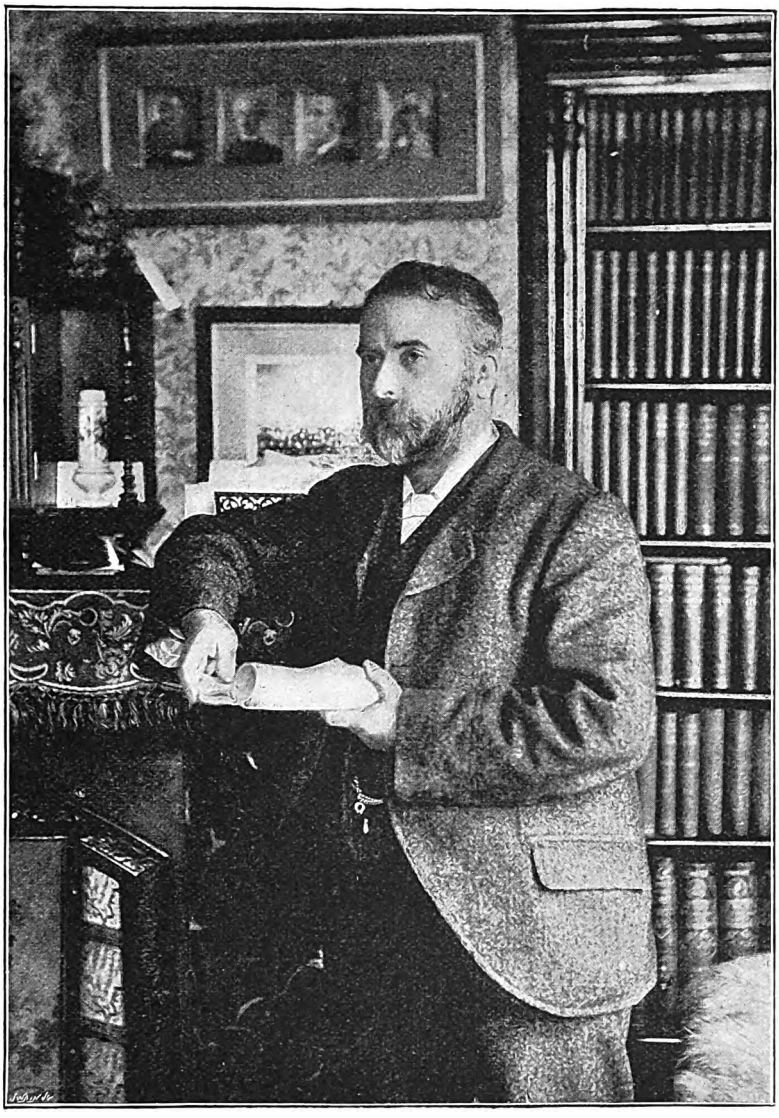
school has 11 teachers and 124 scholars, and York Street school 16 teachers and 187 scholars in average attendance. Good libraries have been established for the use of scholars, the teachers having access to an excellent lending and reference library at Queen Street. Another notable activity is the Sunday afternoon Bible service held in the chapel, and open to all above the age of seventeen years. Once a month Dr. Berry addresses this society, which has 245 enrolled members and an average attendance of 200. The service is distinctly religious, without any of the secular features which have, in some places, been introduced in the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon gatherings.



DR. C. A. BERRY IN HIS STUDY.

[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE *by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

To baldly enumerate all the societies and organisations which have their headquarters at Queen Street would encroach on my space without really indicating the religious influence which this active church exerts on Wolverhampton and its environs. Almost every kind of organisation which makes for religious progress, moral advancement, and intellectual development has a place in its economy. For the young people there are no less than three Guilds with over three hundred members and with well-arranged programmes, an active Christian Endeavour Society with a large membership and a hopeful outlook, a Boys' Brigade, and several Temperance Societies; for the ladies there are a Mission Aid Society for providing garments for the families of poor ministers and evangelists in various parts of the country, and a Dorcas Society; while for girls there is a Sewing Class, and for mothers a Mothers' Meeting. And so I might go on cataloguing the multifarious phases of work and the endless varieties of organisations which spring from Queen Street Church. But here I curtail my inventory, pausing, however, to note the supply of an occasional preacher at the Wolverhampton

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workhouse, and the partial maintenance of a district colporteur who visits thirty-five villages and hamlets in the adjoining counties, and, by distributing tracts and holding services, provides religious instruction for a widely-scattered agricultural population, which, apart from his ministrations, is virtually outside the radius of religious influence.

Doubtless, much of this activity is the growth of long years of careful organisation and steady development, but it must be recognised that the impetus which carries all the church's ventures into successful consummation is largely due to the untiring energy, the shrewd judgment, and the remarkable organising and administrative powers of Dr. Berry. Almost every detail of church work and every branch of activity receives his careful attention and thoughtful consideration. He keeps himself posted up in every movement affecting or arising from the branch churches, and yet never loses touch with any of the organisations at Queen Street. This, doubtless, is the secret of his success as a pastor. Thirteen years ago, when Dr. Berry accepted the invitation to Wolverhampton, Queen Street Church had 410 members; the church membership roll now includes 735 members. A similar march of progress is discernible in the membership of the village churches. In 1883 their aggregate membership stood at 204; now the church rolls show a total of 397 members. Figures indicating similar advancement might be cited with reference to the Sunday schools; while statistics might also be quoted to show that the weekly offerings have more than doubled since Dr. Berry undertook the pastorate. These facts are, however, ample corroboration of my statement that the strength of the church is largely due to the powerful influence and attractive personality of its minister.

A stranger passing along Queen Street, Wolverhampton, would never imagine from its somewhat sombre external aspect that internally the Congregational church is one of the most convenient and handsome churches in the denomination. Outside London there is certainly no Congregational church which excels in beauty the interior of this edifice. For one thing—and it is a point of paramount importance—Queen Street Church is an exceptionally well-lighted building. In the daytime the sunlight floods in through the long and numerous windows, while at night electricity fills the edifice with a scarcely less brilliant light. The perfect proportions of the church and the beauties of the carved pulpit and brass communion rails are emphasised by the brilliance of the light. Queen Street is famous among Wolver-

NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT WALL HEATH.
[*From a Photo by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

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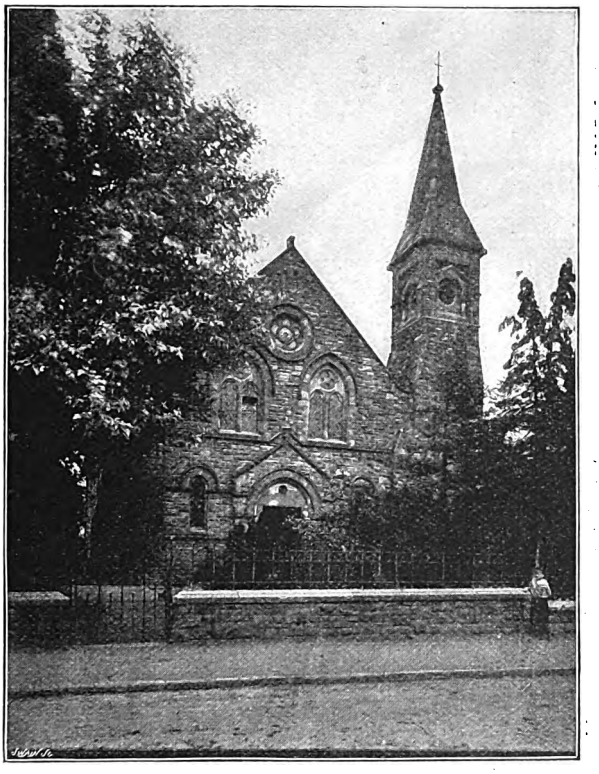
hampton churches for the excellence of its music and for its bright attractive service. An excellent organ, well played, and a finely-trained choir, contribute to this effect.

On the Sunday I spent in Wolverhampton I heard Dr. Berry preach three sermons—a by no means unusual record for that indefatigable preacher. In the morning he occupied his own pulpit, and gave an original and striking exposition of a familiar and much-discussed text — the householder bringing forth of his treasure "things old and new." Dr. Berry interpreted Christ's words as meaning things that are both new and old, using as some of his illustrations the 23rd Psalm, whose antiquity has not robbed it of its freshness; the gnarled oaks of Windsor Park, which have seen dynasties rise and fall, but always delight us with their youthful foliage; the old lawns of Oxford, the growth of centuries, but remarkable for their vernal greenness; and then the Bible, old yet new, familiar yet ever fresh. It was a daring interpretation of the text; and even if exegetes disputed its accuracy, none could deny the convincing power and effect with which it was applied. In the afternoon I accompanied Dr. Berry to Wombourne, where he preached the anniversary sermon at one of the village chapels. The transition from the stately service and handsome building at Queen Street to the humble little building and simple service at Wombourne was striking; but what seemed even more remarkable was the evidence Dr. Berry gave of his adaptability to the varying needs and intellects of his hearers. The sermon at Wombourne was a plain homely discourse on the Day of Pentecost, the underlying idea being that when the Holy Ghost comes down on a man or a church, speech is one of the first signs of its presence—speech by word or deed, or change of life. This theme was handled by Dr. Berry with singular power, and illustrated by metaphors drawn from subjects and scenes familiar to all the villagers present. Preaching at night at Queen Street, Dr. Berry dealt powerfully with "things that cannot be shaken." I had noted some passages for quotation to indicate



BRANCH CHURCH AT TETTENHALL.

[*From a Photo by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

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Dr. Berry's style of pulpit utterance, but, on reflection, extracts seem superfluous, as very few readers of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE can be unfamiliar with Dr. Berry's preaching, speaking, or writing. Dr. Berry in the pulpit and Dr. Berry on the platform are, however, two distinctly different personalities. In preaching, although he never reads his sermons, his style is measured and chaste; on the platform, his natural oratorical powers have freer play, and his eloquence touches rhetorical heights which in the pulpit would seem misplaced. Dr. Berry has very definite ideas on preaching. A preacher, he holds, is not a lecturer or a writer, but a speaker with a message to deliver. This has been his own ideal as a preacher. As to how far he has achieved success, the foregoing facts provide ample material for readers to draw their own conclusions.

ARTHUR PORRITT.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. BERRY.

[*Specially taken for* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE *by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

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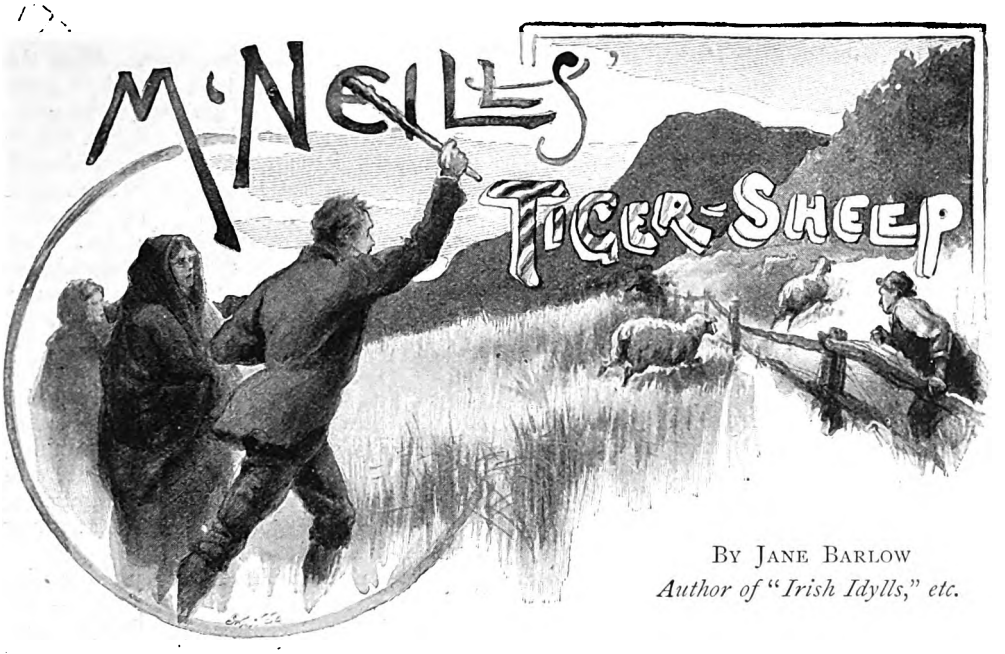

By Jane Barlow
Author of "Irish Idylls," etc.

The feud between the Timothy O'Farrells and Neil M'Neills at Meenaclure was not of very long standing, for the dowager Mrs. O'Farrell and the elder Mrs. M'Neill, who had been by no means young when it began, were still to the fore, and not yet even considered to have attained "a great ould age entirely." This seems a mere mushroom-growth compared with some of our family quarrels, which have been handed down from father to son through so many generations that everybody regards them as a part of the established order of things in the world of their parish. Still, to the younger people, who had been but children at its birth, it seemed to have lasted a long while, and their juniors would have found a different state of affairs almost unthinkable. For them the origin of the enmity had already begun to loom dimly through a mist of tradition, which would tend as time went on to grow vaguer and falser, until at length nobody would be left who could give a clear account of what it was all about. So far, however, all the neighbours who were "any age to speak of" knew the rights of the case well enough. And this is what had happened.

It was a cloudless midsummer evening, perhaps twenty years back—nobody is over-particular about chronology at Meenaclure—and all the dogs and children were away out on the wild land towards the mountains, minding the sheep, to keep them from coming home and eating up the crops. From April to October that was every year their occupation, and a very engrossing one they found it. For the scraggy little sheep of the district are endowed with an appetite for green food worthy of any locust, added to a cleverness at taking fences that would discredit no hunter; and this makes them a constant peril to the painfully-tilled fields, whose produce they threaten like a sort of visibly-embodied blight. Luckily, it is one whose ravages can be averted by timely precautions; and therefore, as soon as potatoes are *kibbed*, and oats sown, the sheep are driven off to a discreet distance on the moors, whence they are prevented from returning by a strong cordon of wary mongrels and active spalpeens. The children of such places as Meenaclure find the sunnier half of the year a season of perpetual school-vacation, when the longest days are watched out to their last lingering glimmer among the tussocks and boulders, so that the morning seems to have begun ages and ages ago, by the time one straggles home, three parts asleep on one's feet, the flocks having already betaken themselves to completer repose, or, recognising the unattainability of young green oats, having set their nibbling mouths safely up the swarded hill-slopes. For that night the fields may lie secure from marauding trespassers.

On this particular day, however, owing to some remissness of the young M'Neills and their shrewd-visaged dog, who were all led away by the excitement of a rabbit-hunt, one

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of the sheep under their charge successfully eluded observation, and broke through the line, with two comrades presently pattering after her. With a wiliness well masked by her expression of meek fatuity, she slunk along unseen in furzy folds of the broken ground, and late in the afternoon had arrived near the forbidden pastures. There she lurked furtively for a while, fully determined to hop over the fence of Timothy O'Farrell's oatfield the very first moment that nobody seemed to be about. This opportunity soon occurred, as the O'Farrells' holding lies somewhat apart in a slight hollow, which secludes it from the little cabin-cluster standing a bit higher round a curve in the long green glacis-like foot-slope of Slieve Gowran.

Thus it came to pass that when Timothy O'Farrell returned from turf-cutting on the bog with his sister Margaret and his brothers Hugh and Patrick, the first thing they noticed was an object like a movable grey boulder cropping up on the delicate sheeny surface of their oat-patch. Whereupon: "Be the powers of smoke," said Timothy, "if there isn't them bastes in it agin."

"Three of them, no less," said Margaret.

"M'Neills', you may bet your brogues," said Hugh.

"The divil doubt it," said Timothy. Patrick, who was a youth of action rather than speech, had already plunged head-foremost towards the scene of the trespass.

There were several reasons why doubts of the M'Neills' responsibility in the matter should be relegated to the divil. In the first place, the M'Neills owned more sheep than anybody else at Meenaclure, whereas the O'Farrells owned none; and secondly, the O'Farrells had sown an unusually extensive patch of oats, while the M'Neills had planted potatoes only. The tendencies of this situation are obvious. Again, the O'Farrells had more than once before undergone the like inroads, and on these occasions Neil M'Neill had not, Timothy considered, shown by any means an adequate amount of penitence. "Bedad, now," Timothy reported to his family, "he was cool enough over it. Maybe it's *his* notion of fine farmin' to graze his bastes on other people's growin' crops." A deep-rooted sentiment of respect, however, restrained him from uttering these sarcasms in public. For Timothy, though the head and father of a family, had seen not many more than a score of harvests, and Neil, a dozen years his senior, enjoyed a high reputation among the neighbours as a very knowledgeable man altogether. After the second incursion, it is true, Timothy's wrath had so far overcrowed his awe as to make him "up and tell" Neil M'Neill that "if he didn't mind his ould shows of sheep himself, he'd be apt to find somebody that 'ud do it in a way he mightn't like." Still, the affair went no further, and Timothy had soon reverted to his customary attitude of amicable veneration. But at this third repetition of the offence his anger could not be expected to subside so harmlessly.

Pat's shouts and flourishing gallop speedily routed the conscience-stricken sheep, and two of them whisked up the hillside like thistledown on a brisk breeze; but the third, who was the ringleader, leaped the fence with so little judgment that she came floundering against Timothy, who grasped her dexterously by the hind-legs.

Now, to catch a Slieve Gowran sheep alive in the open is a rare and difficult feat—proverbially impossible, indeed, at Meenaclure; but Timothy and his brethren were at a loss how they should best turn this achievement of it to account. They felt that simply to let the creature go again would be a flat and unprofitable result, yet what else could they do with it? While they pondered, and their captive impotently wriggled, Hugh suddenly had an inspiration. It came to him at the sight of two large black pots, which stood beside a smouldering fire against the white end-wall of their little house. To an unenlightened observer they might have suggested some gipsy encampment, but Hugh knew they betokened that his mother had been dyeing her yarn. The Widow O'Farrell was a great spinner, and a large part of the wool shorn in the parish travelled over her whirring wheel on its way to Fergus the weaver's loom. A few old sacks lying near the fire had contained the ingredients which she used according to an immemorial recipe. From the mottled grey lichen, *crottal*, which clothes our boulders with hues strangely like those of the fleeces browsing among them, she extracted a warm tawny brown; a flaky mass of the rusty black turf-soot supplied her with a strong yellow, and the dull-red bog-ore boiled paradoxically into black.

"Be aisy, will you, you little thief of the mischief," Hugh said to the sheep. "M'Neills' she is, sure enough; there's the mark. Musha, lads, let's give her a dab or so of what's left in the ould pots. 'Twould improve her apparence finely."

"Ay would it," said Timothy. "She's an unnathural ugly objic' of a crathur the way

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"AN INMATE OF EXTRA-ORDINARY ASPECT."

she is now. Bedad, they've a couple of barrels desthroyed on us."

"A few odd sthrakes of the black and yella 'd make her look illigant," said Hugh. "Do you take a hould of her, Tim. Och, man, don't let her get away, but lift her aisy. Maggie, did you see e'er a sign of the stick they had stirrin' the stuff wid? But it's apt to be cool enough agin now."

"Ah, boys dear, but it's ragin' mad M'Neills 'ill be if you go for to do such a thing," Margaret said, half scared, and blundering in her flurry on a wrong note, as she at once perceived. For her brothers promptly responded in a sort of fugal movement—

"And sure who's purvintin' of them? They're welcome, bedad, them, or the likes of them. Is it ragin'? Maybe it's raison they'll have before they're a great while oulder, musha Moyah." And they proceeded with all the greater enthusiasm to carry out their design, which became more ambitiously elaborate in the course of execution.

Early next morning, while the mountain-shadow still threw a purple cloak over the steep fields of Meenaclure, where all the dew-drops were ready to twinkle as soon as a ray reached them, and when Mrs. Neil M'Neill was preparing breakfast, which at this short-coming summer season consisted chiefly of Indian meal, her eldest daughter ran in to her with news. There was somethin', Molly said, leppin' about in the pig-stye. Now, the M'Neills' stye just then stood empty, in the interval between the despatch of their last lean fat pig to Letterkenny fair and the hoped-for fall in the market-price of the wee springy which was to replace him. So Mrs. Neil said, "Och, blathers, child alive, what would there be in it at all?"

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"But it's rustlin' in the straw,—I heard it,—and duntin' the door wid its head like," Molly persisted.

"Sure then, run and see what it is, honey," said her mother, who was preoccupied with a critical stage of her porridge; and a piece of practical business on hands generally disposes us to adopt a sceptical attitude towards marvels. "Maybe one of the hins might have fluttered into it; but there's apter to not be anythin'."

Molly, whose mood was not enterprising, reinforced her courage with the company of Judy and Thady before she went to investigate; and a minute afterwards she came rushing back uttering terrified lamentations, whereof the burden seemed to be, "It's a tiger-sheep." Her report could no longer be disregarded, and the rest of the family were presently grouped round the low wall of the little lean-to shed, which did really contain an inmate of extraordinary aspect. Its form was that of a newly-shorn sheep, long-legged and lank-bodied like others of its race, but in colouring altogether exceptional. Boldly marked stripes of black and tawny yellow alternated all over it, with a brilliant symmetry not surpassed by the natural history chromograph which flamed on the wall of Rathflesk National school, and which now recurred to little Molly's mind in conjunction with the fact that the wearer of the striated skin "was a cruel, savage, wicked baste, that would be swallyin' all before it," whereupon she had shrieked "Tiger-sheep!" and fled from ravening jaws.

Her parents and grandparents, on the contrary, stood and surveyed the phenomenon with almost unutterable wrath. Traces of a human hand in its production were plain enough, for the beast had been fastened into the stye by a rope round her neck, which was further ornamented with long bracken-fronds and tufts of curiously-coloured wool, studiously grotesque. In fact, had she been mercilessly endowed with "the giftie," she would no doubt have suffered from a mortification as acute as was that of her owners, instead of trotting off quite satisfied, when once she was released and at liberty to resume her fastidious nibbling among the dewy tussocks.

"That's some divilment of the O'Farrells, and the back of me hand to the whole of them!" said Neil M'Neill, with clenched eyebrows. "Themselves and their blamed impidence, and their stinkin' brashes! The ould woman's niver done boilin' them up for her wool. It's slung about her head, I wish they were, sooner than to be used for misthratin' other people's dacint bastes."

"Deed now, thrue for you," said his mother. "Sure wasn't she tellin' me herself yesterday evenin' she'd been busy all day gettin' her yarn dyed, agin she would be knittin' the boys their socks? Gad'rin' the sut she said she was this good while. That's the way they done it—och, the vagabones!"

"It's a bad job," said old Joe M'Neill, shaking his despondent white head.

"I wouldn't ever ha' thought it of them," said Mrs. Neil. "On'y them boys is that terrible wild; goodness forgive them, there's no demented notion they mayn't take into their heads. But what at all could we do for the misfort'nit crathur? Sure it's distressful to see her goin' about that scandalous figure. I can't abide the sight of her."

Our bogland dyes, however, are very fast, and for many a day that summer Mrs. Neil had to endure the apparition of the O'Farrells' victim, who of course became a painfully conspicuous object on the hillside, where she roamed blissfully unaware of how her owners' eyes followed her with gloomy resentment, and of how their neighbours' children, catching up Molly's cry, shouted one to another derisively, "Och, look at M'Neills' tiger-sheep!" But long and long after the parti-coloured fleece had vanished for good and all, the effects of the outrage continued to make themselves felt in the social life of Meenaclure, where it must be owned that the inhabitants are rather prone to keep their grudges in the same time-proof wallet with their gratitudes. And the grudges, somehow, often seem to lie atop. In this case, moreover, the injury had an especial bitterness, because the M'Neills came of an old sheep-keeping class, whose little flock was an inheritance handed down, dwindling, through many generations, and whose main interests and activities had time out of mind turned upon wool, so that everything connected with it had acquired in their eyes the peculiar sanctity with which we often invest the materials and implements belonging to our own craft. A chimney-sweep has probably some feeling of disinterested regard for his bags and brushes. Accordingly, sheep were to them a serious, almost solemn subject, altogether unsuitable for a practical joke, and an insult offered to them was felt to strike at the honour of the family. Small blame to them, therefore, if, as the neighbours said, they were ragin' mad entirely, and turned a deaf ear to all pacific overtures.

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The O'Farrells, to do them justice, admitted upon reflection that they had maybe gone a little beyond the beyonds, and were disposed to be apologetic and conciliatory. But when old Mrs. O'Farrell, one day meeting the two smallest M'Neills on the road, presented each of them with a pale brown egg, which she had just found in the nest of her speckled hen away down beside the river, the result merely was that her gifts were smashed into an impromptu omelet before the M'Neills' door, by the direction of the master of the house, who only wished the ould sinner had been there herself to see the way he'd serve that, or anythin' else she'd have the impidence to be sendin' into his place. And later on, when the feathery gold of the O'Farrells' oatfield had been bound in stooks, and the hobbledehoy Pat was despatched to inquire whether the M'Neills might be wantin' e'er a thrifle of straw after the thrashin' for darnin' their bit of thatch, the polite attention elicited nothing except a peremptory injunction to "quit out of that."

In taking up this attitude, the M'Neills had at first the support of their neighbours' sympathy, public opinion being that it was no thing for the O'Farrells to go do. But as time went on, people began to add occasionally that sure maybe they didn't mean any such great harm after all, and that they were only young boyoes, without as much sense among the whole of them as would keep a duck waddling straight. What was the use of being too stiff over a trifle? These magnanimous sentiments were, no doubt, strengthened by the fact that in so small a community as Meenaclure a permanent breach between any two families could not but entail some inconveniences upon all the rest. It was irksome. for instance, to bear in mind throughout a friendly chat that at the casual mention of a neighbour's name the person you were talking to would look "as bitter as sut" and freeze into grim dumbness; or to have to consider, should you wish for a loan of Widdy O'Farrell's market-basket, that you must by no means "let on" to her your intention of carrying home in it Mrs. M'Neill's grain of tea; or to be called upon to choose between the company of Neil M'Neill and Hugh O'Farrell on the way home from the fair, because neither of them, as the saying is, would look the same side of the

"SLUNK PAST WITHOUT MAKING ANY DEMONSTRATION."

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road as the other. Such obligations lay stumbling-blocks in our daily path, and nip growths of good fellowship, and are generally embarrassing and vexatious. However, Meenaclure had to put up with this state of things for so many a long day that people learned to include it unprotestingly among their necessary evils.

Under these circumstances, it was of course only in the nature of things that the little M'Neills and O'Farrells, the smallest of whom had not been born at the time of the quarrel, should always put out their tongues at one another whenever they met. They regarded the salutation, indeed, as a sort of ceremonial observance, which could not be omitted without a sense of indecorum. Thus, one inclement autumn, when Patrick O'Farrell was no longer a hobbledehoy, but "as big a man as you'd meet goin' most roads," he went off to a *rabble*, that is, a hiring-fair, at Letterkenny, and took service for six months with a farmer away at Raphoe. On the day that he left Meenaclure, he happened, just as he was setting out, to meet Molly M'Neill, who had by this time grown into "a tall slip of a girl going on for sixteen," and they duly exchanged the customary greeting, Pat getting the better of her by at least half an inch of insult. But when he returned on a soft April evening, it chanced again that one of the first persons he fell in with was Molly. She was coming along between the newly-clad hedges of a narrow lane, and when he caught sight of her first he mistook her for his cousin, Norah O'Farrell, she looked so much taller than his recollections. But, on perceiving his error, he merely gave up his intention of saying, "Well, Norah, and how's yourself this great while?" and slunk past without making any demonstration whatever. Molly would hardly have noticed it, indeed, as when she saw him coming she began to minutely examine the buds on the thorn-bushes, and did not lift an eyelash while they were passing. Yet, as they went their several ways, Pat felt that he had somehow shirked a duty; and Molly, for her part, could not shake off a sense of having failed in loyalty to her family until she had relieved her conscience by announcing at home that she was "just after meetin' that great *ugly*-lookin' gomeral, Pat O'Farrell, slingein' down the road below Widdy Byrne's."

The year which followed this spring was one of bad seasons and hard fare at Meenaclure, and towards the end of it Pat O'Farrell came reluctantly to perceive that he could best mend his own and his family's tattered fortunes by emigrating to the States. His resolve, though regretted by all his neighbours, except of course the M'Neills, was considered sensible enough; and at the "convoy" which assembled according to custom to see him off on his long journey the general purport of conversation was to the effect that, bedad, everybody 'd be missing poor Pat, but sure himself was the fine clever boy wouldn't be any time gettin' together the price of a little place back again in the ould country. The M'Neills alone were of the opinion, expressed by Neil's mother, that "the only pity was the rest of the pack weren't goin' along wid Pat; unless, like enough, they'd be more than the people out in those parts could put up wid all at onst, the way they'd be landin' them back on us like a bundle of ould rubbish washin' up agin wid the tide."

But surprise was the universal feeling when, about six months later, it became known that Neil M'Neill's eldest child Molly had also made up her mind to cross over the water. Her own family were foremost among the wonderers; for Molly had always been considered rather excessively timid and quiet — certainly the very last girl in the parish whom one would have thought likely to make such a venture. They half believed that when it came to the point, "sorra a fut of her would go"; and they much more than half hoped so, notwithstanding that their rent had fallen into alarming arrears and none of her brethren were old enough to help. Molly, however, actually went, amid lamentations and forebodings, both of her own and other people's, all alike unavailing to stop her. Mrs. Timothy O'Farrell said she'd be long sorry to have a daughter of hers streeling off to the ends of the earth. And I think that Molly's mother *was* long sorry, poor soul, through many a lonesome day and anxious night.

After these two departures, things at Meenaclure took their wonted course, a little more sadly and dully perhaps than heretofore. Communications from abroad came rarely and scantily, for neither of the absentees had much scholarship. Their sheep-herding summers had greatly curtailed that, and it would have been difficult to say whether Pat's or Molly's scrawls were the briefer or obscurer. But not long after Molly M'Neill had gone, one of Pat O'Farrell's letters con-

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tained an important piece of news—nothing less than that he was "just about gettin' married." He did not go into particulars about the match, merely describing the future Mrs. Pat as "the best little girl in or out of Ireland," and opining that they mightn't do too badly. His family were not overjoyed at the event, which might be considered to presage a falling off in remittances; and his mother was much cast down thereby, her thoughts going to the tune of "My son is my son till he gets him a wife." Still, she was not so dispirited as to be past finding some solace in an innuendo; and she almost certainly designed one when she took occasion to remark just outside the chapel door, where she had been telling the neighbours her news: "But ah, sure, I don't mind so long as he hasn't took up wid one of them black-headed girls I never can abide the looks of. And 'deed now there's no fear of that; Pat's just the same notion as meself, I very well know." For Mrs. Neil M'Neill was standing well within earshot, and, as everybody remembered, "there wasn't a fair hair on the head of e'er a one of her childer." However, Mrs. Neil proved equal to the emergency, and remarked, addressing Katty Byrne, that "it was rael queer the sort of omadhawns she'd heard tell of some girls, who, belike, knew no better, bein' content to take great lumberin' louts of fellers, wid the ugly-coloured hair on their heads like nothin' in the world except a bit of new thatch before it would be combed straight."

She spoke without any presentiment that she would soon have to go through much the same experience as old Mrs. O'Farrell; but so it was. For a week or two later came a letter from Molly stating that she was "just after gettin' married." Her husband, who she said was earning grand wages, bore the obnoxious name of O'Farrell, but there was nothing strange in the coincidence, as the district about Meenaclure abounds in Farrells and Neills, with and without prefixes of O and Mac; and it seemed only natural to suppose a similar state of things in New York. Nobody could deny that there were plenty of O'Farrells very dacint people. So Molly's mother mourned in private over an event which seemed to set a seal upon the separation between her daughter and herself; and in public was well pleased and very proud, laying great stress upon the fact that Molly had sent the money-order just as usual, —"Sorra a fear of little Molly forgettin' the ould people at all,"—and serenely scorning Mesdames O'Farrells' opinion that "when a girl had to thravel off that far after a husband, it was the quare crooked stick of a one she'd be apt to pick up."

After this Meenaclure received no very thrilling foreign news for about a twelvemonth. Then one fine Sunday, the Widdy O'Farrell was to be seen sailing along Masswards, with her head held extremely high in its stiff-frilled cap and dark blue hood, and with a swinging sweep of her black homespun skirt, which betrayed an exultant stride. All her family, indeed, wore a somewhat elated and consequential air, which most of her neighbours allowed to be justifiable when she explained that she had become the happy grandmother of her Pat's fine young son: the letter with the announcement had come last night. This was indeed promotion, for her son Tim's children were all girls. With the congratulations upon so auspicious an event even old Mrs. M'Neill could mingle only subdued murmurs about brats taking after their fathers that weren't good for much, the dear knows. However, she had not long to wait for as good or better a right to strut chin in air, since it was with a great-grandmother's dignity that a few days later she could inform everybody of the arrival of Molly's boy. She would, I believe, have found it very hard to forgive Molly if the child had been merely a daughter.

This rivalry, as it were, between the estranged families in the matter of news from their non-resident members recurred with the same equipoised result on more than one similar occasion, and was extended even to less happy events. For instance, one time when Pat wrote in great distraction, and a wilder scrawl than usual, that the "three childer was dreadful bad wid the mumps, he doubted would they over it," the next mail brought just such a report from Molly; which was rather awkward for her mother and grandmother, who had been going about passing the remark that "when childer got proper mindin' they never took anythin' of the sort."

At length, however, when perhaps half a dozen years had gone by, the balance of good fortune dipped decidedly towards the O'Farrells. One autumn morning a letter came from Pat to say that he and his family were coming home. He had saved up a tidy little bit of money, and meant to try could he settle himself on a dacint little bit of land; at any rate he would get a sight of the ould place and the ould people. Great was the rejoicing of the O'Farrells. Whereas for the M'Neills at this time the meagre

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mailbags contained no foreign letter, no letter at all, bad or good, let alone one fraught with such grand news. Molly's mother, it is true, dreamt two nights running that Molly had come home; but dreams are a sorry substitute for a letter, especially when everybody knows, and some people remind you, that they always go by contraries. So Mrs. Neil fretted and foreboded, and had not the heart to be sarcastic, no matter how arrogantly the O'Farrells might comport themselves.

Then the autumn days shrivelled and shrank, and one morning in late November the word went round Meenaclure that the *Kaley* that evening would be up at Fergus the weaver's. This meeting-place was always popular, Fergus being a well-liked man, with a wide space round his hearth. And this night's conversazione promised to be particularly enjoyable, as it had leaked out that Dan Farrell and Mrs. Keogh and Dinny O'Neill were concerned in what is at Meenaclure technically termed "a join," for the purpose of treating the kaleying company to cups of tea. In fact, the materials for that refreshment, done up in familiar purple paper parcels, lying on the window-seat, were obvious to everybody who came into the room, though to have seemed aware of them would have been a grave breach of manners. When all the company were mustered, and the fire was burning its brightest, Fergus might well look round his house with satisfaction, for so large an assembly seldom came together, and universal harmony seemed to prevail. This was not disturbed by the fact that several both of the Timothy O'Farrells and Neil M'Neills were present, as by this time everybody thoroughly understood the situation, and the neighbours arranged themselves as a matter of course in ways which precluded any awkward juxtapositions of persons "who weren't spakin'."

It was a showery evening, with a wafting to and fro of wide gusts, which made the Widdy O'Farrell wonder more than once as she sat on the form by the hearth, with the Widdy Byrne interposed buffer-wise between her and old Joe M'Neill. What she wondered was whether her poor Pat might be apt to be crossin' over the say on such an ugly wild night. Just as Mrs. Keogh, with an eye on the lid-bobbing kettle, was about to ask Fergus if he might happen to have e'er a drop of hot water he could spare her—that being the orthodox preface to tea-making on the occasion of a join—the house-door rattled violently, and opened with a fling. As nobody appeared at it, this was supposed to be simply the wind's freak, and Fergus said to Mick M'Murdo, who sat next to it, "Musha, lad, be givin' it a clap-to wid your fut." But at that instant a voice was heard close outside, calling as if to another person a little farther off, "Molly, Molly, come along wid you; they're all here right enough, and I wouldn't be keepin' the door open on them." Whereupon there was a quick patter of approaching feet, followed by the entrance of two bundle-bearing figures. As they advanced into the flickering light, it showed that the figures were a man and a woman, and the bundles children; and in another moment there rose up recognising shrieks and shouts of "Pat" and "Molly," and then everybody rushed together tumultuously across a chasm of half a dozen years.

"They tould us below at Widdy Byrne's that we'd find yous all up here," said Pat O'Farrell, "so we left the baby there, and stepped along. Och, mother, it's younger you're grown instead of oulder, and that's a fac'."

"And where's the wife, Paudyeen agra?" said Pat's mother; "or maybe she sted below wid the child?"

"And where's himself, Molly jewel?" said Molly's mother. 'Sure you didn't come your lone?"

"Why, here he is," said Molly. "Pat, man, wasn't you spakin' to me mother?"

"Och, whethen now, and is it Pat O'Farrell?" his mother-in-law said, with a half-strangled gasp.

"And who else would it be at all at all, only Pat?" said Molly as if propounding an unanswerable argument.

"Mercy be among us all—and you niver let on—och, you rogue of the world—you niver let on, Patsy avic, it was little Molly M'Neill you'd took up wid all the while," said his mother.

"Sure I was writin' to you all about her times and agin," Pat averred stoutly.

Perhaps things might have turned out differently if people had not been delighted and taken by surprise. But as it was, how could a feud be conducted with any propriety when Mrs. Neil had unprotestingly been hugged by Pat O'Farrell, and when old Joe N'Neill and his wife and daughter were already worshipping a very fat small two-year-old girl, who unmistakably featured all the O'Farrells that ever walked? The thing was impossible.

For one moment, indeed, an unhappy resurrection seemed to be threatened. It was when everybody had got into a circle

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"THEY ADVANCED INTO THE FLICKERING LIGHT."

round the hearth, in expectation of the cups of tea, which were beginning to clatter in the background, and when Pat O'Farrell, who was talking over old times with Neil M'Neill, suddenly gave his father-in-law a great thump on the back, exclaiming with a chuckle, "Och, man, and do you remimber your ould sheep that we got in the oats, and gave a coloured wash to? Faix, but she was the comical objec'—'the tiger-sheep,' the childer used to call her." Whereupon all the rest looked at one another with dismayed countenances, as if they had caught sight of something uncanny. But their alarm was needless. For Neil returned Pat's thump promptly with interest, and replied, "Haw, haw, haw! Bedad, and I do remimber her right well. Och now, man alive, I'll bet you me best brogues that wid all you've been behouldin' out there in the States you niver set eyes on e'er a baste 'ud aquil her for quareness—haw, haw, haw!" And the whole company took up the chorus, as if minded to make up on the spot all arrears of laughter owing on that long unappreciated joke. Amid the sound of which I have reason to believe that there fled away from Meenaclure for ever the last haunting phantasm of the unchancy tiger-sheep.

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THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF THE DAY

A MESSAGE FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED

By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon

The poetry of life gathers round its commencement and its close, just as the poet finds inspiration in the rising or the setting sun. Infancy has its charm of innocence, youth has its charm of energy and hope, age has its charm of pathos. We wish to know the story of the infant and of the old man. From the latter we desire the tale of his experiences; upon the former we look with curiosity, and wonder what will be the tale which will be written upon the blank pages of life.

But round middle life there seems to gather no halo of poetry. The bird that wakes the morning with its song is silent in the midday hour. The burden and heat of the day are not favourable to music. The poet who will celebrate the open brow of childhood or the furrowed cheek of age, will find no inspiration in the anxious eye and busy front of middle life. The maiden, who moves fancy free among the meadows, and the tired face and eyes of tranquil resignation, bordered by silver hair, may alike provoke his muse. But who will sing the middle-aged man or the middle-aged matron? Who will find inspiration from the stout man, who travels daily into town from some northern height, transacts prosaic business in a stuffy office, and at evening lets himself into his house with a latch-key, kicks off his boots, assumes his easy-coat and slippers, eats in silence and with capacity, frowns upon the children's noise, and answers his wife testily if he answers her at all, and generally lets a grunt stand for an answer? And does his wife rouse poetic fire? She, poor soul, now in the forties, has left the grace of other days behind her. She is heedless of her appearance; her clothes fit badly; she has an unkempt and slovenly air; she is immersed in household cares. Her soul does not rise above her tradesmen's books and her children's clothes. The piano on which she once did execution, responds now only to the sound of scales practised by uncertain and childish fingers. The garland of verses, a book once gorgeous in binding, now lies dusty and faded upon the round table in the parlour window in company with a huge black family Bible, closed with ponderous gilt clasps, some half-bound magazines, and the family recipe-book. Once in a way the busy housewife looks at them with a sorry sort of pride, puts them down with a sigh, and goes on with her dusting of the little parlour. The whole atmosphere of such lives lacks the poetic quality. Their existence is practical, prosaic, dull. We find it hard to invest such lives with poetry. The shadows disappear at the midday, and with the shadows the picturesqueness of the landscape disappears. The onlooker calls youth and age poetry-touched; he calls middle life prosaic. In this view there is a withdrawal of sympathy from middle life. None talk of the stalwart struggling middle-aged with any touch of sentiment. They are so practical; they can well manage for themselves. Who will waste any emotion upon them?

And yet, perchance, they stand most in need of our sympathy. Youth has not tasted the bitterness of life's cup. Age has grown well accustomed to its taste, and perhaps even the palate has grown less sensitive. But with the middle-aged the bitterness is there, and the capacity to feel is yet strong, while the reasons for fear and anxiety are keenly felt.

For it is upon middle life that the burdens and anxieties fall. The way is not yet quite clear before the man in middle life. He may know what he has to do, but he does not know how far he may succeed; and while success hangs doubtful in the balance, he has probably already given pledges to fortune. He is winning his way, but not for himself alone. He looks into the merry eyes of the children who chatter round his table, and his solicitude is multiplied by their needs. Like the patriarch, he is competent, when weighted with the care of the mother and the children, to wrestle with the unknown through the dubious night, and according to his temperament will be the effect of such thoughts upon his work. There are those whom the challenge of difficulties raises to a higher quality of endeavour. There are, on the other hand, those who are paralysed by anxiety, and who are at their worst because they are aware of the necessity of being at their best. The stakes which they have in the result unnerve them. Thus middle life

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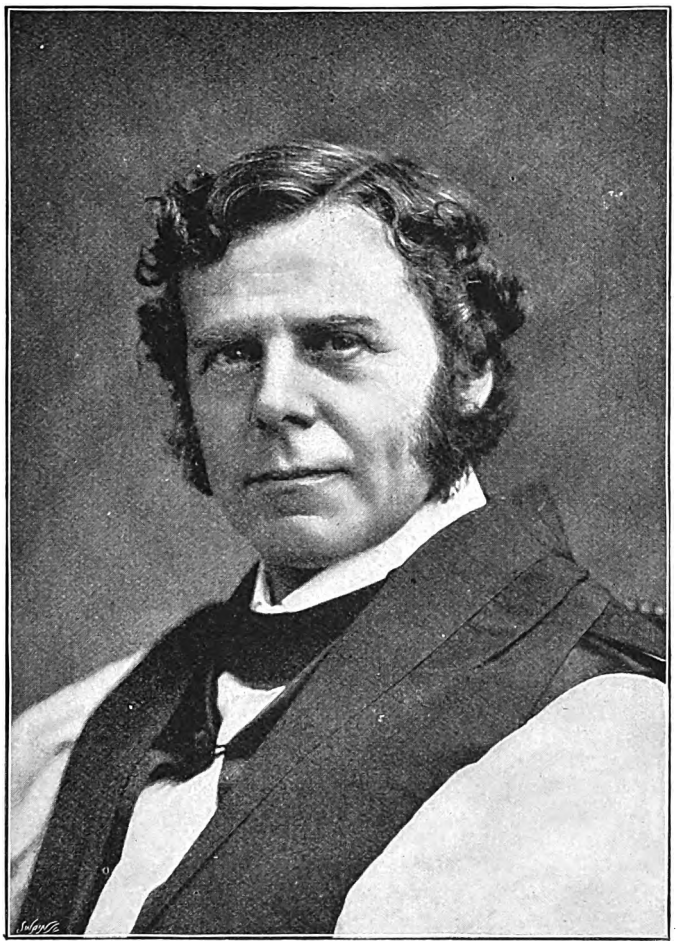
is exposed to a trial of which early life and later life are ignorant. And while all this is so, the consolations of other periods of life are denied them. If the poet finds it hard to sing the glories of middle life, middle life finds few incentives to song. Anxiety kills imagination The necessity of daily and practical occupation dries up the fountains of fancy. It was perhaps with an unconscious recognition of this that the sacred writer found the seers of the new age among the young and the old, and not among the men of intermediate age. Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. Is middle life, then, the saddest and most unsolaced period of our pilgrimage? Are there no compensations for its dull drudgeries? The answer depends on our faith. If God be indeed the living God, then is He the God of every age and generation. The patriarch who meets with the visions of angels on the pathway of his early life may meet with God in his middle life also. It may be in conflict that the Divine comes to him; but it is the Divine still. And who will say that the vision of Peniel is not more splendid than the vision of Bethel? The conflict may yield richer results than sleep. If Bethel brings vision of a ladder and angels leading upwards to God far off at its summit, Peniel may be the revelation of God near at hand. We may not meet the sweet and shadowy angels which haunted our early dream; but we may meet God face to face in the struggle, and in the shadow of impending danger meet Him to the preserving of our life.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE BISHOP OF RIPON
[*From a Photo by* ELLIOT & FRY]

There are benedictions for middle life which, if not so glorious as those of youth, may be more substantial and abiding.

There is an educating ministry in every period of life, and middle life has somewhat to teach us. It is not without advantage that we leave youth behind. The rich colouring fades from the sky. The splendid shapes which we saw in the early visions melt away; the light of common day takes the place of the gorgeous hues of the dawn. The practical side of life is forced upon our attention. Necessity and responsibility compel us to take heed to ways and means, to cost and expenditure. The principles of the conduct of life are more forcibly pressed upon our attention. Whatever poetical influences cast their spell upon our spirit before, we must be practical now. We cannot exist beautifully, we must live serviceably. Use, service, and daily duty unfold to us the practical side of life. We learn to translate the sentiments of our younger life into the duties of later life. Is not the change for good? The strong gush of

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tender feelings, which we thought to be an all-sufficing evidence of life, we find to be not all, nor yet nearly enough. Life is not to feel, but to be. It is not the sentimental experiences of lofty and exhilarating feelings; it is the patient and heroic discharge of duty. We are inclined to say conduct, not emotion, is three parts of life. The transition is a gain—as it is from the land of imagination into that of reality. From being spectators we become actors; we are not so alive to the glories of the fight, because we are taking part in it. And the necessity of taking part in it is transforming what was only a loosely-ordered assemblage of sentiments into well-compacted powers of character. We are putting theories to the test, we are building up the moral fibre. In the stress of war we are, without knowing it, training it to become veterans; in the burden and heat of the day we are gaining powers which youthful imagination and numberless nobilities of sentiment could never bestow.

And thus we are preparing for that insight into the significance of life which experience alone can give. We have left the seat of the spectator; we have descended armed into the arena; we have tested and proved the worth of weapons; we have gained knowledge, and, what is more, we have gained skill. And as old age comes upon us, it will be from the resources and capacities which we have won in practical life that we shall be able to speak as life guides to others. The warrior of middle life may well become the prophet of later life. We speak not thus from a ready and sensitive imagination, but we speak what we know. Our utterances flow from what we have felt and handled and experienced. Prosaic days of struggle prepare for prophetic days of helpfulness. It is the old man who once wrestled at Peniel till the day dawned, and who bore the marks of the struggle far into later life, who possessed the keen and unerring discrimination of spirit, which read in Ephraim greater qualities than in the first-born Manasseh. Through trial, through hard tasks and distasteful duties, through much solicitude and severe conflict, comes that swift instinct which can choose men, and, as if by a prophetic gift, assign to them their places according to their varying characters and qualities. We must pay the price. Tact comes from contact—vigour and keenness from conflict—sagacity and insight from experience. Middle life is often the school of the prophets.

But not for all it will be said. No! not for all, *i.e.*, it is not given to all to exhibit the results of the experience they have won. The capacity of expression comes not to all in this life. Perhaps something more than threescore and ten years are needed for the maturing of such a capacity in some natures.

But there is one benediction which comes to middle life, and which is surely open to all. It is to the middle-aged that is entrusted, as a rule, the moulding of the future. The young learn; middle life teaches. We may be in the prosaic period between thirty and sixty. We are not viewed with the admiration which is granted to youth, or the veneration which is yielded to age; but these are bearing the burden and heat of the day. The vast proportion of the education of the rising generation is carried on by the men and women of the second generation. They are making the merchants, teachers, statesmen, artists, and poets of the next age. Like Falstaff, they may not be witty, but they may be the occasion of wit in others. They may not have leisure for utterance, but they may be providing for future utterances. They may not seem to make much, but they are making history, for they are moulding the men and women who will build the Temple of God. Their sons will inherit the promised land, and they will give their name to it. Poets they may not be, but their lives are poems.

The blessings of middle life are the blessings of education and achievement. It is the time of life which is least anxious perhaps of itself, and responds least readily to movements of emotion. But it may be doing solid work, and building houses which other men may dwell in. They are the home makers of the world. They do not sing about the harvest, but they reap the fields and store the grain in barns, that other men may eat and be satisfied. If sacrifice for the good of others can confer gladness, the middle-aged may be glad—

> Renounce joy for my fellow's sake? That's joy,
> Beyond joy.

He, therefore, that would win the joys of middle life, must learn the spirit of sacrifice. Here, as elsewhere, love carries the key of life; and love finds heaven everywhere. And how can this be otherwise, seeing God is love?

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For the Bairns

THE DOVE THAT SAVED THE CHILDREN

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

The Spirit . . . like a dove.—JOHN i. 32.

DO you keep pigeons? It was rabbits you wanted above everything else in the world. But you forgot to feed them sometimes, and two died, and it was a bother to keep them clean—and then it wasn't rabbits you wanted at all: it was pigeons. Well, have you a white one among them? For I want to tell you a story about a white dove—a story a little like one I once heard told by somebody or other. I'll tell you the story in a minute. But I wonder what John meant when he said he saw "the Spirit like a dove"? You like to hear about Jesus, for you can understand about Him. But the Holy Spirit—what does He do? Well, I'll tell you one thing He does for us when we ask Him. He does what the white dove did.

This white dove had been given to Mary by her father, and it was her great pet. It used to sit on her shoulder, and come when she cooed to it, and perch on her palm when she held out her hand. And everywhere that Mary went the dove was sure to go! Mary lived in a cottage near a wood. Her father was away at work. And one day her mother was going off to the next town, and left Mary to keep the house and take care of her little brother Fred. "And don't go far from the door, Mary; and be sure not to go into the wood, for you might lose yourself."

It was springtime. There were flowers by the ditch at the edge of the wood, and Mary went over to pluck some of them, taking her little brother and her pigeon with her. Then she saw a lot of pine cones across the ditch, and some lovely foxgloves. Something whispered, "No! Mother said No!" It sounded as if it was something in her, or behind her,—or was it the dove that spoke? "I'll only go a few yards," and as she jumped over into the wood the dove tried to get away and fly back, but Mary held it fast against her breast, and pulled her brother on with the other hand. It was awfully silent among the dark trees. She liked it, and yet felt "wicked" and uneasy—just as we feel when we know we shouldn't do a thing, and something tugs at us to pull us back, and we feel bold and timid at the same time.

Then she saw a squirrel, and she went farther on to follow it and watch it lightly running from tree to tree. "And now that I am out," she said, "I may as well go a bit farther"; and just then the dove fluttered in her arm, and she was angry with it. So she went on and on, until at last it began to grow dark; for it grows dark early in deep forests. She turned and made for the outside. Now, isn't it strange that people in a mist or in a forest may think they are going on in a straight line, and yet all the while they are really going round in a circle? So Mary found herself always going round. Every time she tried to get out she came back again to the same place, till she was dazed, and gave up trying. Little Fred was tired, and crying bitterly. It was always growing darker, and Mary was frightened, and thought of father and mother. Every rabbit that rose and ran away made her tremble; and she thought of all sorts of bad and awful things coming to them in the wood during the night. How she did regret that she had disobeyed mother's orders!

She had heard about Jesus sending Someone to help those who prayed. She had prayed often; and now she knelt down and prayed right earnestly that God would not let them die in the wood, and not let mother's heart be broken, and would come and take them safe home. She had let the white dove go out of her hand when she knelt down to pray, and when she rose it was over there on a low branch. She took Fred and went after it. It flew away to another branch, and she hurried after it and nearly caught it. Away again to another and another, Mary and Fred trying to overtake it—till at last *there* was the outside of the wood, and there was the light in mother's cottage! They were soon home. It was the dove that had saved the children.

When we do wrong and go astray, and are lost and afraid, Something in our breast tries to pull us back. And when we cannot get out of our trouble, and pray God to send and save us, He gives us His Spirit like a dove in our heart; and if we follow where that Spirit within us moves us to go, He will lead us out of our sins and troubles, and home to our Great Father's clasp of love. Oh, keep the white dove in your soul, and don't crush and kill it! Let it lead you through life—"the Spirit like a dove."

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A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

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THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

WE have come to worship Thee, living Father, and to pour out our praise in Thine ear. Thou hast done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Our gladness will not be dumb; we must make our voices heard in the courts of the Lord. Thou hast beset us behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon us. Thou hast kept our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our soul from death. What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards us? We would draw our breath in the fear of the Lord; we would live in the higher air, in the spiritual atmosphere, untainted by any pestilence of time. Oh that we might be so holy that our breath would be a benediction, that every inhalation would be a renewed token of Thy presence and Thy grace in the soul! To this high refinement do Thou educate us by the mighty power and ineffable tenderness of the Holy Ghost. We would live and move and have our being in God: we would pass by all that is human and social and perishable, and rest our souls in the sanctuary of Thy presence. Thou didst teach us this prayer,—it is verily the Lord's prayer,—and Thou wilt not deny Thine own petitions, Thou wilt not resent Thine own inspirations; having taught us to pray, Thou wilt make us rich with great answers. We have come to commune with Thee, as it were, in friendliness and filial honour and homage, for Thou hast been bountiful to us with an infinite largeness. We have nothing that we have not received. We made nothing, we take all things from Thine own hands. We have nothing that is our own, we ourselves are not our own: Thou didst make us, and Thou didst redeem us with the precious blood of Christ: we are wholly Thine. If Thou wilt work in us this sweet assurance, we shall be always glad with peace, and always calm with faith that cannot be disturbed. Only give us sight of Thy face, give our hearts daily vision of Thy love: then though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, we shall sing of Thy river, quiet and deep as Thine own love. We have done the things we ought not to have done, we are ashamed of our transgression; we have broken Thy commandment, and we have grieved Thy love. What shall we do? Nothing we can do will be of avail; but Thou hast met us, come after us, searched us out: Thou hast died for us, Thou hast bought us with a price. We come, therefore, to Thee through Jesus, Son of Man, Son of God: with Him is acceptance; in Him is reconciliation; with Him is the peace of God. We come by the blood-way, we come by the path of the Cross, we seek Thee over Calvary: amid its shadows we shall find the glory, in its night we shall see the true day. We pray for one another; we love one another, we belong to one another: we are one in Christ Jesus, Lamb of God, Son of Man — man, woman, Saviour, mystery of being, and mystery of love. Where there is weariness, do Thou give rest; where there is perplexity, Thou canst disentangle all the knotted threads, Thou canst show the right road amid all the paths. May each hear a voice in his ear, saying, This is the way, walk in it; and at the end of that way we shall find heaven, and on the roadside a thousand flowers. Guide us during the few hours of our lives that remain. Our days are but a handful at the best; they are as a weaver's shuttle fleeing to and fro, and as shadow-clouds driven by the sharp wind. And bring us all,—the prodigal, the outcast, the wanderer, together with the sweet old hearts that make home all it is,—bring us all into the land of sunshine, the land of holy peace. Amen.

BACK TO GOD

But from the beginning of the creation God.—MARK x. 6.

THAT is what we want to get at. We are perplexed, divided, and confused by things intermediate and secondary and transient. We have had enough of them. We want to get back to the beginning, back to the divine intent—back behind the beginning, back into the council-chamber of the Eternal. The context is graphic and beautiful. The Pharisees came to Jesus and asked Him, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?" They tempted the Teacher; they were inwardly mocking Him, and secretly endeavouring to entrap Him. "And He answered and said unto them, What did Moses command you?" You profess to be devoted to the law of Moses, how does that law read upon the question which you have put to Me? "And they said, Moses suffered to write a bill of divorcement, and to put her away." Jesus answered: So far, so good; you are scholars of the letter, very poor scholars, or you would have known that "For the hardness of your heart he wrote you this precept"—something to be going on with, a piece of paper you can handle and use under limited circumstances. "But from the beginning of the creation God"—. He did not stop at Moses or the prophets. This Teacher, as prophesied by Isaiah, drew His breath in the fear of God. He was not the

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disciple of any man: he brought messages directly from the mind and heart of God. We feel, therefore, that we are in company with the right Teacher now. Moses accommodated himself to the hardness of your heart; "but from the beginning of the creation God" made two, man and wife, one: whom, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!

Thus all the little card-box legislation of all the great teachers that ever invented new schemes of society—all these inventions, suggestions, legislations—are rolled over by this Man whose breath was drawn in the fear of God, and who spake from the steps of the palace of the Eternal. That is what we want to get at. Not what Moses said, not what the Greeks philosophised, not what the Spartans turned into discipline; all this is more or less dignified gossip and conjecture—foolish, or useful for the moment. What we want to get at is God—what He meant when He said, "Let us make." If I could convey this thought to you as it is in my own mind, you would be inspired souls, you would take a new view of society and all its arrangements and divers trumperies. In the context we are face to face with Moses and Christ. Moses, for the hardness of the hearts of the people, made a certain temporary arrangement, but it was aside from the eternal thought; permissible, but not perpetual. So we need minor providences—little bye-laws, small schedules, parliamentary enactments, things to be going on with—to restrain the wanton and the wilful; but all these are playthings comparatively. If we could get back to "the beginning of the creation," and, like Christ, draw our breath in the fear of God, legislation itself would be natural breathing, Socialism would be deepest and truest life: "Behold, I make all things new." It is in the nature of a fallen curiosity and debased ingenuity to be making more wordy laws. Jesus Christ brought laws to a minimum. He said, All that the prophets and the law have been trying to say may be summed up in two words: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself. Any society that is rich in schedules and bye-laws and subtle arrangements and difficult interpretations of the law, is in a bad state. This is the condition of society to-day: the lawmakers divided, the bench cleft in two. We want to hear the sweet woman-voice of the Man who calls us away from all these things into fellowship with God, union with the Spirit, oneness with the eternal right. Every bolt on your door is a witness against society; every time you turn the key and lock a drawer, you indict human nature. Society is organised scepticism.

What we want to get at, then, is the divine thought, the divine intention "from the beginning of the creation." From the beginning of the creation what was man's personal relation to God? He was the under-god, the companion-god, the visible god, a partaker of the divine nature. What is man now according to our Catechism? A fallen and depraved being. True. But "from the beginning of the creation God" made man in His own image and His own likeness. We are not to be stopped by the law of Moses or by the catechism of theology; we must get back to God's own purpose in setting up man, to whom He could speak, and with whom He could hold communion of heart. How do you describe man? Small, few in days, his breath is in his nostrils, there is none abiding; one dieth in his full strength, another dieth in his youth and never eateth with pleasure; the earth is a graveyard; man is a sinner; man is of small account, he is as a wind that cometh for a little time and then vanisheth away. Quite right up to a given point; but remember, "in the beginning of the creation God" made man in His own image and in His own likeness—made man immortal, gave him what is called an immortal soul; the soul being the true self. We must get back to that divine standard if we would set a right value upon any human creature that has debased humanity and brought discredit upon the very earth he treads. At present we are looking into reports, into the reports of royal commissions, forsooth! into reports of committees and councils, into examinations and cross-examinations; and we are basing our judgment of mankind or of society upon such reports. We have had enough. The reports are perfectly correct; the reports are useful within given limits; we cannot conduct society as it is at present, debased and degraded, without the assistance of such reports; "but at the beginning of the creation God" made man upright. When you hear of man, you ought to hear of uprightness; but "they have sought out many inventions," and the proudest of their "inventions" is a falsehood. There is great difficulty in some quarters as to the immortality of the soul. If you start the discussion of the immortality of man from a period after his historical apostasy, you will be wrong; starting from the wrong point, you will come to a false conclusion. What you must do is to get back to "the beginning of the creation." What did God make man when He made him in His own image?—a thing of clay, a thing that could be

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rusted by time, a thing that would be the sport of the centuries? Never! He made him immortal: the breath that warmed his nostrils came from the mouth of God.

What was man's relation to man "from the beginning of the creation"? Man was man's "keeper." A sweet thought—a divine socialism! —the socialism that is utterly forgotten to-day amid a thousand pamphlets that are snowed into the gutter. This man hath a dream, and that man a prophecy, concerning altruism, and another man hath a proposition to make. These may be good, they may suit a certain period of time and a certain definition of territory, they may be exceedingly useful within a limited period; "but from the beginning of the creation God"! That is what we want to know. God said, "Where is thy brother?" This is not a doctrine that can be taught by pamphlets; this is not the issue of some very learned dissertation read before some very somnolent audience: this belongs to the "beginning" of things, this is the *à priori* condition. We thus get back and back to God's thought: no reformation can ever take the place of regeneration; no socialism can ever overtake the divine idea of man filled with solicitude about man, not happy until the other man is found, not at rest whilst there is one poor little drenched creature wandering about in the wilderness of the midnight. Not a mechanical law. God has no poor-law. We, being made in His image and likeness, should love one another, not by commandment of the letter, but by commandment of the Spirit, by the pressure of an infinite and ineffable necessity—the rush of God upon all the springs and motions of the soul. Man hath sought out many inventions: he tinkers and patches; he legislates and amends and enlarges and undoes; he is, before God, a fool! He doth not hold large commerce with God. When the spirit is right, all literal schedules may be discarded. We shall not be right until we cannot help doing good—until we breathe it, until we are transformed by it. That is the divine idea. God is love. He does not legislate Himself into a momentary and evanescent affection; in His soul He is love: that is how He made man at "the beginning of the creation."

At the beginning of the creation what was man's relation to the lower animals? Providential, divine, priestly, educative. There were no wild beasts until there were wild men. We do not heed this. You might have had the wolf on your hearthstone as a gentle trusting creature. You might have had the nightingale perched on your shoulder, singing you songs of heaven in the dark night. The dog meant and wanted to love you more: you are the dog's god; when his god fell, he became savage. Oh, foolish souls! There is a time coming when the Saviour of the seven spirits, the Prince of the four names, shall rule the earth, and then the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the little child shall play at the den of the cockatrice, and there shall be none to hurt or to destroy in My mountain; for it is holy. The man that would civilise by destruction is a poor man; he takes the very meanest, vulgarest way of making gardens. Being fallen, he must needs have a gun; having made of himself a savage, he must go into the jungle and shoot the noblest beasts that the divine hand ever formed; being himself dehumanised, he must be cruel to his own dog, to his own horse, ay, sometimes to his own children! When the Lord made all the animals to pass before man that he might name them, it means in the deepest spiritual significance, that he might hug them, pet them, endear himself to them, so that the voice of man should be the voice of domination, not in the sense of fear, but in a very subtle sense of acquiescence. God gave man all the animals on the earth, in the air, whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea; yet man has gone to the devil's side, and wants to civilise by pitiless extirpation. The poor fool has now no remedy but to destroy the aborigines! He would shoot down the blacks; he would evangelise them by laceration. And as for the beasts of the field, he makes weapons on purpose for their destruction, and traps for the purpose of catching them, that he may wound and disable and destroy. "At the beginning of the creation" God meant all the animals to be gentle, beautiful, serviceable, co-operative; but now the little bird, the little redbreast, the little lark, is afraid when man, who should be to him as god and providence and priest, comes near. That is our reputation! To that we have brought things! The very birds are frightened of us.

In the beginning of the creation what was man's relation to productive nature? God gave him all the green things, all the trees, all the herbs; they should be to man for seed and for fruit; and when man tilled the ground, it should laugh in bountifulness of harvest. All the seasons were handed over to man; all nature was to be as man's providing mother; she should say to him, I am now ready, gather me into the garner, because winter snows are coming; here is thy bread; here is the anticipative answer to all thy winter's necessities. Man has spoiled the harvest; the earth does not hear him. From the beginning of the creation God meant that the earth was to hear the heavens, and the heavens were to hear Himself, and there was to be a great interplay of ministry and

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action; the result being that man was to be knee-deep in flowers, and to have bread enough all the winter long. That was the divine idea "from the beginning of the creation"; that idea is yet to be realised in gospel times. There is a specific pledge or promise to this effect: "Let the people praise, O God, yea, let all the people praise Thee; then shall the earth yield her increase." But man, foolish man, undertakes the agricultural question; the nation appoints a Minister of Agriculture! Was there ever such a living haystack found on all the meadows of time? The agricultural question is pressed upon the attention of Parliament. That may be necessary just now, man may have brought himself into that condition; but the only ultimate and lasting way out of it is to get back "to the beginning of the creation," the divine idea: and when the people praise God, and all the people praise Him, a choir large as humanity, an orchestra large as creation, then shall the earth yield her increase, and all garners will be poor to accommodate God's infinite reply.

This is the reason the Church exists; this is the reason that a religious ministry must be kept up. We must get man back to the *à priori* position, to the divine notion, to what God Himself meant when He made man and constructed society. I know that this will get rid of all our intermediaries, all our social ameliorations, all our second causes, all our patchings and tinkerings. Men now read essays upon the poverty of the age—and print them—and forget them; in divers ways they beat the air and take the darkness home. It is very pitiful, but it looks legislative, inventive, clever. Now we are boastfully bringing to bear upon the poverty, the necessity, and the bad condition of society "a statesman-like capacity." O my Father, pity us! Thou didst make us upright, and we have made ourselves "statesmen"! It will be very old-fashioned doctrine, and very unacceptable to the young and budding genius of the century, when I say that we must get back to prayer, in its real, true, deep, eternal signification, before we can get back to any real prosperity. From the beginning of the creation God provided for sin. Sin is no surprise to Omniscience: the Lamb was slain from before the foundation of the world; before the sin was done the atonement was rendered. Alas, we make our little plans and our infinite mistakes, and then we say we are as God made us. That is the chief of lies. When you made that statement, that you are as God made you, you told all lies in one black falsehood. Here is the foundation of the Evangelical ministry; here is the beginning of the divine regeneration. Men take all things into their own hand, and, having wrought out the problem, as they would call it, into all manner of confusion and disappointment, they say, Where is Providence? You should have asked that question ages ago; you should have got into a right relation to Providence before you made your first mistake. That which is bad from the beginning can never, saith the Roman law, be made right by any lapse of time. We are wrong at the start, we are wrong fundamentally, and no resolution-mongering will ever be permitted to usurp the throne of the Eternal and to direct the centuries in their moral and spiritual legislation. Back to prayer, to faith, to yourself, as God meant you to be!

The great lesson is to get back to God, get back to "the beginning of the creation." The cry of the day is, Get back to Christ! That was never Christ's own cry; His cry was, Back to the Father, back to God! We go to Christ that we may get to the Father; we go to the atoning Christ that we may pass on to the pardoning God. Then cometh the end, when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God and His Father, and God shall be all in all. It is a weary way, to hang ourselves on the trees of our own invention. We make suicides of ourselves (notwithstanding the verbal paradox) every day we live; for we will not have God to reign over us.

That is, suggestively, without any attempt at exhaustive elaboration, how the case stands; and until we all get back to fundamental conceptions, and to a realisation of the divine intention, we shall be only making new plans in order to discard them; for man's inventions are shorter-lived than himself. Here is the great call to young preachers, to missionaries of the Cross, to Christian leaders of society. I know you have your altruism and your socialism, and your schemes for making yourselves longer holidays; I know you have your battlings and your strikes and your lock-outs and your various social confusions and misunderstandings: but unless the Lord hath forsaken my soul, and left that soul as an empty tenement, I will say that the only way out of all personal sin and social trouble is by getting back to the divine intention in the making of men and in the construction of society. Who can give us the information and the wisdom that we need? Jesus Christ. He dwelt in the bosom of the Father; He draws His breath in the fear of the Lord. Get audience of Him, and He will show you how to build your house upon a rock.

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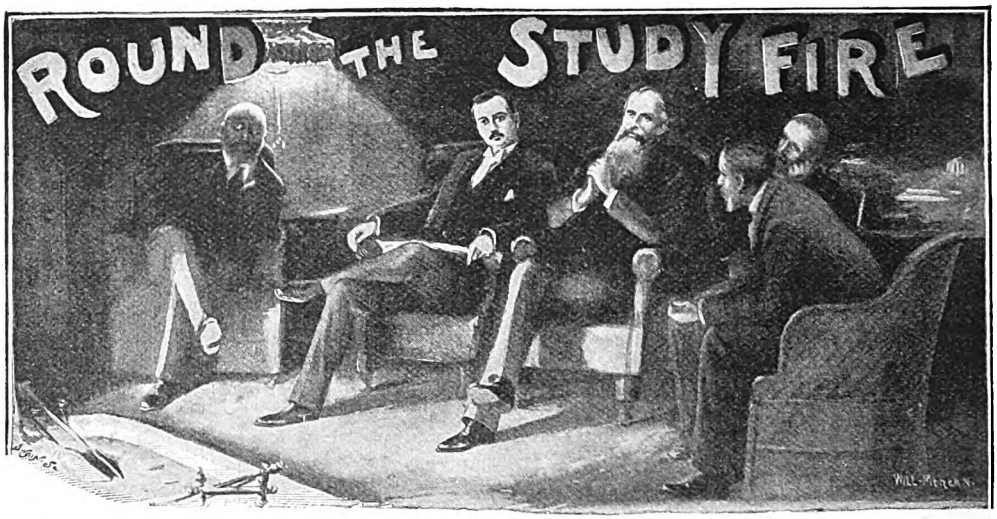

By Silas K. Hocking

The doctor began it. He had been to church the previous evening to hear a well-known divine, and evidently he had not profited by it. It should be stated that the doctor does not often go to church. His professional duties are onerous, and generally occupy him seven days a week. Several of his patients—"perennials" he calls them—insist on a Sabbath day's visit. They are generally worse on that day than on any other; and to neglect them would mean a serious loss of income. On the previous evening, however, his wife had persuaded him to accompany her. There was to be a stranger in the pulpit—a very learned man, and a great controversialist. The doctor, who enjoys a sermon when it is good, went with large expectations. He anticipated something out of the common. He submitted to the squeeze in his pew and to the noxious atmosphere good-humouredly, he dropped a loose half-crown into his ticket-pocket for the collection,—for some reason he missed dropping it into the collecting-box at the close, and he did not join in singing the last hymn.

* * *

Conversation had tapered out into silence. We sat listening to the splash of the rain against my study window and the rumbling of the wind in the chimney. At length the doctor picked up the poker and plunged it into the grate. "I've known you seven years," he said apologetically, turning his eyes towards me, "and I confess to a weakness for a good fire on a night like this. By the by, did any of you hear Mr. Blank last night?" We had all to confess that we had not experienced that pleasure. "Oh, well," he went on, "from my point of view you did not lose much. I do not often go to church, as you know—haven't the chance. But I made an extra effort last night, and got a benefit. I should have been a better-tempered man to-day if I had stayed at home." We naturally expressed our surprise at this; and Wilson (who sits under the lamp, and whose part in the conversation is generally that of interjecting questions) wanted to know if Mr. Blank was not considered a very broad man.

* * *

"It's length that I complain of," laughed the doctor. "Why, he talked the clock round within five minutes. Think of a discourse fifty-five minutes long, delivered in a tone of voice that never changed, and in a manner so uniformly impressive that in five minutes it had lost all impressiveness. I endured the first half-hour without any outward sign of weariness at least; but after that, to put it mildly, I got fidgety, and during the last ten minutes I lost my temper completely. Mind you, I believe there are men who can interest you, and even enthral you, for a much longer time than that. But they are very rare exceptions, and Mr. Blank is not one of them. He may be a scholarly man—I offer no opinion on that point; but he is unable to arrest attention or to hold it. There was nothing new last night, either in thought or treatment. In the first twenty minutes he said all he had to say. The rest of the sermon was wearisome repetition. If he had stopped when he had finished, he would have created a favourable impression. At least I judge nobody would have complained;

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but, depend upon it, people will not go to church and chapel to be bored."

* * *

"Does not this raise the whole question of church attendance that has been so much discussed in the papers of late?" Wilson asked at this point. Mr. Atkins thought it did, and was of opinion that there was a great deal that might be said on both sides. Johnson—who had not before spoken—remarked that, from statistics published, it seemed clear that church attendance had not kept pace with the increase of the population. He did not think that that argued that the people were more irreligious than formerly. There was other evidence that seemed to prove conclusively that there was a higher standard of morality in the country than ever before. People might be religious without going to church. Wilson asked him to explain himself.

* * *

"Well," he said, "take my own case. I came to this place nine months ago a complete stranger. I had been a churchgoer all my life, and was anxious to continue in the same way. But—well, as you know, I am attached to no place at present." "But is not that your own fault?" Wilson demanded. "Very likely it is," was the reply. "But let any unknown man go to live in a strange place and he will soon understand my position. I went four or five Sundays in succession to the church the doctor was at last night. I went in at the same door, the same official accommodated me with a seat. But no one noticed me. I loitered behind on several occasions, hoping that someone, seeing I was a stranger, would speak to me. At length I summoned up courage and approached one of the stewards, and asked if I might speak to him a moment. He said he was engaged, and walked off. Then I applied for sittings, and was told there were none to be had at present. So on the following Sunday I stole diffidently into another church. There was plenty of room, but I did not go a second time. The preacher had evidently mistaken his vocation. After that I did not go anywhere for two or three Sundays. Then I tried again. But I think perhaps my diffidence, or it may be my appearance, is against me. Nobody appeared to want me, and so I grew disheartened. I don't know that I am less religious than I was before. I certainly don't miss the public service now—perhaps that is a bad sign. But believe me, mine is not an exceptional case. There are hundreds of similar cases in every city in the land."

The doctor edged himself round suddenly in his chair. "You have put your finger on one of the causes of non-attendance, no doubt," he said. "There is an atmosphere surrounding nearly all churches that even to religiously-inclined people is not inviting. Churches, like other things, are hedged round with conventionalities. I confess when I am away from home I positively shrink from entering a strange place of worship, and many people have confessed to me to having precisely the same feeling. And if this is the case with what I may term religious people — those who all their lives have been accustomed to attend a place of worship—how must those people feel who are not religious, who have not been accustomed to attend any church or chapel, and in whom what I may term the habit of worship has not been formed? You can hardly wonder that they pass the churches by, looking upon them in the light of clubs, select and exclusive; and that they feel no inclination to take part in rites of which they know nothing and care less." "That is only one aspect of the question," Mr. Atkins suggested; "churches are not as exclusive as you would represent them to be." "In reality they may not be exclusive at all," the doctor answered. "What I say is, that, intentionally or not, they give that impression. It requires an effort to make your way into a strange church; and if after you have made the effort you find the minister a stick and the service a weariness, it is not to be wondered at that you do not trouble to go a second time."

* * *

"That is precisely my view of the case," said Johnson with more animation than he was wont to display. "I have long come to the conclusion that what we term 'the masses' will never be got into our churches and chapels. The very atmosphere of such places is against it. People who are religiously inclined, or who have a large circle of friends in attendance, will find a pleasure in going. But the outsider will remain outside. The stranger in many instances —perhaps most instances—will be repelled. The preacher will go on preaching to the same select or 'elect' circle—comforting the same saints and warning the same sinners—from year's end to year's end. And all the while the great bulk of the people will surge through the streets outside, untouched by the preacher or his gospel. Indeed, I am of opinion that we have quite churches enough, and I would not lift my little finger to build another."

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I think we all gave a little start of surprise, for it was not often that Johnson expressed himself so strongly. "I mean it," he said, as if replying to our questioning looks. "We have made provision enough for the saints; it is time now we considered the people. We want buildings into which they can crowd with as much ease as into a circus—where they will be at liberty to sit where they like, and not be compelled to pay for accommodation thirteen Sundays in advance. Give us that, and a preacher who has a message to deliver, who speaks because he has something to say and not because he is paid for filling up so much time, and I am persuaded there will be no lack of hearers. The alien and the outcast will come, and the stranger will at last find a home."

* * *

"Ah, my friend," said F. A. A., "you have at last touched the heart of the matter. The whole question resolves itself into this. Give us preachers, and not mere ecclesiastics—prophets and seers, and not white-chokered nonentities —men who have seen visions and dreamed dreams, who have tested the truth in the crucible of their own experience, and who are able to speak of what they know and testify of what they have seen—and the people will come and listen. It always has been so, and it always will be. You do not need to go outside London for proof of this. The gates of many of our city churches suffer violence, and there is not room for all who come." "A moment, please," said the doctor quietly. "I grant what you say. But who are the people that come? Are they the outsiders that we have been speaking about? Our great preachers get their churches crowded, no doubt; but do they reach the masses? Are not the crowds composed in the main of regular churchgoers? I quite agree with you that one of the great wants of the age is preachers. And yet even a preacher, a living man with a living message, may be hampered and hindered and practically snuffed out by a rigid ecclesiastical system, by a wretched, ill-ventilated building, by narrow and stupid officials, by an antiquated form of service, which he is compelled to adhere to. The truth is, we want less ecclesiasticism and more Christianity, less of church and more of Christ."

* * *

To this statement no one seemed inclined to demur, and for a moment or two silence fell, broken only by the rumbling of the wind in the chimney and the splash of the rain against the window. The doctor, who sat near the coal-box, threw another lump of fuel on the fire, then he turned slowly towards me. "You have contributed nothing so far to this discussion," he said. "And you have had a larger experience than most of us." Now, I am not at all certain that I feel flattered when people refer to the largeness of my experience. I might be eighty by the way some people talk. Moreover, in the matter of preachers and churches my experience has not been large. It has been my misfortune that I have had to listen chiefly to myself. During the last few months, it is true, I have visited more churches and heard more preachers than at any other period of my life. But I am not sure that I have yet reached the right focal distance for giving an unbiassed opinion. I am not certain what answer I gave to the doctor, but I will jot down a few impressions here, before I pass to other matters.

* * *

1. In the matter of long sermons, Nonconformists are the greatest transgressors. Judging from what I have heard, thirty minutes should be the maximum. In most instances twenty-five minutes would be much better. I have heard a number of sermons extending to forty minutes. But, except in one or two striking instances, the only effect of the last ten minutes was to spoil what had gone before. Preachers have little idea, I think, how long a time thirty minutes seems to people who are sitting still.

2. The chief fault of sermons seems to be a lack of directness. A number of the preachers I have listened to appeared to be preaching to imaginary congregations somewhere in the clouds. They orated and declaimed and exhorted, but there was an air of unreality about it all; we felt somehow that it was not for us, but for the imaginary congregation beyond the ceiling.

3. Most of the extempore prayers that I have listened to have been too long. The minister has addressed little discourses to the Most High. This has not been conducive to worship or to reverence.

4. Really good reading is not so general as one might expect. A few of the ministers I have heard have read beautifully, and it has been a delight to listen; but with others the reading has been a vexation. Leaving out the Oxford sing-song which some curates indulge in, there is better reading in church than in chapel. The public reading of the Scriptures is a matter that the tutors of Nonconformist colleges might with advantage pay more attention to.

5. During the time I have been a "hearer" my objection to "read" sermons has steadily

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evaporated. I am convinced that a good deal of so-called extempore preaching is not extempore at all. It is just reciting a carefully-prepared address—nothing more nor less. A really good extempore preacher is a *rara avis*. Not one man in a hundred can arrange his thoughts and carefully choose his words on the spur of the moment. The fluent man is always in danger of becoming wordy and involved. Several of the best and most effectively-delivered sermons I have heard lately have been read. But they have been read so well—with so much verve and freedom and *abandon*—that no extempore address could be better.

6. Some of the buildings in which men have to preach are enough to kill any sermon. If they do not kill the ministers also, it is because they are blessed with phenomenally strong constitutions. Ecclesiastical architecture, so-called, seems to be a device of the evil one. So far as I can see, the windows of churches are very seldom made to open.

7. Lastly, there is a good deal to be said in favour of public halls for religious purposes. The Free Trade Hall in Manchester, St. James's Hall in London, and the Synod Hall in Edinburgh are crowded every Sunday night, and, in the main, by people who could not be induced under any circumstances to go either to church or chapel.

* * *

I have not left myself much room for replies to correspondents. We have received quite a number of letters in praise of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE. I will quote from one only as a sample of the rest. A clergyman from the Midlands writes as follows:—"Allow me to thank you most heartily for an early copy of your new magazine. It is a splendid number. I have read it from cover to cover, and there is not a dull line in it. In its own line I am convinced it has no equal. My young people naturally went for the stories; but I was most interested in the two excellent articles on Dean Farrar and Dr. MacLaren. If you can keep up to the high level of your first number, THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE has a great future before it." I think I may promise my correspondent that we shall not only maintain the high level of the first number, but that we shall surpass it. We have in our possession a number of brilliant stories and articles by the best writers of the day, which will appear in due course, and will be fully illustrated by some of our best-known artists. Our next issue will be a specially strong number, and will in every way be adapted to the Christmas season.

Henry W. (Birmingham) has yet a good deal to learn. The art of story-writing is not mastered in a day. The Apostle Paul urged Timothy to "stir up the gift that was in him." The possession of genius will not accomplish everything. It will not, for instance, teach a man the alphabet or the multiplication-table. Geniuses, like other people, must work and strive if they would win. He who merely relies upon certain natural gifts which he happens to possess, and makes no effort to improve his talents, is foredoomed to failure. It may be true up to a certain point, that novelists, like poets, are born and not made. A man must have the story-telling gift, or he will never make a successful story-teller; but, on the other hand, unless he cultivates his gift, polishes his talent to the highest pitch of perfection, he will still be a comparative failure. I never knew a man who was above taking trouble succeed in anything. *Plod* often stands a man in much better stead than *brilliance*. Moreover, let no beginner overlook the fact that there is an art in story-telling—an art that should be studied and mastered. So much depends on seemingly trivial things. In the evolution of a plot a hundred details have to be considered. Just as a false move on the chessboard may lose the game, so a false move by a novelist of any one of his characters may spoil the story.

* * *

Let me mention one other matter. Henry W. is guilty of the vice—common to nearly all beginners in literature—of writing about things he only imperfectly understands. I don't know how many stories I have received lately, dealing with West End society, and written by young people chiefly who have never even seen London, and consequently know absolutely nothing about what they attempt to describe. Lexicographers define a novel as a work of the imagination, and yet, as a rule, the less a novelist draws upon his imagination, and the more accurately he describes life as he sees it and knows it, the more successful will be his work. Stories of wicked earls and love-sick countesses and bloodthirsty dukes, written by impecunious scribes in fifth-storey garrets, may possibly pass muster with a certain public. But no man will ever produce *literature* until he writes about what he understands. I would say most emphatically to all young people in the country who are seeking to enter the crowded field of literature, Let London alone. Keep lords and ladies out of your pages. Describe the life of your own village, its loves and hates, its joys and sorrows. You need not go from home for material. There is Comedy in abundance, ay and Tragedy also, close to your own doors. Don't imagine that the simple annals of the poor are less interesting than the manœuvrings of the rich. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the passions of the human heart are in no way dependent on social conditions.

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GETTING READY FOR WINTER

"COMING events cast their shadows before"; and as October draws near its close, housewives and mothers feel that winter — dreaded by some, welcomed by others—has already thrown its shadow over the home. Days are shortening rapidly. Even when they are warm and bright the evenings are chilly, and very soon the less robust members of the family will be caught looking at the fireplace as if they were thinking "how satisfactory it is now that fires are well started for the winter." Yes, winter is upon us. Are we properly prepared for it? Let us look around the home and see.

There is special house-cleaning to be done at the fall of the year, though the autumn "clean" is not as serious an affair as the spring clean. Still, housewives will be wise to go through with what is necessary, and to refuse to have anything "slipped." The house will not be nearly as dusty during the winter if at this period rugs and stair carpets are taken up and well beaten, if floors are scrubbed, and if every room receives extra attention. When all are ready, winter curtains can be put up, light summer curtains having been washed or renovated and put away.

Winter curtains newly put up are sufficient in themselves to make us welcome the winter; they give so pleasant and homely a look to the house. It is a great mistake, and also an extravagance, to have the same curtains all the year. The hot sun of summer destroys the colour, and makes tender the fabric of the heavy material of which winter curtains are made; and both summer curtains and winter curtains will last more than twice as long if they are used only in their proper seasons, while the change from one to the other will give a pleasant freshness to the look of the house.

Thrifty housewives have, we hope, got in the store of coal for winter at least two months ago, and therefore the most important part of the work to be done is connected with affairs of the wardrobe. For everything there is a season, and the present is the season for warm clothing and warm bed-covering to be brought to the fore. The probability is that just now large numbers of housekeepers are occupied in turning out closets and wardrobes, overhauling the stock of warm clothing for the family, trying garments on the little ones, and deciding what renewals are necessary, if colds are to be avoided and rheumatism kept at bay. Let it never be forgotten that warm flannel underclothing is the great foe to rheumatism and cold. Good fires are all very well in their way, but good warm clothing and exercise are far more effective than they in maintaining the body at an equal temperature. Foolish indeed would be the mother who tried to effect economy by letting her children remain insufficiently clad. It is a great point, too, to put the warm clothing on in good time. We gain nothing by wearing our light thin garments until the shiver which precedes a cold has reminded us that we have winter ones. Shutting the stable door after the horse is stolen is a most aggravating domestic employment.

When bringing out the winter clothing, it is well to have an inventory of the belongings of each member of the family. Authorities tell us that flannel underclothing, either thick or thin, should be worn all the year. Few doubt its being excellent for cold weather. Particular attention should be given to the condition of shoes and stockings. Knitted stockings are the best. If they are not already made, however, it is now too late to begin to knit them for this year. If woven stockings have to be bought, it is to be remembered that cheap stockings are very expensive in the long run. Buy good well-made stockings. They will wear, and stand washing. The seams are the parts to be examined, both with stockings and with socks. If the seam of the leg in stockings is well shaped and neatly finished, and if the seam of the heel in socks is gusseted to allow for the action of the foot, both stockings and socks are likely to wear well. Clocks are only valuable because they look pretty, and they are

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a sign that the stockings have been carefully made.

Put extra bed-covering on betimes. Plenty of light warm soft blankets are the best bed-covering. If possible, discard the heavy white quilts that used to be the fashion. They are more heavy than warm, and when people have a tendency to bronchitis they positively make breathing difficult. Light linen counterpanes, that have to be taken off at night and folded away, are much the best.

If proper preparation is made for the coming of winter, it will bring a charm with it that belongs to no other season of the year.

TO PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD PROVIDERS.

Housewives who have not been accustomed heretofore to stew down trimmings of meat and vegetables and remnants of dishes are strongly advised to begin to do so with the beginning of this winter. They may in this way prevent waste, and greatly improve the quality of the family fare without additional expense and with little labour.

It is well known that one of the weak points of English domestic cookery is its *wateriness*. Gravies, sauces, and stews too often taste thin and weak, as if a miser had stood by the side of the cook and stayed her hand when she was about to put in the good things. In many cases this lack of goodness is more apparent than real, the probability being that the food is nourishing, but that it does not taste as good as it is. If, however, the mistress could be persuaded to order that all scraps and trimmings should be stewed regularly, not in a large but in a small quantity of water, for five or six hours daily, and if the cook would carefully take care of this stock, and use it *instead of water* for sauces, stews, or anything of the sort, the taste of the food would be altogether different, and the butcher's bill would not be increased by one penny.

Where soup is used in the household, the stock thus obtained could be converted into excellent purées and vegetable soups. It would not do for the best clear soup, be it understood, because stock for clear bright soup must be made from fresh uncooked meat, and the pot used for cooking it must not be tightly covered, as this would prevent its being clear. For purées and thick soups and for sauces, however, stock made from scraps and oddments is abundantly good enough. If the trimmings from joints, the scrag ends of necks of mutton, the bones of cooked joints broken up, the carcasses of dressed and undressed poultry or game, the rinds of bacon, and the various oddments that are found in every kitchen, were simmered in the liquor which had been used for boiling meat, or in water, the cook need never be short of stock, and there would be no occasion to complain of food supplies being watery. One reason why housewives object to make stock from scraps is that they fear that a stock-pot might be made a receptable for worthless material, and be a means of making people eat food that they would not touch if they saw it. To say this, however, is to say that we must never use a good thing that is liable to be abused. Nothing ought to be put into a stock-pot that is not absolutely sweet and clean, and free from even the suspicion of taint. The stock-pot itself should be cleansed thoroughly inside and out every day; for, as Gouffé said, "the quality of the broth depends on the cleanliness of the pot." The stock should be simmered, not boiled, for five or six hours, then poured off, allowed to go cold, in order that the fat may be removed, then put away for use. Vegetables which have been used for flavouring should not be left in it, because they would make it go sour quickly.

Very often domestic providers hesitate to supply soup for the household because they have found it to be inexpedient to increase the work of the servants by adding a course to the family dinner which necessitates the changing and washing of an extra set of plates. This difficulty is a very real one; and practical housewives, who know what it is to keep house with insufficient or inefficient help, must sympathise with it. Where the difficulty can be arranged, however, it will be found that good soup made from small scraps, and served as a matter of course every day for dinner, is a wholesome, economical, nourishing, and, when well made, delicious and refined article of diet, and with skill it can be furnished without serious increase either of time, labour, or money.

HOW TO SEW ON BUTTONS

It is generally taken for granted that everyone knows how to sew on buttons, and that for this work no teaching is required. Yet there are probably very few housewives who can sew on buttons so that they never come off. The following advice given by a skilled needlewoman to the mother of a family is not therefore beneath notice:—

In the case of shoes, gloves, or any article bought in a shop, where the sewing has not been done to your order, sew the buttons on yourself before the garment is used. This will

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ensure their staying on for a little time. Neither thread nor time are wasted when given to sewing buttons on shop-made goods.

Do not use too coarse a thread for sewing on buttons; a smooth, tight-twisted one is better. Wax your thread if there is likely to be much strain on it, and put knots on the right side; it is more comfortable, and the knots are less likely to rub off. When replacing buttons that have come off, pick out all old threads left underneath. Do not pull the thread too tight, or jerk it in sewing. A loosely-sewed button fastens more easily, and is less likely to be dragged off than one tightly sewn.

Make it a rule, then, never to sew on buttons tightly. Begin by putting the knot on the right side. Place the button over it. Hold the edge of the button up, not down, with your left thumb, and draw the thread evenly and not too firmly. Make a good neck with the thread, and, when it is strong enough, wind the thread round the neck several times, then finish on the right side with a knot, and not too many stitches. It is always well to have an extra piece under the button, in fabrics likely to give way. For skirts and bands it is well to have two buttons and buttonholes a couple of inches apart, for fear one should yield to wear. Whenever it is suitable, use silk for sewing on buttons. It is more durable than cotton or linen thread.

Lastly, when buttons come off in out-of-sight places, sew them on again; do not condescend to use a pin. Let all good housewives be respectful to buttons. When secure they are a great comfort, and when they unexpectedly fail us they cause great annoyance. We are scarcely justified in regarding anything as trivial that is capable of increasing our comfort or causing us annoyance.

TWILIGHT TASKS

Lace Edging for Knitted Shawl.

Cast on 19 stitches. Any uneven number can be worked from the directions here given; 19 stitches, however, makes a handsome wide edging.

First Row. Slip 1, knit 2 plain, cast over twice, and take 2 together backwards, plain to end of needle.

Second Row. Bring the cotton forward, thus making a stitch, knit 2 together, knit 1, O, take 2 together 4 times, O, knit 1, thus making 5 holes, knit plain until 5 are left on the needle, then O twice, knit 2 together backwards, knit 3.

Third Row. Same as first row, and repeat these two rows until there are 12 holes on the slope and 30 stitches on the needle.

When this point is reached, begin to decrease thus:—

First Row. The same as the first row of increase.

Second Row. Cotton forward (knit 2 together) twice, (O 2 together) 5 times, knit plain till 5 are left, then O twice, knit 2 together backwards, knit 3.

When there are once more 12 holes on the slope and 19 stitches on the needle, begin to increase again, and repeat.

After knitting three or four of these vandykes, a person accustomed to knit will be able to proceed without counting the stitches or watching her own fingers; the pattern will be a guide to itself.

CHOICE AND SEASONABLE RECIPES

Superior Hashed Mutton.—Cut about a pound of cold roast mutton into thick slices free from fat. Melt 1 oz. of butter or good beef dripping in a saucepan, and when melted stir in an ounce of flour. Beat briskly over a good fire for two or three minutes: as soon as the mixture begins to take colour, raise the pan higher to prevent burning, and continue to stir until the roux is well browned. Add gradually, still stirring briskly, half a pint of hot stock, salt, pepper, and one moderate-sized onion. When the sauce is first mixed with the roux it will fizz a good deal, but if it is put in slowly and stirred well, it will be all right. Let the sauce boil, lay the slices of mutton in it; place a weight on the lid of the pan to keep in the steam, and simmer gently by the side of the fire for half an hour. Now add 2 oz. of macaroni, and simmer another half-hour. Skim the fat from the gravy. Ten minutes before dishing the hash, add three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Put the meat in the middle of a hot dish, arrange the macaroni round it, and pour the gravy round. A larger proportion of macaroni and Parmesan can be added if liked, but the quantity named will be sufficient for most people.

N.B.—Housewives who like to supply tasty dishes for the family would find it to their advantage to keep on hand about a pound of Parmesan cheese, ready to be grated when required. If stored in a cool dry place, and kept covered, a block of cheese will remain good for months, and cheese freshly grated has much more flavour than cheese already grated sold in bottles.

Sole on Toast, for Invalids.—Fillet neatly a sole weighing about three-quarters of a pound. Double over or twist the fillets, and lay them in a daintily clean saucepan with half a breakfast-

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cupful of stock or water, a few drops of lemon juice, pepper and salt. Bring the sauce gently to a boil, draw the pan back, and simmer for five minutes. Have ready four squares of toast, and lay a fillet of fish upon each. Let the stock cool for a minute, and mix in, off the fire, the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Stir and simmer gently till the egg is cooked, pour the sauce over the fish, and serve. Filleted haddock, or filleted whiting, can be cooked in the same way.

Chutney.—Home-made Chutney is a most useful preparation, and very popular. It can be taken with cold meat as a pickle, used as a sauce with hot meats, or added to hash, and it can be served with broiled or baked fish. It is at its best when made in autumn, while apples are still tart. The following recipe is very good, and almost sure to be approved by those who like Chutney.

Take 4 lb. of sour apples, 2 lb. of sultanas, or raisins, 2 lb. of brown sugar candy, 2 oz. of capsicums, 2 oz. of shalots, 1 oz. of garlic, 2 oz. of ginger, 2 oz. of mustard seed, 3 oz. of salt, ½ oz. of cayenne pepper, and 2 quarts of vinegar. Pare and slice the apples, and boil them until pulped in one quart of vinegar. Dissolve the sugar candy in the other quart. Mix all the ingredients together, properly prepared. The sultanas or raisins must be chopped or stoned, the ginger well pounded, the mustard seed bruised, the capsicums, garlic, and shalots finely chopped; stir in both quantities of vinegar, and mix well. Put into stone jars, and expose in the sun for ten days. If too sweet for the taste of the family, add more apples or vinegar. Tie down in the usual way.

WORDS OF THE WISE AND WITTY ABOUT WOMEN

Wrinkles and ill-nature together make a woman hideous. — *Chamfort.* (Surely they make a man hideous also?)

A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces. Without such a muse, few men can succeed in life, none be content.– *Lord Beaconsfield.*

The man who is able to govern a woman is able to govern a nation.—*Balzac.*

Secrets with girls, like guns with boys, are never valued till they make a noise.—*Crabbe.*

If you wish to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife.—*Michelet.*

A bad wife is a shackle to a man's feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulders, a smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn in his side, a dagger to his heart.—*Francis Osborne.*

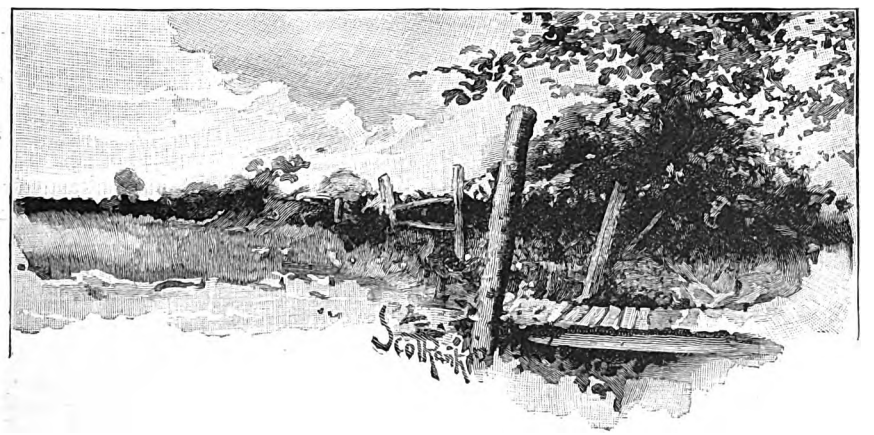
A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world, for teaching the virtue of patience and long-suffering.—*Washington Irving.*

All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted are, rely upon it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure.—*Thackeray.*

Nothing does so much honour to a woman as her patience, and nothing does her so little as the patience of her husband.—*Joubert.*

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks. —*Southey.*

*** *Letters to be dealt with in this department should be addressed to* "PHYLLIS BROWNE," *care of the Editor of* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, *Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.*



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THE TEMPLE PARLIAMENT.

SHOULD SENSIBLE WOMEN FOLLOW THE FASHIONS?

BY

HULDA FRIEDERICHS
MRS. FENWICK MILLER
KATHARINE TYNAN
MRS. RENTOUL ESLER
ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO

I.—By Hulda Friederichs

A SEASON or two ago I objected to sleeves that came higher than my ears and had indeed a tendency to meet over my head like the wings of angels and archangels in some ancient pictures. "No woman with any sense or self-respect could possibly make herself into such a guy," I said very wrathfully, and threw the despised thing on the bed. "No woman in her senses," a level-headed friend replied, "will make herself conspicuous and 'queer'-looking by wearing clothes which are different from those worn by all the rest of women."

It seems to me that this wise speech settles the question. A sensible woman should follow the fashions just so far as not to attract attention by being dressed in old-fashioned garments which suggest to the wicked urchin the question whether she has spent the last twenty years hanging up in a wardrobe. But this does not by any means whatever imply that she should wear things that are grotesque, or unbecoming to her, or *outré* in any way. Take the monstrous sleeves, which fortunately are gradually giving way to less unsightly ones. The angelic element may have been strong within one at the time when they were most like wings, for what woman is there who, having been thwarted in a pet "scheme" or "idea," and having rather pleasantly submitted to a defeat, does not, in her inmost heart, feel that she deserves wings at once? But when it comes to their being made of brown cloth, green velvet, or sheeny silk, she knows instinctively that that way bathos lies.

The sensible thing to do, in this case, and in all others, is not to follow fashion blindly, but with open eyes and an active brain. A clever Frenchman, in a current number of a Parisian monthly, says that out of every twenty persons eighteen never think at all, except where their special profession, business, or occupation is concerned. The remark struck me as wonderfully true. You meet men or women who are as interesting as possible when their special occupations are discussed, and who are hopelessly stupid when you turn to anything else. The maxim applies to the present subject as much as to any other. The majority of women (of course in this connection I speak of "comfortable" women only, who can afford to think about fashions) make fashions their special interest. The more I see of women, and bright intelligent women, too, the more I marvel at the —to me—astounding importance which their apparel has for them. Half their life's bliss and burden depends on the look and fit of their clothes. They wear, with great fortitude, an uncomfortable gown, and complain not. But let it fall short of what they expected it to look. Ye gods!—

The minority of women think fashions "a dreadful bore." This also is wrong. The sensible woman (I'm one of them myself, of course, and practise what I preach, though with many lapses) causes the subject of her clothes to be one of the little dissertations of life. She looks at the fashions of the hour attentively; she "picks out" what is pleasing and becoming (remembering, of course, that she has an individuality which should appear in her dress as well as in her speech and manners); she thinks out a costume that while it is never striking in any way, yet is fashioned with good sense and taste, and can be worn in comfort. In this way a woman is always "at her best," for the consciousness of being suitably and comfortably

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dressed gives ease and grace. And thus she is left free to give her thoughts to other things.

II.—By Mrs. Fenwick Miller.

It is certainly burdensome to attend to the purposeless and pointless changes of fashion. As John Stuart Mill pointed out in his *Subjection of Women*, the amount of thought and discretion that a lady must expend in dressing herself and three or four daughters is equal to that required to conduct many businesses. Yet I am of opinion that no woman can afford to despise fashion in her dress. It can always be modified to a certain extent to suit individual details of appearance, habits, and pecuniary circumstances; and it should unflinchingly be so modified when and as far as may be needful in the interests of health and comfort. But a sensible woman, while taking care to make such restrictions or alterations as these principles may require, will nevertheless give notice enough to the fashions of the day not to be needlessly peculiar. Any striking deviation from the ordinary style of dress at the moment is sure to attract attention; and so much do use and wont govern our taste that any fashion not in general wear looks odd and unattractive, so that the attention such receives is sure not to be of a flattering nature. Let us, by all means, be ready to accept unflattering notice—nay, let us cheerfully brave even scorn and reprobation if needful, in a good and sufficient cause; but in matters so unessential as the shape of a sleeve, the draping of a skirt, or the height of a bow, it is surely best not to court criticism, but to conform to the ordinary practice of the moment, and so to gain the advantage of slipping unobserved along the world's causeways, our strength reserved for the causes that deserve the service that we may give them by our willingness on proper occasion to be "peculiar."

I would go further, and urge especially on those ladies who desire to aid some reform, and to forward the new ideas as to the right and duty of women to share in public life, that they shall conform in the "things unessential" of the dress of the moment. An ill-dressed pioneer is apt to be taken as an "awful example"; however golden her logic and however beautiful her spirit, she will not attract other women to follow her, nor men to grant her wishes, if she looks markedly unlike the average woman of the moment. It does not matter two pins to me in what shape my sleeves are made; but when I know that by going into an assemblage of full-sleeved women in a close-fitting coat sleeve, I shall predispose them to look upon me as a person different from themselves, and therefore not to be regarded as a possible leader of them into the ways wherein I walk, should I not be very foolish to prejudice by this nonconformity in a trifle the doctrine that I am about to maintain and that I wish all who hear me to adopt? I am fully convinced that we do best to follow fashions that are not harmful; retaining our private judgment so far as to absolutely reject and refuse and suppress any that are mischievous, such as tight-waisted gowns, crinolines, or styles which imply imperfectly-protected vital organs.

III.—By Katharine Tynan

I think the sensible woman will follow the fashions with a difference. She will not be the first in the field. You will not see her heralding the hoop when attenuation is the fashion, nor wearing clinging draperies when skirts are *flamboyant*. It will be part of her good sense not to make herself conspicuous, and to be dowdy is a more disagreeable conspicuousness than to be in the front of the fashion. It is a tolerant age, and accepts modifications of the mode, so long as one does not openly flout it. It is also an age when the fashions have nearly ceased to be reprehensible on any ground. We have progressed so much in this way, that in a little while we may hope the wearing of ospreys, for example, will be impossible. The bicycling woman will make more and more for good sense in the matter of dress, though she has been preceded by the walking, the mountaineering, the tennis-playing woman. In our day of work and exercise for women it would be impossible to establish such fashions as prevailed in Early Victorian days—as, for example, the low-necked dress and sandalled shoes with thin stockings. England used to be scourged with consumption. Was it not the folly of women's fashions that was responsible, rather than the east winds and nipping fogs? That a great many sensible women are following the fashions is proven by the growing good sense of the fashions themselves. Tight lacing and tight shoes are out of date. They do not suit a generation which is not minded for the vapours, the faints, and the weepings of the old novels. The thing the sensible woman will consider about her dress is its suitability. The fashion in itself may not be made for us, but we can turn it to our uses. It is a question whether keeping up with the fashions is not a sign of more simplicity, obedience, and humility—of the inner grace, in fact—than a self-righteous, self-sufficing disregard of them. Many queens and noble ladies of old carried a mortified spirit under robes of cloth of gold. Was it not St. Francis de Sales who laid it upon his penitents to dress magnificently according to their station, seeing that they were placed there by the will of God? So a sensible woman will not mortify others by a dowdy disregard of the fashions, nor uncharitably set herself up as being the superior of those who accept the rule of the world in relation to the

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things of the world, and the rule of the Spirit, it may be, in relation to the things of the Spirit.

IV.—By Mrs. Rentoul Esler

THE sensible woman is pre-eminently she who does follow the fashions, in moderation. Being sensible, she has learned that there is always a good deal of merit in existing things; that the person who pursues a course indicated for her, whether in minor matters or in great ones, saves herself much wear and tear; that the momentum of the multitude will always overbear the individual, and that resistance is folly—or heroism. The sensible woman does not want to be a martyr—she leaves that thankless rôle to cranks and enthusiasts; her ambitions are towards pleasant things, smooth roads for the wheels of her chariot, and cushions beneath her person, since some jolts are inevitable. The sensible woman knows that to go with the crowd is to progress painlessly, and she does not care to suffer in defence of either modes or manners. Does fashion say the crinoline, the "bun," and the balloon sleeve are to be the only wear, the sensible woman adopts them, when she sees they have been generally received; she knows that use teaches the race to find beauty in anything, and that eccentricity is more burdensome than participation in the universal humour of the moment. But she modifies ugly fashions when she can; when she cannot, she accepts them, because assent to the popular is a popular quality. The sensible woman likes to be agreeable to look upon. She knows that in each individual's personal armoury outward appearance is a very powerful weapon, and that for success—which means happiness—it is quite as necessary to appeal to the eye and the ear as to the understanding. The sensible woman ascribes its meed of credit to the art of dress, and is of opinion that the plainness of the pikestaff could be modified by decorative touches. The sensible woman's sensibleness is usually indicated in her attire, which possesses, as a rule, the qualities commended by the prudent Polonius. Like him, she recognises that dress is a popular coin for daily currency, and she never omits it from her exchequer. Were the question of women of genius, that would be quite another story. We are sure that Sappho and Hypatia cared as little for the fashion marts of Athens as did Sonia Kovalevsky and Rosa Bonheur for the *boutiques* of St. Petersburg or Paris. Dress is an agreeable diversion and a pleasing art where life is not very serious; among great aims, great emotions, or great experiences it naturally falls into its own place.

V.—By Isabella Fyvie Mayo ("Edward Garrett")

WHEN we discuss whether sensible women "should follow the fashion," should we not reflect that all depends on the fashion itself? If we find anything more comfortable, artistic, and economical than what we have previously used, then let us use it, though it be bran-new "from Paris." But why should sensible women accept new fashions, uncomfortable, inartistic, wasteful, or cruel, because such are being endured or indulged in by royal personages and leading actresses?

When we have possessions whose style suits at once our person our place, and our purse, why should we change?—save for something which promises to suit them still better!

Once or twice I have imagined that my acquaintances had all improved in artistic feeling as to colour and form; but I have presently discovered that at the behest of some mysterious power they may relapse into the worst atrocities!

Why should "sensible women" follow the multitude to do evil? Thus did any who accepted the hideousness of crinoline, with its holocaust of women. So did they who fastened bales of nastiness to their heads as "chignons," and the others who more recently adopted the hideous "dress improver," that artificial hump suggestive only of deformity! So do those who still shame womanhood by wearing trifling adornments costing nameless anguish in the animal world.

Some, who plead for following fashion, urge "that what everybody wears looks best at the time, and if one did not wear it one would look 'odd'"! Only as a Greek Athena would look "odd" among savages tricked out in beads and feathers!

As for fashion securing variety, as others plead, more and better variety could be secured by personal selection of what is suitable to individual age, appearance, or requirement.

The perpetual "changing of fashion" destroys beautiful forms of dress and conscientiously-applied skill. Working women are constantly thrown out of some craft in which they have just attained aptitude, because "fashion changes," and it is needed no more.

There are ethical points connected with fashion. Any woman who knows there is a right and a wrong way of spending money will not spend it on yards of stuff trailing on the floor, which might be used in clothing others. Nor will she squander God-given health by enduring "neuralgia" through wearing "a bow and a rosebud" poised on her head, when it really requires comfortable covering.

There are "fashions" in other matters than clothing, and our considerations as to fashion in it can be readily applied to the rest.

In these days, when sensible women are surely interested, from their own standpoint, in all that interests sensible men, why should those editors who head a column "Woman's World" fill it from top to bottom with accounts of trousseaux and dressmaker's models?

Women who have honourable work to do, and a sense of duty in their expenditure, are not likely to "follow fashion" when it is going astray. They may rarely be "in the fashion," but they will never be "out of date." And they will not be compelled to tear up their old photographs!

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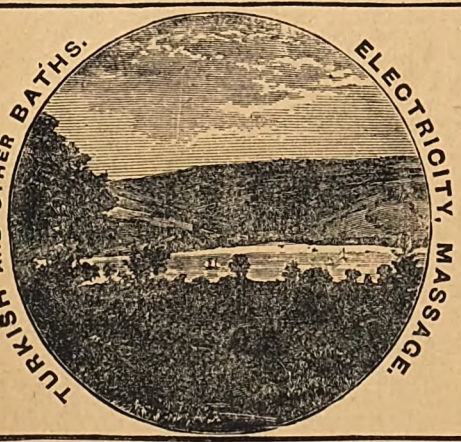

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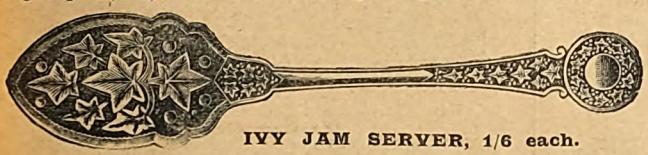

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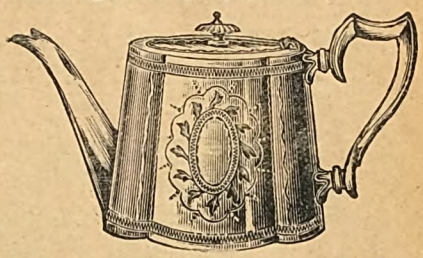

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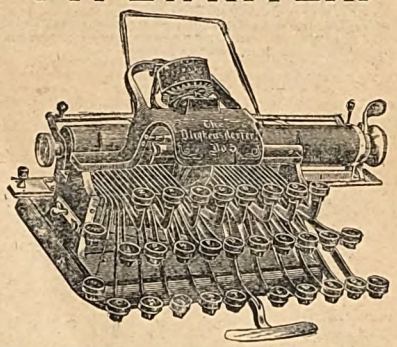

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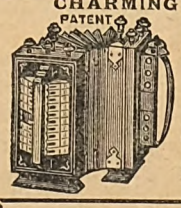

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The Vision of a Face

By Joseph Hocking

Author of "All Men are Liars," "The Story of Andrew Fairfax," etc. etc.

Chapter I

An Original Young Man

Robert Graham was a young man who wanted to be original. Most young men under thirty have the same desire, so I do not pretend to hint that he was anything out of the common because he was passing through this phase of experience. The desire to do what no other young man ever did is as natural to youths as cutting teeth is to children. I say nothing about young women in this generalisation; every woman is a law unto herself, and woe be to that man who dares to say what a woman is and what a woman isn't. Robert Graham, then, was in that period of his life when the tendency is to laugh at conventionalities, and to strike out an entirely new line.

He had been articled to a solicitor; but, tiring of the law, he determined to leave the quiet little country town where he had been born and reared, and go to London. His plan, moreover, was to forsake law for literature, and, while St. Minver would lose by his departure, the Metropolis would have one more daring life struggling in its midst. He accordingly left St. Minver, forsook the law, and went to London.

This was, of course, original.

In the early days of his law career he had learnt shorthand, and it was this expression of his originality which kept him from starving when he came to the Metropolis. After some weeks of weary endeavour to find a publisher, it was his knowledge of shorthand which enabled him to buy bread and cheese. He was employed as a reporter for two or three papers—small local journals which are unknown to London as a whole, and yet which are bought by the people in the vicinity in which they are published. By this means he managed to earn from fifteen to twenty-five shillings a week, and as a consequence paid his landlady with fair regularity. Indeed, that lady confessed that on the whole he was the best-paying "littery gent she'd hever 'ed."

This, too, may be regarded as decidedly original, although some of Robert's friends—they invariably called him "Bob"—couldn't see anything in it. They thought it would be far more in accord with their ideas of a man of letters to "Jew the old woman."

"Think of Goldsmith, Bob," they said; "when he was hard-up, and a friend lent him ten pounds, he scorned to do such a poor thing as to pay his debts. He spent his money like a gentleman, and gave a dinner to his friends."

"I'll pay her when I can," Bob replied. "On the whole, the old woman treats me fairly, and so I'll not owe her sixpence if I can help it."

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Which shows that Bob had not got very far on, after all.

When he had been in London a year, he did another original thing—he joined a Bachelors' Club. Of course this act was right off the beaten track, and Bob had a sort of feeling that he had done something worthy of note. It is true there was nothing very striking or renowned about this Club except that it had no club-house, no secretary, no treasurer, no committee, and no entrance fee. Perhaps, however, this was suggestive of unconventionality, and a certain Bohemianism which many people nowadays regard as the proper thing. The one rule of the Club was that no member should have anything to do with women, and directly anyone should break this rule he should be expelled.

For a year Bob conformed loyally to this. Indeed, he scarcely spoke to his landlady, and as for other members of the fair sex he never even noticed them. The members of the Bachelors' Club met as often as they could in each other's rooms, and each in turn paid for a supper. They smoked a good deal, gossiped a good deal, and abused publishers' readers unmercifully. For nearly all the members of the Club were "gentlemen connected with the press." And each of these had a desire "to bring out a great book—something that would startle the age."

Bob wrote a good deal, wrote on every imaginable subject, and sent his work to various editors of all sorts, but without success. His work wasn't "quite suitable." He got sick of publishers' forms and editorial communications, but still he toiled steadily on, and wrote with all the regularity of a leader writer, sometimes with as much brilliancy. In vain, however.

He criticised editors and publishers' readers a good deal, and yet in his heart he felt that he got all he deserved. Original his work might be, but he never loved the things he had written. Member of the Bachelors' Club as he was, he wrote love stories, and often married the hero to the heroine; but somehow his own heart never responded to the words they said to each other. Indeed, he was obliged to confess to himself that he didn't know how to tell the story of a man's love for a maid.

Presently Bob grew cynical, and, if the truth must be told, a trifle coarse. He began to wish he had not forsaken the law, and that he had been sufficiently commonplace to stay at home, on the principle that "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." He was too proud to return, however, and so toiled on grimly.

Now, to toil grimly is altogether inimical to the interests of one who wishes to write works of imagination, and Bob felt that instead of writing better he wrote worse, while his constant association with men, and men only, did not at all help him to be romantic. Moreover, he wasn't as good a fellow as when he was articled to a solicitor. When he read his effusions of those days, he felt that they breathed a truer spirit than those born in London.

Indeed, when Bob had been a member of the Bachelors' Club for a little more than a year, he declared that life was a game not worthy of the candle, and advocated "a chamber of Lethe," where a man who had discovered the hollowness of the whole affair might put an end to himself conveniently, and painlessly. Of course this shows decided originality.

About this time he was invited to a country house to spend Christmas, and, although he felt he was doing nothing original by accepting the invitation, he promised to comply with the evident wish of the sender. He was indebted for the invitation to the following order of events. First, a young man, who was a banker's clerk, occupied two rooms in the house where Bob occupied one. This banker's clerk was called Herbert Walker, who, in writing to his father, told him about Bob. Herbert Walker's father was fond of his son, and, being desirous of pleasing him, decided to invite the young man to spend Christmas with them, providing Bob were a decent fellow. Accordingly, one day when Mr. Walker senior was in London, he took steps to see Bob, and on talking together it came out that Bob's father had, years ago, been a friend of Mr. Walker.

"I suppose no women will be at your house?" said Bob to Herbert, when they were talking together shortly after the former had accepted the invitation.

"Why?"

"Well, I shall be obliged to write again and tell your father that I cannot manage it."

"Surely you'll not carry your tomfoolery so far?" suggested Herbert.

"Principle is principle," replied Bob proudly.

"Well, as it happens, no women will be at the house for the three days you've agreed to come to us, except an old housekeeper and the servants. You'll not object to these, I suppose?"

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"No; the fact is I'm not bigoted, and women of that sort are a necessary evil."

It will be seen from this that Bob was a profound philosopher.

"My cousin and two or three of her companions are coming the day after Christmas Day, but as you say you are returning that morning you'll not see them."

"That's right. I suppose yours is a jolly old place, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think so. Of course it's not what you call a mansion, but it's a fine old country house for all that. Father got it very cheaply because it is reported to be haunted."

"Nonsense!"

"Fact, I assure you. The story goes that two or three generations ago the only daughter of the then owner was killed there."

"Killed? How?"

"Well, it was in this way. A yeoman who lived close by wanted her very badly; indeed, it is said he was crazy about her, and she refused to have anything to say to him. Then one Christmas Day, when for the hundredth time he was pleading his cause, she told him that she had promised to marry another man. It is reported that he went away with a terrible look on his face, and that he was scarcely able to walk out of the house. Anyhow, that night the household was aroused by terrible screams, and on entering the room they found her in a pool of blood, and her heart had ceased to beat. They searched for the murderer in vain, but next morning the man who had wanted her was found dead in his own bed, and on the table by his side was a confession that he had done the deed. Since that the house has been believed to be haunted. Several families have tried to live there, but in vain. Terrible cries and groans have been heard in the room where the girl was killed, while at Christmas-time it is said to be worse."

"And have you heard any noises?"

"The truth is, I have been very little at home. Besides, my father has had the house only two years, and last Christmas I was visiting at my aunt's. I've never heard my father say that he's been troubled."

"Of course it's a lot of humbug," cried Bob. "Ghosts, indeed! For my own part, I should like to see one."

"It may be all nonsense," replied Herbert, "and yet I must confess that when I went into the haunted room I had a funny sort of feeling. I shouldn't like to sleep in it on Christmas night, anyhow."

"Humbug!" replied Bob

"Well, it may be humbug," said Herbert, "but I challenge you to sleep there, anyhow."

"I accept," exclaimed Bob,—"I accept," and in saying this he felt that he was not an ordinary kind of young man. "Does the ghost appear?" he went on, "or are there only sounds?"

"She appears, I believe."

"And not the man?"

"No, she comes alone. She was a beautiful girl, and very good. Indeed, I am told that everybody loved her because she was so good and pure."

"I should like to see her, then," was Bob's reply; "it would be phenomenal, indeed, to see a good pure woman. For my own part, I doubt whether any such exist."

This latter original remark had been repeated very frequently at the Bachelors' Club, although Bob had an idea that he was the first who ever used it.

Christmas Day happened on the Wednesday in this particular year, and on the Saturday previous Bob found his way to Beechwood. He was promised that no woman, beyond the servants, should be seen; that he should have plenty of shooting; and that in the evening several nice fellows would be present for a talk and a smoke. Mr. Walker possessed a good library, a billiard-table, and good cigars. What more could a man want? Anyhow, Bob expressed himself as delighted.

As the conveyance drove up to the house the young man felt that, after all, life was worth living. Mr. Walker gave him a hearty greeting, while Herbert, who took him to his room, seemed in high spirits.

The three days prior to Christmas Day passed quickly away, and Bob declared that he enjoyed himself thoroughly.

"There is something sensible about it," he remarked. "There are no giggling girls about, no spooning going on between them and silly fellows; in fact, it's a joy unspeakable to know that the house is free from petticoats."

"Well, I think it awfully slow," replied Herbert. "I shall be jolly glad when Thursday comes. Eunice is coming then with some of her friends. She will make the house seem like a new place."

"What time does she arrive?" asked Bob.

"Oh, not till about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon."

"I shall be in London by that time."

"Come, old man, don't be a fool, stay the week out and enjoy yourself."

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"No, thank you," replied Bob. "I've had enough of women; and besides, there's the haunted room, you know."

"Why, have you heard or seen anything?"

"Certainly not. Of course the whole story is a pure fabrication, and only due to the imagination of frightened and superstitious people."

On Christmas Day, Bob spent his time in what he called a sensible way. In the morning he read Rousseau's *Confessions*, and then, after enjoying the Christmas goose, he had a sleep; this over, he went for a walk with Herbert, and then came back to Beechwood with a good appetite for tea. A very quiet evening was spent, and at half-past ten Bob went to his room.

It was a comfortable room, rather low-ceiled, but roomy. The furniture matched the apartment, too. The bed was a huge four-poster, and a step was required to climb into it; the carpet was thick and heavy, more fitted for a drawing-room than a bedroom. The fireplace was large, and in the grate a bright fire burned cheerfully; over the mantelpiece was a large mirror, which, as Bob remarked, was not common in a bedroom. A huge arm-chair was placed in front of the fire, the kind which goes by the name of "a saddlebag"; and close by the chair a table was placed, on which were a dozen or more books.

Bob sat down and looked contentedly into the fire.

"This is comfort," he sighed. "By Jove, I shall feel a difference when I get back to London. Grime Street will be very dreary after this. After all, there's something awfully fine about these old country houses. There's a feeling of rest, of comfort, while the fact that I'm in a haunted room adds to its charm. Of course it's nonsense, but it's pleasant to think about for all that."

Bob turned to the table by his side, turned up the lamp, and picked up a book.

"I've had a pleasant time. There's been no noise, no bother, no women; indeed, nothing unpleasant. I should have liked to have stayed till Saturday. Bother those girls who are coming to-morrow!" And yet, if the truth must be told, Bob almost wished that he'd consented to tolerate the girls, so as to have had three days more of comfort.

"But there, it's no use," he went on; "it can't be helped. Besides, when I get back, I'll have another try at a story—a real good moving story, such as makes old people feel young. Ay, I wish I could! Why in the world can't I write? I'm afraid it's no use trying. I believe I'll go back home and ask old Rimmer to take me on again. It's better than grubbing at reporting for the papers. Oh dear! Well, I'll have a read."

How long Bob read I cannot say; indeed, I do not think he knew himself. It might have been an hour or more, but presently he started up uneasily. There seemed to be a strange influence in the room—an influence such as he had never felt before. To his surprise, too, the fire had got low, so he concluded that he must have been sitting for a good while. Then he heard a low gurgling sound, as if someone had a difficulty in breathing; this was followed by a scream, or at least he thought so, for he was not quite sure. Indeed, he seemed somewhat confused, as though a kind of spell were cast upon his mind.

He tried to rouse himself, and in doing so lifted his eyes towards the looking-glass which was placed over the mantelpiece, and in a moment they became riveted as though there were a secret and occult power in the glass. Indeed, if the truth must be told, he did not want to take his eyes away, for in spite of himself he was fascinated by what he saw.

CHAPTER II

HOW HE CEASED TO BE ORIGINAL

THIS was what Bob Graham saw in the glass: first of all, his own face and shoulders, and then behind him the face of a young girl. She might be twenty, certainly not more; indeed, she looked younger even than that. It was an oval face, and to Bob it was free from all imperfection. The chin was beautifully moulded, and the lips—he could plainly see how red they were, and how perfect. Member of the Bachelors' Club as he was, he felt that he would give the world to kiss them. They were parted, too, as if in eager expectation, revealing glistening white teeth. He saw the eyes too, large and grey. They shone on him with wondrous brightness, and the look in them was full of mirth, and yet he thought he saw terror as well. Above the eyes was a crown of brown hair. It seemed like a nimbus around the head, so brightly did the curling locks shine. The neck was white and bare, while around the shoulders were garments that were entirely strange. Evidently, they belonged to the last century, or perhaps even farther back than that. Indeed, he thought he remembered

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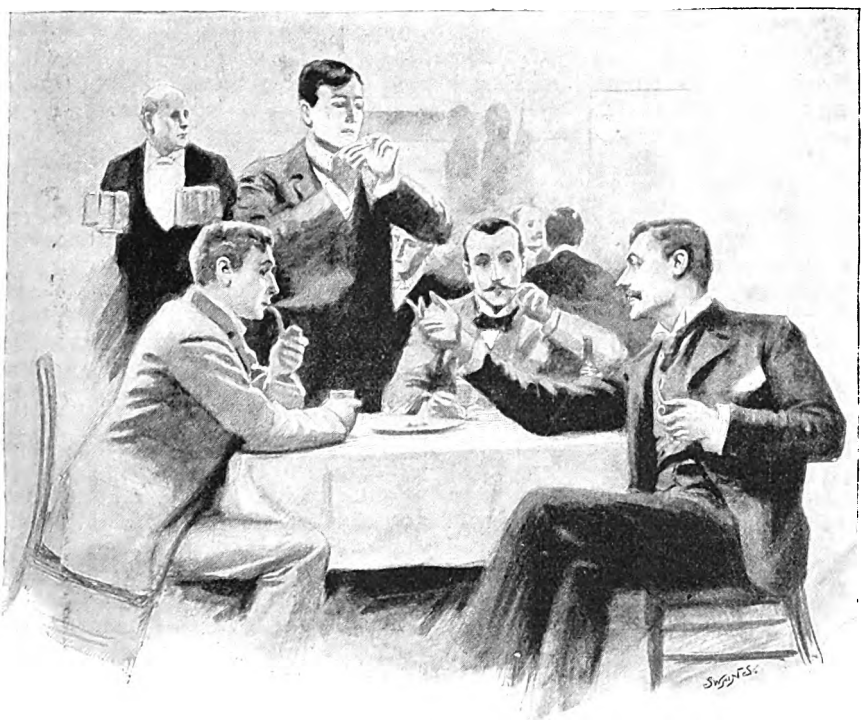
them as belonging to the Queen Anne period.

He tried to arouse himself, but could not; he tried to take his eyes away from the face in the glass, but in vain. Presently he thought he saw a change come over the face. The look of mirth seemed to die away from the eyes, and the laughter from the lips. He saw the girl's hand rise, while the forefinger was bent; then the hand beckoned him, and he saw her lips move, and although he could hear no sound he thought the word that the lips expressed was "Help!"



Sydney Cowell

THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

He was overcome with terror, and a burning desire came into his heart to render the young girl the service which he thought she desired. He jumped up from the chair and rubbed his eyes, although why he should do this he did not know. Then he looked towards the mirror again.

The face was gone!

He threw from him the weight which seemed to oppress him, then he turned towards the door. It was closed. He opened it, and went out on the landing. All was silent as death. He went back into his room, took the lamp from the table, and brought it on the landing, peering cautiously around. Nothing was to be seen. Evidently, the family had gone to bed and were asleep, so he came back and looked into the mirror again. It reflected the room perfectly, but the face was not to be seen. He examined the room, he tried to find some secret door, he went from corner to corner, he looked under the bed, he searched behind the curtains.

No; the room was perfectly empty.

He poked the fire and threw a log of wood on the embers. He felt it was no use going to bed, he could not sleep. His mind was very active just then, and he wanted to understand what it meant. So he sat down in the "saddlebag chair" again and tried to think of some clue whereby the mystery might be explained, but after half an hour's meditation he had not advanced a step.

He was not afraid. The vision of the face had brought no terrors with it, nay rather, he loved to think about it.

"No, I was not asleep," he mused; "I'm sure I was perfectly awake—perfectly awake. I was as much aware of what was going on as I am now. The face was real enough, the dress was real, and yet—and yet"—

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He thought it all over again point by point, he remembered the page he had been reading in the *Confessions*, he recalled the strange feeling that crept over him.

"Can it be the spirit of that girl?" he asked himself. "Is there anything in that foolish story? A girl murdered in this very room, eh? But why did she appear in such a way? No, it cannot be that; but how is it to be explained?"

He got up and walked around the room. He was getting excited.

"It brought no terror," he cried; "how could it? It was a beautiful face—more beautiful than anything I ever dreamed of. Good and pure!" He thought of his words to Herbert Walker, and laughed. "Yes, it was good and pure!" he repeated. "I'd give something to see it again. Why!"—

He stopped suddenly, his eyes flashed strangely. "I mustn't make a fool of myself," he cried. "I know it's not the thing to smoke in a bedroom; but Mr. Walker is a good old sort, and a cigar always sets me right. I'll have a smoke; it'll bring me back to my senses."

His hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the match; even when the cigar was lit, he could not tell whether he was smoking good tobacco or cabbage leaves, and after a few minutes he threw it down.

"I must be getting mad!" he cried. "The face haunts me; I shall never rest till I see that face again. What makes my heart thump so? Oh, I wish—I wish it would appear again!" and he looked long and steadily into the mirror, but nothing appeared.

Again he paced the room, uttering all sorts of impatient exclamations as he did so, and then after half an hour of this exercise he threw himself on the chair again.

"It's no use," he cried; "I shall never rest till I see that face again—never! It's no use denying it: I'd give all the world, if I had it, to kiss those lips! I—I— Yes, I'm in love with a face! Whether it has a real existence or not I don't know, but I'm in love! Yes, I'm in love! My word, surely a fellow was never in such a position before! What can it mean?"

He looked at his watch. It was three o'clock. The oil in the lamp was exhausted, and the light was beginning to die out, and the fire had got low again; then, like one in a dream, he undressed and got into bed.

When he got down next morning he found Mr. Walker and Herbert waiting for him.

"Had a good night, Bob?" asked Herbert.

"Yes, a grand night," he replied.

"You weren't frightened by the ghost of the murdered woman, then?"

"No, I wasn't frightened. I've had a splendid night."

"Well, you're late, anyhow; and if you don't make haste, you'll not catch the one good train from here to London. You are sure you'll not stay and meet the girls?"

"No," he replied, although he wished afterwards that he had said yes.

"Well, I wish you joy in your lonely den in Grime Street. I'm thankful that I was able to arrange for a day or two longer, and you are a fool not to have a good time. Why, the house 'll be altogether different when the girls are around. We shall have a grand time to-night."

"You are very good," replied Bob, "but I'll get back to London."

Neither Herbert Walker nor his father pressed him to stay, and a few hours later Bob was in London. His landlady brought him some tea, and after he had partaken of a rather scanty meal he sat down before the fire in his little room.

He was strangely happy, and yet very subdued. Somehow, the last twenty-four hours had made the world new to him, and he could not understand why his heart thumped so loudly. His mind was full of fancies, too; he had all sorts of wild longings. For the first time in his life he knew what romance meant.

"It's no use," he said at length; "I'll give up all thoughts of writing. I'll swallow my pride and go back to the law. I'm sure old Rimmer will give me a chance, if only for father's sake. Poor old dad, he didn't think when he was alive that his son would be a scribbler for less than twenty-five shillings a week. No, I'll go back to the law again. I'll"— But even as these thoughts were shaping themselves in his mind the face in the mirror came back to him. He could see it almost as plainly as when he was startled by it at Beechwood. He closed his eyes, and he could see it still. The great grey eyes still shone upon him, the rosy lips were parted as if they would speak to him.

"Shall I go back to the law?" He said this aloud, and it seemed to him as if the lips said "No."

"I think I must be losing my head," said Bob; but if he were, he was not desirous of finding it again. It was bliss beyond words to sit there and dream and see visions.

And so, with eyes closed, he watched the face, which he could still see plainly, and somehow it seemed to tell him something.

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"The face is an inspiration," cried Bob,—"a real inspiration. I feel as though I could write now."

He took a number of loose sheets of paper from a drawer and commenced to scribble.

"It has more in it than I thought," he said; "there is enough in it for a book. Yes, it's too good for a short story. I must work it out fairly;" and again Bob gave himself over to dreaming.

From that time he never attended the meetings of the Bachelors' Club, he no longer shunned society; rather, he courted it. But wherever he went, the face he had seen in the mirror haunted him. It became a sort of ideal to him. It was his standard for women's faces. It was at once a rebuke and an inspiration to him. Moreover, he felt that somehow he was connected with the face. It was in some way his own, and it was sacred to him.

He had no difficulty in writing from that time. The story which came to him on the 26th of December never dragged. All the time he had at his disposal he devoted to it, and the writing was an unspeakable joy. It did not seem to him that he was writing a story the plot of which had been carefully planned. He simply told a dream which had come to him—a dream of beauty and of joy.

And yet there was a sense in which Bob was far from happy. There was a great hunger in his heart. He longed to see in the flesh the face which haunted him; he felt that she lived, and he knew he loved her. He wandered about London streets, he went to places of amusement, he visited churches, and wherever he went he gazed eagerly in the hope of seeing in reality what he concluded he must have seen in a vision. He was always disappointed, however.

He gave up the idea of being an original young man; and yet, had he known it, he was now passing through an experience which was far from common. He was in love with a woman he had never seen; he was in love with that which might have no existence other than in his own mind. And yet all the time he felt there was a soul behind those great grey eyes; he felt that he should never rest until the face in the mirror appeared before him in tangible form.

The influence of the face was always good. Whenever he was tempted to do a mean thing, when the worse side of London life cast its spell upon him, the memory of that face broke the spell. His love, foolish as it might be, kept his life pure. He might only be loving an ideal, but to love a true ideal is a great salvation.

At length he finished his book, and he took it to a publishing house and asked to see the manager. That gentleman was very polite, promised that Bob's story should be carefully read, made a mental observation to the effect that he seemed a fine capable young fellow, and then forgot all about him.

A few days later, however, the "reader" brought a favourable report of Bob's story, and recommended its acceptance.

Soon after this, Bob, after being in the City, came to his room and found two letters awaiting him. One was from the publisher offering terms for his story; the other was from Mr. Rimmer, solicitor, telling him that his mother's only sister had just died, leaving him a considerable sum of money. This letter was typewritten, but the old lawyer had with his own hand written another to the effect that he hoped he would now give up his tomfoolery about literature, and come back to the law again. He, moreover, stated that he thought of setting up an office in London, as his practice was increasing in that direction. Why not invest a part of his fortune in becoming a partner, and take charge of the London office?

"You are a good lawyer, although you gave it up foolishly," concluded the old man. "I would not have offered you this chance otherwise. Be wise, my lad."

Unconsciously, Bob thought of what "the face" would say to this. Once she had said "No"; now, as he tried to think of what she would like him to do, she seemed to have no reality.

After some correspondence with his old master, however, he accepted his offer, and settled down to the law again. This acceptance meant a struggle to him, for he had set his heart upon winning fame as an author; but when he tried to write another story, he could think of nothing. His vision had gone. He realised, moreover, on reading the proofs of the novel which had been accepted, that he had simply told the dream of his own life. The face he had seen in the mirror was the face of his heroine, and, after he had told his hopes and fancies about her, there seemed to be nothing more to say.

Bob's book did not make a sensation when it came out. It sold fairly well, and was much praised in some quarters; but mostly the critics gave it scant notice. I was too fanciful, and altogether unconvincing they said; but Bob did not mind. He knew he had told the story of his heart, he had described the love which grew stronger day by day. He succeeded very well as a

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lawyer, and his partner congratulated him on getting back to the world of common-sense again.

He removed from Grime Street, but he kept up his friendship with Herbert Walker, who had been promoted, and who hoped that the manager's chair would soon be his. About the middle of December, Bob received an invitation to again spend Christmas at Beechwood. This invitation he accepted, stipulating that he should again sleep in the haunted room.

"Of course that can be arranged," laughed Herbert; "indeed, I doubt if anyone else will care about spending a night there."

Bob had not told Herbert a word about his experience, while Herbert had scarcely referred to his last visit.

"Of course you'll not object to meeting the girls this time?" continued Herbert. "You've altogether changed since last Christmas."

"Yes, I have," replied Bob, with a sigh.

"And you seem downright miserable, too, in spite of your good luck," said Herbert. "Wait a bit, there are some nice girls coming to Beechwood. You'll fall in love, and be as happy as a king."

"If falling in love would make me happy I should be the happiest man alive," replied Bob.

"Nonsense!"

"Fact, old man."

"But who is she?"

"I don't know."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know."

"Absurd! Why, where did you see her?"

"I never saw her."

Herbert asked many other questions, but Bob made no further confession, but instead began to ask questions.

"You say you have a cousin who lives with your father: what sort of a girl is she?"

"A right jolly girl," replied Herbert. "I call her cousin, although she's really no blood relation. Look, here is her photograph."

Bob looked at it eagerly, and then gave a sigh of disappointment. It was not his "face."

On Christmas Eve, Bob went to Beechwood. He tried to get away earlier, but his practice had increased, and he had to stay in London as long as possible. It was quite dark when he drove up to the door, but on entering all was brightness. He heard the laughter of girlish voices, and contrasted this visit with the last. He went straight to his room, and, as soon as he entered, looked towards the mirror as if he expected to see the face which had haunted him. But it was not there. He threw himself into an arm-chair, put his feet on the fender just as he had done a year before, and gazed at the smooth surface of the glass long and steadily as if trying to conjure up the vision of a year before; but in vain. He could see nothing but the reflection of the room, while the only sounds that reached his ears were the shouts of girlish laughter in the rooms near by.

Bob went into the drawing-room with a heavy heart. He looked eagerly among the faces there, but he could not see the one he sought. Eunice Lister introduced him to each one; he spoke coldly and mechanically, and the girls thought him an "awfully severe-looking and disagreeable man."

Presently the dinner-gong sounded, and at the same moment the door opened; his heart gave a great bound, the blood rushed madly to his head, while the room and all in it seemed to whirl around him.

In the doorway he saw the face that had haunted him—the face he had seen in the mirror.

"Oh, Mary, here you are at last!" cried Eunice Lister. "Mr Graham, this is my friend, Miss Gray."

Bob felt as brave as a lion then, and the hunger in his heart ceased. He caught her hand in his; it was hot and feverish. It trembled like an imprisoned bird.

"Miss Gray," said Bob as he took her into the dining-room, "I have seen you before. Have you seen me?"

Her face crimsoned, but she did not speak.

"It was you I saw that night—a year ago. You need not answer—I know it was you. I've searched for you ever since. I've some thing to tell you presently, there is something you must tell me."

Bob wondered afterwards that he dared to speak like this—wondered that she did not resent his words; but at the time he felt he could say nothing else.

Just before dinner was over, Bob, who had been very quiet for some time, spoke again. "You must go into the garden as soon as the rest of the ladies are in the drawing-room," he said, "and I will follow you. There is something I must tell you, something you must hear."

She looked into his eyes. She began to utter a refusal, but she spoke no word. Then Bob knew that the greatest hour of his life had come. A few minutes after, he was in the garden. He seemed like one in a dream; everything was so unexpected, so strange.

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"MR. GRAHAM, THIS IS MY FRIEND, MISS GRAY."

He had never spoken to this girl before to-night, nor she to him. They knew nothing of each other. But what of that? He had known her for a year; she had been his daily, hourly companion. The moon had risen, the clouds had departed, and the ice-crystals sparkled in the silvery light.

"Have I any need to tell you what is in my mind?" said Bob. "I think not. Surely there is no need of words. There are some things beyond words. You must have felt that your face has been haunting me. Life has been different since I saw your face. I don't know how I saw it, you can tell me that. Before then—well, life was grey, weary. You have made all things different, but you know that. You have known that you have entered my life for a long time, haven't you?"

Mary Gray did not reply, but Bob felt her hands tremble.

"I couldn't work till I saw you," went on Bob; "writing was an impossibility to me; but after that night I went back to London, and told the story of my heart in a book."

"I—I've read your book," she said, like one frightened.

"I hoped you would. I've felt all along that you were real. I'm glad you've read it; you know now what is in my heart—know that I love you!"

"Oh, Mr. Graham!"

"Don't call me Mr. Graham; you must call me Bob. I love you, and you must be my wife. I've been searching for you for a year, dreaming about you, constantly seeing you, and always loving you. You love me, don't you?"

"How can you? I never spoke to you till to-night."

"That doesn't matter. Look at me!"

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They stood in the bright light of the moon, around them the ice-crystals shone. Each stood looking into the other's face.

"You love me, don't you?" repeated Bob.

The girl did not answer save by a fluttering sigh.

"Mary, kiss me," said Bob.

. . . . . .

She told him all about it afterwards. She and Eunice Lister had come to Beechwood earlier than they had expected; in fact, not long after Bob had gone to bed.

When Herbert Walker saw them, he told them how Bob was a woman-hater, that he always avoided girls, that he was leaving early next morning because some of them were coming, and that he was then sleeping in the haunted room. Eunice had suggested trying to frighten him, and after some persuasion Herbert had consented to enter the room in order to see what he might be doing. On being told that he was asleep in the chair, their plans were quickly made. Mary had dressed herself so as to appear as much as possible like the reputed ghost, and while Herbert and Eunice remained outside, and tried to make ghostly noises, she stood at the entrance of the room.

"Well?" said Bob quietly, after she had proceeded thus far with her story.

"I looked at the mirror and saw you open your eyes, saw you look steadily at the reflection of my face, then when you started up I hurried out, and we all went into the little dressing-room which is near the one you were in."

"Yes, what then?" said Bob.

"I heard you moving about, and wondered what you were thinking. I wanted to go down to breakfast and confess what we had done, but Eunice wouldn't hear of it, neither would Herbert."

"But you didn't forget me?" asked Bob; "you thought of me afterwards, didn't you? Yes, I know you did. But tell me."

"I couldn't drive your face from my mind," she said.

"And you didn't wish to, did you?" laughed Bob.

"Why, Bob, I"— But I will not tell you what she said.

They stayed out together as long as they dared, these two—so long that Mary made the remark that it was very wrong for her to be so long alone with a stranger.

"A stranger?" laughed Bob, with mock scorn.

But at length they entered the house again, and there in the hall saw, hanging from the ceiling, a huge piece of mistletoe.

"Come here, Mary," said Bob. "I want to see those eyes again, just to be sure of them;" for Mary tried to join the rest of the party alone, so that no one might suspect where she had been.

Bob was standing under the mistletoe as he spoke.

Of course she came. No girl ever thinks of the mistletoe at such a time. There is some mysterious power in the mistletoe—ay, and there always will be, thank God, while hearts remain young.

"I don't believe your eyes are grey, after all," said Bob, bringing his face closer to hers, until—

"Bob, old man, I've found you out," and turning, Bob saw Herbert Walker and Eunice Lister looking at them.

At that time the faces of all four were rosy red.

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By Sarah A. Tooley

A loud and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells,
All hail with happy gladness the well-known chant that swells;
We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
And love the tidings that proclaim a Christmas-tide again.
But there must be a melody of deeper, purer sound,
A rich key-note whose echo runs through all the music round;
Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace-dome,
For these alone are Christmas chimes that bless a Christmas home.

In olden times English country gentlemen kept Christmas with their tenants and neighbours in right royal style, and at daybreak the doors of hall and grange were opened to admit those who sought good cheer. First came the breakfast, at which the Hackin (great sausage) was the *pièce de résistance*, and, if the cook had failed to be up at daybreak to boil it, two strong young men were entitled to punish the delinquent damsel by running her round the market-place or the village green. At dinner came the boar's head, served on a silver platter, adorned with bays and rosemary, and introduced by the master of the revels with some such quaint doggerel as—

> Lett this boare's head and mustard
> Stand for pig, goose, and custard,
> And so you are welcome all.

In those times hospitality did not exhaust itself on Christmas Day, but until Twelfth Night turned the feasting and revelry continued; each day the tables being spread with the time-honoured fare—beef, goose, pies, and plum-pudding; and surely no person in the parish had reason to complain of being hungry. Without wishing to extol the excessive drinking and "guzzling," common in the good old times, there was something very hospitable and pleasing in the Christmas revels when my lord and lady kept open house for their poorer neighbours; and to-day one hears with regret of the many country houses which, instead of being centres of hospitality and goodwill, are "under holland" at the festive season, while their owners are sunning themselves in Italy or the Riviera. But while increasing numbers of the aristocracy winter abroad each year and there is no groaning table, crackling yule-log, and family gathering at their country seats, the Queen never fails to keep Christmas at her country house in good old English fashion, with her children and grandchildren gathered around her, and upon her sideboard the boar's head, baron of beef, and the "stately pye," such as were in the baron's hall long ago, when

> Many a carol old and saintly
> Sang the minstrels and the waits.

It is to the Queen and Prince Consort that we owe the introduction of the Christmas-tree, upon which we are now apt to look as a national emblem, so deeply has it rooted itself amongst our yule-tide festivities. Probably, the first Christmas-tree ever set up in an English home was the one prepared at Royal Windsor the first year of the Queen's married life, and upon which the infant Princess Royal looked with as much intelligent delight as could be reasonably expected from a baby a month old. By the

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time the next anniversary came round, there were two little pairs of eyes to view the wonder. "To think," writes the Queen in her Journal, "that we have two children now, one who enjoys the sight [of the Christmas-tree] already; it seems like a dream!" and the Prince Consort, writing to his father in Coburg, says: "This is the dear Christmas Eve, on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step, which was to usher us into the present-room. To-day I have two children of my own to give presents to, who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas-tree and its radiant candles."

In the reign of George IV., Mr. Greville records that, with Lord John Russell and others, he spent Christmas with the Princess Lieven, and that she entertained her guests with a little fête such as was usual in her own Fatherland, and that "trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of wax-candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, handkerchiefs, work-boxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty." Evidently, the famous Court chronicler had seen nothing like it before, nor would it appear that the English nobility followed the Princess Lieven's example; it was left for the Queen and Prince Albert to set the fashion for the nation. It is interesting to note that at the same time that Prince Albert was introducing the Christmas-tree to the English Court, the Duchess of Orleans, also from Coburg, carried the fashion to the Court of France, where it was subsequently as sedulously fostered by the Empress Eugénie as it was in England by Queen Victoria.

In the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, Christmas was celebrated at the Court by public feasting and every kind of revelry. We read of a great Christmas pageant at Richmond, which took place in the reign of Henry VIII., and which is graphically described in a curious old paper discovered some years ago at Losely Hall, near Guildford. A passage in it shows that a kind of Christmas-tree was introduced into the pageant, but it was not the domestic emblem, which owes its introduction to the Queen and Prince Consort.

In those days of ancient Court festivities there was always a chosen Lord of Misrule or Abbot of Unreason, who led the King's Revels, and for twelve days reigned a supreme potentate, dictating such mummeries and carouses as he thought fit. Everybody was required to obey the Lord of Misrule, even as the Romans obeyed the Masters at the Feasts of Saturn. His reign lasted from All-Hallow Eve until Candlemas Day. Charles I. knighted a Lord of Misrule at Whitehall at the Christmas season of 1635. After the Restoration, the Merry Monarch opened the revels himself by throwing the dice in the Privy Chamber.

As late as the reigns of George I. and II. Christmas revels continued to be held at Court, although one must not forget to mention that their gracious Majesties attended divine service at the Chapel Royal on Twelfth Day, preceded by the heralds, and made an offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to ancient custom. At night they played in public at the hazard-table along with the nobility. Gaming had an important part in the Christmas festivities of earlier times, and old Sir Roger de Coverley was held up by the *Spectator* as an example of a good landlord, because on Christmas Day he sent each of his tenants a string of hog's puddings and a pack of cards. George II. and his Court played cards in state during the Christmas season — the King, Prince of Wales, and Knights of the Bath wearing the collars of their Orders.

High Christmas revelry ceased at Court with the advent of King George III. One cannot imagine a monarch who could calmly foot a country dance for three hours at a time to one tune doing anything very exciting, even at Christmas, and certainly the abolition of the debauchery which had been the vogue reflected credit on that exemplary but somewhat dull monarch. Gaieties again revived with the rule of the Prince Regent and with the sailor king, William IV., who indulged his coarse wit over the festive board as he enjoyed his Christmas carousal.

Great indeed has been the change in the manner of keeping the royal Christmas since the accession of Queen Victoria. No mummeries, no Lord of Misrule, no drunken revels or public gambling, as in the days of her predecessors. In this, as in so much else, the nation has to thank Her Majesty for setting so admirable an example. It may of course be said that the times had changed, and that the coarser manners which marked the period of the Georges were simply dying a natural death when the Queen came to the throne. This is substantially true; but there can be no question

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that the reformation progressed by leaps and bounds when a young girl held the sceptre. A feeling of chivalry prevented any licence at Court which would be likely to offend the delicacy of the young Queen, and after her marriage the Court partook more of the character of an English home than it had ever done before. At no season of the year was this more apparent than at Christmas. Throughout the twenty years of the Queen's joyous married life, the festival was kept at Windsor as a season of domestic happiness. Christmas-trees were set up in the private rooms of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and beside them were placed the gifts with which each delighted to surprise the other. There were special trees also for the royal children, and one covered with gifts for the household. Everybody in the Castle had a Christmas-box, from the highest to the lowest, and those given to the lords and ladies in waiting were generally of value. Lady Bloomfield, in a letter written from Windsor in 1842, when she was a Maid of Honour, says: "The Queen sent for us and Lady Canning at five o'clock on Saturday, and gave us each a Christmas-box. Mine is a brooch of dark blue and light blue enamel in the shape of a bow, with two rubies and a diamond. Miss Lister has a brooch something similar, and Lady Canning the bracelet always given to the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, with a portrait of the Queen from Winterhalter's picture. The Queen also gave Lady Canning a nice Paisley shawl, and before dinner all the household received presents—pins, studs, rings, etc." There was a special service on Christmas morning, attended by the Queen and Prince Consort with their family and household, and the day was spent in homely diversions and merry games, which the royal children enjoyed none the less because they were princes and princesses. The Duchess of Kent was always one of the family party, and bestowed pretty frocks upon her little grandchildren, like other grandmammas all the world over. The private apartments had the usual decorations, and, in the words of the old ballad,

> The mistletoe hung in the Castle hall,
> The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
> And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
> And keeping their Christmas holiday.

Dinner was served with the quaint customs of bygone times, and the day closed with appropriate music, in which the Queen and Prince Consort graciously took part along with the ladies and gentlemen of the household.

On New Year's Day, gifts of coal and beef were distributed to hundreds of poor people, in the riding-school at Windsor, in the presence of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and on the evening of 31st December Her Majesty and the Court danced the old year out and the new year in, according to good old English fashion. In the middle of the dance, as the clock finished striking twelve, a flourish of trumpets was blown, in accordance with a German custom. "This," the Queen writes in her Journal in 1841, "had a fine solemn effect, and quite affected dear Albert, who turned pale and had tears in his eyes, and pressed my hand very warmly. It touched me too, for I felt that he must think of his dear native country, which he has left for me."

With tender reminiscences of Windsor such as these, it is not surprising that since her widowhood the Queen has chosen to spend Christmas at Osborne. And although of late years something of the old family gathering has been revived, the Queen's Christmas is always overshadowed with the sad memories called forth by the anniversaries, on the 14th of December, of the deaths of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice. It is usual for all the principal members of the Queen's family in England to spend Christmas with her at Osborne, except the Prince of Wales, who has his own family gathering at Sandringham. The Queen selects presents for all her descendants at home and abroad, and the purchasing of these begins as soon as the Court has removed from Balmoral to Windsor, which is usually about the middle of November. No small amount of time is spent by the Queen in the selection of her gifts, as she is most particular to choose just the present which she thinks will give the most pleasure to the recipient. The London tradesmen submit their novelties for the Queen's inspection, but it has always been the custom of Princess Beatrice (who was generally accompanied by Miss Minnie Cochrane) herself to pay visits to the London shops to see the various Christmas displays, and make selections on behalf of the Queen. When in December the Court removes to Osborne, the royal yachts may be seen every day plying between Portsmouth and Cowes with the remainder of the presents, and the accessories for celebrating the royal Christmas, and also conveying Her Majesty's family guests. Indeed, it is much more lively about Osborne House at this season than many people imagine when they hear of the Queen spending her Christmas in private.

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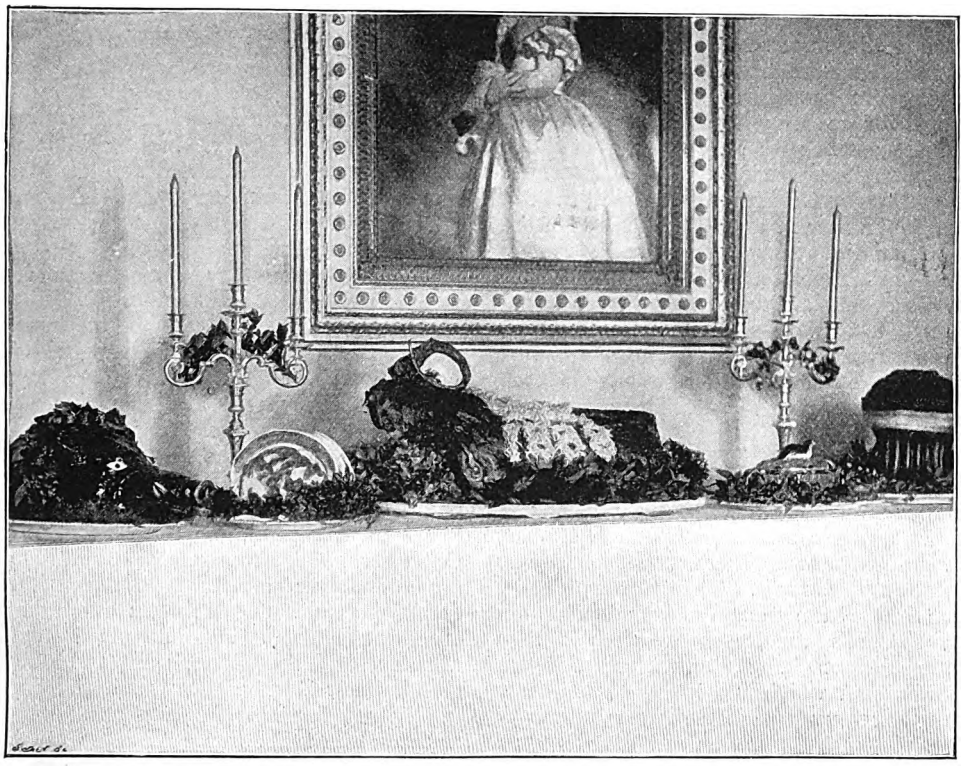

THE BARON OF BEEF, THE BOAR'S HEAD, AND THE WOODCOCK PIE AT OSBORNE.
[*From a Photo by* HUGHES & MULLINS, *Ryde.*]

Her Majesty's letter-bags are always a formidable sight, but on Christmas morning they are simply prodigious, containing as they do congratulations and presents from all parts of the world. In addition to these, numberless greetings come by telegram, and more especially is this the case on New Year's Day, when members of her family abroad send their good wishes.

The children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the little Duke of Albany and his sister Princess Alice make a merry party at Osborne along with their cousins of Battenberg, who for the past few years have brought life and brightness into the Queen's homes. This year all will be sadly changed at the annual gathering, for the Queen mourns a son-in-law to whom she was deeply attached and the Princess Beatrice a devoted husband. In former years there was a great Christmas-tree at Osborne for the delight of the grandchildren as well as the children of the officials of the Court who were invited to the festivities. The rooms were gaily decorated with holly and mistletoe, and there was the usual interchange of presents and greetings, and romps for the little ones, music and *tableaux vivants* for the elders, all of which were arranged by Princess Beatrice. A special service was held in the Queen's private chapel on Christmas morning, the music and hymns being chosen by Princess Beatrice, who frequently played the organ. The old-fashioned English dinner, at which the whole of the large family party gathered, was the chief event of the day, and for this extensive preparations had been going on some days previously in the great kitchen at Windsor Castle. It is to be concluded that the more modern arrangements at Osborne do not admit of such big roastings.

The famous baron of beef is cut from an ox bred and fed on the Queen's own farm at Windsor. It is roasted at an immense open fireplace, a relic of olden times before modern ranges and gas stoves came into use. When, a short time ago, I had the privilege of seeing over the kitchens at Windsor, the big fireplace was screened off, and the cooks were busy at the ranges, but I saw enough of it to imagine that when its capacious grate was filled with burning fuel it must look a

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veritable Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace. When the baron of beef and the boar's head —which latter has for the last few years been sent by the Emperor of Germany—are in process of roasting, the cooks busy with their ladles and two men tending the huge fire, one might imagine oneself back in the days when the Norman kings hunted the red deer in Windsor Forest and the spoils of the chase found their way to the spits before this same great fireplace. We do not suppose that Her Majesty takes more than a formal taste of these wonderful dishes, but, as one of the servants at Windsor quaintly explained to me, "The baron of beef is a good stock joint to have on the sideboard and come and go at."

A woodcock pie is the third standard Christmas dish which is cooked at Windsor and forwarded to Osborne for the Queen's dinner, and there is some competition amongst the royal sportsmen as to who shall supply the finest birds for it. This dish is probably a survival of the "stately pye" common in Shakespeare's time, and which was then made of peacock. A roasted peacock was a dish upon which the knights of chivalry took their vows, and at Christmas a peacock in a pie with its tail spread out, its head elevated above the crust and its beak richly gilded, was brought into the feast upon a handsome dish. Poorer folk made their Christmas pies pretty much as fancy and means dictated: some were of beef-steak alone, and others consisted of a fearful and wonderful mixture of meats, tongues, chickens, eggs, raisins, sugar, lemon and orange peel, and spices. Sometimes the chief ingredient was a goose; but the most remarkable recipe which I have discovered is given in a newspaper for the year 1770, and I offer it for the benefit of anyone desirous of giving their friends a surprise treat at the coming season. The following are the ingredients: — Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, and four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. When completed the pie measured nine feet in circumference at the bottom, and weighed twelve stones; it was fitted in a case upon wheels, and required two men to put it upon the table. It is questionable whether the Queen's cooks produce anything quite so wonderful as this.

The Queen still continues the custom of giving a Christmas-box to each member of her household, and at Osborne there are gifts to the poor, presents for the old women in the almshouses, and a special treat provided for the children of the workpeople on the Queen's estate. Formerly, Her Majesty was herself present at the distribution to the children, but of late years she has left it entirely to Princess Beatrice and the other members of her family staying at Osborne.

On New Year's Day the Queen gives coal and beef to many hundreds of poor people in Windsor and the adjoining district of Clewer. The distribution takes place in the riding-school at Windsor, in the presence of the Mayor, the Dean of Windsor, and the local clergy. The Rev. Arthur Robins, rector of Holy Trinity and chaplain to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, is one of the most energetic workers in organising this and all charities for the poor of the royal burgh. During the season a treat is given to the children attending the schools in the Great Park, which the Queen erected for the accommodation of the children of her employés; and the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein superintends the entertainment, and doubtless reports to her royal grandmother how the little ones have enjoyed themselves, for Her Majesty has always a soft side for the children. Princess Christian, too, has a special entertainment for the parents of the children attending her Crèche, and gives a present of clothes to each mother.

At Sandringham, Christmas is also kept in good old English fashion by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, like the Queen, have their children and grandchildren around them The Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, with their families, always arrive at Sandringham House for Christmas. The hall and the little church in the park are beautifully decorated under the superintendence of the Princess and her daughters. It is, indeed, to the remote ancestors of Her Royal Highness, those hardy Norsemen, worshippers of Odin and of Thor, that we owe our custom of Christmas decoration. The Danes introduced it into Saxon England along with other Druidical rites. Efforts were made in Christian times to abolish that relic of heathen worship, the sacred mistletoe, but it is said that the agitation was so strong on the part of the youths and maidens that the reformers were bound to desist. If a maid was not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas, there was a tradition that she would not be married that year, and the ceremony was not duly performed unless a berry was pulled off along with the kiss.

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Should it chance to be an old-fashioned Christmas, with snow on the ground and frost in the air, the scene at Sandringham is charming and exhilarating. The fir and pine woods which cover the estate look very beautiful in their dress of snow, and merrily over the frozen roads clatter the hoofs of the horses as the mounted footmen gallop to and from Wolferton Station with the royal letter-bags, which at this season assume unusual dimensions. All is animation as the Prince's guests begin to arrive, and the sound of carriage wheels makes a pleasant sound along the country road in the quiet of the winter evening. In the Hall itself hospitality is dispensed in that open-handed manner which always distinguishes the Prince. Inside it is a perfect picture of the ideal country house, warmth and brightness everywhere, and as merry a family party as ever gathered under any roof. At his Norfolk home the future king is a typical country gentleman, interested in everybody upon his estate, a model landlord, and the most affable of men. The Princess and her daughters visit in the cottages, look after the sick and the infirm, and contrive pleasant treats for the school children and the girls attending the technical schools. At Sandringham each year is seen a revival of the old-fashioned Christmas, such as was common a century ago; for although the Prince does not keep open house at the Hall, it is his rule always to provide every family on his estate with a very substantial contribution to the bill of fare of their Christmas dinner.

A pleasant sight it is on Christmas morning to see the Prince and Princess with their family and guests walk across the park, if the weather is bright and frosty, to the pretty little church, and there join in a Christmas service along with the village folk, who are at once their friends and neighbours. Later in the day they will be seen making merry on the frozen lake; and should it be a prolonged frost, the scene in the grounds of Sandringham House each evening becomes very animated, as the skaters glide to and fro, and the torches flash on the gleaming snow. Anyone from the neighbouring villages is at liberty either to stand in the grounds and watch the skating, or to take part in it on the ice, and the Prince has a cheery word for every comer whom he recognises, and the beautiful Princess smiles and chats in that delightful manner all her own.

Since the death of the Duke of Clarence the Sandringham festivities have not been so joyous as of yore: there has been less gaiety, but the same kind-hearted hospitality to the people continues, and the family party still takes place on Christmas Day. Whether at Windsor, Osborne, or Sandringham, the royal family keep the festive season according to the best national traditions of happy domestic reunion and goodwill to men.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

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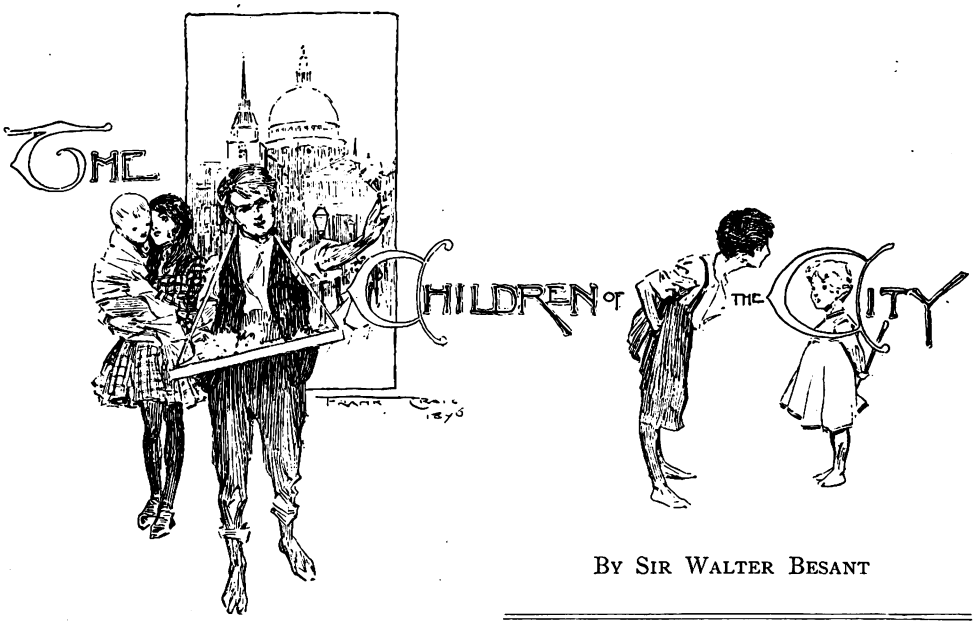

By Sir Walter Besant

The history of Human Sympathy is one of the things that remain to be written. There is room for a very fine history showing how Man, at first a single individual hunter, living for himself and by himself, was led by slow degrees to think for others. The actual cause—the fountain and origin—that which furnished the possibility of this passion, was, of course, love, with the foundation of the family, and the perception of the advantages gained by sticking together. When Man began to provide for wife and children, or at first for the children alone, he became able, for the first time, to understand the needs, the pleasures, and the sufferings of others. The historian will go on to show how strangely slow has been the growth of this sympathy—how curiously imperfect it is, even now—how many nations, how many individuals, are still imperfectly developed on this side. Few of us, for instance, can realise suffering that is not seen. There are thousands starving in China—thousands are ruined or swallowed up by an inundation in Japan: we cannot see the sufferers, we are very little touched by the story. We read telegrams of amazing cruelties from Armenia: we are hardly indignant. To suffer because another suffers; to shrink from inflicting pain because we understand what pain means; to abandon methods of torture, even with the greatest criminals,—this means the acquisition of knowledge and of imagination. Consider: well on into this century people looked on with callous eyes while some poor wretch was tied up and flogged barbarously; not very long ago they ran after the cart when the criminal was flogged, laughing and shouting, without the least feeling of pity; they witnessed the burning of witch or heretic without pity; they looked on without horror at the quartering of the traitor alive; they ran and shouted all the way after the dismal procession from Newgate to Tyburn. Schoolmasters flogged the boys, parents beat their sons,—unmercifully and as a matter of duty and discipline. We wonder how the Inquisitors could sit unmoved while their victim was racked; we cannot understand how the fine ladies of the Court of France could go out upon the balcony to see the hanging of the prisoners; it is terrible to read how the Parisian women turned out to see the guillotine at its deadly work. The world has always been full of cruelty, revenge, carelessness, callousness, and selfishness.

Along the long, slow progress of sympathy or pity there are landmarks. First, the captives in war were not killed; the women and children were spared; then the warriors. Next, some of the worst forms of slavery were abolished—a man was not permitted to kill his slaves; hospitals for the sick were founded; religious houses received the poor, and fed and housed them on their way; places of sanctuary were set up; men of violence thought to atone for their crimes by gifts to the Church—this was, at least, a recognition of better things; charitable bequests began; punishments (but very slowly) became less barbarous; doles were given in the churches. The sick, the afflicted, the leprous became

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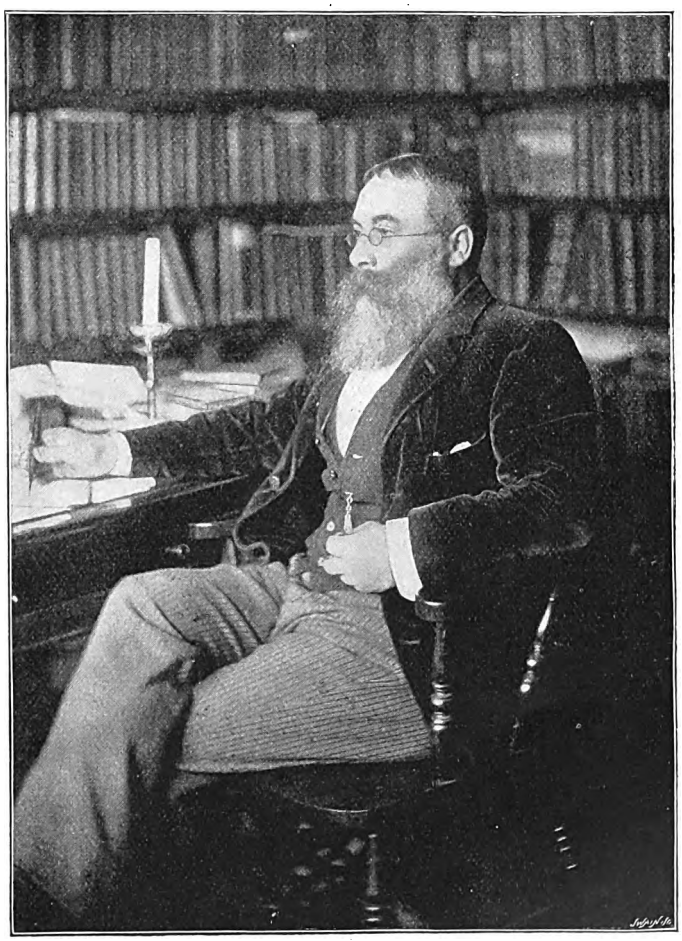
objects of charity; the best-known story of the most popular saint was that of Martin sharing his cloak.

Presently, the historian will have to note and, if he can, to account for the fact that, in all these landmarks, nothing seems to have been done or felt for the children of the poor. He will show how very recently pity for the children, which is at the present day so dominant a factor in charitable work, made its appearance. How the children grew up, amid what surroundings and conditions; how they were fed and clothed; what they were taught; how they were treated, does not seem to have concerned anybody. Why? First, because they were regarded as the property of their parents. Those who helped the father, helped the children. It was the business of the father to work for and to maintain his children. If the children suffered, it was his fault or his misfortune. It was his duty to bring them up; to put them in the way of earning their own living; and to send them to church. There was no tenderness concerning the children at all. The poor man's children were themselves going to be exactly like their father: they would enlist; they would go to sea and be pressed; they would be flogged; they would fight the enemy; they would be killed, perhaps; or they would stay at home, follow the plough, marry; and, after a life of hard work and poor food, they would lie down in the green churchyard. That was their lot, the same as their fathers' before them. And they were told to be contented with the place which Providence had assigned to them. As to learning, they were sent to scare birds at six; at eight they drove the cows. What possibility was there of book-learning for children thus chained to the soil? Nay, we may find in books written less than a hundred years ago a general feeling that learning of any kind, even the humblest, only made poor lads discontented. Too much knowledge would bring about another Jacquerie. This feeling, as it prevailed sixty years ago, may be illustrated from a book, once popular, called, I think, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, in which the shepherd's children are feelingly spoken of as his "brats," not meaning any cruel contempt for them, but expressing the prejudice, universal among the "better sort," that the children of the poor belonged, like their fathers, to an inferior caste—to a lower race.

This refusal, or this inability, on the part of the richer class, to recognise any responsibility as regards the children of the poor, has one strong argument in its favour. On very slight encouragement the parents would have thrown over altogether as much of their own



SIR WALTER BESANT IN HIS STUDY.
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AT WORK IN A RAGGED SCHOOL.

responsibility as they could, getting thereby the more money to spend upon themselves. Indeed, all through the last century, tramps, then a numerous class, were constantly leaving their children on doorsteps. When they were found, the parish had to take them into their charge, christen them, feed them, and put them out to work as soon as they were strong enough. They were sometimes named after their parish, with a Christian name taken from the day of the week on which they were picked up. Many of these names one may see over shops or in directories. One recognises the ancestral foundling, abandoned by his parents and handed over to the beadle. If, therefore, the rustic or the craftsman had discovered that other people's tenderness and pity would maintain his children when he neglected them, that neglect would have spread like an infectious disease.

The condition of children in the great towns was far more miserable and dangerous than that of the children in the country. The latter at least enjoyed pure air: though they were scantily fed, and miserably clad, they were at least brought up among folk reasonably honest, except in the matter of game. But the children of the poor in the great towns, especially in London, herded promiscuously with criminals: with boys and girls; men and women; who were not so much vicious as without any knowledge of any distinction between vice and virtue, except, perhaps, the simple rule that one must not peach upon another.

I do not know how to convey—in what words adequately to express—the terrible condition of many thousands of London children in the last century. Defoe's novel of *Colonel Jack* gives a picture of the way in which many of these ragamuffins lived,—without the least sense of honesty; with no idea of religion; with no one to look after them; sleeping in places like glass houses, where they could find shelter and warmth. What became of all these children? The mortality among them was very great; vast numbers of them died off; a great number, some hundreds every year, were convicted of robbery in some form or other, and sentenced to be hanged. A good many were actually hanged, but the greater number were

FREE MEALS FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.

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reprieved, sent to Virginia as transported convicts, or allowed to enlist in the army or the navy. Whether any of them were ever reformed we know not. There was no exploration of the depths in those days; history is almost silent on the subject of manners and morals in the eighteenth century slum; to write about them was considered "low." Fielding was a very "low" writer; Hogarth was a "low" painter; yet from them and one or two more we can gather something of the neglected slum. One little point is suggestive of anything but reform. The transported felons made their escape from the plantations in numbers; they worked their way on board ship; they came back before their time to their old haunts. Here they were liable to be arrested, and then were certain to be hanged; but they were not arrested, because they were obliged to rob for their livelihood, and the reward was much greater for the apprehension of a highwayman or a housebreaker than for that of a returned convict. So the informers let them alone, certain of gaining before long the higher reward. With their fellows, as yet untried and unconvicted, they lived and drank, and robbed and murdered. They were a large class, growing yearly larger; they were a dangerous class, growing rapidly more dangerous, as may be seen in the many riots and risings of the mob in the last century. Houses were wrecked and gutted; the mob held possession of streets; and orderly people asked in ever-increasing uneasiness what would happen next? The streets were infested with pickpockets and footpads—the highroads with highwaymen; and robberies were committed openly, in the broad daylight, in sight of the people, who were afraid to interfere. The power of the mob culminated in the Gordon Riots, when for three days they held the streets and wrecked and destroyed at their unchecked will.

A CITY SHOEBLACK.

Yet all this time it never occurred to magistrate or statesman or divine to try prevention; to begin with the children; to take them out of their surroundings; to educate them; to teach them order and discipline; to make them learn a craft.

Book-learning, they thought, was a dangerous thing for the poor. Let them remain in ignorance. But they could not understand that with a little book-learning might go a great deal of drill and discipline and order, and that so much love for order and quiet

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VISITING THE CRIPPLES.

might be instilled into the children as would go far to raise them above the depths to which their parents belonged. How is it that they could not understand this patent fact? I believe it was simply because they were themselves taught at school on a system so atrociously stupid and barbarous, with such continual flogging, that, one and all, they hated the thought of school, and despised and loathed the memory of the schoolmaster. These, indeed, are the only possible reasons of the fact that the national education was not taken in hand long before:—First, the belief that the parents must look after their children; next, that learning was dangerous to a son of the soil; thirdly, that there was no belief in education as the chief instrument in promoting a love for law and order. Great are the dangers of discontent such as was thought would be fostered by book-learning; greater still are the dangers of ignorance, which make the people like unto a field of dry stubble, ready to catch fire and to spread the fire in all directions on the slightest spark. Those of us who remember the meetings which were held before the Education Act of 1870 will recall the arguments with which that Act was met and opposed. They were mostly based on the old superstition that it is best for the children of the poor to grow up in ignorance. Let them, if necessary — this was grudgingly conceded — be trained in the alphabet and the multiplication tables; let the horn-book and the catechism suffice. There are still many who argue in the same way, forgetting the responsibility, now added, of full citizenship and local government. The old spirit of distrust, then, is not dead; we shall see a good deal more of it before it is dead.

Where, and how, let us ask, did a special feeling first show itself, practically? Without doubt, in the first place, by the establishment of free schools such as Harrow, Tunbridge, Highgate, and others for the education of the children; these, however, went but a very little way. Dr. Furnivall, in *The Babees' Book*, has enumerated all the old grammar schools; and a very small list it is. The most remarkable foundation for the help of children was that of Christ's

A SKETCH AT A FREE BREAKFAST.

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Hospital by Edward VI. for the children of London—that noble house which it is now proposed, wickedly and wantonly, to take away from the place for which it was founded, and where it ought to remain for use. This and other charitable schools, however, hardly touched the great mass of the children of the poor. They remained, as has been stated, in ignorance and neglect, learning nothing but the vice that went on all round them. Nor do I think that the Sunday school as founded in the last century was able to touch more than a very small proportion of the gutter children. Then came, however, the ragged school, and, in due course, that Society which has surely for fifty years and more become a continual well-spring of beneficence and good work—the Ragged School Union.

"THE GOOD LORD SHAFTESBURY."

Who invented the thing? Who invented the name of Ragged School? I know not. Ragged schools were in existence before the Ragged School Union was founded. Not many, it would appear. However, there was at least one. This is proved by a letter from Charles Dickens, written in the year 1843 to one of the pioneers of the movement. He speaks, with the splendid enthusiasm which was part of his nature, of the Ragged School on Saffron Hill as a "most noble undertaking," and a "great and Christian labour"; he offers to find funds for a washing-place for the lads, and for one or two sheds or lofts which might be hired for school purposes; and he asks that visitors or teachers should limit themselves to the broad truths of religion taught in the school by those who founded it. This precaution, always necessary where there are divergences and differences of creed, was even more necessary then than now, because at the present moment the *odium theologicum* seems to have gone off into a quiet nap, which we must take great care not to disturb. But in the year 1843 there was a rampant, aggressive, oppressive, tyrannical, narrow Calvinism abroad. Dickens hated it; he wrote against it; he ridiculed it; he feared it; he would protect the children if he could from it, thereby showing how deeply had sunk into his heart the new-born pity for the children of the gutter. "It seems to me," he says, "of vital importance that no person, however well intentioned, should perplex the minds of these unfortunate creatures with religious mysteries that young people with the best advantages can but imperfectly understand," —or, as one might say, people of all ages "with the best advantages."

One would like to know whether that washing-place was ever set up—whether those lofts or rooms were ever rented at the expense of the novelist. To those who love their Dickens I would suggest, as a really valuable contribution to the literature which has grown up around his name, an examination into his feeling for children of all kinds—whether little Paul, or Joe, or Nell, or Smike, or Oliver Twist, or the Fat Boy.

One must not forget, in speaking of the beginnings, the work of John Pounds, cobbler, of Portsmouth. I remember as a child being shown his shop. I daresay I was shown the man himself, if he was living in the Forties. He received the waifs and strays of a great town, which was at that time an exceedingly profligate place, and taught them. His shop was in St. Mary's Street, and, if I remember right, the back looked out upon the churchyard where they buried the private soldiers. We must not forget Mr. Starey of Field Lane renown; nor Mr. Cranfield with his "Fragment" Schools of Southwark. Nor, again, in the discovery of the street child, must we forget the name of Lord Shaftesbury. My own former connection with a work which, though not charitable, attracted the sympathies and interest of that strange mixture of the widest and noblest philanthropy with the narrowest theology, enabled me to have some slight acquaintance with him. To me he appeared a person of remarkably austere habit and manner. I cannot understand any familiarity possible

MR. JOHN KIRK,
Secretary of the Ragged School Union.

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with a man who presented such severity to outward view. But his works speak for him. And in no endeavour did he work harder than in the cause of the children. Another worker in this cause — I think he worked most for Field Lane—was a man whom I knew well—I mean the late John Macgregor. He, too, professed the narrow school, but he presented a very different face from that of Lord Shaftesbury. It was a very cheerful face. The man simply professed the creed in which he was educated, and added to it another creed of his own which might be summed up as follows: "I believe in a strong and healthy body; I believe in athletics as a way of keeping out the devil; I believe in wrestling and boxing, and running and racing, and rowing and jumping." And he practised what he preached, being a man of indomitable pluck and great personal strength, with a heart as big as his body could conveniently hold.

"THIS SOUP DO SMELL NICE!"

Pity for the children has grown and put forth branches of all kinds since the Ragged School Union first began. The first schools were held in the evening. But what were the children doing all the day? They were doing what they ought not to do; they were not doing what they ought to do. Therefore it became necessary to have day schools as well, or in the place of the evening schools. In the day schools the founders taught the world a lesson which it has not yet fully grasped, namely, that the religious difficulty must be met by teaching broad Christianity without any sectarian opinions, and that the body must be developed and strengthened by industrial training and exercise. They proceeded to establish classes where crafts of all kinds were taught; they found that many of the street children were homeless—they established Refuges; they found that there would be a better opening for the boys in the Colonies than at home, and they obtained a grant from Parliament for emigration purposes: this grant was foolishly discontinued, but private benevolence carries on the work. Then they founded "training ships." John Macgregor started the Shoeblack Brigade, and worked it well for many years. They found that in every street there were cripples, boys and girls unable to attend school or to get any advantage out of those institutions. They therefore established a Cripples' Home, and started a weekly visitation of cripples in their own homes. Not to mention the religious side of the Society, they are responsible for Flower Shows, Rag Collecting, Mothers' Meetings, Newsboys' Homes, Penny Banks, Penny Dinners, the Day in the Country, Holiday Homes, Working Men's Clubs, and institutions of many other kinds. It is, indeed, a noble record of unpaid devoted work in a cause which should be more precious to us than any other, except the preservation of our land and our liberties—that of redeeming the children, and winning them over to the side of order and civilisation and religion.

We started with considering the subject of pity for the children; we end with a panegyric on the Ragged School Union. What else was to be expected? What institution over the whole wide world has attempted so much for the children and done so much? The monument of those early workers is the multitude of prosperous and God-fearing colonials who are building up Canada and Australasia—descendants of the gutter children picked up by Lord Shaftesbury and his fellow-workers. Their monument is in every street where the respectable craftsman lives, and even in the street where the very poor crowd together—the casual labourer, the habitual criminal, the "unfortunate," the child-mother, the sweated needlewoman, the drunken and the squalid and the starving. Their children play in the street, but the Ragged School Union finds them out and drags them into its all-devouring net. Greater than all the discoveries of this age of marvels is the discovery and the rescue of the street child.

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By E. Rentoul Esler

Author of "The Way They Loved at Grimpat," "A Maid of the Manse," "The Wardlaws," etc. etc.

Chapter I

It was nearing sundown, and the light of evening, that flooded the land, had in it that tender sweetness which belongs to all beautiful things, whose glory and strength are on the wane.

Clarissa Masters' door stood open, and through it, borne on the evening air, came the shrill and prolonged note of a horn. The postboy's horn was an institution in the village; it and the letter-bag slung across his shoulders were the only badges of office which this Government functionary bore. The post-bag was taken by hand twice daily to be exchanged for the return mail-bag a mile away, and the postboy, always of tender years, blew his tin horn as he went out of the village and as he returned to it again. The sound marked time for the inhabitants, and was very useful where chronometers were few. At six o'clock in the morning everyone heard the first horn, and murmured sleepily that it was time to get up, and then turned over and slept again until the seven-o'clock warning reminded them that they were late and lazy. In the evening again the horn afforded suggestions for conversation not unwelcome where topics were rare. To say Johnnie was late with the bag, or was a trifle early, often opened the way for discussion of the utilities of civilisation as illustrated by the Post Office, and reminders of the time when the carriage of a letter to any remote part of the kingdom cost three and sixpence or thereabouts, "as sure as you sit there," or led to the recall of interesting items in the postboy's family history, or in that of the postmaster or his wife.

The post had acquired a new interest for Clarissa Masters in recent days—those days in which she felt that she had at last begun to live after the manner of happy women. Often she put her hand over her eyes, that this might enable her, not to recall but to forget the days when she had been young, and when the names father, mother, sister summed up the pillars of her home. Now she was thirty-two, and quite alone in the world but for the new strange love that had come to her so late. Many a time when she was by herself she threw her hands above her head as though casting off a burden, and said aloud, "God has been good to me." Even to herself she did not confess that part of God's good gifts to her consisted of some green mounds in the graveyard, where failure and repentance, effort and defeat, suffering and sorrow had been merged in peace.

The little two-roomed house, that now was so daintily spick and span, from its snowy dresser, laden with blue and white plates, and big bowls adorned with pictured blooms such as never grew in temperate or any other zone, to the white lace half-blinds on the windows, had been filled to overflowing once with the dull misery and patient toil which render life harder to bear than the acute poignant tragedy which is as brief as bitter. Clarissa's father had suffered from that malady so well known to the poor—the not being very steady; and that circumstance

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bore a long train of miseries in its wake. It led to the accident to little Judith, the baby, which rendered her a cripple for life, and a source of constant self-reproach to the father, who was more weak than wicked. It lent a bitter shrewish edge to her mother's complaints when an attack of rheumatism incapacitated her for supplementing the father's fitful labours, and it filled the second daughter, Teresa, familiarly known as "Teasie," with a profound despair of life which had no beauty and no hope and no grace in it, nothing but dull drudgery and distasteful patience. Teasie was handsome, with a well-featured, ill-tempered face, that now and then softened and grew charming when some little bit of unlooked-for pleasure came her way. Clarissa was somewhat plain, but well grown and strongly built; it was the strength and the plainness combined which her mother thought fitted her so excellently for the rôle of being good. Clarissa never looked for friends or pleasures, and gay dress had no attractions for her. If she had twisted a ribbon in her hair it would not have made her any handsomer, or drawn other eyes after her—and she knew that; therefore such fragments of colour and joy as came her way were passed over naturally to Teasie. If there was a little outing or a day's idleness possible for any of them, it went to Teasie—why should Clarissa want it, she who was so wise and strong and plain?

Mrs. Masters thought it very fortunate that Clarissa liked work and cast no covetous eyes on what others deemed desirable. Because she was so strong, it was natural she should labour for the rest; because she was so unlovely of feature, she ran no risks in her efforts for the others. Mrs. Masters would have feared to send Teasie to the public-house to bring her father home, though Clarissa often went. But the latter's strong face forbade levities even at a publican's bar, as her strong arm would have kept them aloof on the highroad.

Clarissa's was the only salutary influence that reached the father, and that was because, in her heart, she made allowances for him. "Mother nags a lot," she said to herself sometimes, and it made her understand how a man might want now and then to break loose and run away to a sweeter atmosphere. Kicking over the traces Clarissa regarded as a male prerogative; a woman might find them just as irksome, but she had to run between them, nevertheless.

Clarissa was twenty-two when she was appointed caretaker of the church. She swept the aisles and pews and dusted the books and cushions weekly, and cleaned the windows annually, and the communion service, under the eye of someone from the rectory, once a month; and for this she received eight pounds a year—a not inconsiderable income in Grimpat. A year later, the schoolmistress, Miss Dewar, who had larger ideas than schoolmistresses are entitled to, engaged her to superintend a sewing-class of the older pupils; the schoolmistress, who was of little use at cutting-out, paying her for her services a pound quarterly, it was said out of her own pocket. This occupied Clarissa two days in the week, and the church claimed her a third afternoon, which left more domestic duties for Teasie.

In her ecclesiastical work, if it can be called so, Clarissa found more pleasure than had come into her life hitherto, and often sang hymns to herself as she moved up and down the echoing aisles. The getting away from home three days weekly made home more bearable on the other four. But her mother missed her during these absences, and only tolerated them because of the little income that accrued from them. Teasie was of comparatively little use, and cross and quarrelsome into the bargain, the mother said; so that when the girl suddenly took herself off one day, leaving a letter in which she said she had gone to marry a man who loved her and would be good to her, Mrs. Masters seemed to look upon her disappearance as an uncommonly good riddance, and only manifested such maternal anxiety as was expressed in the wish that her undutiful child should be punished in the future less than she deserved.

Five years later, Clarissa occupied the two-roomed house alone. Her father caught cold during one of his rare fits of industry at his trade, and an attack of double pneumonia took him away from the scene of his many lapses and his many broken resolutions.

"You have been a good daughter to me," he said more than once, with laboured breaths, as he lay dying; and Clarissa answered with tears, "The best I have been able to do for you or for anyone has been poor enough."

When he was put into his grave outside the church walls, Clarissa felt in some curious way as if he was now hers to keep. Every Saturday, throughout the spring and summer, she placed a fresh bunch of flowers or foliage on his grave, and once, when she went to Nutford, she purchased two half-circular

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glasses, such as are used for table decoration, and set these above his breast. Together they formed a figure not unlike the letter S—a figure that was yellow or blue or white with blossoms in the spring, and throughout the summer was red with roses. The letter carried some comforting suggestion to the girl's mind, as though it spoke of safety or salvation.

"You have made it pretty," Judith said, looking at the grave with wistful pleasure in her soft dark eyes, having hobbled to the churchyard on her crutches. "I should like you to put an S on my grave too."

"Why, Judith?" Clarissa asked gently.

"So that every time you see it you may say, 'She is straight and strong now, at last.'"

"It will be a sad day for me when your grave needs flowers," Clarissa said huskily.

"But a good day for me," the girl answered brightly, turning her colourless little face towards her sister. "And think how glad father will be! Happen he won't know me," she said, with a little laugh, "till I walk right up to him and say, 'I am Judith,' and then he'll look for the crutches, and there won't be any."

Clarissa remembered this conversation when she laid the light little form in the plain deal coffin some months later, and placed on the frail still breast the white carnations that were no whiter than the smiling face above them. She would have liked to wrap the poor little figure in satin and lace before she hid it away, but such joys are not for the poor, whose mourning, like their merry-making, must be meagre and stunted. But she comforted herself with the thought that the poor little body wrapped in common cerecloths would henceforward be straight and strong. Often, when she looked at the S on Judith's grave, she felt in love with Death, who makes halting steps steady and gives peace to the weary.

Throughout the winter that followed, Mrs. Masters diverted the time that hung so heavily on her hands with knitting, and, since there were now so few feet at home to clothe, Clarissa sold the stockings for a few pence profit to the neighbours.

The girl thought that family bereavement had had a wonderfully elevating effect on her mother, who fretted and complained less, and took much pleasure in her own industry and Clarissa's achievements. As a matter of fact, her increased well-being made her spirit seem more serene. With more space and accommodation, better food and more of it, since there were fewer to feed, and Clarissa to devote her whole time to her, Mrs. Masters felt quite comfortable; and this fostered serenity of spirit, as it does with most of us. If we had all things as we like them, many of us could seem good and satisfied enough. Mrs. Masters consumed her food, her potatoes and pickled herrings, her occasional fresh egg, or her tea and the scones Clarissa was such an adept at making, with enjoyment.

"My, but you do bake well," she said sometimes, with approval. "I'd liefer somebody should taste how good your cakes are than eat them all myself."

Her mother's loneliness when Clarissa was away caused this seed of hospitable suggestion to bear fruit. Clarissa asked one and another to have tea with her mother now and then, and thus it was told in the village that not a woman there had the same light hand at the bake-board as Clarissa Masters.

"If I could bake like that," said Mrs. Hill, who was nothing if not thrifty, "I should make loads of bread, and carry it round in a nice covered basket with a napkin over it, and sell it at a rattling profit. With your money in your hand at the day's end, you would be able to reckon what you made on every batch, and be downright rich by Saturdays."

"You'd just as well try it," said Mrs. Masters, wiping the butter from her lips with a coloured pocket-handkerchief. "Everybody knows it's a clean girl you are, Clarissa; nobody would be afraid to eat what you cook; and it would make a little stir, and bring people about the place, and money too."

"I shouldn't like to," Clarissa answered, with the shyness of the inexperienced. "If the people refused to buy of me I should feel dreadful shamed and silly."

"Leave it to me," said Mrs. Hill stoutly, more pleased with her suggestion the more she thought of it. "I'll take a loaf of yours and show it round, and the scones and griddle cakes, and see who will be ready to help you to a trade. If nobody will, why, the thing is my doing, and you needn't care. But plenty will be glad of the relief it will give them to have their fresh bread carried hot to their doors."

"I should need a big double oven, and that would cost a lot of money," the girl said, with a smiling sigh.

"The oven can come out of your profits, and you needn't spend them till you've made them. Begin in a small way, just as you are now, and get bigger as you grow; surely that's simple enough."

Thus Clarissa's business began, and grew

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from less to more, as is the way of business when successful. At first the indolent or overworked bought her bread for convenience, but, as its repute increased, her best cakes were required for every social gathering, and by and by for every occasion of small domestic rejoicing; and Clarissa, in her fresh print gown, with her white basket on her stout arm, became one of the institutions of the place, as she walked from door to door. But by degrees her business extended beyond her own power to do all its duties, and then Johnnie Tollett's little brother carried the basket for her, and, in time, the basket became two, and three, and needed a hand-cart for their porterage.

At this period no person could have called Clarissa Masters plain. Her dark face glowed with the pride of deserved success; her straight figure, in its print gown and cook's apron, was carried with a new dignity, and the smile that came with adequate frequency showed people, what they had scarcely guessed before, that she had a set of teeth many a beauty would have envied. Clarissa was very happy at this time. Her mother was absolutely content and proud; the old aspect of penury had passed away from their surroundings; the church work and the school work had been made over to a woman less well-to-do, and if Mrs. Masters still knitted for the local market it was as a pastime, and not as a necessity.

"Happen we'll one day have a fortune to retire on," she said, counting over a few sovereigns that her daughter had ready to deposit in the Nutford Bank.

"I shan't want rest from work till I'm past work," Clarissa answered contentedly, "and I've a kind of a notion that it'll take me all my time till then to save the fortune."

Mrs. Masters' was the first death in the family that seemed a wresting from life, not a contented laying of its burdens down. "I suppose I was growing too satisfied," the poor woman said, regarding Providence with the not infrequent eye which sees in Him a tyrannous pedagogue spiteful towards the helpless creatures committed to what he is pleased to call his care, "but I'm sure we'd had long enough spells of bad times to make a little streak of luck seem no more than justice. And we weren't greedy, either; we passed on things to others as we could spare them."

"There's far better before you," Clarissa said, with tears.

"I was content enough with life as we've had it this while. I didn't want better," Mrs. Masters answered, with dull resignation.

"But there will be father and Judith and —and heaven," Clarissa urged.

Mrs. Masters turned her face resentfully on the pillow. She did not desire anything better than the clean bright kitchen, the habitual atmosphere of hot scones and sweet cakes, and the steadily-growing little balance at the banker's.

Clarissa missed her mother dreadfully after her death, and the abiding thought that she had not wished to die, that she had been taken perforce, leant a poignancy to her sorrow which it had missed under her previous losses. She put a headstone on the family graves after her mother's death,—her financial prosperity seemed to justify this expenditure,—but from her father's grave and Judith's she did not remove the floral symbols.

The two-roomed house seemed very large and desolate now, but the evidences of her growing prosperity encroached upon it. What had been her mother's room was transformed into the kitchen, and the kitchen itself became the shop. This involved much work and many changes about the place, and was the reason why young Hilton Moore came there first. He was a carpenter, three years Clarissa's junior, well-grown, curly-haired, not too brilliant, a skilled workman in his way, and steady—the two last qualities embodying much of what is regarded as virtue in rural districts.

Moore's mother was somewhat frail and somewhat fretful—a combination usual enough in remote districts, when the lamp of life begins to burn low and the few rare pleasures that are possible have ceased to be pleasures. Mrs. Moore was past her first youth when her son was born; she was now a sad-faced woman nearing sixty, with a natural hostility to youthful exuberance, and a natural belief that there was much merit in sadness. Hilton—so named after Mrs. Moore's family—had never been recommended to seek young associates, and he had not in him that hunger for the society of his own generation which would have made him overleap his mother's unworded restrictions.

During the long "job" which kept him daily for a fortnight at Clarissa Masters', he found his first taste of unrestrained companionship with a woman near his own years. Clarissa's intellect had in it no element of that which it pleases the everyday judgment to classify as feminine; she had not any conception of self-consciousness or coyness

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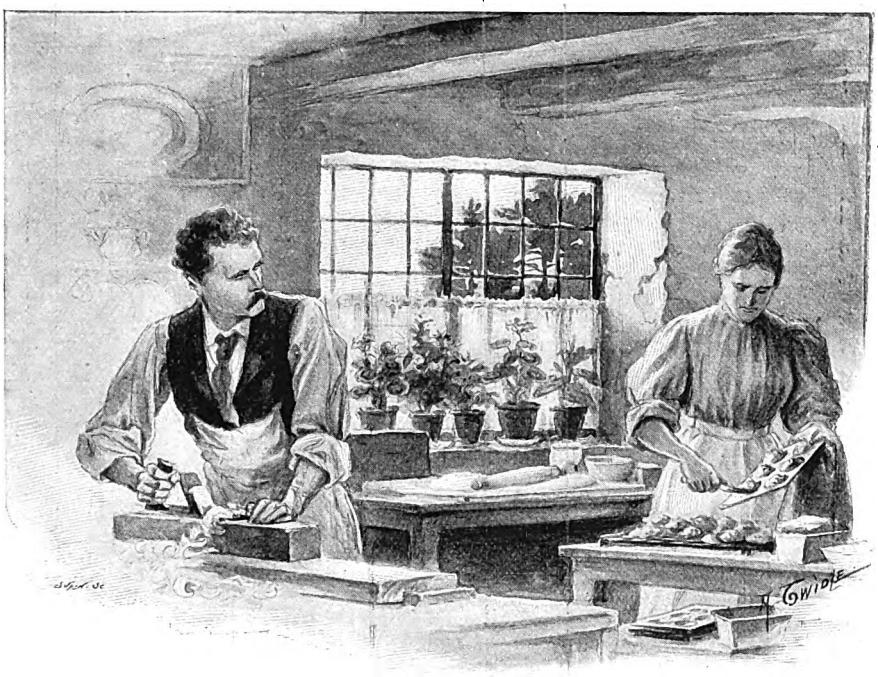

"HILTON MOORE FELL IN LOVE WITH CLARISSA."

with the other sex. Men and women were alike human creatures, more or less companionable, more or less estimable, more or less lovable. Clarissa had known Hilton Moore all her life, but without thinking much about him, he came so seldom in her way. Now, on close acquaintance, she was pleased to find him very intelligent, with prompt comprehension of her suggestions, and sometimes the power of improving on them. He did his work with hearty goodwill, now and then pausing to gaze a scarcely appreciable moment through the open door at her vigorous figure as she moved about her work, for a carpenter in the house could only be allowed to interfere in the most infinitesimal way with Clarissa's duties and occupations.

Hilton Moore fell in love with Clarissa, not she with him at the first; her good sense, her capacity, her vigour took him by surprise, contrasted as they were with that mournful and frail figure of his mother, which hitherto had seemed to him somehow typical of all womanhood. Clarissa's print gown and white apron, that were as fresh as water and sunshine could make them, her absorption in her work which rendered the work such a success, and her clear intelligence and sympathy apart from it, charmed him. It was as "a rock of sense" that he spoke of her to his mother; it was as embodied sense and reasonableness that he thought of her then and afterwards.

Mrs. Moore was charmed with her son's choice when he told her of it. "They were not a bad sort of people, the Masters," she said,—"nothing against any of them but a drop of drink in the father now and then; and Clarissa is the very pick of the flock, with a trade as prosperous as your own at her finger ends, and a tidy bit of money saved, they say. Get her, by all means, if she'll have you; I'll never stand in the way."

So love came to Clarissa without a ripple in its course, and the proud, self-restrained, strong woman gave herself up to it with curious humility and joy. It is only they who have had to fight the battle of life single-handed who fully realise the rapture of a protective affection. As a human creature Hilton was far Clarissa's inferior, but it evidences a great nature to be able to idealise greatly. Clarissa loved the man who asked her for his wife, and she was an idealist. Volumes could only illustrate this fact; they could not do more than the simple statement to explain it.

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Chapter II

Johnnie Tollett has been blowing his horn a very long time, if one comes to think of it. As a matter of fact, he blew the horn, then he carried the mail-bag to the post office, and waited till the letters were sorted and given him in order to be delivered, while Clarissa's history was being considered. Now he came up the street with the letters in his hand, the entire mail not making a very imposing parcel.

"Hilton's letter and another," he said as he delivered two to Clarissa, who stood waiting by the door. Everybody in the village knew of Clarissa's engagement, and took an interest in it, knew also that Hilton's present "job" at a distance would make a considerable addition to the money being laid up for housekeeping, and found some kindly pleasure in the thought that the wedding would be at the end of the year.

Two letters Clarissa had never before received in the whole course of her life, nor any letter save the bi-weekly one that came from Hilton. She gazed at the second envelope almost with awe; the handwriting was quite unfamiliar — the ordinary round unformed hand of a person little accustomed to penmanship. She had a sense almost of foreboding as she broke the seal, and this feeling was increased when she saw that the four sides of a large sheet of letter-paper were closely written. The letter was from Teasie, whom she had not seen or heard of for nigh on nine years.

Teasie had had vicissitudes in the interval. Of her married life she said little, save that it had ended a year before. She was now a widow with two children. Having supported herself and them since her husband's death, she had not found the world a very smiling place, and she wanted to come home. Grimpat would always be home in her eyes. She had met an old neighbour by chance recently, and he had told her of all the deaths in the family, and that Clarissa was now alone and very well-to-do. "One is always the better of friends," Teasie observed reflectively, and therefore she made her offer to come back and help Clarissa in her business, and be helped in the upbringing of the children.

It must be admitted that this letter bore heavily on Clarissa's spirit. She had nothing very inspiring to recall of Teasie; after a lapse of years, to have been pretty and to have been able always to secure the best of the few poor things available, makes no very powerful claim on the heart. Clarissa would have been better pleased to have believed Teasie happy and prosperous in some undefined and remote quarter, and to have communicated directly with her no more. Whosoever is disposed to think this not entirely commendable must remember that Clarissa was the one who had previously borne the family yoke uncomplainingly, while Teasie had thrown it off and made for freedom. In bad times Teasie had abandoned them; it was only when Clarissa had fought her way to prosperity without her that she offered to come back.

But reluctance did not affect duty. Teasie was her sister: if she was in straitened circumstances, then Clarissa had no alternative but to help her.

It was three days before she replied, and then, if she did not write with excessive cordiality, at least she wrote kindly. She did not require anyone to help her, but she would be glad to see Teasie and the children, so as to arrange how to benefit them. The house was quite altered since Teasie knew it, and it would be rather difficult to house three extra people, but she would do her best. Teasie would no doubt be surprised to hear that she was going to be married, though she hardly expected, as far as she could see then, that this would make much difference in her way of life; in any case, she would do her best for her sister, and the best was as much as anyone could do.

Some days later Teasie came home. Freddy Bowles drove Jamie Myles's vehicle to meet her, where the train deposited her at Nutford; and so she returned to Grimpat, a pretty, golden-haired woman, a good deal refined by trial and travel, with more expanded ideas than the villagers possessed, and more fluency in expressing them.

At sight of her sister, Clarissa's unconfessed reluctance to her presence melted away.

The poor thing, in her widow's weeds, with marks of time and sorrow on her face, appealed to Clarissa's generous heart. She took Teasie into her arms and wept over her.

Teasie's presence made a great difference in the house, and unexpectedly made life brighter and more interesting. The neighbours all came to see her and to talk with her of what had happened in the interval since she went away; and the children, who had accents and intonations of speech so different from those of the village that it gave them a sort of aristocratic apartness, made the place more homelike, even for its owner.

Teasie was a very pretty woman, when the

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traces of anxiety and pain passed from her face. Her hair had retained all its old golden lustre, her eyes were as blue as gentians, and her figure in its black gown was very willowy and girlish.

In Clarissa's engagement Teasie took the greatest interest, and made friends with Hilton Moore with frank sisterliness. She remembered him from the old time; as a prospective member of the family, naturally he possessed an added interest for her. And he seemed to like her. She was able to amuse him with narrative, where Clarissa could only interest him by reflection and sympathy.

"SHE TOOK TEASIE INTO HER ARMS AND WEPT OVER HER."

It is necessary to state clearly that Teasie did not set herself to win her sister's lover, but, when the lover turned to her of his own accord, she had neither strength of mind nor of principle to resist him. When she began to deliberate with herself regarding Hilton Moore, the cause was lost. Teasie did not think it could be as necessary to Clarissa's happiness as to hers, to have a husband and another home. Clarissa was well-to-do, was respected, had her place in life and her work there, while she, Teasie, was a mere waif and stray, and with two children to provide for to boot. Still, she did not wish, having come into Clarissa's home, to wrong her there, and this lent reluctance to her yielding, which only inflamed her suitor's desire all the more.

If Clarissa observed how things were going, she said nothing; hers was one of those strong silent natures, with a dash of fatalism, which find suffering more poignant because it is held to be inevitable. Clarissa felt she had never been given anything; all that she had attained to she had wrested from life, except Hilton Moore's love, — that had been a gift, which apparently was about to be withdrawn.

A smaller woman would have driven her sister forth, and so have forced a climax. Clarissa did nothing of the kind, nor did she abate by a jot her apparent consideration of her guests. But her cheeks lost a little of their firm roundness, and her lips acquired a patient curve above the lovely teeth that now showed more rarely.

It requires something like heroism never to ask a question, never to assume that you have been wronged in the midst of obvious wrong. Clarissa possessed such fortitude, and it inflicted on the man she loved as much discomfort as a little soul can feel. Had Clarissa ever asked him if he was ceasing to care for her, his answer would have been easy; but as she did not do this, he had to broach the subject himself, and that was very hard for Hilton Moore.

"I think we were in a bit of a hurry, you and me," he began, awkwardly and shamefacedly.

Teasie had taken the children for a walk, possibly to supply the required opportunity for conversation.

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Clarissa sat by the window, her elbow on the low back of the chair, her cheek on her hand. Moore lounged uncomfortably on a corner of the table in the middle of the room.

"In what way do you mean?" Clarissa asked in an even voice.

"About getting engaged and that," he answered, smiting some invisible dust from his nether garments to hide his perturbation.

"I don't think it can just be said we have been in a hurry," she answered. "I am thirty-two, you are twenty-nine."

"Ay, well, that's another difficulty; don't you think you're a bit old for me?"

"No, I can't say I have thought that," Clarissa answered, feeling that her heart must have begun to bleed.

"Well, it's a fact, you know; the man should be older than the wife. And then, again, a man likes the kind of woman that needs to be taken care of. You're that strong and independent, Clarissa, that—that—well, you seem to make a man feel that you don't need him a bit, and would be far more comfortable and happy without him."

Clarissa did not speak.

"I feel a bit awkward," Moore went on, "because I did ask you."

"Oh, that's of no consequence," Clarissa said dully; she felt as if she were growing weak from the bleeding of her heart. "I suppose you have fancied someone younger and better-looking than I am?"

"It's Teasie," Moore said, feeling that somehow this was a saving clause. "It would take her off your hands, you know; and then, being a widow and that, you see, she has more need of somebody to look after her."

"In a way, she has had her share of love," Clarissa said slowly; "two shares seem rather many in this needy world."

"She likes me far better than she liked Sullivan; she's told me so," Moore answered, too full of himself and his own affairs to even dimly realise the point of view of the person he was addressing. "She says she never would have married him, only that home was that terrible at the time."

"But I remained at home," Clarissa said softly, thinking, at the moment, of those floral emblems in the churchyard. "If I had gone too, I don't know what would have happened."

"Teasie was always different," Moore answered, with an intonation of admiration; "she couldn't put up with hard times and rough ways and no pleasures."

"I could; I liked them," Clarissa said, with dull rebellion.

"I know you did," the man observed, with an accent of relief, "and that was why we knew you wouldn't mind so very much when I told you that—that—that I would rather have Teasie—that we are more made for one another."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if you are," Clarissa answered, stung at last to retort. "Teasie was always a selfish coward, and you're another; you will make a pair." Then she went out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Of all sorrows, the cruelest is the proved unworthiness of those we have loved and believed in. Where their moral nature does not respond to truth, to knowledge, to honour, then is not only our cause lost, but our court of appeal is lost with it. Clarissa had assumed that the simple rules of good faith, of affection, of endurance, were as well understood of the man she loved as of herself, and lo, he was deaf and blind to their merest alphabet; he was simply a mush of commonplace affectionateness and vanity and weakness. It is of discoveries such as Clarissa made then that people sometimes go mad. Clarissa did not go mad, though her late consciousness of joy made its loss doubly hard to bear. In her youth she had thought that self-denial and suffering were the common lot, which one could only escape by unworthiness; it was pitiful that, when a supreme satisfaction came to her at the last, it should be in the guise of an everyday creature, who thought that inclination for anything constituted a title to it. That Teresa, the sister she was befriending, should wish to take her lover from her, was no less distressing because the lover was quite willing to go.

Clarissa had practised self-restraint too long to be easily tempted into revolt now. She did not reproach Teasie, she did not even speak of what Hilton had said to her; and—to them, greatest trial of all—she compelled them to impart their matrimonial plans to the neighbours, simply because she refrained from doing so.

The village did not receive the news cordially. Everyone there liked Clarissa, everyone admired her. Her past unblemished record was open to the eyes of the entire community. Industrious, patient, dutiful, independent, Clarissa possessed the very qualities which appealed to all that was best in Grimpat. The neighbours had never thought Hilton Moore good enough for her; and now, to think that it was he who drew back, who forsook her for her sister—a flighty,

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penniless widow with two children, a woman of whom nothing good was known save that she was good to look at—a kind of merit which, as it makes no demands of its possessor, is sometimes held by the righteous to be, not merit but a snare. Had anyone in Grimpat instigated such a thing, Hilton Moore would have been carried by popular opinion to the horsepond, but no one suggested such a drastic measure, and respect for Clarissa forbade it.

"TEASIE WAS ALWAYS A SELFISH COWARD, AND YOU'RE ANOTHER; YOU WILL MAKE A PAIR."

Her attitude in the case, the village considered quite wonderful. Even in villages people are not all alike, and even the most patient there wondered how she could tolerate the love-making of her sister and her faithless lover under her own roof. The fact was, Clarissa was too overwhelmed for rebellion. There are certain shocks which have a terror in them and paralyse their victim. Clarissa had loved Hilton Moore with the tardy, concentrated, intense love of a life, and now he had not only betrayed her, but he had altogether ceased to exist as she had imagined him. Had an avalanche swept him from her side on a summer day, she would have felt just as she did over his defection.

Of all the malcontents, Mrs. Moore was the foremost. Some faint sense of shame of her son mingled with her utter disgust at his folly. Measured by any standard, Clarissa was a prize — industrious, healthy, frugal,

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wise, and well-to-do. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Moore wondered that Clarissa had condescended to Hilton at any time. And to think that he was giving all that up for a widow without a penny, and with two children to maintain to boot! Mrs. Moore spoke her mind very plainly to her son, first regarding his bad faith, but chiefly regarding his folly. Under universal opprobrium the man grew restive, and the children began to loom very large in his regard. They were little things, it would be years before they would be able to be self-supporting, and in the interval he would have to maintain them. Now, Moore was not a child-lover, and, when he began to reflect that Teresa would come to him with those incumbrances, he felt that they would be very much in the way. He wanted Teresa; his determination to possess her acquired a dogged obstinacy by reason of the general disapproval it evoked, but the truth was he did not want the children.

The marriage was to take place between Christmas and the New Year. It was a slack season, and Moore was pretty idle, so that the few alterations he was making in his house would be completed by that time. The house was his, so that the mother could not justifiably oppose his bringing his wife there, but it increased her hostility to the marriage. To think of three people being handed in on her, a poor widow woman, entitled at her time of life to a little rest and quiet! Mrs. Moore felt that she also was a victim of Hilton's perfidy.

It was Christmas Eve—a snowy seasonable Christmas Eve, with the frost dropping icicles from the eaves and the dry snow crunching crisply to the tread.

Of the four assembled under Clarissa's roof, only the children found any geniality in the season. Teresa was oppressed and ashamed; she felt the village disapproval, and Clarissa's uncomplaining kindness heaped coals of fire on her head. To do her justice, she did not realise how much Clarissa felt Hilton's defection. Under such a loss she, Teasie, would have made the welkin ring; since Clarissa forbore to utter even a complaint, Teresa believed that Hilton's loss did not wound her much.

Clarissa had been busy at odd intervals during the week, dressing a doll for the little girl and making a wool ball for the boy, who was younger. She meant to put these and some sweets and some cakes of various designs into the children's stockings when they had gone to sleep.

Teresa and Hilton had had various talks regarding the children; the expectant bridegroom obviously resented Teresa's maternity, or at least deplored it to the verge of resentment.

"Mother will get on badly with them," he grumbled; "she has never had to do with a child but me, and at her time of life, and the house none too big — only that I am desperate fond of you, Teasie, I couldn't do with them young ones."

"But you knew they were there from the beginning," Teasie answered a little resentfully.

"I did; but with Clarissa to look after them, it did not come home to me what a bother they were. I wish to goodness Clarissa would keep them."

Teasie did not answer.

"I don't see why she shouldn't," Moore pursued discontentedly; "with nobody but herself to think of, they would be company for her. I do think I'll put it to her to keep them."

"I don't think I would, Hilton. We haven't treated her too well, and she's queer about some things, for all so good as she is."

"She can only refuse," Moore rejoined, with a certain accent of hope, "and hard words break no bones." Judging from the past, Moore did not credit Clarissa with much aptitude in the handling of these missiles.

Teresa did not care to be present at the proposed interview; she put on her overshoes and cloak, and made an errand that took her to Nutford. Clarissa was just finishing the woollen ball when Moore entered, after knocking the snow from his feet at the door.

"All alone, Clarissa!" he said cheerily, as if this circumstance caused him much surprise and pleasure.

She answered civilly that, the children being in bed and her sister from home, she was in this forlorn condition.

"It will be a bit lonely for you by and by all the time," he began, with tender compassion. "Me and Teasie was just saying that."

Clarissa gave a slight start, but retired again, as always, into her sanctuary of silence.

"We were just saying that with her and me and the children all gone, it would be dreadful lonesome for you."

"I am used to that," Clarissa answered steadily.

"We were just saying that it wouldn't be so hard for you if we were to leave you the children."

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"Thank you, I needn't trouble you to provide for me in that way."

"We thought we could make you a little allowance for minding them."

The woman's eyes gave an indignant flash. What was to be done with a man so devoid of feeling, of sympathy, of comprehension?

"Thank you, Hilton; I can do without your allowance, and without Teasie's children. I have had my share of burdens, and I don't feel disposed for more at this time of day. You can just have the children with the mother, and put the allowance you would make me for them into your own pocket."

"Mother will find them in the way," he said dubiously. "They'll add to the rage she is in."

Clarissa did not speak.

"I'd advise you to have them," he went on after a pause. "As you grow older, it will be dreadful lonesome for you without anybody. As they grow up they would be useful to you. That girl is as smart as she can be, and the boy he'd be like your own son in time."

"I won't have them, Hilton," she said firmly.

He added a few other awkward arguments, and finally he went away in anything but a contented mood.

When she was left alone, Clarissa said to herself, "How did I ever come to mistake a being like that for a man? Why, the meanness is just coming out all over him." Then she added after a pause, "I wish I could hate them both; it would be far easier to bear than this constant aching that I can't put an end to."

She had Teresa's supper ready when her sister came home. When she had placed it before her, she excused herself; she was tired, she said, and would go to bed. Before she went, she wrapped her Christmas presents up in paper and put them into the little stockings that dangled expectantly near the sleeping children. Little Alice slept with Clarissa, the boy slept with his mother. Throughout the night Clarissa lay awake. She had moved the child away from her with a little aversion, visiting on it unconsciously the profound indignation awakened in her by the man she had loved. "I daresay they would like me to relieve them of the children," she said bitterly, "but I feel as if I had done my share for people all my life, and I won't do any more."

She must have slept at last, though she did not know how long, when she felt two arms about her neck and a rain of kisses on her face.

"My dollie, Auntie Clarie, did 'oo see my dollie, and her gown, and her lovely bonnet? And sweets and cakes? Oh, Auntie Clarie, Santa Claus is dood to me!"

Clarissa blinked at the child sleepily. She was too tired to have any emotion awakened in her by these raptures.

"Have 'oo had any Kismas presents, Auntie Clarie?"

Clarissa answered "No" dully.

"Nossing in 'oo's stocking?"

"No."

The child looked at her sorrowfully. "I'll give 'oo a cake and a sweet." She looked at these gifts doubtfully as she pushed them towards Clarissa, they seemed to her inadequate; then after a pause she added, pushing the doll towards her aunt, "'Oo may have dolly too, since 'oo's had nossing."

Suddenly Clarissa began to cry. The generosity of the gift touched her sore heart, attuned now to expect generosity from no one.

These tears frightened the child, who regarded tears as a special attribute of the young. She crept close to Clarissa and hid her face in her sobbing breast. "I love 'oo; I'll be 'oo 'ikle girl. I'll be good to 'oo; if anysing vexes 'oo, I'll fight it, I will."

As Clarissa's tears did not cease, the child began to look round for a cause of these, and, childlike, her gaze did not reach beyond herself.

"I'se not naughty, I'se a good girl," she said, beginning to whimper. "I not vex 'oo, I love 'oo; I be 'oo 'ikle girl always, and Benny too. Benny love Auntie Clarie and be her 'ikle boy."

The caresses that accompanied these tearful words stole over Clarissa's wounds like a balm of consolation. She put her arm about the child and pressed her to her lonely heart. "I suppose it is the will of the Lord," she said.

When Teresa heard that Clarissa would keep the children voluntarily, and that she might go unencumbered to her husband, she burst into tears in her turn. "I don't deserve that you should be so good to all of us," she said.

Clarissa, as usual, not having any adequate answer ready, remained silent; when Teresa added, with insight which she did not at the moment recognise as prophetic, "Maybe it will all be paid back to you one day. As sure as I live, at this moment I think you are getting the best of the bargain."

In later years, when Teresa had become of opinion that she had not drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery, she was wont to tell herself that Clarissa had been in luck that Christmas Day.

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Miss Madeleine Stanley. Lady Jeune. Miss Dorothy Stanley.

[*From Photos by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

LADY JEUNE AND HER DAUGHTERS

A HOME SKETCH

'Tis the heart that liveth for others
The joy of true life doth know.

THE door of 79 Harley Street, W., opens as frequently to persons of distinction in London society as possibly any other in the wide expanse of town houses that we know familiarly as the West End. Look among the cards that well-nigh cover the hall-table any afternoon in the London season, and you will form some idea of the social circle among which the distinguished occupants of the house move.

Here are Ministers and ex-Ministers, diplomatists and soldiers, royalty and republicans, social reformers and wealthy dukes, judges on the Bench and popular writers; it seems as if "everybody that is anybody" finds a place in the brilliant coterie that Lady Jeune as a society leader has drawn around her. Her success is attributable to many causes. Added to natural charm and graciousness of manner, her great tact and suavity have made her salon what it is. Not only as a society leader, but as an organiser of social and philanthropic movements, working manager of elementary schools, visitor of the sick in hospital and home life, a not infrequent contributor to our best magazines, an enthusiastic supporter (with certain reservations) of women's equality with men,—in all these and other activities and departments of life she is equally and successfully "at home." Lady Jeune is a busy woman. And she does everything with the zest of a girl at school. Though just past middle age, she is still young in feelings and thought. Her ready and cheery response to those who seek her help and advice is most encouraging and helpful. Once obtain a draft upon the bank of her sympathy, and you are not soon forgotten. One would imagine that years of work amongst the poor, so unsuccessful as it sometimes seems, would have produced something akin to despondency; but she is as hopeful and bright and as full of schemes as most of her young helpers. She lives out of herself, and has learned to enjoy it. Bohemian in her tastes, she has graduated in the school of humanity, and counts her friends and acquaintances among "all ranks and conditions of men." Her mind does not run in grooves, precedents are as nothing compared with common-sense. The Stewart Mackenzies, Earls of Seaforth, are her ancestors on the paternal side, and many of her youthful years were spent at Brahan Castle, N.B., nearly in sight of Culloden Moor.

The post of footman in the hall at Harley Street on any afternoon in the London season is no sinecure. Doubtless, he is aided in his task by the two Indian gods who, like perpetual sentries on each side of

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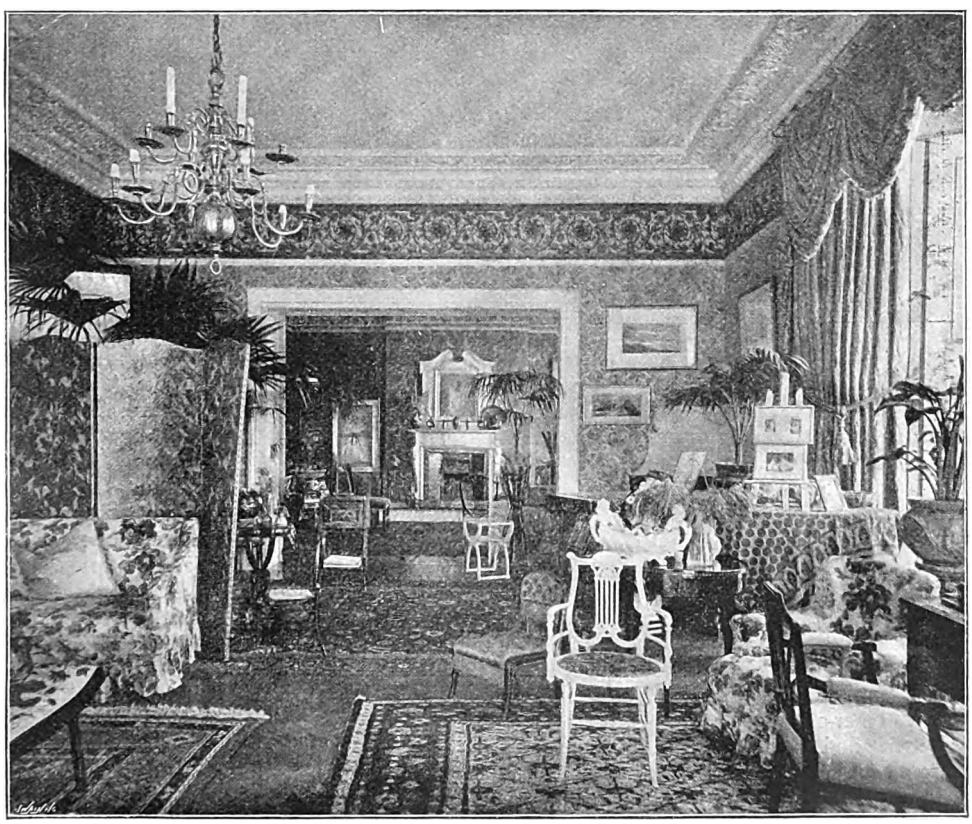
the entrance hall, exercise supervision over arrivals, their instructions presumably being, that whoever comes in, Mrs. Grundy must be kept outside. And not only in the afternoon but often during the morning he is kept answering the bell, for, in the dining-room on the right, reformers grappling with the evils and social deformities of to-day meet in council. Country holidays for poor children, soup kitchens, rescue work, now and then bring their quota of enthusiastic workers, and claim that warm-hearted and tender sympathy which Lady Jeune generously extends towards work amongst the sick and poor.

Adjoining Sir Francis's study—where we might profitably spend the day—is an anteroom recently utilised as storeroom for the family bicycles. There is one for each member of the family. That belonging to Sir Francis Jeune is the most elaborate, as better befitting a judge. Physical well-being is here both preached and practised. When other duties are over, her ladyship with Miss Madeleine and Miss Dorothy[1] find their way to Regent's Park for a ride. And this is one of the family characteristics—always together! There are some families which you might place in the backwoods of America, fifty miles away from any other society, and they would be quite happy, because they have sufficient in common amongst themselves. Down to Master Francis, whose roguish eyes betray an unlimited capacity for "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," Lady Jeune is both mother and companion to all her children. Shut your eyes and listen to their conversation, and you will fancy they are brother and sisters. Not that there is no restriction. Within certain well-defined limits her children have an enviable amount of freedom, but they are so devoted to "Mam," as they affectionately call her, that the guiding hand is rarely needed. No Andalusian mother could be fonder of her children, nor

[1] Since this article was written Miss Dorothy Stanley has been happily married to Mr. Henry Allhusen, of Stoke Court, Stoke Poges.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT ARLINGTON MANOR.
[*From a Photo by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

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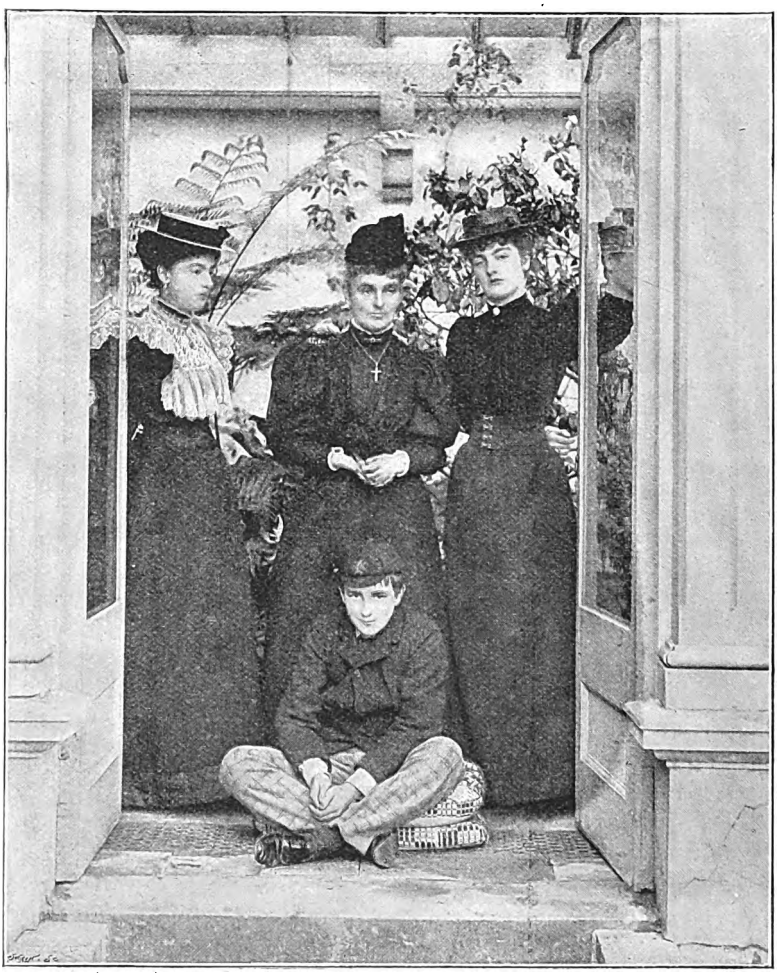

LADY JEUNE AND HER CHILDREN.
[*From a Photo by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

wiser in all that concerns their welfare. Poor Master Francis!—those who know, say his face is quite a study when, on reaching Reading, on the way to town after holidays, he reluctantly bids good-bye to his sisters, the servants, and his pet dog Bogey, and departs with Lady Jeune for St. George's, Ascot, where he is located until of age to enter Harrow.

Newbury is possibly unique in England, amongst towns of the same size, by reason of the heather-covered commons with which it is surrounded. On the verge of Snelsmore Common, some three miles from the town, just below a plantation of pines, lies Arlington Manor, the estate of Sir Francis Jeune. Here, for four months of the year, the holidays of the family are spent away from the restrictions of town life. In Newbury and its various institutions they take great interest, lending aid by their patronage and presence whenever possible. On many sides testimony is heard to their consideration for others, their graciousness in small things.

Approaching the house from the west, one is struck with the crest and motto, newly placed on the right side of the portico. "Faire sans dire" is at once so thoroughly descriptive and appropriate that one wonders how the possessor came by it. Pass through the entrance hall and you are immediately in the drawing-room. Neither at Harley Street nor Arlington Manor is there anything of lavish display. Furniture, drapery, ornaments are exquisitely arranged, and in rooms of admirable proportions; but you can never think that you have found your way into a private museum, with its valued heirlooms and dainty pieces of bric-à-brac. Once in the drawing-room at Arlington, and you wish to stay there. There is an air of repose at the sight of the well-cushioned arm-chairs and lounges, the soft beautiful Persian rugs that nearly cover the polished oak floor. Palms, arum lilies, and other flowers abound. The whole tone of the room is bright and joyous, characteristic of its owner. An hour or two may easily be spent looking at the pictures. Over the two carved fireplaces are two striking portraits in oil—one of Lady Jeune herself, by Miss Elsie

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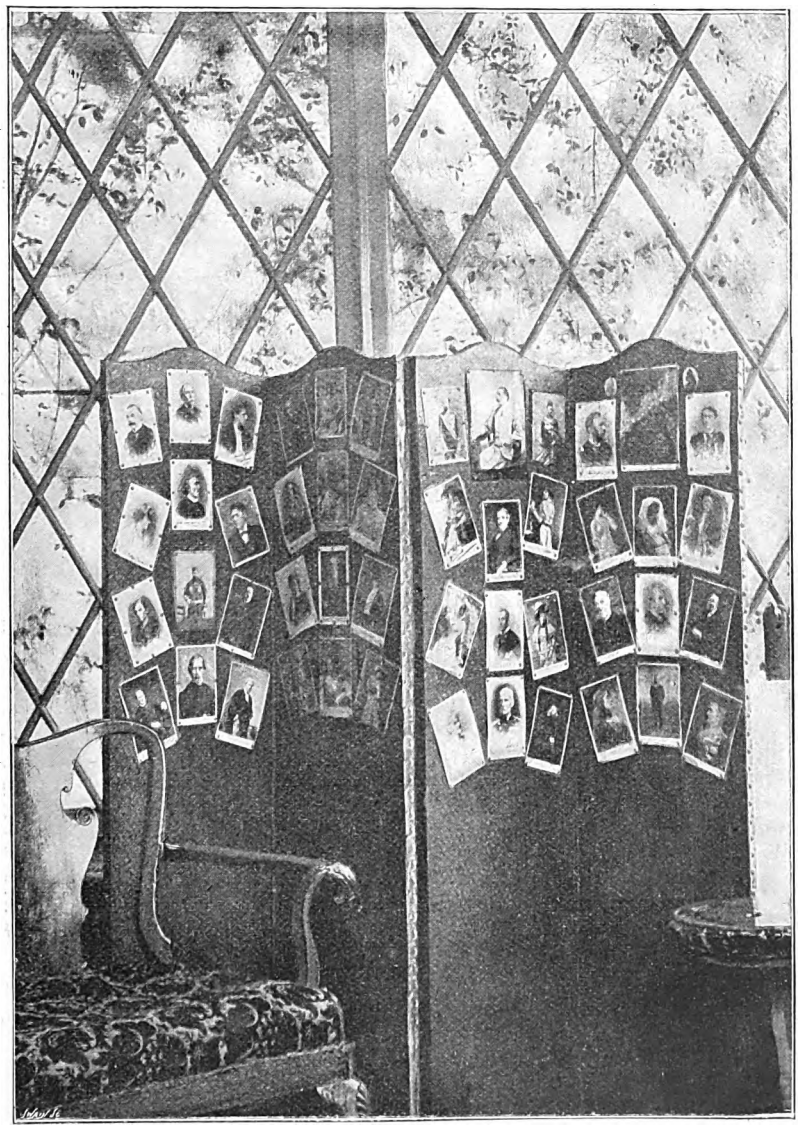
Thompson, daughter-in-law of Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C.; and the other of the Baroness D'Aguilars, a relative of her ladyship, who flourished a hundred and fifty years ago. On the shelves in the morning-room, which adjoins, are the works of our standard authors; whilst here and there in the drawing-room such volumes as Henry George's *Perplexed Philosopher*, Lilly's *Great Enigma*, *Poems and Verses* by Lady Dufferin, Sir B. W. Richardson's *Health and Life*, demonstrate the serious and catholic tastes of their owner. Photographs of friends in the literary and social world are scattered about; but it is on a large screen in the billiard-room, arranged by Miss Dorothy herself, that we find quite a galaxy of celebrities. It would be hard to say who is first favourite; but Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has the place of honour in the centre, and underneath, we presume in Arabic calligraphy, is his autograph. Premier and ex-Premier are both there. As with prophetic insight, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has been placed near to Lord Salisbury; Sir Francis Jeune appears between the First Lord of the Admiralty and First Lord of the Treasury. Then born fighters like Lord Wolseley and John Burns metaphorically rub shoulders with each other. The most popular captain in the navy, "Lord Charlie," appears in full dress; and Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., has donned his fez, and is rich in Egyptian and other honours. Then you recognise Lord Roberts, and well-nigh half a hundred other notabilities.

A chat with Miss Dorothy is most refreshing—she is so well informed, capable, vivacious, and so enthusiastic about her mother. "What are your favourite games, Miss Dorothy?" "I hate games, as a rule"



MISS DOROTHY STANLEY'S PHOTOGRAPH SCREEN.
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Lord Chas. Beresford. *Miss D. Stanley.* *Lord B. Blackwood.*
Sir F. Jeune. *Lady Jeune.* *Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.* *Marchioness of Tweeddale.*
Col. Stewart Mackenzie. *Master F. Jeune.* *Miss Kathleen Beresford.* *Miss M. Stanley.*

HOUSE PARTY AT ARLINGTON MANOR.
[*From a Photo by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

"But are you not fond of tennis, croquet, and outdoor games?" "No, I dislike them all; dancing as well. I love outdoor exercises, like riding and boating. We all 'bicycle' in London, and enjoy it very much." Precise in expression, she takes no liberty with her mother tongue. I have frequently observed her use of good old Saxon. Her friends are "men" and "women"; her mother "is the only 'woman' on the Committee of the People's Palace": and her ghosts are not "spooks."

"I suppose you read nearly everything new?" "No; I have not so much time for reading as you think. When in London, we generally have an hour's ride in the Row; then I help my mother in her literary and social work; afterwards there are classes to attend—so that each day is quickly filled up with its duties. My sister and I are very fond of soldiers, and rarely miss an opportunity of going on Sunday morning with Sir Evelyn Wood to the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks when in town. You see, my father was a soldier."

Miss Madeleine Stanley is two years older than her sister, with clear-cut classic features. I should say she delights in things philosophic and abstruse, and books are her most frequent companions. To her things mundane are of minor importance: the fitting-on of a new dress, the selection of a new hat, would be deferred *hasta mañana*. Her favourite hobby is photography, and glancing over her scrap album I find reminiscences of Aldershot and its reviews, pictures of the pets, and groups of various house parties at Arlington.

As she went from one room to another, showing me pictures of family interest, I could not but reflect on the splendid training the daughters of Lady Jeune are having. Happy the village where in the future these graceful sensible children will play the part of Ladies Bountiful!

Of Miss Madeleine when a baby, Lady Jeune told me the following characteristic anecdote. Her father, Colonel Stanley of Alderley, was a strong Tory, and a great admirer of Lord Beaconsfield. He had

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taught her, when asked "Whom do you love best?" to answer "Dizzy." While visiting at Sir Stafford Northcote's in Downing Street, the Premier came in, and, being very fond of children, played with Miss Madeleine for some time. Fondling her, he innocently asked just before leaving the very same question she had answered scores of times, "Whom do you love best?" and with childish naïveté she answered, all unknowingly, "Dizzy." Possibly, it was the only occasion when, as a great officer of State, the popular abbreviation of his former name was used to his face.

To children trudging home from Newbury, sometimes overladen with parcels, the young ladies often give a help by the way as they drive up the hill. Their own purchases are left at Arlington, and those of the little ones taken on to their homes. They share with Lady Jeune an unbounded interest in children. Not long ago the pony and carriage were standing outside one of the elementary schools in Newbury. Out came the children, for school was over. A large parcel of sweets intended for the Manor was opened, and the first comer regaled. None of those sweets got to Arlington. Little hands were held up, scarcely able to reach the side of the carriage, and in such quick succession that the bag was rapidly emptied, and the givers drove away, enjoying the fun as much as the children.

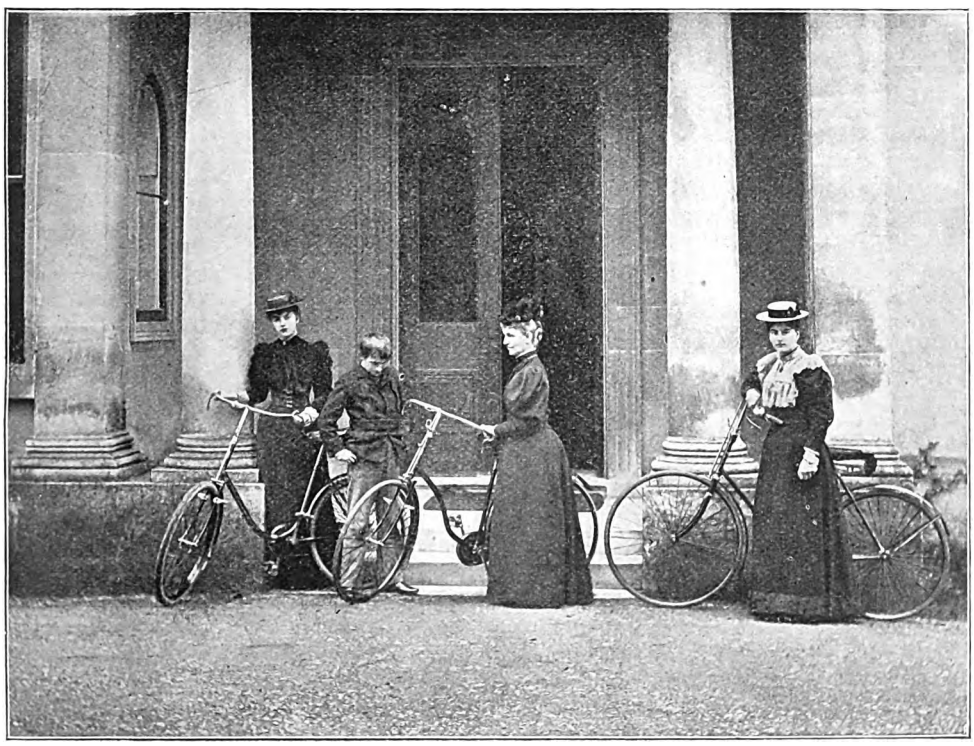
Whilst waiting in the drawing-room for Lady Jeune, an inscription on an old flower-vase attracts attention—

> Do the work that's nearest,
> Tho' it's dull at whiles;
> Helping when you meet them
> Lame dogs over stiles.

This seems to an outsider the inspiration of Lady Jeune's life.

Very graciously, and without any constraint, she expressed herself pleased to open the windows of her mind to the lady readers of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

"No, I do not believe in women mixing up in political life and strife, nor in their having votes. I think that already they are able to influence voters sufficiently without direct possession of voting powers. As to politicians and their influence upon myself, I have had large numbers of my very best friends entirely opposed to my way of



LADY JEUNE AND HER DAUGHTERS—OFF FOR A RIDE.
[*From a Photo by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

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thinking in politics. In my selection of guests it is a matter of no importance. One of my oldest and most revered friends was the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster. I saw a good deal of him in his last illness, and often think what a loss his death was to the country. He was an ideal Englishman, burly and brusque, yet so upright and sympathetic. It was in my drawing-room at

ARLINGTON MANOR.
[*From a Photo by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

Harley Street that the reconciliation took place between Mr. Forster and Mr. Justin McCarthy. During the troubles in Ireland they met there nearly every week, as it were, with daggers drawn. It used to be: 'Mr. Forster—Mr. McCarthy; Mr. McCarthy—Mr. Forster'; but they got no nearer to each other than simply bowing, until I protested that they really must be friends."

It was only natural, whilst we sat in one of the cosy corners of the drawing-room, that one's thoughts should turn on furniture, and woman's power to make the home bright. Lady Jeune's idea is that "for ordinary people like ourselves rooms should be comfortable and as bright as one can make them. The Rothschilds may spend lavishly on their chairs, tables, and so forth; but, after all, they are only etceteras, and the best furniture any room can have is charming company."

Most of our readers know that her ladyship holds a special brief for the children, and that it is really the cause nearest her heart. From her I learnt the difficulties that perplex and harass workers in the East End. "I often think," said Lady Jeune, "that as the various institutions I have had some slight share in organising are now thoroughly staffed with workers, I might be spared somewhat. Whatever a mother does outside, her first and most important work lies at home, in the training of her own children. I think sometimes my life, so far, has been spent less at home than it ought to have been.

"What can we do for the children of the slums? As far as I can see, there are two things certain. We can make them strong by procuring healthy conditions and abundant food for them. Then we can give them the best education possible. Given these two conditions, and I think men are more on an equality as to their advantages than most thinkers believe. Of course there is an aristocracy in every class, and some by force of character — the part of ourselves we can most alter—will always be at the ladder-top, whether costermongers or Privy Councillors."

Leaving this and kindred themes, we spoke of her many friends. Taking up a portrait of the veteran war correspondent, Dr. Russell, she said, "He was very fond of me, and used to call me his 'billy wassail.' This is Mr. Henry Labouchere, who helps me so greatly with the Country Holiday Fund. The editor of the *Standard* also renders valuable assistance. Last year we boarded out fifteen hundred children in the country for varying terms, at a cost of about one pound per head. Some of them are brought to Snelsmore, where Sir Francis has placed a cottage at their disposal under a responsible matron. The whole scheme, as you will understand, involves much work and anxiety. I have quite a little army of helpers, of whose

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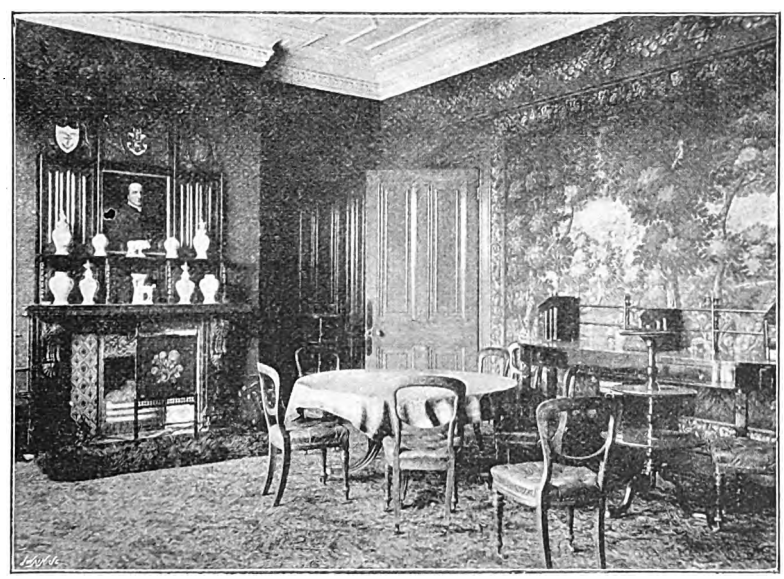
devotion to their work I cannot speak too highly."

"But the raising of funds, is not that the chief difficulty?" "No; money is always to be had when it is for the children, but good and efficient helpers are not so easily found. Besides, we always find that work grows out of work; the more you do, the more there seems to be done.

"The other photographs," continued her ladyship, "are those of personal friends—most of them, happily, living. That is Mr. Benjamin Kidd, author of *Social Evolution*, and his companion is Captain Mahan, the expert in naval matters. Next to Mr. Labouchere you see Lady Wantage; and just below, Karnako — I suppose we must call him the Lord Chancellor of Japan."

Here our interview closed. Some months elapsed before I met Lady Jeune with Miss Madeleine. It was after the summer holidays, which had been spent in and around Brahan Castle, N.B., and in a driving tour with friends through a lovely part of Sutherland. Pluto was whining and scratching at the billiard-room window, asking to be let in. His request was soon granted, and he found more comfortable quarters in front of the fire. "He was given to me," said her ladyship, "by the Duchess of Cleveland; he really belonged to Colonel Primrose, her son, who died in the Egyptian War. Poor Pluto; he is deaf and nearly blind, and goes whining about half the day, so miserable. He is an Austrian bloodhound, and the only one of his kind in England."



DINING-ROOM AT ARLINGTON MANOR.
[*From a Photo by* RIGHTON, *Newbury.*]

Possibly, the advent of winter led us to talk of Penny Dinners, and how seven hundred children at the Board schools in Shoreditch have on four days of the week, from November to March, a good dinner provided for them — no slight undertaking. In response to my request that she should give some advice, which long experience had taught her to be not uncalled for, and which young women might profit by, Lady Jeune said: "My advice to young women is, first, to work. Let them find some employment, in the pursuit of which means may be found to be independent of early marriage. And, second, having found the work for which they are best adapted, don't let them be in a hurry to marry."

"At what age, Lady Jeune, would you have young women become wives?"

"It would be impossible to fix any universal standard, but I hold that marriage finds too many of our daughters totally unprepared, physically and socially, for the duties they are entering upon. They have no experience of the world. A great proportion of the ills of married life are but the sequel to haste in this respect. I think the average girl would do well to wait until she had passed her twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year."

Of Sir Francis Jeune — the head of the household—I have said little. That he is a man "in whom the humours are kindly mixed" is well known; but no testimony can be higher, or more succinctly put, than that of one of the servants, who said of him, amongst other good things, "Sir Francis can't see small faults."

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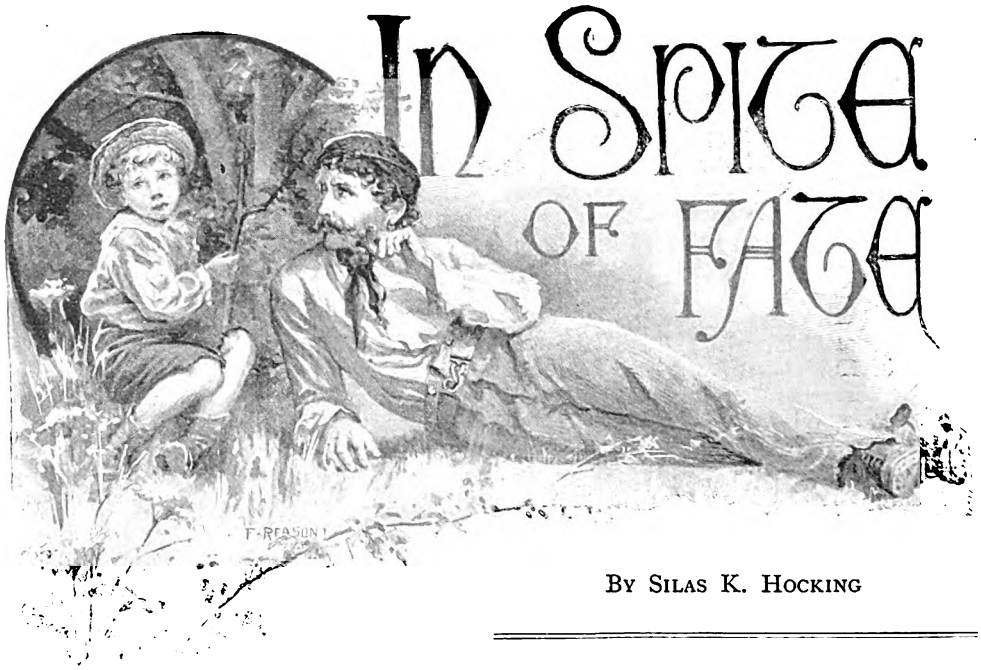

By Silas K. Hocking

Chapter VII

A LITTLE PAGAN

I cannot, if I would, erase
The writing of the past.

As Ogla Lazarus had predicted, Jack fell into the ways and habits of the gipsies without very much difficulty, though not quite so readily as had been anticipated. He had much to unlearn as well as to learn. His mother—as well as she knew how—had carefully trained him in matters of religion and morals, and had filled his childish imagination with pictures of a wonderful heaven and a still more wonderful hell. If she had any ambition respecting her little son, it was that he should ultimately become a clergyman. Nothing higher or nobler than that could she possibly imagine. She had pictured to herself a hundred times over the stages by which he would reach this position of distinction. First, of course, he would be a scholar in the Sunday school; then he would advance by easy stages, perhaps to be a tract distributor, then to giving addresses in the Sunday school. This would prepare the way to the position of Scripture reader, from which it would be an easy step to the dignity of lay preacher, and then he would pass on to college, and become a regularly-ordained minister. How the money was to be found for his college training she did not quite see. But "love hopeth all things," and no one could tell what changes there might be in their fortunes by the time Jack became a man.

It was well that she did not foresee what was coming. Such distinction as he might win in life was to be by a very different path to that which she in imagination had pictured. His Sunday school was the pavement and the market-ground in the winter, and the lanes and fields in the summer. His companions were children more ignorant than himself, and no attempt was made to instruct them. Religion was a subject he never heard mentioned, and the only morality he knew was a rough-and-ready code of honour they had among themselves. Under such conditions it was next to impossible that the influence of his mother's teachings could survive. Moreover, before that first summer's journey came to an end, Sam Lazarus told him bluntly one day that his mother was dead. He had been fretting because he had been unable to find her, or even the place where he had left her, and Sam got angry. He hated moping and "softness," as he termed it.

"Look here, Jack," he spoke out angrily, "we don't want none of yer sulks here. If you don't like it, you can go where you'll be better cared for. Nobody's keepin' you. So you can go as soon as you like."

"I wasn't sulkin'," Jack answered meekly, with a big lump in his throat.

"Not sulkin'?" Sam demanded fiercely. "Then what on airth do you call it?"

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"I was only sorry," Jack replied, striving his hardest to keep back the tears.

"Sorry, eh? And what have you to be sorry about, I should like to know?"

"I've kept hopin' I should find mother an' Eve," he answered pitifully, "but I don't seem to get no nearer to 'em."

"Oh, that's the go, is it?" And Sam's voice softened, and he dropped his eyes to the ground.

"I keep lookin' for 'em constant," Jack replied, "but somehow it doesn't seem any use."

Sam picked up a sprig of heather and turned it into a toothpick. "Look here, Jack," he said at length, "you ought to have been told before, and you would have been if I had had my own way. But Ogla is soft-hearted."

"Yes?" Jack questioned, with a gasp and with an awful choking sensation in his throat.

"Well, the truth is, your mother's dead."

"Dead!" the boy wailed. "Oh no, don't say that!"

"But I do say it. It's the truth, and it's best you should know."

Jack sat down on a bank of earth and stared into space. He shed no tears, and he did not speak again for several minutes.

Sam was more touched by the boy's silent grief than he cared to own even to himself. But, having begun the story, he thought it best to go through with it.

"You'll have to make the best of it, Jack," he said, after a pause. "Everybody loses his mother sooner or later, you know."

But Jack made no reply. His lips were tightly shut, his eyes seemed fixed on a bank of clouds on the rim of the horizon.

"You ought to have been told at once," Sam went on, "then you'd have got over it by this. You see, they found her lying under the trees quite stiff and still, and they took her to the workhouse."

"Who found her?" Jack asked suddenly, turning his eyes full upon Sam's face.

"Some waggoners. I don't know their names. They thought she was alive, perhaps, but she wasn't. She went off peaceful, like fallin' asleep."

"And where was little Eve?"

Sam started. He knew nothing about Eve. "Oh, that was the little girl?" he questioned, anxious to gain time.

"Yes—my little sister, you know."

"Oh yes, to be sure. She's all right—as right as ninepence."

"But where is she?" Jack questioned eagerly.

"Well, I can't just say where she is now. But she's well provided for, you may be sure of that."

"But who's providing for her?" Jack demanded.

"Well, I don't know their names, but they've heaps of brass, and 'll bring her up like a lady."

"But how do you know all this?" Jack questioned, after a pause.

"Know it? Why, 'twas in the papers that time you was so ill. I tell you there's no gammon about it."

Jack asked no further questions then, but he stole away soon after to the tent, where Ogla Lazarus was busy getting supper ready.

"Lala," he said, "is it all true what he's been sayin'?"

"What's he been sayin'?" she asked.

So Jack told her all that he had just heard.

"Ay, Jacky," she answered, after a pause, "it's all true. I've wanted to tell thee scores of times, but I hadn't the heart."

Jack could eat no supper that night, and when he went to bed he sobbed himself to sleep. Pearl did her best next day to comfort him, for the Lazaruses and Banfyldes still kept together. But nearly a fortnight passed before he recovered his usual spirits.

But the knowledge that his mother was dead, and that Eve was well cared for, had a very marked influence upon his life. He was less restless, less disposed to look in some other quarter for his home. The centrifugal force had been destroyed. The gipsy camp was now his only shelter, the centre from which all roads radiated. If he disliked the life he was living, he had no means of changing it. The Lazaruses were the only friends he had.

He felt in a vague undefined way that it was his fate, and that it was of no use kicking against it; nor was there much, on the whole, to kick against. He had just as many comforts as while his mother lived. Indeed, he had more. And certainly the life he lived now was infinitely freer than when he was penned within the narrow boundaries of a dingy street from year's end to year's end.

So after a few weeks he gave up repining, and accepted the inevitable. It is not in the nature of childhood to fret long for those who are dead. Moreover, Sam Lazarus kept him so busy that he had no time for dreaming. Every day brought its work; and what was better still, while the summer lasted, every day brought change.

So he fell unconsciously into gipsy ways—into their habits and modes of speech, and

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into their line of conduct. By the time he was twelve he was a little pagan, and yet a pagan with a memory and with a past.

If his mother could have seen him then,—ignorant and happy, knowing nothing about religion and caring less, revelling in dirt and rags, mouthing words that would have shocked her with a glibness that could not be surpassed in the colony, practising arts of deception from sheer love of it, and astonishing the elders with his remarkable genius for lying,—if she could have seen his reckless harum-skarum ways, and listened to the sophistries that rolled from his tongue, her dream would have come to a sudden and painful end. But she was mercifully spared all this,—unless from the other world those who have passed hence are permitted to see what is happening here on earth.

Jack was a pagan, and yet he could not wholly forget. At the most unlikely times, and in the most unlikely places, his mother's face would come up before him, and he would pause suddenly, and would turn away from the thing he meant to do. Also he found himself unconsciously considering his conduct in the light of what she would approve — not always, but at unexpected times and places. Just as the fragrance of flowers sometimes surrounds us, lingers for a moment in the nostrils, and vanishes, and we draw a deep inspiration, and wonder whence the perfume came and whither it has gone, so the influence of his mother and that far-away childhood of his would come stealing upon the air, would envelop him for a brief moment, and fill his heart with a strange tenderness, and leave him wondering what had happened, and why it was that he could not speak the word that was upon his tongue.

Such moments came only at rare intervals, but their influence upon him was greater than he had any conception of. Once or twice, indeed, he got into trouble with Sam Lazarus because at the last moment he refused to do what he had been told.

Sam would call him a stupid stubborn donkey, with many other epithets more forcible than polite; but when Jack had once "set his back up," as Sam termed it, there was no moving him.

He never professed to understand himself at such times, and when questioned could offer no rational explanation of his conduct. Conscience was a word that he never heard mentioned. The border line between right and wrong was to him so vague and uncertain that at many points he could not trace it at all. Yet, as we have said, every now and then he would stop short, arrested by some flash of memory; deterred by some occult and undefined influence; turned aside by some unseen hand.

Was it heredity? Was it the teaching of his childhood? Sam attributed these occasional freaks of stubbornness to the latter cause.

"He mayn't remember," he said one day to his wife, "but he don't forget."

"He never talks about it now," his wife answered.

"That's true; but the seeds are in him, and they're so deep down that there's no rootin' them out."

"But he's right in the main, Sam, an' is as full o' fun as a pear is full o' juice."

"Ay, fun when he ought to mean business; there's frequently no gettin' him to do aught 'cute unless you can convince him it's a lark."

"But he lifted that basket the other day?"

"Ay, an' cleverly too; but he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't believed it was all a big joke."

"Oh, I don't know," his wife answered.

"But I do," was the reply. "He'll lie like Lucifer, for the fun of the thing; but when he's serious, no parson can touch him for veracity."

"I know he's generous," was the reply.

"Exactly. That plays the mischief with him. If he gets into his pate that it wouldn't be kind to do a certain thing, not the devil himself could move him."

"He'll grow out of that," was the reply. "We're all a bit tender-hearted when we are young."

"Young, eh?" Sam laughed. "Dost call thyself young, Ogla?"

"Well, I'll own I'm a bit soft in some things," she replied, "but then I'm a woman; men grow hard by nature. Jack is but a child yet; he'll soon do all you want."

"I'm doubtful. He's got a trick of funking at the last minute."

"But he's never mean or underhanded," she said.

"But he's the remnants of a conscience—and that's worse;" and Sam turned suddenly round and walked away.

For some reason or other the Lazaruses carefully avoided the neighbourhood of Pentarnum Moors. Jack sometimes wondered how it was that in all their wanderings they never struck that dreary upland, with its lonely stretch of rutted road and its clumps of stunted holly.

He never mentioned the matter to Sam

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Lazarus, for he was a stern man at best, and resented prying questions; but he alluded to it several times when he was alone with Ogla, though he never got any straightforward reply.

"We have to follow the fairs," she said to him one day, "and the places we want to go to can't always be worked in."

"But you'll be going there again some day?" he questioned.

"Oh yes, I expect so; though, you know, Sam likes to go to the places as he knows 'll pay best."

"You know, Lala, I should like to find Eve if I could," he said reflectively, after an interval of silence.

"Yes, I dare-say," was the reply; "though very likely she's lots better off without you."

"But I'm her brother, all the same," he answered stoutly. "And when I get older"—

Then he paused suddenly, as if he had said more than he had intended.

"Yes, and when you get older?" she questioned.

"I don't know, Lala; nobody does, I reckon. But look, here comes the Banfyldes' caravan;" and he ran off up the road at full speed.

He had not seen Pearl for nearly two months, and consequently their greeting was more than usually warm and friendly. Pearl was now eight, Jack was twelve. She was still his favourite of all the girls he knew. She was not treacherous, like many of the others. Her word could always be relied upon. Then her voice was soft, like the sound of summer wind in the heather; and her eyes were like a bit of blue sky in the darkest winter days. She didn't smile like the other girls. It wasn't sinister and subtle and cunning. It was broad and sunlit, like the summer sky. And then her arms and neck and face were always fair in spite of wind and sun, and her limbs were straight and graceful as a fawn's.

"Let us sit down here on this bank," he said; "you must be tired. And I want you to tell me where you've been all this long time."

"PEARL DID HER BEST TO COMFORT HIM."

"Oh, I don't know where we've been," she said, with a musical laugh. "Do you know, Jack, that one place is so much like another, that I don't ask their names now."

"Have you done much business?" he asked.

"Lots," was the reply. "The dad says I'm a capital saleswoman. Fancy calling me a woman!" and she laughed again.

"You will be some day if you live," he answered gravely, as if giving expression to a weighty proposition.

"Very likely, and you'll be a man."

"Ay, Pearl, that's true. I'm gettin' on. I've turned twelve now."

"I wonder what you'll do when you grow up?" she asked.

"I keep wondering that myself," he said. "You know, Pearl, I wasn't born a gipsy, as the folks call us."

"I know," she replied. "I wish I wasn't, either."

"Why, Pearl, ain't you happy?"

"Oh yes, Jack, I'm happy enough," she answered; "but sometimes when I get

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peeps of beautiful houses and see little girls with lovely dresses, why, I just feel as if I would like to be—well, different, you know."

"I reckon that's just like a girl," he answered; "but pretty dresses couldn't make you any prettier, Pearl."

"Don't you think so, Jack?"

"I'm sure of it," he answered gallantly. "I look at the girls in the villages as we pass through sometimes, an' I've never seen one yet as was a patch on you."

"That's only because you like me," she said. "But how long have you been here?"

"Only two days. But I hope we shall stay a long time now you've come."

"We were in a very nice place back in that terrible hot weather," she remarked. "Oh, such a great stretch of furze and heather, and no hedges anywhere."

"What was the place called?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered, with a laugh. "I never ask such questions. But there was such a funny place by the roadside, where the trees growed all round like that," and she shaped her hands into a semicircle.

"And was there a seat there," he questioned eagerly, "and was it all built up at the back?"

"Ay. Do you know it, Jack?"

"I reckon it's Gideon's Chair," he said in an awed tone of voice. "It's where mother died. I've wanted to see it ever since, but I've never been able to find it."

"It's a terrible long way off," she said. "It's weeks an' weeks ago since we were there."

"I'll find it some day," he answered resolutely. "But there's your father callin';" and they got up and followed the caravan.

Chapter VIII

THE DAWN OF LOVE

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair.

During the next two years very little of consequence happened. Jack made himself so useful—not to say essential—to Sam Lazarus, that he was treated as the result with a good deal of consideration. Sam knew very well that, if he chose any day to take himself off and start life on his own account, he could not be replaced. There were very few things that he could not do, and do well. He was quick to learn, deft of finger, fleet of foot. Hence he had come to be of considerable value to his foster parents, and in their own interests they did their best to make him satisfied with his lot.

The same motive led them to hide from him the name and whereabouts of Pentarnum Moors, and to avoid the place in their yearly ramblings around the country. They had a suspicion that if he found his sister he would forsake them. There might also be undiscovered relatives in the neighbourhood, who would lay claim to him should he cross their path, with a number of other contingencies, none of which would be likely to serve their interests.

So, on the whole, they deemed it prudent to loosen every link that bound him to the past; to let the memory of other days slip from him like a worn-out garment; to interest him as far as possible in all the pursuits of their nomadic life, and so completely imbue him with their spirit and aims that as he got to be of more and more value to them, he would be at the same time knit more closely to them.

In this aim, as we have seen, they succeeded, on the whole, remarkably well. Outwardly, he had all the characteristics of a gipsy born and bred. By long and constant exposure to wind and sun, his skin had taken on the hue of the Spaniard. His dark crisp hair curled like a mop all over his head. His deep brown eyes gleamed with fun and mischief; his yellow hands were long and sinewy, but splendidly formed; his whole frame gave every indication of suppleness and strength. Indeed, Jack Lazarus, as he was always called, was at fourteen by far and away the handsomest lad in the whole gipsy community, the fleetest of foot, the strongest of arm, the most daring and reckless, the quickest to avenge a wrong, the readiest to forgive.

He had long since ceased to talk about the past. Seven years of gipsy life, and at the most impressionable period, had to all outward appearance completely changed his nature. If he ever longed for a more domestic mode of existence, he kept the longing to himself; and if occasionally he wondered what had become of his sister, or pined for a sight of her face, he did not talk about it. He learned early in life that it was wisest to keep one's deepest thoughts to oneself. Opinions too freely expressed have an unhappy knack of returning when they are not wanted. "Least said, the soonest mended." He had never heard the proverb, but his own active brain had evolved the truth, and he lived up to it.

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If there was any exception to this, it was in the case of Pearl. Year by year she entered more deeply into his heart and life. Sometimes he did not see her for months on the stretch, but he was always on the look-out for her when they were away on their rambles. He recognised the Banfyldes' caravan a mile off, and could detect the gleam of Pearl's sunny hair among a thousand. Pearl was a general favourite throughout the community, and, whenever she appeared after a long absence, would receive a most boisterous welcome. Yet at such times Jack was always quiet. To the onlookers it would seem as though Jack gave her no welcome at all, and did not care whether she returned or stayed away. Pearl, however, understood him, and a little later they would seek each other out, and Jack would say to her shyly—

"I didn't want to make any fuss, Pearl; but they ain't none of them so glad to see you back as I be."

"I know that, Jack," she would answer. "And I wanted to see you most of all."

Jack would grow silent after that, for his vocabulary was not extensive. Moreover, what one feels most deeply is most difficult to express—a truth that Jack early discovered in life.

Pearl would break the silence at such times by asking Jack if he had had a good time, and if trade had been fairly brisk, and once conversation began to flow in ordinary channels there would be no further break.

Sometimes Jack, after looking at her for a long time, would give expression to his surprise that the sun and wind never tanned her, that she came back at the end of the summer as fair as when she went away in the spring.

"Just look at me, Pearl," he would say, stretching out his tawny hands and viewing them critically. "Lala says that a burnt stick would make a white mark on me. Ain't my hands a caution?"

And for answer she would put her white hands on the top of his and let them rest there. But not for long. Jack always managed to get the taper fingers within his brown palm, and sometimes he squeezed them much more than was necessary.

One day he said to her, "It don't seem in the least bit right, Pearl, that you should be born a gipsy an' keep so fair; while I, who'm not a gipsy at all, should turn as black as a nigger."

"Oh, I don't think the colour's anything to do with it," she said. "There's something a great deal funnier than that."

"Is there?" he asked. "What is it?"

"Why, that you who wasn't born a gipsy should be so content; while I, who never knowed any other life, should always be pinin' for a pretty house to live in all the year round."

"It is a bit curious," he answered. "But maybe I'm not as content as I seem. While we're actin' on the square I'm happy enough, but I'm gettin' to see through a lot more things than I did."

"Folks ought to get all they can," she answered. "I always ask double the price what I'm willin' to take."

"Ay, but that's business," he said reflectively; "that ain't the same as downright stealin'."

"Oh, as for that," she answered, with quite a pretty air of importance, "we Banfyldes don't never steal; it's vulgar."

"Oh, is it?" Jack answered dubiously; and then he fell into silence.

"You don't know what I know," she said after a long pause, putting her white fingers under his chin and raising his face.

"Don't I?" he questioned. "Is it something nice?"

"I don't think I shall tell you," she answered; "mother might be angry."

"Oh, she would never know," Jack said briskly; "I'm not the sort to split."

"I don't know," she said. "I don't think boys can keep secrets very well."

"Don't you? Then you are mistook. Let me tell you they can keep secrets a sight better'n girls."

"Are you sure you wouldn't talk about it to others?"

"Quite sure, Pearl, if you didn't want me to."

"Well, you know, Jack, it's this way," and she turned her head on one side and began to make gathers in her frock. "Mother says as seein' I'm so fond of a house I shall very likely have one of my own when I'm seventeen."

"Oh!"

"Ay, an' a grand one too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. There now!"

"And why when you are seventeen?"

"'Cause—well, 'cause my prince will be comin' for me then."

"Your prince?" he said, looking up with a start. "What prince?"

"Ah, now you are curious, Jack;" and she laughed merrily. "Don't you know that we Banfyldes be all of royal blood?"

"Has your mother been stuffing you with that?" he asked contemptuously.

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"Oh, but it isn't stuff," she replied severely. "The last gipsy king was a Banfylde, an' we are all in the direct royal line, though I don't know exactly what that is."

"I should think not. But what's that to do with it?"

"Oh, well, mother says as how I've been chosen as the bride of Prince William;" and Pearl cast down her eyes and blushed very appropriately.

"The bride of Prince William?" he said, repeating the words slowly after her, as if not fully comprehending their meaning. "I never heard of him before,"

"I never did till mother told me. He lives a long way off, in a very big house, and he's the oldest prince of the Banfyldes."

"And will you be willin'?" Jack asked, with a strange light shining in his eyes.

"Oh, I suppose I shall have to be," she answered indifferently. "Mother says as royalty never have any choice; it's all done for them."

"It seems very queer," he said reflectively. "It'll make a sight of difference."

"It will to me," she answered. "Mother says as I shall have a very grand house, with horses and carriages and lots of fine things."

"You'll like that?" he questioned a little bit sadly.

"Oh, shan't I just? I do love beautiful things."

"You won't know me then," he said wistfully. "You'll be too grand to look at me."

"Of course I shall be a princess," she answered, "but I shan't be proud to you, Jack; we shall always be friends."

"And when is all this coming off?" he questioned.

"When I'm seventeen at latest—perhaps before, if he can get away; and you know I'm turned ten now."

"Yes, I know," he answered gloomily. "I'm four years older'n you; I wish it was ten."

"Why do you wish that?"

"Oh, I should be twenty then, and a man. And I'd run away with you, and if the prince came I'd fight him."

"Oh no!"

"But I would," he persisted, with flashing eyes. "I'd have no prince a-marryin' of you. You don't belong to no man you've never seen."

"But think of the fine house, Jack, and all them things."

"Oh yes, that's what girls think of mostly. Fine houses and fine frocks is everything. And folks as ain't got no fine houses, oh! they ain't nothing. But there, it don't matter. Nothing matters to nobody—at least, not very much;" and he turned away his head, and dashed his hand swiftly across his eyes.

"I thought you'd be pleased, Jack," she said, after a pause; "but you don't seem pleased a bit."

"Oh yes, I be," he replied sharply. "I'm terrible pleased. If you're goin' to be happy, Pearl, I don't want no more. I'd rather see you happy any day than be happy myself;" and he turned away his head again, for a mist kept gathering before his eyes, and there was an uncomfortable lump in his throat.

"If you was only a prince, Jack!" she said at length, with a far-away look in her eyes; "for you know I like you best of anybody."

"Oh, that may be," he answered bitterly; "but you like fine things a pretty sight better. But there, what's the use talkin'? I ain't a prince, an' I never shall be. An' poor little chaps like me don't never stand no chance."

"I'm sorry I've made you cross, Jack," she said, without looking at him. "I wish I hadn't told you now. Boys never see things proper, somehow."

"Don't say I'm cross, Pearl," he said wistfully. "I may seem to be, but I ain't never really cross to you."

"But you're not pleased," she said.

"Oh yes, I be," he answered in a miserable spirit of contradiction; "I'm awful pleased, I be really. I'm pleased you ain't no more'n ten. An' if the prince ain't comin' till you're seventeen, why—why"—

"Why what, Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, while a happier light suddenly flashed from his eyes. "Lots of things can happen in seven years."

"I believe you'd be glad if the prince never came at all," she said a little reproachfully.

"I believe I should," he answered with something of his old cheerfulness. "You see, Pearl, it 'ud make such a lot of difference if you went away."

"Well, you know you promised you wouldn't talk about it," she said; and she got up and walked away.

Jack lay awake a long time that night, turning over in his mind what Pearl had told him. He never thought of connecting her story with the conversation he overheard, years before, between Banfylde and Sam Lazarus. There was nothing mysterious about Pearl, save her complexion, and that

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might now be explained by the fact that she was of royal descent. He did not think of seriously questioning her story. He had heard vague talks scores of times about gipsy kings and queens, and it seemed probable enough that if a bride was wanted for a gipsy prince, Pearl would be selected. There was no other girl in all the community that was fit to hold a candle to her for beauty or grace or intelligence, or anything, in fact. However big their summer camp might be, if Pearl was there she was always acknowledged queen, and no one ever thought of disputing her claim.

These reflections, however, brought no comfort to Jack. For some reason or other, the thought of losing Pearl seemed almost worse than losing his sister. He could not, for the life of him, tell why it should be so. Pearl was no relative of his, and he had no right to control her movements in any way; and yet somehow every thought and dream of his future life had been so inextricably mixed up with his fair-haired, blue-eyed companion, that the thought of being bereft of her companionship was agony.

Without knowing it, Pearl had more to do with making him content with his nomadic life than anyone else. Sometimes they spent weeks together, and explored all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and built no end of gay castles in the air. And when the Banfyldes' caravan was somewhere else, the days were kept bright to Jack with anticipation of her coming.

That he should sometimes look into the future was inevitable. What boy of fourteen does not lay plans for future years, and count upon the time when he will be a man? If a lad have any imagination at all, he is certain to create a little world for himself, and people it with those he loves the best.

"I'D HAVE NO PRINCE A-MARRYIN' OF YOU."

Jack did this constantly. And because Pearl pined continually for a house of her own, and never really loved their roving mode of life, Jack built her any number of fair mansions, such as he had seen embowered among the trees, in his wanderings to and fro, and furnished them according to his conception in very splendid style. Indeed, some thought of Pearl entered into every act and dream of his life. Whoever might be absent from his little world of fancy, Pearl was always there, and always had a foremost place.

But this story of Prince William coming to claim her for his bride upset everything. It was of no use making any more plans, or building any more castles. He might as well give up dreaming about the future, and just go on

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existing day after day, and never think about the morrow at all.

For several weeks after, notwithstanding all his efforts to be cheerful, he felt very miserable and despairing, and, strangely enough, his despair took the form of increased recklessness. If there was anything to be done that had a spice of adventure in it, he always pleaded to be allowed to do it, and the more danger it involved the better he was pleased.

His elders regarded him approvingly. He seemed to be getting over the scruples that troubled him and them in the days gone by. A low-browed man, named Jim Bradley, swore a great oath, and declared that Jack Lazarus would be a credit to them in time. His daring, his resource, his ingeniousness, the cleverness of his hand as well as the swiftness of his foot, all seemed to mark him out for a distinguished career.

Autumn gave place to winter, and they retired once more to the purlieus of a large city. They rarely dwelt more than two winters in the same locality. There were reasons for this which we need not particularise.

Jack's recklessness did not forsake him, and he was always hankering after some new excitement. This development of daring and energy was carefully studied, and duly commented on by several members of the community.

Jim Bradley, particularly, grew greatly interested in him, and imagined that he saw before him a large sphere of usefulness.

"I don't know why Lazarus should have all the benefit of that boy's ability," he said one evening to a bosom companion of his, named Lockett. "The young dog's a fortune to anyone who'll train him properly."

"He's nimble, sartinly," said Lockett. "Art goin' to train him thysel'?"

"He's more than nimble," said Bradley; "he's smart, downright smart. And as for fear, the young dog don't know what 'tis."

"He ain't squeamish, is he?" Lockett questioned.

"Not he. I b'lieve he used to be a bit, but he's grown out of that nonsense long since."

Lockett took a quid of tobacco out of his mouth.

"Look ye here, Bradley," he said, "wouldn't he sarve our purpose in the Penvyke affair?"

"The very thing I've been thinking of," Bradley replied. "If he can only be got to see the fun of it, he'll be worth tons to us. We must be careful we don't freet him."

"I thought thou said he didn't know fear," Lockett said sharply.

"Ordinary fear he don't. But words an' names freet folks sometimes. He's young, an' if he knew all the game he might stick."

Lockett laughed. "Tell him no more'n you're bound to," he said. "Call it a missionary enterprise, if you like, for the benefit of the heathen. We're the heathen;" and he laughed again.

"Leave it to me," said Bradley. "I'll work the oracle."

The next day he took Jack aside and unfolded to him his plans.

Chapter IX

A DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE

Men darkness love whose hearts are set
On evil ways.

It was a dark cheerless evening in November when Jack, Lockett, and Bradley took train for a wayside station in the neighbouring county of Cornwall. Jack was in one of his doleful moods, and was glad of any excitement that would lift him out of himself and give interest to existence. Bradley had primed him with a story which contained about five per cent. of truth, all the rest being undiluted romance. Jack had listened to the story with very few, if any, misgivings respecting its veracity. Bradley had a gift for romance which would have made his fortune had it been rightly directed. There was no man in the community that could make a lie look so much like truth as he, or throw into his speech such a convincing tone of sincerity. Jack listened to the story and believed it, and hailed the prospect of a little adventure with real delight. Nothing was said of the matter to Ogla Lazarus, or she would have vetoed it at once. Even Sam raised a number of objections at the outset, but he was ultimately "squared." Sam's sympathy could always be secured for a consideration.

During the day Jack had make several attempts to get an interview with Pearl, but without success. Since that revealing conversation mentioned in the last chapter, she had been much less in evidence than before. Whether that was entirely her own fault or no, it was difficult to say. Jack imagined sometimes that Mrs. Banfylde was at the bottom of it. At other times he was convinced that Pearl had become proud, that the thought of marrying a prince had turned

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her brain or something akin to it, and that he might give up hope of winning her favour again.

This disaffection on the part of one who stood above all others in his eyes was a sore trial to Jack, and made him twenty times as reckless as he would otherwise have been.

Bradley had told Jack that it was very possible they would be away from home for several days, and this had made him all the more eager to get an interview with Pearl if possible.

The Banfyldes occupied rooms on the other side of the court, and almost from dawn Jack watched for her, and wondered why she never appeared at door or window. The afternoon was beginning to wane when she came out and ran lightly up the street. She was warmly clad, and had stout shoes on her feet, but her head was unprotected save for her wealth of golden hair.

Jack dropped his work in a moment, and slid down the stair banister like a flash, and before anyone could ask him where he was going he was in the street. It was a narrow *cul de sac*, and he waited at its mouth till Pearl returned.

"Is that you, Jack?" she questioned as she came near.

"Ay, Pearl. I've been waitin' for you all the day."

"We've been terribly busy," she answered. "I've had to run out in a hurry for some thread."

"I'm going away for a day or two with Lockett and Bradley," he said, walking by her side down the court, "an' I wanted to—to"—

"To say good-bye?" she questioned.

"No, not that exactly," he said in confusion; "you see, I shall only be gone a day or two. But I've seen nothin' of you lately."

"The days are so short," she answered, "an' we've had such a lot to do. But wait a bit; I'll be out again in no time."

So Jack waited, walking up and down the court. The daylight faded quickly out of the sky. The lamplighter came and lit the lamp at the mouth of the street. The children who had been playing in the gutters crept one by one indoors. Lights appeared at the windows on every hand, but still Pearl did not come. Nearly an hour passed, and then Jack went to Banfylde's door and asked if he could not see her.

"She don't want to see you," Mrs. Banfylde snapped at him. "Besides, she's busy."

Jack did not reply, but he stole dejectedly back to his own room. He felt very bitter against the whole tribe of Banfyldes, and Pearl was just as bad as the rest. Her promise to be "out again in no time" seemed only a ruse to get rid of him. She did not want him. She was puffed up with pride because she was going to marry a prince. She had avoided him all the day, and when at last he caught her she had cleverly shaken herself free.

Jack set his teeth firmly together and vowed impossible things. An hour later he and his two companions set out on their journey. He never felt so thankful for a change, was never dominated before by a spirit so utterly reckless and defiant.

They reached the station by different routes, and travelled in different compartments, and alighted without appearing to notice each other, and plunged quickly into the darkness of country lanes without showing their faces to anyone.

Bradley, who led the way, waited for Jack to come up, and then the two waited for Lockett. The men appeared to be perfectly familiar with the neighbourhood, but no conversation was indulged in until they had walked at least two miles. Then Bradley halted suddenly.

"We'd better leave the road now," he said to Lockett, "and take to the fields."

"I think it's about time," the other grunted, "though we can't begin operations yet."

"The old bloke's in the habit of sittin' up late, I'm told. But the youngster can easy find that out. In any case, we'll have time to get a snack before the fun begins;" and he vaulted lightly over a gate, and made his way across an open field. The night was intensely dark, warm, and muggy. They did not keep close together, and every now and then Bradley and Lockett stopped suddenly and listened. But not a sound broke the oppressive silence, not even a breeze shivered through the bare branches of the trees.

They crossed three fields, and then a plantation loomed dimly through the darkness. Bradley, who still kept the lead, waited for the others to come up.

"A month ago there was a hut in this 'ere plantation," he said, "hid away in a hollow, an' almost covered with leaves."

"In which case it will be there now," Lockett remarked.

"It were only rickety," Bradley said "and may have come together by this."

"We can go an' see, any road," Lockett

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replied. "I want a place to rest a bit, for I'm gettin' terrible peckish."

"The very thing I'm after myself," Bradley remarked gruffly: and he moved on again, followed by the others.

To get over the hedge into the plantation was not at all difficult, but to find the hut in the darkness was a very different matter. Bradley, however, had evidently made a careful study of the place in the daylight, with the result that, after several twists and doubles, he came upon the hut he was seeking. It was in reality a three-sided pit, with a lid on it, the roof rising very little above the general level of the ground.

On the fourth side the ground slanted gradually down to a narrow doorway. At the entrance Bradley paused and listened, but everything was perfectly still; not even the snapping of a twig broke the silence.

In another second the trio were in absolute darkness. Lockett instantly struck a light, which revealed a rude bench running round two sides of the hut.

"Might ha' been made for us a' purpose," he grunted as he ran his eye swiftly round the small apartment.

"Lovely place for stowing swag, eh?" Bradley questioned.

"Not so sure o' that," the other replied. "Ain't it a bit too broken down?"

"That's the beauty of the place," said Bradley. "Knock out one rafter, and the roof comes in wi' a flop and buries everything. Nobody would think o' lookin' under such a ruck."

"Ay, just so; that hadn't struck me," Lockett remarked after a pause. "But now for the grub."

Jack had listened to these scraps of conversation without getting much light on the nature of the enterprise which had brought them into Cornwall; but he could not help feeling that they did not fit in very well with what Bradley had told him before they set out.

He did not, however, make any remark. He felt it would be his wisest policy to hear all he could, and say nothing.

But it soon became evident that the two men did not intend him to hear very much.

"Here, Jack, take thy grub an' eat it outside," Bradley said to him. "An' mind thou keeps thy eyes an' ears well open. Don't move thyself or make a sound. But if thou hears anyone prowlin' round, give a little squeal like a rat."

Jack did as he was told without a word, and sat himself down on a stone not far from the door of the hut. The night was oppressively still and dark, as only a November night can be. The men within talked in so low a tone of voice that he could not hear anything that was said. He rather resented that. If he had come to help them in any enterprise, he felt that he had a right to know all there was to be known; but it seemed clear to him that it was not intended that he should know. Bradley, before they set out, had professed to confide in him all the details of their undertaking; but he began to be suspicious that there was a good deal unrevealed, if indeed there was any truth at all in what he had been told.

When once his suspicions had been aroused, he found it was not easy to allay them; and as the sound of muffled voices continued to fall on his ears, he felt no compunction in creeping up to the door and putting his ear to a chink.

He soon discovered that his companions had a scheme on hand of which he knew nothing, and in which he was not supposed to take any part. It was evident, however, that Bradley had changed his mind, and that he was trying to bring Lockett round to his own way of thinking.

"No, no," Bradley protested in a loud whisper. "He's too 'cute a lad to be hoodwinked. We'd better let him have a hand in to-night's job as well. I know I did not intend he should, I thought he'd be in the way; but I've altered my mind."

"I'm sure we'd better leave 'im 'ere," Lockett said. "The two on us are quite enough to manage the vicar."

"I could manage him myself, for that matter," Bradley protested; "but an extra pair o' eyes is always a gain, however simple the case may be. No, let the boy come along; the sooner he gets his hand in the better."

"But to-night's affair is so barefaced," said Lockett.

"All the better. When once he's taken the plunge there's no drawing out," Bradley answered. "Besides, a little practice to-night will give him nerve for to-morrow night, when all hands will be needed."

"And will you let him into the secret now?" Lockett asked.

"No, we'll tell him nothing till he's fairly in it. I'll manage that all right."

"Very good," Lockett grunted. "Now for details;" and they dropped their voices again.

Jack, however, by keeping his ear close to the chink, was able to overhear all they said;

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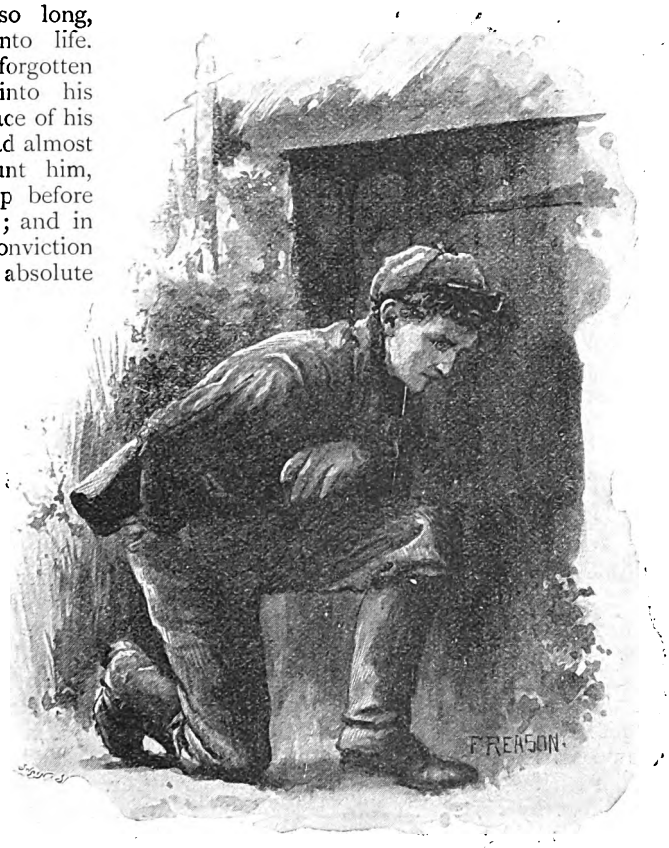
and as the truth gradually unfolded itself to him, he grew hot and cold by turns. For seven years he had received no moral training whatever, and religion was a subject that he never heard discussed. He had had for a long time past a shrewd suspicion that many of Sam Lazarus's transactions would not bear very close scrutiny, and he was quite prepared to close his eyes to the general tricks of their trade; but before the scheme Bradley now unfolded he shrank back aghast. His conscience, that had lain dormant so long, awoke again into life. Lessons long forgotten rushed back into his memory; the face of his mother, that had almost ceased to haunt him, came vividly up before him once more; and in his heart the conviction deepened into absolute certainty, that, come what might, he neither could nor would take any part in the wicked burglary that was being planned. House robbery under any circumstances seemed to him an appalling thing; but to rob the house of a clergyman, to steal the money he was supposed to have collected for the restoration of his church and for other religious purposes, seemed so utterly mean and cowardly, and altogether damnable, that he literally shuddered, and felt as though he would be compelled to protest then and there.



"JACK WAS ABLE TO OVERHEAR ALL THEY SAID."

He stole away at length from the door, and went some distance and leaned against a tree. What should he do? His first impulse was to run away and leave his companions to work their wicked will alone, but that seemed little less base than taking part in the robbery. Should he, then, betray his companions? That would mean death to himself, and no one in their community would utter a word in protest. Betrayal was a sin that would never be forgiven. There was only one other alternative—an alternative that involved a terrible sacrifice, and yet it was better to suffer than commit a crime.

In a few minutes his mind was fully made up. "I'll do it," he said, and he set his teeth firmly together.

A few minutes later his companions joined him.

"Well, Jack, heard anyone prowlin' about?" Bradley asked.

"Not a soul. It's silenter than a churchyard."

"So much the better. Now keep your eyes open, so that you may be able to find your way back here again in the dark."

"A difficult job, I fancy," Jack said, with a little laugh.

"Not as difficult as you think, if you keep your wits about you. But come along; it is time we commenced operations."

Bradley led the way again, Jack kept close behind him, Lockett brought up the rear some distance away.

Beyond the plantation the lights of a village came into sight.

"Everybody's not in bed yet," Bradley grunted.

"Is it very late?" Jack asked.

"No, not very; but country folk are early abed, as a rule."

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"They get up early, I expect," Jack remarked.

"Exactly. But how is thy pulse beating?"

"Finely; but I'm tired of doin' nothing. When are we to begin?"

"All in good time, boy. But mind, there's to be no skulkin'. He who skulks is lost."

"I'll not skulk," Jack answered.

"Nor bother with questions?"

"I've not bothered you yet, have I?"

"No, no. If you keep on, you'll be a credit to us. Jist do what you're told, and you'll make your fortune in time."

"Well, try me," Jack said briskly. "What am I to do first?"

"Ay, you may as well begin at once," Bradley said; and the next moment he climbed over a gate into a lane.

"Now, boy," he began, "keep straight down this lane till you reach the church. You can't miss it; it's the only big thing in the parish. Just past the church, on the other side o' the road, there is a white gate, that leads up to the vicarage. Open the gate softly, and creep cautiously up to the house. Peep in at the windows, if you can, and see what folks are about. Steal round to the back, and see who's in the kitchens. Find out if there's a dog about. And be back here again in three-quarters of an hour — less if you can — and let me see how much you've found out."

"You trust me," said Jack smartly; and he rushed off into the darkness.

A moment later Lockett came up.

"Well?" he questioned laconically.

"The boy's a reg'lar brick," Bradley answered. "He asks no questions, and he ain't got no scruples. He'll save us a heap o' tramping about. Let's light our pipes and wait."

Meanwhile Jack was hurrying on to the vicarage as fast as his feet would carry him. He had quite made up his mind what to do, and it seemed to him as if all through the darkness his mother kept by his side. All the best impulses of his childhood came again to the surface. The latent nobility and heroism of his nature sprang into being. He might have to suffer, but he could not be a robber, nor could he be a coward.

Arrived at the vicarage, he pulled the door-bell violently, and a few minutes later he stood pale and almost breathless before the Rev. John Treherne.

"Well, my lad, what do you want at this hour?" the white-haired man asked kindly.

"I'll tell you in a moment, sir," Jack answered, bringing out the words in jerks. "Only, I want you to promise first that you won't split on me."

"I don't understand what you mean," the vicar said.

"I've something to tell you, sir—something very important—something to do with you; but I want you to promise me that you won't never tell that I told you."

"If that is all, I can easily promise that," the vicar answered; "at least I think so."

"I'm sure you can," Jack answered impulsively. "I've never seen you before; but you're a good man, an' I'm goin' to be your friend, and, if I go to prison for it, you promise you'll never betray me?"

"Go to prison for being my friend?" Mr. Treherne questioned, with a smile. "You're getting beyond me now."

"But you promise?"

"Yes, I promise. Now, what is it all about?"

"Well, some people as I belong to are going to break into your house. I'm with them, helpin' them, do you understand? I didn't know what they were going to do till an hour ago. I can't get away from 'em. I must go through with it now; for if they knew as I betrayed them I should have to die for it sooner or later, don't you see?"

"But why," said Mr. Treherne quickly, "when you found out the secret, did you not tell them that you would have nothing to do with the matter, and then and there leave them?"

"And leave you to be robbed, sir?"

"Oh, I see," the vicar said reflectively.

"I'll have to face it out," Jack went on. "I can't see nothin' else for it. They must never know I've told you, and I can't stop 'em from doin' what they've set their minds on. I can try; but you'd better prepare for us. Now, you promise you'll never betray me?" and Jack looked earnestly and pleadingly into the vicar's face.

"You need not fear, boy. I'll never betray you," Mr. Treherne answered solemnly. "But I'm very grieved for you. Surely—surely"—

"I'm sorry too," Jack interposed quickly; "but it can't be helped now. I'll have to take my chance. Have you any dog about the place?"

"No."

"Or men?"

"The coachman lives across by the stables."

"Oh, I do hope we won't come," Jack said after a pause; "but if we do, you'll not forget your promise? Now I must go, please;" and a few minutes later he was hurrying back through the darkness to the place where he had left his companions.

(To be continued.)

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By Dr. Cunningham Geikie.

I REMEMBER sitting on one of the old marble pillars lying now, for who knows how many centuries, on the open ground beside the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and letting my thoughts wander back till the haze of millenniums sent them home to me again, like Noah's dove, wearied with vain attempts to find anything, in those dim regions, on which to alight. The horizon must have been very much the same ever since the age when the soft white chalky limestone which once covered all Palestine, from Lebanon to the Southern Desert, fell in a snow-like shower of microscopic particles, through the waters of the then superincumbent ocean, and, in the course of untold thousands of years, heaped up the strata which gave Lebanon its name—the White Mountains—and sealed all Palestine besides, under the same pure winding-sheet.

Since then the chalky sandstone of the coast plain has been deposited, and the curious "nummulite" limestone which runs behind it, sweeping on, round what remains of the earlier soft limestone of Lebanon, to the edge of the plateau of the Sinai mountains, and off into Egypt, to yield, long æons after, the stone made up of coin-like fossils, which built the Pyramids, and gave the stone itself its name—"nummus," meaning "money." But all these beds are washed away from Central Palestine, excepting at a spot round Kadesh, where Moses encamped so long, about fifty miles south of Hebron. To-day Bethlehem sits high up, on the flat top of a narrow ridge of this soft limestone, white as milk when fresh cut, as one sees in the walls of the nicely-built, flat-roofed, one-storey houses of the village.

When we first hear of this old place, the landscape must have shown the same table-land, sawn into valleys by the winter storms of millions of years; the hills thus left, rounded atop by long weathering; the valleys small but fertile; the prospect, everywhere, one of height beyond height, all running up, however, to nearly the same level, except to the east, where the country sinks, in great steps, from ancient volcanic disturbance, towards the Dead Sea; here white, there brown with thin herbage and shrubs; and yonder, light yellow. Fifteen miles off, eastward, and more than four thousand feet below Bethlehem, the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea have met the eye ever since man existed to look down on them, while the utterly barren hills of the wilderness of Judæa, thickly seamed with fissures and narrow gorges and ravines, have been desolate and uninviting for as long, to the south-east.

We first meet with Bethlehem in human story, to find ourselves beside the tents of Jacob, as he bears out, amidst loud wailing, the loved form of Rachel, the joy of his life, to lay her in the grave which one still sees marked by a square, rough-stone, low, domed building, at the side of the road, even then the same as now, just before it turns to the

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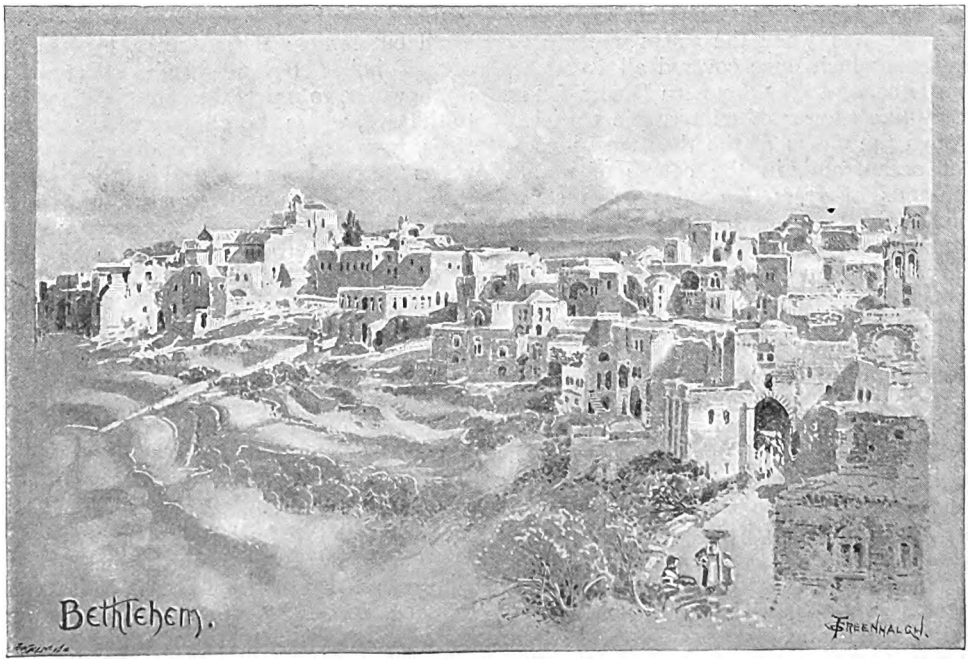
left in a white, scarped bend, to go into Bethlehem. Jesus must often have passed it—never, we may be sure, without a tender thought of her who lay sleeping there, amidst her children, so many centuries.

The next picture of this old-world place we have, is when Naomi, with her husband and two sons, are forced to leave it, the failure of the rains having made living in it beyond their means; in spite of its name—Bethlehem, "The House of Bread." In Moab, across the Jordan, and behind the Dead Sea—a long journey for the famished villagers—they were to find the humble maintenance which their own mountain home could not, for the time, yield. Then comes the story of the return of Naomi and Ruth, leaving the dear forms of husband and sons in the graves of their temporary land of refuge. But the cloud lifts after they have reached the loved hamlet, with its sweet little valleys on both north and south, and the breezy air of its height, nearly three thousand feet above the sea; which, however, lies beyond their horizon, about forty miles to the west. The episode of Ruth's courtship of Boaz, their marriage, and her connection, in consequence, with the noblest annals of Judah, as ancestress of David, keeps Bethlehem still in our view. Then we see the town fathers—the elders—in terror at the sudden appearance of the judge, Samuel; but he appeases their fears without telling them his real errand, and leaves, after having anointed David as successor to Saul, whose sons were thus superseded, and whose dynasty was set aside.

There is, and could only at any time have been, one long winding row of houses in Bethlehem, though a second short street or rather line of isolated buildings, modest enough, runs parallel with this for a little way; side openings leading from the one to the other. The ridge is too narrow for any change in the limits of the village. We may fancy young David growing up in this sequestered spot—wandering as a boy into the valleys on each side; away, east, along that on the north side of it, to the upward slope, to be called, ages after, the Hill of the Shepherds, as famous for the vision of angels, on the Christmas that saw the birth of the Saviour. Or he may have strayed up the sides of the hills, towards the then Jebusite town of Jerusalem, or, on the south, down the long-drawn glen that leads towards Hebron; the flowers, the birds, and the butterflies pleasing the child as well then as they do his successors of similar age to-day. To see these little Bethlehemites at play, before the Church of the Nativity, carried back my thoughts to the time when the boys of Jesse were happy, on the same spot, with the same childish lightheartedness,



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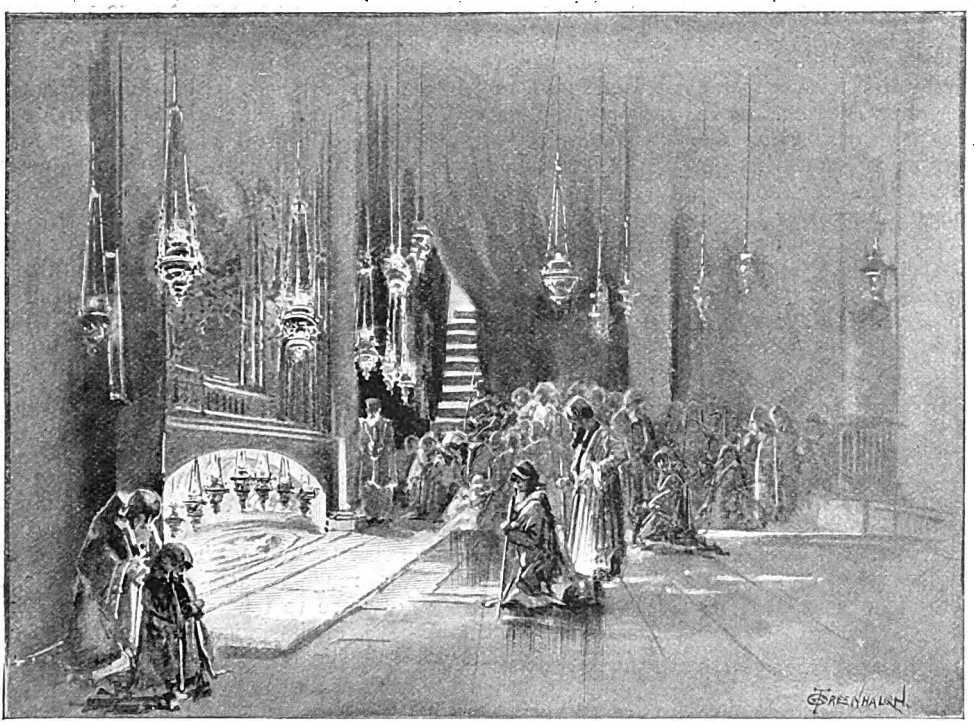

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST.

amidst the same landscape: they so long vanished, it the same as when they were busy with their boyish games!

But the time was to come when a greater than David, though sprung from his "root," was to make Bethlehem sacred for ever by His birth within its humble bounds. The exact time of the nativity of Christ can never be known, for it has been disputed from the earliest ages of the Church. The 25th day of December, which was at last accepted as the date on which it should be celebrated, has little in its favour beyond the fact that it was the day on which, in antiquity, the return of the sun from its winter absence was kept—such a festivity, as it well appeared, suiting the feast of the nativity of Him who was to be the Light of the world; the victorious Sun of Righteousness, rising on a world long sunk in darkness, to restore spiritual day to mankind. It could hardly have been at that season, however, for such a time would surely not have been chosen by the authorities for a public enrolment, which necessitated the population travelling from all parts to their natal districts; storms and rain making journeys both unsafe and unpleasant in winter, except in specially favourable years. Snow is not at all uncommon at Jerusalem in the winter months, and I have even known it so deep that people lost their way outside the gates; and Bethlehem lies even higher than the Holy City. Then there is no provision for heating houses in Palestine, and the suffering from cold is, in proportion, great; especially to a population accustomed to great heat for most of the year. One knows how wretched even Rome is in winter, and Palestine is much worse during hard weather. Nor is it likely that shepherds would lie out through the night, except during unseasonably fine weather.

But it matters little on what precise day the Saviour deigned to take our nature upon Him; the great thing is to commemorate the amazing event on some day accepted by Christians at large. Mary's journey from Nazareth was a long one, and must have been made easier, we may suppose, as such family journeys are still, by the services of an ass—the general riding beast of Palestine since the earliest times. Simple food, of bread, with figs, and perhaps the soft cheese of the country, would be enough; water sufficing for drink, except where hospitality offered a cup of the wine then

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made by nearly all households. We must not, moreover, think of Joseph seeking out an inn at Bethlehem, for inns were unknown among the Jews, and indeed useless, where the only accommodation usually required was leave to sleep on the floor, or on one's own mat brought with him—as in the khans we still find over the East. It was a sacred obligation on every Jew to give shelter to his countryman when on a journey; and hence, instead of "an inn," the real sense of the Gospel is, that there was no room in any house for the weary Nazarene "to loosen" the girth of the ass, and make his stay there. A Hebrew house in those days would be like a peasant's house now: a living-room of four walls and a bare floor, which served for sleeping on at night and for eating on by day. No one sits in the house except in bad weather, so that the open air serves for a gossiping-place; the ground being the usual seat of a cross-legged Oriental to this day. Behind the living part of the house there is a somewhat lower floor, also of mud; this part of the establishment being given over to the household ass, a goat or two, or perhaps a sheep, and to the poultry of the house-mother. In a place built, like Bethlehem, in many cases, against the soft limestone rock, it often happens that the existence of a cave, where the house was to be, was a great attraction, since it offered a ready-made, dry, above-ground cellar, as well as a specially suitable spot for the household animals and for a storeroom. It would seem that Joseph was at last able to get room in some such back portion of a house, and there, we are told, Mary bore her divine Son. A cave, below the high altar of the Church of the Nativity, is now shown as the very place where this august event transpired—a little recess, shaped like a clam-shell, its floor of marble wrought into a star in the centre, bearing in Latin the words, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A row of lamps hang round the outer edge, the right to attend to them being a jealously watched matter; each of the ancient Churches, the Greek, the Latin, the Armenian, and, I think, the Coptic, having one or more. The evidence for this site is so strong that I, for one, accept it as sufficient, reaching up, as it does, to within living memory of the days of the apostles. But, even if this be an illusion, the fact remains that, in this petty village, the Saviour of the world was made man for our redemption. No wonder that we read of the anthem of the angels, for surely nothing could draw forth the interest of the heavenly population like the exceeding grace God was showing to sinful man. The scene of the visit to the shepherds is pointed out as on a rough slope, facing the village, at some distance to the east; Bethlehem lying, far above, on its mountain seat. One can follow the shepherds in their journey to see the unspeakable wonder. They would go along the rich valley of Boaz, and then up the terraced hill, by a path still in use; nor is it uninstructive to reflect that, while simple shepherds were led by angels to the manger, the high-priests and the great of Jerusalem, so near, slept through that most illustrious night of all history, quite unconscious of what had happened. But we know of it; and may God grant that if we cannot go with the shepherds to Bethlehem, we may, one day, go to the right hand of God, and worship Him there, who that night lay, a little child, in Mary's arms!

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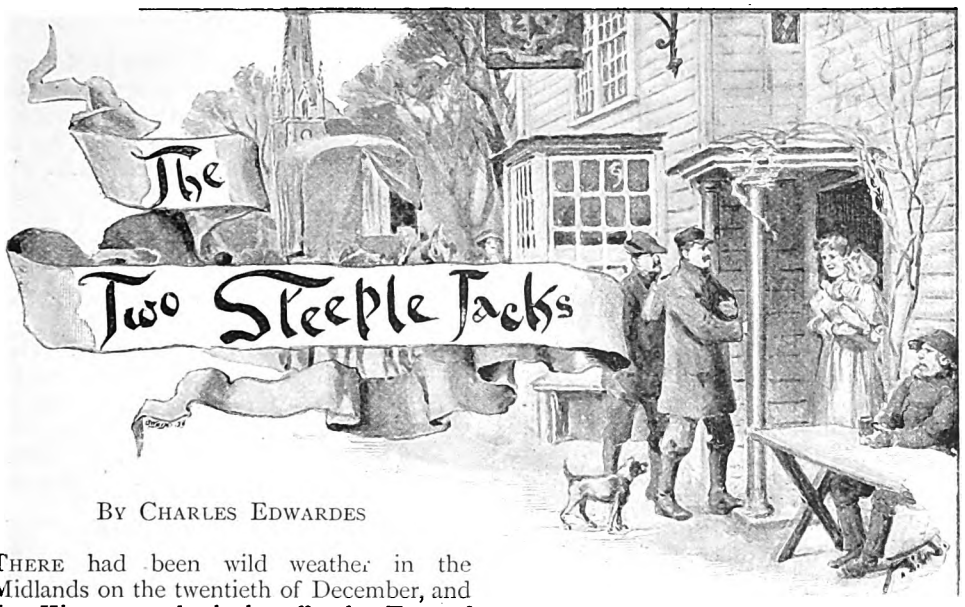

By Charles Edwardes

There had been wild weather in the Midlands on the twentieth of December, and the Kirton steeple had suffered. Two of the stones at the base of the weathercock had crashed into the churchyard, breaking the granite obelisk to the memory of Squire Bentley's wife. Nor was that all. Other parts of the steeple had been damaged, rendering the church dangerous. Immediate repairs were essential. And so Tom Daggett and James Blind had come from Birmingham and, with little loss of time, had run ladders up the steeple and fixed a tiny but sufficient scaffolding about the apex of the church. The weathercock still stood its 289 feet above the gravestones. But, with a recurrence of the late storms, it was generally admitted it might soon be forty or fifty feet shorter.

The two "jacks" stayed at the "Bentley Arms." Tom Daggett was mightily glad of the chance. He and the Hurds (Reuben Hurd being the landlord) were related. It had vexed him mysteriously when Maggie Hurd, the innkeeper's pretty little daughter, had, some two years back, married a good-for-nothing named Porter. The idea that she might suit him as a wife had not then solidly presented itself to him, but there was the beginning of such an idea in his mind.

Now, however, Porter was dead, and Maggie was back at the inn with a tiny blue-eyed baby that she almost worshipped. Maggie was still only twenty and a few months. She looked absurdly young to have a baby in her arms. But to Tom she appeared more attractive than ever; and each hour that passed convinced him more and more that he could only be happy with her for his wife.

Already he had dared to hint of his earlier affection and its continuance.

"Don't, please!" Maggie had pleaded, though not as if she were greatly shocked. Her husband had been dead eight months.

Later, he tried again, and begged her to think of it. But again she declined to give him any sort of satisfactory answer. That was on the twenty-third. The weather had been civil. The two "jacks" had got their work shipshape, and hoped the next day to make things safe for the Christmas congregation, at anyrate.

Somehow, though, Tom felt that Maggie was interested in him in the right sort of way. He mentioned the matter to Mr. Hurd, who didn't seem displeased either. Rumour said Mr. Hurd was himself thinking of marrying a second time. If so, he would surely prefer that Maggie should have a home of her own.

"I'm not expressin' an opinion one way or t'other, Tom," he declared to the "jack." "It's a world in which every man ought to have his chance."

Tom was about to ask for an interpretation of this sententious phrase when Mr. Hurd changed the subject.

"And that reminds me," he said. "Your mate's a queer 'un, but I reckon he earns good money?"

"Oh ay," said Tom; "he gets his four or five pounds the week like me, when anything's going. But he's never been quite the ticket since he had that fall from the Lancashire chimney."

"Ah! And what was that?"

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"Well, I'm not saying aught against James, but he'd been drinking. He tumbled about twenty feet, and his head's not been the thing ever since."

Mr. Hurd pouted his lips, and to some extent repeated himself.

"It's a pity," he said; "but every man ought to have his fair chance."

Not until that evening did Tom understand what the "Bentley Arms" landlord was driving at. It came out when he and James Blind were going to bed.

"Tom," said the latter, "I don't know if you've noticed what's come over me since we've been here; but I'm not the same man I was a week ago."

"How's that, Jim?" asked Tom, surprised.

"It's this way. I've fell in love with this pretty little widow cousin o' yours. I call her a downright proper lass. I've been axin' of myself if I'm a fit man yet to try my hand at courtin'. Seems to me I'm all right now, though I do now and again have them blood-rushes to the head which make me so wild. And so, Tom, the fact of the matter is, I'm a-goin' to propose myself to her as a husband."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Tom. His breath was almost taken away by this avowal. It flashed upon him now that Mr. Hurd was also in the secret and was inclined to favour Jim Blind's suit.

"Her's a good 'un, I'll swear!" proceeded Blind, with enthusiasm; "but I'd a deal rather there wasn't that bit of a baby."

Tom gasped and held his tongue. "Every man ought to have his fair chance!" These words of Maggie's father's scurried about in his brain. He had had *his* chance, and Maggie had not said "Yes." Now it was Jim's turn.

"I think," Tom stammered, "I'll get off to sleep now if you don't mind."

"And so 'll I. I hope I'll dream of that pretty lass too," said the other "jack," with a light laugh that riled Tom incredibly.

But before James Blind closed his eyes he volunteered some more information.

"I'm goin' to try my luck in the mornin'," he said. "I'd like to get it settled by Christmas."

"Why, man," cried Tom, "you've only known her two days."

"Two days is enough," was the reply.

Tom Daggett spent a very uncomfortable night. He slept little. There was a moon, and the moonshine gleamed into the room. It shone on the swarthy face of James Blind in his bed by the door, and there were bad moments when Tom was near hoping that the old saying about the moon's power to turn crazy the sleeping man whom its beams irradiated might be proved true.

Eventually, however, he did manage to sleep.

Christmas Eve came blithely to Kirton, with a mild atmosphere and the soothing caw of the rooks in the high old elms about the churchyard.

The two "jacks" were up early. They drank some coffee and were away to the steeple before pretty Maggie Porter was out of bed. But they could hear the child crying when they were leaving the house, and Maggie's voice hushing it. The music of Maggie's voice touched them both.

"I'm goin' to do it at dinner-time," said James Blind,—"what I told you about last night."

"Do it, then, but don't say another word about it till afterwards," exclaimed Tom angrily.

"Why, what's up wi' you?" asked Blind, astonished.

"I'm not saying anything's up with me. I'm only asking you to keep your talk about Maggie Porter to yourself."

James Blind stopped dead by the churchyard gate and flashed his eyes at Tom, whose own eyes responded to the challenge.

"Tom Daggett!" he said, after two or three moments of impressive silence, broken only by the rooks overhead, "I'm set on this. She's crep' into my life same as if her was an angel. You may think as you love her, but your love ain't nothin' to mine. I'm not sayin' but what it 'ud kill me if her says 'No.' It's here I feel it." He put his hand to his temples.

"And look here, Jim Blind," cried Tom; "I'm not standing much more of such talk either. You take your chance like the rest, that's all I'm asking you to do. And I'm not goin' to hear another word from you about it, or I'll not say what'll happen to my tongue or my hands. I'm a man same as you, and just as hot too, I reckon."

"Right you are," said the other "jack." "We'll mix the mortar."

They worked together on the strength of this truce. Until twelve hours ago they had always been the best of friends. It was not so difficult as it might seem to sink this one subject of dissension—temporarily.

But at half-past eleven they both prepared to descend to the churchyard; and Maggie was in both their minds. It made things

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rather worse for Tom's equanimity when they saw Maggie herself in the porch of the "Arms," tossing her baby, and looking uncommonly attractive in the act. He glanced at his comrade, and knew by the look on his face and his heightened colour that he too felt in the matter like himself.

They took their dinner with the Hurds.

'You're rare and silent, the two of you," said Mr. Hurd after a while. "You'll have to be livelier to-morrow, or I'm not wanting any more steeple-jacks in my house. What do you say to that, Maggie?"

Maggie had nothing to say to it. She smiled on them all, and lastly she smiled on her baby.

"There's mince-pies coming," she remarked. "They'll raise your spirits, Tom, I know. You used to be so fond of 'em, I remember that."

Tom Daggett could have made a very impatient answer. Mince-pies, indeed! and his heart bursting, well-nigh, for Maggie herself. As it was, he tried to smile back.

"I expect you do make 'em pretty nice," he said. "It 'ud be strange if you didn't."

"Thank you, I'm sure," retorted Maggie. "Haven't you any fine compliment sayings for me as well, Mr. Blind?"

"I'll tell you what I think afterwards," said the other "jack." "I'm not goin' to be bested by Tom, though, whether it's in praisin' mince-pies or—climbin' bad 'uns."

"HE SNATCHED UP THE CHILD."

It had been half on his lips to say something else instead of that about the chimneys; but, though his brain was on fire with love for Maggie, it had a little discretion left in it.

No sooner was dinner over, however, than James Blind turned his eyes on Maggie.

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Tom had lit his pipe rather sullenly. Mr. Hurd was off to his bar.

"Well," inquired Maggie, "weren't they good?"

"I'll not tell you while Tom's in the room," said Jim. He was strangely flushed. Tom saw how he trembled, but didn't pity him in the least.

"Please go out, then, Tom," said Maggie in jest.

He did not delay. He strode from the inn, much perturbed, and across the Kirton green to the house of an acquaintance. For very little, it seemed to him, he would there and then have tried to throttle Jim Blind.

But the other "jack" soon had what conceit he possessed taken out of him.

"Look here, my girl," he said when he was alone with Maggie; "it's not about mince-pies I'm a-goin' to talk."

He drew near her. Maggie's eyes opened wide at him. She felt uneasy. Both by his tone and looks James Blind almost frightened her.

"Why, what is it?" she asked.

"I'm wantin' you, Maggie Porter—that's what I'm wantin'," said Blind. The veins on his forehead stood out in knots.

"Whatever do you mean, Mr. Blind?"

"I want you for my missus."

At these words Maggie sprang away.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You here not three days, and to speak to me like that!"

James Blind stared.

"You're not meanin'"— he began.

"I'm meanin' what I say, Mr. Blind. I don't like you, for one thing, and there's nothing further from my mind than marrying you."

"Is that so?" asked Blind, with a misty look and a deep pant.

"Why, of course it is."

Then the "jack's" eyes suddenly frightened Maggie. She ran towards her baby, which she had set in its cradle by the fire. But she was not quick enough. Blind was before her. He snatched up the child.

"You'll have neither of us, then," he said, with a laugh that chilled the poor girl's blood.

And he shot from the room, with the baby in his arms.

Maggie screamed her loudest as she followed him. But a maniac's speed was upon James Blind. He was at the churchyard gate in a second or two, and, ere Maggie could get there, with her father at her heels, they both saw him going up the steeple ladders fast as a monkey up a tree. The poor girl could not stand that sight. She fell in a faint by the wall.

Meanwhile, Tom Daggett was thinking he might as well be on the steeple as anywhere else, since his mate was with Maggie.

"See you this evening," he had just said to Jutson the tailor, in whose house he was, when to him came Mr. Hurd.

"For goodness' sake, Tom, you're wanted!" cried the "Arms" landlord.

In few words he told what had happened. Tom looked serious.

"His head's gone wrong—that's what it is," he said.

Other of the villagers joined them. Blind was reported to be already higher than the roof-line of the nave of the church.

"She'll never forgive us if that child of hers gets hurt," said Hurd.

"Well," said Tom slowly, "it's a warm risk, but I'll face it for her sake."

That was all he said. The others went with him as he hurried towards the ladders. They watched him excitedly as he too hastened up them—past the belfry window, past the crocketed little pinnacles which made a pretence of supporting the main bulk of the shaft, up and up, till he was little more than a speck. They could see the other "jack" standing on the scaffold, flourishing the child, and they could hear him shouting. They had pale faces as they stared up in terrible expectation. It was certainly well for Maggie that she had fainted.

Tom paused twice or thrice when he was near the top. He called to his mate—

"Don't be a fool, Jim. For the Lord's sake, mind what you're about!"

But the answer he got was enough to shake all the courage out of him. It was plain that Jim Blind was mad.

Then Tom set his teeth and determined to go through with the enterprise. The last ladder was the worst. Where he was, he was protected by the scaffolding, which overhung. But in the climb on to the boards, Jim Blind would have him quite at his mercy.

Hand over hand he ascended, meaning, if possible, to take the other "jack" by surprise. Never had he gone up a steeple at such a rate.

The planks were close above his head. He hoped he had succeeded. The madman was yelling out a wild song. If only he (Tom) could get his hands well up the last rungs, with their outward incline, before he was seen!

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Yes, he managed that. But no more. The moment his fingers showed, the mad "jack" was upon him, trampling them, dancing on them, and swinging the baby about in a horrid fashion.

Tom felt that it was all up with him. He let go with one hand, seemed to see himself already dead and mutilated in the churchyard beneath, and then heard one cry from above more blood-curdling than any of its predecessors. Immediately afterwards something struck him on the chest. He closed up to the ladder with it, and new courage came to him. The "something" was Maggie's little girl.

Then he slowly descended two or three rungs, his hands paining him fearfully. He heard nothing of Jim Blind now. But even while he was wondering what might happen next, a faint commingled shriek reached him from the churchyard—men's voices as well as women's. He looked down, and then understood. He had no "mate" now: poor Jim Blind had just touched ground as the finish of a leap clear from the Kirton weathercock.

"HE SOMEHOW DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE ANYTHING ABOUT THE PAIN."

That evening Maggie with her own hands attended to Tom's bandages. One of his fingers was broken and three others were badly crushed. But he somehow didn't seem to care anything about the pain; for as soon as Maggie knew that her child was safe and that he had saved it, she had gone to him, thrown her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Nor were his presentiments belied by later events.

The Kirton steeple did not get repaired as soon as was expected; but, ere the work was finished, Tom's wounds were sufficiently healed by Maggie's open avowal of her love for him. They buried poor Jim Blind in the churchyard where he had fallen.

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THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

LORD of heaven and earth, we bless Thee that heaven and earth are always named together in Thy Book. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; and Jesus said, Father, Lord of heaven and earth. Do they not belong to one another? Would the heaven be happy without the earth? would the earth be lighted by one morning without the heavens? Teach us that we belong to one another, and we belong to God; give us the joy of fellowship, deliver us from the idea of self-completeness; give us to feel that all Thou hast made is one. May we enter into the unity of things, and consider ourselves in the light of others; may we hear the music of the upper world coming to us with every breeze. No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself. The act is not in itself alone; it vibrates and throbs, and repeats itself in many a mysterious succession. Thus shall our lives be godly; thus shall we live the Christ-life. He saveth others, Himself he did not save; He liveth for men and women and little children, and He made all the poor His friends, and sent the rich empty away as they came. We bless Thee for this Son of Man, God the Son, the Eternal Wonder, the Unspeakable Joy. He promised to give us rest if we would come to Him: but how can we come? He promised to give us strength wherewith to come. So all things are of grace; all goodness grows in the garden of God; all tenderness is a flower of heaven. We bless Thee, therefore, that though we can do nothing, we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. May we always await the incoming strength; may we know that we have no power of our own: when we know this we begin to learn true wisdom; our springs are in God. Help us to live our little life wisely, nobly, usefully to others. We shall so live if we live in Thy Son, if we die in Thy Son, if we rise again in Thy Son; then shall our life be an evangel, our breath shall be a gospel amongst men. If any have heavy burdens to carry, give strength that they may be borne bravely; if any have to turn aside sometimes to shed tears in darkness, may they hear a voice in the cloud promising comfort, promising light; if any are called to new experience of adversity, who have only seen poverty at a distance before, but now have to make a bedfellow of it, the Lord give strength to those whose nest has been torn in pieces, and whose one tree has been blown down by the rough wind; if any are of aching heart, wondering how it is with the old man, with the gentle grey-haired mother, with the wandering child gone out to fell trees in the forest, to clear a space that honest life may have a chance, the Lord heal such heart-ache, the Lord's balm be plentifully dispensed in the hour of need. The Lord knoweth us altogether: herein is our joy, and herein is sometimes our fear; yet we will not fear, Thou knowest our frame, Thou rememberest that we are dust, and Thou dost not expect from death what Thou dost expect from life: Thou knowest we have yet to die. The Lord be with us in all time of suffering and of anxious thoughtfulness, and especially be with us when we are drinking copiously of the wine of joy, lest in our momentary intoxication we forget that Jesus alone can turn our water into wine. Amen.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING MEDITATION

We have seen strange things to-day.—LUKE v. 26.

THIS exclamation appropriately follows every true view of the work of Christ, in the personal soul and in general history. Everything about Christianity is strange: it breaks up the commonplaces of history. If to-day we can read any part of the gospel narrative without surprise, it is because we have become indifferent through familiarity with the letter. Take the life of our Lord from His birth to His ascension, and the whole course is marked by wonder, surprise, amazement, sorrow, or unspeakable joy. Bethlehem had its unique wonder. The Sermon on the Mount was followed by the astonishment of all who heard its doctrine. Every miracle was followed by amazement. Even the personal habits of our Lord excited the wonder of friends and foes: "They wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth"; "They wondered that He spake unto the woman"; "They all murmured that He had gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner"; "They were amazed, saying one to another, What manner of man is this?" All these remarks point to the distinctiveness or uniqueness of the man and His work. Loss of distinctiveness is loss of power. Not where Christianity is like other religions, but where it is unlike them, does it assert its real majesty and influence. It is the same with Christian conduct. "What do ye more than others?" The emphasis is upon the "more" as well as upon the "others." Christ is not satisfied that His disciples should do as much as others: in a broad and deep sense, they only become His disciples when they

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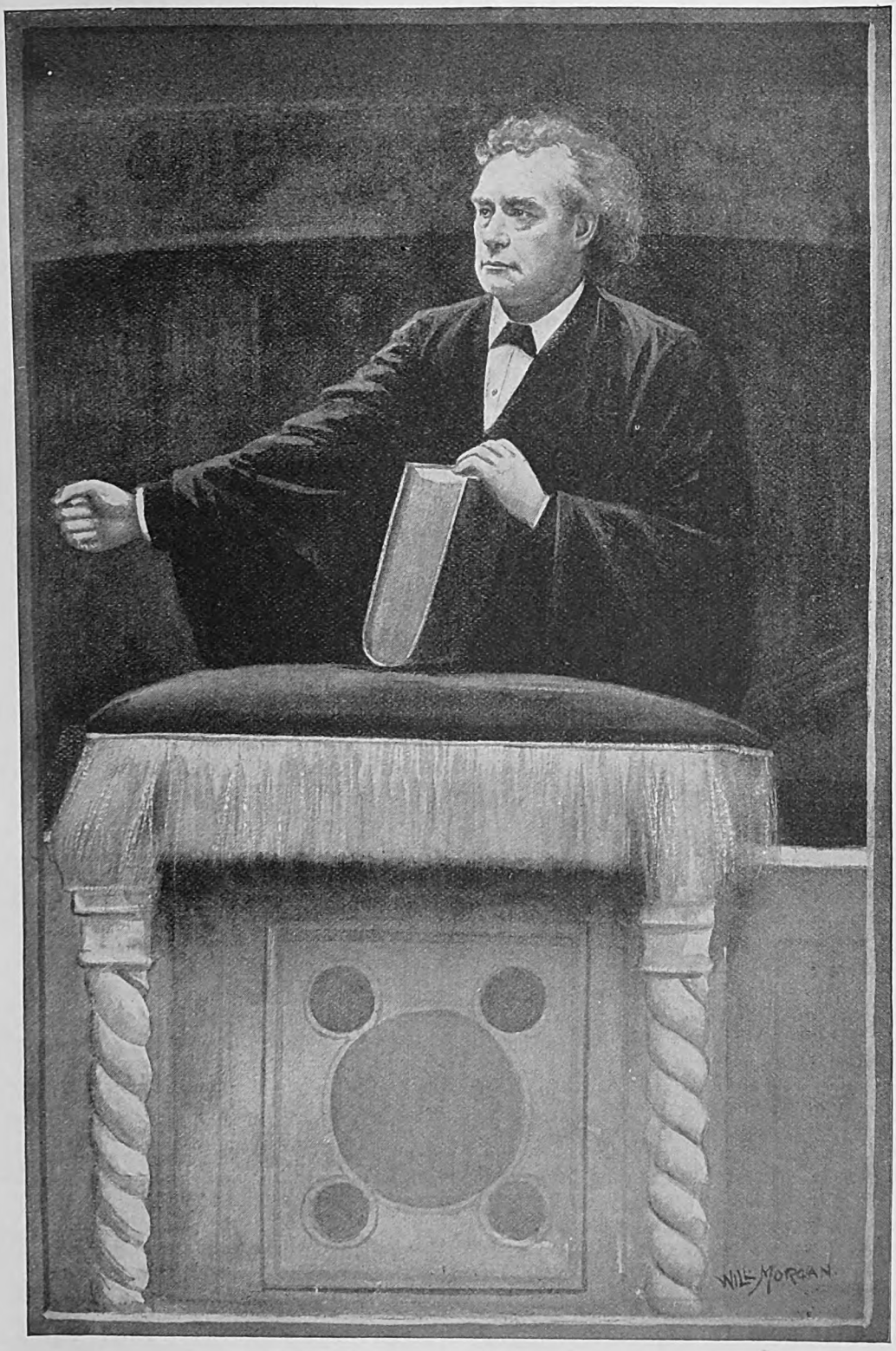

PREACHERS IN THEIR PULPITS

III. DR. JOSEPH PARKER AT THE CITY TEMPLE.

[*Drawn by* WILL MORGAN.]

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surpass all other conceptions of moralities. We are acquainted with the studies of comparative theology and comparative morals. If we would do justice to Christ, we must pass from the comparative to the contrastive. No moralist can do the same work as the Christian is called upon to do, though there may be a strong superficial similarity between the two services. It is not only the conduct of the Christian that is good: it is the underlying motive that has been sanctified by the cross of Christ, under the power of the Eternal Spirit. In the judgment of Christ the value of every action is determined by motive. Hence the work of Jesus Christ is spiritual: it blesses the soul with pardon; it inspires the soul with unquenchable desire to do good to all men. Thus the morality of Jesus Christ is not an attitude in conduct; or a mere cleverness in the adoption of expedients: it is the expression of a renewed and sanctified condition of the soul.

Christianity itself, as a doctrine, is open to the challenge, What does Christianity more than other religions? Here, again, we come upon the standard of "doing." Does Christianity answer more questions, cover more ground, supply more succour, invest the soul with larger faculty and freedom, than other religions? We are told that pagan religions were characterised by reverence, by discipline, and by elevating aspiration: possibly so; for my part, I believe that there is nothing good in any religion which is not the result of the operation of the Holy Spirit. God has not left Himself without witness in the land. Christianity does not repel the good features and actions of other religions, but it distinctly claims them as broken parts of its own integrity. Other religions are mere sentiments, speculations, expedients, or intellectual philosophies; but Christianity is a cross, a redemption, an atonement, a great specific offer of the loving heart of God to pardon the sin of the world. Other religions are local—they belong to specific races and to peculiar conditions of personal and social development: the religion of Jesus Christ is world-wide, and adapted to every member of the whole family of mankind. Christianity gives the whole world over to the charge of its believers. It binds those believers to make the Cross known in every language and under every sky. The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ will not allow men to be self-indulgent, to be narrowly patriotic, to be morally indifferent to the sin, the crime, the outrage, the poverty and suffering of the world. We can never consent, therefore, to look upon Christianity as one religion amongst many. Having tasted and handled the Word of Life, we hold it to be the one religion that can meet all the conditions of fallen human nature. This is the point of wonder. This is the reason for the loud and triumphant hallelujahs that go up to the Throne through the medium of the Cross.

The day of the Christ-vision is the most memorable day in the experience of the soul. Truly of that day a man may fitly exclaim, I have seen strange things! What are some of the things which he has seen which impress him as being strange? First, he has seen himself. No man can know himself through and through until he has seen the Son of God. Man has studied himself under broken lights, and under partial conditions, but he cannot really see into his very soul until he has received the marvellous light of the Christ-presence. Men think they know themselves; but, as a matter of fact, they only see aspects of their nature, and hear the louder voices of their life: they do not see their nature as a whole, and hear the finer music which is breathing through all the mystery of spiritual being. Men comparing themselves with themselves become self-satisfied: not until they stand beside the stature and majesty of the only-begotten Son can they realise how far they fall short of the divine ideal. The first essential condition of spiritual progress is that a man should know himself, and this knowledge can only be obtained by a vision of Christ's infinite holiness.

In the next place, the man who has seen the Christ-vision sees a change in all standards of value. Those things that were gain to him, he counts but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ the Lord. Birth, wealth, fame, social importance, all dwindle into nothing before the standard of the Cross. Paul rejoices that he had suffered the loss of all things, and counted them less than nothingness that he might win Christ. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." Here, again, is a vital point of wonder. Strange that a man should think the whole world nothing in comparison with one Man—that one Man the Saviour that died for him.

In the third place, the man who has seen Christ is enabled to see the importance which attaches to every soul. Christianity raises up the poor out of the dunghill, and makes princes of men who were of no account. Of Christ it may be said, He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. Souls that he

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despised before are now become important to the believer who has seen that Christ tasted death for every man. "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted." In every little child see an emblem of the kingdom of heaven. Christianity will enable every believer to see in every human soul, how lowly soever its social condition, a child of God, and a possible inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Every Christmas morning the Christian may gratefully exclaim, We have seen strange things to-day! There is a new song in the air; there is a new light on all the spaces of life; there is a new hope in the heart. Christmas brings us the Babe that saves the world. At Christmas we enter into the joy of having ourselves become babes in Christ Jesus. He keeps truly the season of the Nativity who feels that Christ has been born in him the hope of glory. Every heart must be the Bethlehem in which Christ is born. Has He been born in ours? Is He cradled in our love? Is He the Child that makes all other children as angels? Every Easter the Christian may exclaim, We have seen strange things to-day! We have seen the tomb opened; we have seen death vanquished; we have the incoming of a glorious Immortality. Do not let us think of the resurrection of Christ as having been accomplished at a merely historical point of time: let us rather think of it as the light of every Sabbath morning. The true history is not an accident or an event of a moment; its spirit runs through all time, and gives new significance to all events. At Easter-tide we feel as if within the social warmth and glory of a birthday, but we must never forget that the birth begun on one Easter-tide reaches through all the intervening days until the following Easter-tide shall dawn. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God" (Col. iii. 1). The seeking of those things will keep us alive in the Spirit from one birthday to another. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord' (Rom. vi. 11). Every Ascension-day Christians may exclaim, We have seen strange things to-day! We have seen our blessed Lord enter into a cloud and passing away to His mediatorial throne. "While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven" (Luke xxiv. 51). So it shall be with all Christians. They may here and now enter into the spirit of their Lord's ascension. "Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth." This is the true ascension—the rising up of the soul that it may take possession of heavenly places, and live in the fear and love of God. "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit." Never let us think of our own ascension as having to take place at the expiration of unknown years. It may take place now, it should take place every day, for our life is hid with Christ in God. "How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." That great and strange things are to happen, in the order of divine providence, to individual souls and to the united Church, is perfectly clear to all who receive the Cross with a humble and obedient heart; but I am guarding against the possibility of deferred enjoyment, whilst we might even now feel that our affections and interests are essentially in heaven. When Christ shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is; but even now we may grow into the spiritual beauty of our Lord. "Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular." When the season of Pentecost returns, Christians may exclaim, We have seen strange things to-day! At Pentecost the Holy Ghost was poured out in all the plenitude of His power. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." As with the Nativity and with Easter-tide and with Ascension-day, so with blessed Pentecost. We may have Pentecost in all its highest spiritual signification day by day. "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." "Covet earnestly the best gifts." The Spirit is the gift of God. We are living in the dispensation of the Spirit, and should not be satisfied until we are filled with all the fulness of His light and love.

If we would escape the wonders of judgment, we must accept the wonders of redemption. All the wonders of God are not mere surprises; they are warnings, or benedictions, or signs of love. God does not want to astonish us by His power; He would rather astonish us by His compassion. It is not enough to receive the visions of God with natural wonder, or even with admiring applause. Many men admire who do not obey. There is an intellectual surprise which perishes in its own vapid expression. Our Lord would have us live under the inspiration and comfort of that grateful surprise which expresses its sacred delight in endeavouring to bring every man to see the same glory, and to warm into fruitfulness under the warmth of the same summer.

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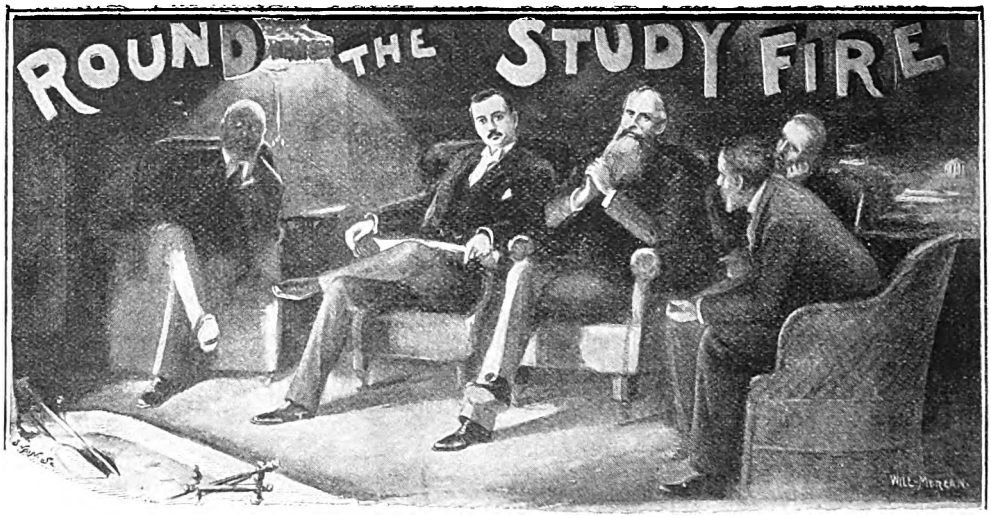

By Silas K. Hocking

Wilson began the conversation by asking a question. But no one who knows Wilson would expect him to begin in any other way. He addressed himself to the Doctor, who as usual occupied the wicker chair. "Don't you think the English climate is getting worse and worse?" he asked. "No, I don't think so," the Doctor replied, with a smile. "I think, on the whole, it shows signs of improvement. We had a beautiful spring and summer '— "But think of the autumn," Wilson interjected. "Since the fine weather broke up at the end of August it has rained like the very deluge. And with such a sodden earth every touch of frost brings the fog. Why, I could hardly find my way here to-night. The atmosphere outside is like pea-soup. I believe some morning all London will wake up and find itself asphyxiated."

* * *

The Doctor smiled broadly, while Johnson gave expression to a loud guffaw. But Wilson was not in the least disconcerted. The fog seemed to have made him captious and argumentative. "I mean what I say," he continued, staring fiercely at us through his spectacles. "We talk about the improvements that have been made in combustion and ventilation and sanitation, and all that kind of thing. But I tell you I don't see it. We seem to have improved backward in some things. Why don't our scientific men, or our City Councillors, or our Members of Parliament turn their attention to London fogs? They are worse than Armenian atrocities. The slaughter of innocents going on at this moment is something too frightful to contemplate. We sneer at the days of our forefathers, but they were not choked to death with coal-smoke as we are."

* * *

At this remark F. A. A. rose quietly from his chair and pulled a book down from the shelves, and began to turn over the leaves rapidly. "What are you searching for?" Wilson asked. "This," was the reply, and he read aloud the following :—

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruit, no flowers, no birds, no leaves,
November!

* * *

For several seconds there was silence. F. A. A. returned the book to the shelves and sat down again. "When was that written?" Wilson asked at length. "Somewhere about sixty years ago," was the reply. "And London

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has grown enormously since then!" "He only anticipated things a little," Wilson grunted. "As we anticipate Christmas?" Johnson suggested. "Exactly. Our life is made up of anticipation mostly. We are always running to meet things. We are so wretchedly impatient. We can't wait for things to come round in their proper order. We are always nibbling our apples before they are ripe—reading our Christmas ghost stories by the light of a November fire."

* * *

I think we were all agreed that we discounted the festive season very considerably by beginning our preparations so early. The novelty in most instances has worn off long before the day arrives. The waits sing "Christians Awake," a fortnight in advance of the time, and the small boys howl through the keyhole "While shepherds watch," before November has expired. The Doctor suggested that editors and publishers were mostly to blame for this state of things. They were all so eager to be first in the field with their books and magazines, that they deluged the market with Christmas literature long before there was any occasion for it. This led to some animated talk, which I will not record. Many things that sound all right in ordinary conversation do not look at all well in print.

* * *

Johnson pulled us all up by saying he would like to make a clean sweep of Christmas for three or four years, and then start *de novo*. Considering Johnson is such a mild-mannered, mild-spoken man, he gives expression every now and then to some very extreme views, which come upon us with something like a shock. I suggested to Johnson that he should explain himself. "Please do not misunderstand me," he said. "I do not object to Christmas. I think it is very proper that the day should be observed with becoming reverence and gratitude; but my complaint is that we have permitted such a host of customs to gather round this particular season—most of them foolish, and many of them exceedingly vexatious—that the festive character of the time has been completely discounted, and the whole thing become a huge tyranny."

* * *

"What customs do you refer to particularly?" the Doctor questioned. "Well, to begin with, there is the insane custom of eating the most indigestible food that can be manufactured, at a time when people take the least exercise and are least able to digest it." "My dear friend," broke in Wilson, with a snort, "don't imagine for a moment that the Doctor is going to agree with you in this. If it were not for the old idiots who bring on gout with overfeeding, and the young idiots who stuff themselves with mince-pies and plum-pudding till they writhe in the tortures of dyspepsia, and silly women and girls who go to balls and parties in a state of undress that directly invites pneumonia and kindred ailments—what would the poor doctors do? Don't you know that they thrive on the follies of their patients?" The Doctor lay back in his chair and laughed. "Go on, Johnson," he said after a pause, "and don't take any notice of Wilson's interruptions."

* * *

"Well, take the custom of giving Christmas boxes," continued Johnson. "All the pleasure and all the virtue are taken out of the act because it is the custom; and custom, like a tyrant, compels you to do it whether you would or no. At the outset the idea was a very commendable one. It is a pleasure to give to those who have served you well—to those you are fond of—to those in need of help. But custom does not stop there. If you are in business, you are expected to send presents to all your customers, and sometimes very handsome ones. You have to remember generously people you detest, and who have tried to work you mischief. In the matter of Christmas cards you are fettered in the same way: you are expected to send loving greetings to people you despise, and you receive elaborate and expensive cards from those who love you about as much as a cat loves mustard. The truth is, the whole business is such a hypocritical sham that I would make a clean sweep of it and start afresh."

* * *

"And give nothing?" F. A. A. questioned, with a twinkle in his eye. "Not at all," Johnson retorted sharply. "I would give to the deserving and to those in need. It's no charity to give to those who have more than enough already. Why not, instead of sending an expensive card to someone who would fling it into a basket and forget it, send a volume to some individual who cannot afford the luxury of books? Take Marshall Mather's new book, for instance, *The Sign of the Wooden Shoon*: what more delightful present could a Lancashire man or woman receive?" "I never heard of it," said Wilson. "The greater the pity," was the reply. "Marshall Mather will yet come into his own. The book is great, like his native hills. A little sombre, perhaps; but the wild moorlands,

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where his characters live, are sombre even in the brightest weather. The book is alive, grimly realistic, and full of tender and beautiful touches. Unfortunately, the Lancashire dialect is not musical to southern ears. But the book is bound to live, notwithstanding."

* * *

Being a maker of books myself, I commended Johnson for his good sense. But to send expensive volumes is not always feasible. Now and then, however, one drops across a valuable booklet which might easily be sent out as a Christmas card. Take, for instance, Mr. Coulson Kernahan's latest contribution to literature, *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil.* It is a thin little volume, but is full of meat. I don't know when I have enjoyed reading anything so much. Every sentence is polished like a gem, and there is not a page in it that is not suggestive of some wide-reaching truth. I would like to say a word also for two new writers whose works have fallen into my hands —*God's Winepress*, by Arthur Jenkinson, who is, I believe, a Free Church minister in Scotland; and *The Men of Harlech*, by Wirt Gerrare, which is a stirring romance of bonnie little Wales.

* * *

At this point Wilson wanted to hear something about THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, and I have received scores of letters from all parts of the country echoing a similar inquiry. I wish I could personally thank all our correspondents for their generous words. It is a great pleasure to us to know that THE TEMPLE has been received with so much favour in every part of the United Kingdom. We had hoped for a kindly reception, but we scarcely expected such a chorus of approval. The press also—secular as well as religious—has been practically unanimous in its praise. Now and then a note of fear has been struck that we should not be able to maintain the high level of the first two numbers. For ourselves, we have no misgivings on that point. Indeed, we feel confident that we shall make THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE increasingly worthy of public favour. Next month, for instance, we shall begin a series of brilliantly written and intensely interesting articles by Dean Farrar entitled "Men I Have Known: Reminiscences and Appreciations." The first will be on Lord Tennyson, and is, in my judgment, one of the most delightful bits of work Dean Farrar has done. Each article will be beautifully illustrated, with photos, facsimiles of letters, etc. This series itself will be worth more than the price of the magazine.

I should like to say in reply to the only unfriendly press comment that has reached me, that this journal knows nothing of either "sect" or "party." Our contributors belong to all political parties and to all religious denominations. Our aim is to serve the whole Church of Christ, and to conserve all that is best in the home-life of the people irrespective of name or creed. We set out with the determination to provide a magazine that might find a welcome in any home in the land—that should be clean from the first page to the last—that should be devout without being narrow, good without being "goody," strong without being offensive, tolerant without being lax. In this determination we shall continue. The welcome that has been accorded to this journal is proof that there is a vast multitude of people in Great Britain who desire literature of this class. We have not misjudged the people of this realm, and we are more than ever confident that pure literature will still hold its own, and that the unclean realism which has been so rampant of late will sink back into the obscurity it deserves. Indeed, there are unmistakable signs of this already. Books that were the rage a year or two ago are to-day absolutely dead. Publishers are discovering that the British public has had quite enough of this unhealthy literature, and so are fighting shy of all books of doubtful moral tendency.

* * *

My note in the October number promising to give what help I could to beginners in literature has brought me MSS. enough to fill THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE for the next three or four years. I had no idea that there were so many young people in the country who were ambitious for literary fame, and so was scarcely prepared for the amount of extra work that has fallen upon me as a consequence. I will do my best to deal with the MSS. in the order in which they arrive; but I must ask my correspondents to exercise patience. Will they also assist me by getting their MS. typewritten, by writing their names and addresses legibly on the back, and by sending only one MS. at a time?

* * *

Sursum has, no doubt, a gift for versifying. But he is too much under the influence of Adelaide Proctor. To encourage people to write poetry is a dangerous thing. In *Sursum's* case I fear it would be specially so. His verses are not without merit, but that is the most I can say. I cannot answer his question respecting Owen Meredith.—I do not think the poetry of *A. A. P.* worthy the study of a lifetime.—*B.'s*

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poetry is only rhythmic prose. Honestly, I cannot say more in praise of it.—*J. B.'s* contribution shows a much defter handling of words, with a well-trained ear for sounds, but there is nothing in the "thought" of the pieces to command attention. I cannot say who would be likely to publish them.

* * *

Disturbed writes on a very different matter. He says, in effect, that he lacks the power to form an independent judgment. "I am like a weathercock in the wind: if it blows south I have to obey, if it blows north I have to submit. . . . I wish to be able to maintain my own as far as argument goes. Is it a natural gift? Can it be attained by constant attention? If so, how?" All gifts are natural. We cannot create, we can only improve what we possess. Any talent may be developed by care and attention. I judge that *Disturbed* has never thoroughly mastered the subjects he would like to discuss. No man can argue unless he understands the question. If someone disputed that ten times ten made a hundred, I do not think he would feel in any condition of mental incertitude or be unable to argue the question. The crux of the whole difficulty lies here. Let him first master his subjects, and then he will be able to argue.

* * *

C. E. S. (Ipswich) should read Drummond's *Ascent of Man*.—The only advice I can give *T. A.A.* (Gunnesbury) is, Write your articles and send them to the papers you think most likely to print them. There is no royal road to journalism. Introductions are of no use. Your work must introduce itself. If it have real merit, you will get a hearing sooner or later. Don't be too impatient. —I thank *J. W. H.* (Liverpool) for his suggestion. It is not practicable at present. We have no room.—The suggestion of *W. J. S.* (Chichester) is under consideration.—*J. R. T.* (Paddington) propounds a difficult question. Perhaps, on the whole, he could not pursue a better course than he is doing. Find out the subject that interests your pupil most, and work that vein for what it is worth before passing on to the next. You will need great tact and patience.—I am afraid *Probationer* has set himself too big a task. The desire is a very commendable one; but life is too short to accomplish everything we desire. Find out what will be most useful in your present calling, and master that. Study English literature, particularly the poets. Read a good daily paper and the best reviews. Adopt the method in which you can be most natural and effective. Your little poem is not distinguished. When you write, keep to honest prose.—I would advise *R. M. S.* (Grindelwald) to cultivate her gift. Her contribution has distinct merit, and contains promise of better things.—*Mrs. M'A.* (Liverpool). We do not admit controversial matter.—*J. H.* (Bath). We cannot deal with printed matter. Why not follow your bent? There is promise in your work. But close application is necessary to success.—*P.* (Kentish Town). I cannot undertake to reply to correspondents through the post. I am unable to advise you in the matter you name. Keep your eyes open for the open gate.—*G. H.* (Suffolk). Your ballad is distinctly good, though the verses are of very unequal merit. It might be shortened with advantage. It is scarcely suited to our purpose. "An Englishman's Thanksgiving" is poor.—*G. M.* (Cheetham). To answer your question fully would require an article. Consult someone who has had large experience in Sunday-school work.—*A. J. W.* (Notts). When you have mastered, say, Morell's Grammar and Analysis, make a study of the best English writers, and pay particular attention to the way they construct their sentences. Much depends on taste, and the quickness of the ear for sounds. When you have written an article, get some friend who has a thorough knowledge of English to read it with you sentence by sentence, and point out and explain such faults of construction as may exist.—*V.* (Bromley). Follow the light that is in you. Don't cavil about words and terms. A faithful soldier submits to the commands of his general. Religion is a personal matter. It is not for others to judge. Christianity, I take it, is loyalty to Christ. In that matter your own conscience must be the judge.—The question raised by *D. W. M.* must stand over for the present. I hope to deal fully with the matter in some future number.—I am unable to advise *H. S.*; he had better consult a solicitor.—*H. H.* would find *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, by Miles, published by Hutchinson & Co., answer his purpose.—*J. B.* Rev. James Wood is the author of a very useful Dictionary of Quotations. It is published by F. Warne & Co., and contains some 30,000 references.—*J. M. H.* (Manchester) might take a lesson from the specimen page of *The Mighty Atom*, which appears in our first number. I often wonder how it is that so few women write legibly. I did manage—after much travail and vexation—to get through *J. M. H.'s* MS. But I shall not soon undertake another such task. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. A neat, clean, well-written MS. is in itself a recommendation. No editor can be expected to spend his time in deciphering hieroglyphics. Several of my correspondents might take the hint.

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LOOKING FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS

IN a very short time Christmas will be here, and housekeepers who intend to keep it at all will show their wisdom by beginning to make their preparations for it at once. It is usually a mistake to defer this business until the last days before the festival. The advantage always to be gained from forethought is specially evident where Christmas is concerned, because the joys of the season ought to be shared as well as directed by the housekeeper; and how can the mistress of a house enjoy an affair when she has anxiety about its success on her mind? Besides, a Christmas gathering is a family concern rather than a ceremonial observance, and therefore a simple dinner well and punctually served is much more likely to give satisfaction than a gorgeous feast would be which had cost toil and trouble. Now, it is generally possible for a hostess to free herself from anxiety about domestic details by making her arrangements beforehand; and when she is sure that all necessary provision is made, she can give her attention to her family and friends, and have a pleasant time. Thus both she and they will be benefited.

Of late years Christmas as an institution has somewhat fallen into disfavour amongst us. Thrifty housekeepers have grown tired of rushing into lavish expense simply because they are expected to do so; they think that Christmas fare is indigestible and unwholesome; and they rebel against the notion that they are stingy if they do not give "tips" to all and sundry who have no claim upon them, simply because "Christmas comes but once a year." Up to a point the thrifty housekeepers are quite right. It is unquestionably absurd that people who have managed their affairs according to rule all the year, should straightway overstep the bounds for one day; should buy food far above the average price and above its value, because it is the fare for the season; should make presents to those who want for nothing and whom they do not care for; should send cards which have been bought by the dozen, merely as a form, all because it is Christmas.

Behaviour of this kind is, however, the abuse of Christmas: when protesting against this abuse, do not let us forget that Christmas has its use. It is a sacred institution, because it celebrates the inauguration of the establishment of "peace on earth and goodwill towards men." We observe it most wisely when we regard it thus, and use it to promote kindliness and goodwill. Let us remember that there are no members of the community who live in such continual danger of giving and taking offence as housekeepers, and especially is this the case with those who preside over large households. These people hold so many strings in their fingers, they have so many interests to consider, so many rights to respect, so many tempers to deal with, so many whims to remember, so many wishes to respect, to keep guard against so many impositions, and to insist upon the performance of so many unpleasant duties, that it is scarcely possible for them to do their work without treading on someone's corns; and the more capable and alert they are, the more likely are they to give pain without intending to do so. The return of Christmas is a grand opportunity for mending mischief of this kind. Then it is quite easy to make a friendly advance, send a kind message, express good wishes, or pay a little courtesy, without any loss of dignity.

If, therefore, when she is about to make her preparations for Christmas there is one amongst the housekeeper's friends, relatives, or acquaintances with whom intimacy has become a little strained, now is the time to make all right again. "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel," said Shakespeare, and Christmas is the time of year when hooks of the kind referred to should be put into good working order. The housekeeper who does not employ it in putting a little healing plaster on some of the wounds she has inadvertently caused, has missed a grand opportunity.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Not only for the sake of making the domestic wheels run smoothly, but for the sake of pro-

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moting economy, it is wise to make arrangements for Christmas betimes. As all housekeepers know, the materials used for Christmas fare are liable to rise in price with every day of December that passes. When the weather is cold, and when there is a good airy larder for hanging meat, both beef and turkeys are all the better for being hung some time before they are cooked; and housekeepers who have to buy turkeys unplucked would generally do well to buy the bird in good time—that is, if it is to be roasted; if it is to be boiled, it is better fresh. Unfortunately, however, very few modern houses can boast of cool airy larders, and intending buyers have to do the best they can. It is to be remembered, however, that hen turkeys are the best, and that a moderate-sized bird is more likely to be tender than a very large one.

A good deal of suet is used during the Christmas week, and this is an article which becomes ridiculously expensive as the 25th of December approaches; and if the weather should turn at all warm, good firm suet may be difficult to obtain at all in certain districts, even at high prices. Yet good suet will keep a long time in cold weather if put into flour, while the work of shredding it is much more likely to be well done if undertaken when time can be given to it. The operations of shredding suet, stoning raisins, and cleaning currants are easy enough; but they never ought to be hurried. An English housekeeper would feel disgraced if a lump of suet or a piece of grit were discovered in the pudding for which she was responsible; but there is little fear of a mischance of the sort occurring, excepting when the preliminary preparation of the ingredients has been "scamped."

It is thankless work giving recipes for plum-pudding, and we will not attempt it here. Every housekeeper has her own, which is superior to every other, and almost all the family recipes are good. So much is this the case, that when a pudding turns out a failure, we may be almost sure that the judgment of the cook or the quality of the materials are to blame, not the recipe. If, therefore, we want our pudding this year to be superior and high-class, we must shred the suet as finely as possible, not chop it, then rub it into the flour; we must use fine raisins, stone them, and cut each one in halves; we must mince the currants, and the candied peel also, because when minced these materials yield their flavour better than when left whole; we must use a mixture of fine breadcrumbs and flour instead of flour only, because flour only is apt to make the pudding heavy and indigestible; and we must boil the pudding long enough. Moreover, we must be very judicious in putting spice and flavour into our pudding. This is a point on which every housekeeper must use her judgment when making her pudding and mincemeat, because spices vary very much in strength and quality, and the most respectable family recipe may be discredited if its measurements are followed blindly under all circumstances.

IS PLUM-PUDDING UNWHOLESOME?

We are often told that plum-pudding is unwholesome, and one of the arguments used against "keeping Christmas" is that the members of the family will be made ill by partaking of Christmas fare. When the digestive organs are in good working order, however, Christmas fare taken in moderation is not likely to do any harm. And as a set-off against the many statements that are made of the foolishness of those who eat plum-pudding, the following fact may be appreciated. Some time ago, at a large public dinner attended by various celebrities, a medical man of high position and repute was observed eating a goodly slice of plum-pudding. "How is this, doctor?" said a neighbour, addressing him. "I thought members of your profession disapproved of plum-pudding." "I know nothing of the opinion of my brethren," was the reply, "but, speaking for myself, I have a very high opinion of plum-pudding. I consider it most sustaining food; and whenever I have very trying work to do, no matter what the time of year, I partake of plum-pudding at luncheon. I find that I can work better on this food than on any other."

HOW TO MAKE VISITORS COMFORTABLE

Amongst the preparations which have to be made at Christmas, a very usual one is that of arranging to receive and entertain visitors. This is just the time of year when those who have not decided to go from home ask themselves whether it would not be pleasant to invite a friend at a distance to spend the festive season under their roof. The invitation being given and accepted, it follows that the guest chamber has to be made ready; and this ought to be as inviting and homely as kindly thought, care, and attention can make it.

The first detail to be considered is the bed, and this should be made thoroughly and entirely comfortable. There should be plenty of blankets upon it, and abundant light pillows should be provided, so that, if the guest is given to "sleeping with the head high," he or she

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may not be made uneasy through not being able to do so. The bed and bed-covering should be well aired; every sheet and blanket should be tucked in separately; there should be no creases or wrinkles on the surface, so that when evening comes the poor tired mortal may stretch the tired limbs on the place of rest, lay the head on the cool pillow, and quietly fall into peaceful sleep. A strange bed is always somewhat of a discipline to home-loving folk. Yet there is a great difference between a bed properly made and a bed made anyhow; and this fact has been proved again and again by weary travellers. There is an old proverb which says, "As you make your bed, so you must lie on it." Unfortunately for some people, they have to lie on beds as other people have made them; and housekeepers ought not to allow their visitors to suffer on this account.

When arranging the guest chamber, the housekeeper should, if possible, leave one or two drawers and cupboards empty, so that the contents of the trunks may be deposited therein; and then she should order that the luggage itself should be carried quite away. Nothing can be more unpleasant than to be short of room for the bestowal of one's goods while upon a visit, or to be made to feel during its continuance that all our pretty belongings are being spoilt because we cannot lay them away neatly. Besides, when a trunk is left in the room, it serves to remind the visitor that she is but a sojourner in the land, and that in a very short time she must pack up her properties and go away. This is not at all what a hostess should wish a visitor to feel. For a little while, at anyrate, hospitable housekeepers wish their visitors to feel at home, to establish themselves, and settle down peacefully.

DRESS NOTES

Experts tell us that a decided change in the fashions will be accomplished during the present winter. For some time the authorities who make the fashions have been trying to get rid of the large full sleeve which has been so long in vogue. Now, however, it appears to be doomed, for it has quite changed its shape. It is not flat, by any means, but it is much smaller, with a slight fulness towards the top. The skirt also is less full than it was, and will be braided or trimmed to match the bodice.

Bodices will either be tight-fitting, or made with basques opening at either side—a becoming style for stout ladies; and the collars of dresses will be trimmed with pleatings of ribbon or lace. Jackets will be short, the part falling below the line of the waist being almost plain; and although some will be tight-fitting, the majority will be made to fit at the back and sides, but have loose fronts. Trimmings will be handsome, with ornamentations of pearl and turquoise, and combinations of two different colours will be in favour.

The colours for the early season are geranium and cherry shades, and soft blues.

TWILIGHT TASKS

Hug-me-Tight Jacket.—Cast on 40 stitches. Knit 14 rows of ridges, made by knitting the 40 stitches 2 plain 1 purl. Increase for the back 40 more. Make 14 more ridges of the 80 stitches. Decrease 40. Knit another 14 ridges. Cast off. Sew the two ends to form the fronts, and crochet any simple border round the jacket which will also form loops for half a dozen buttons.

PRACTICAL RECIPES

Savouries.—No. 1. Fry some fingers or squares of bread. Beat two tablespoonfuls of cream till thick, flavour with pepper and salt, and mix in freshly-grated Parmesan to make a thick paste. Spread devilled game, *pâté de foie gras*, minced chicken, potted shrimps, flaked fish, or any dainty morsel there may be in the larder, chopped, on the fingers, and pile the flavoured cream on the top. Garnish the top of each little savoury with a fancy shape cut from the red skin of a ripe tomato. If the dainty morsel is not to be found in the larder, the flavoured cheese may be put between slices of brown bread and butter to make a sandwich. The Parmesan must be freshly grated, as it soon loses its taste.

No. 2. Take the required number of farthing rolls. (Any baker will make them to order.) Cut them into halves, scoop out the crumbs, and set them aside. Supposing there are a dozen halves, boil four eggs till hard, let them go cold, then chop into dice. Put them into a basin, and toss them like a salad, with pepper, salt, oil, vinegar, and a tiny slice of shalot chopped as fine as sand. Mix well, and fill the prepared rolls. Place strips of filleted anchovy on the surface to make a lattice, and serve.

No. 3. Flake cooked white fish free from skin and bone. Supposing there are two tablespoonfuls, put it into a dainty saucepan, or in a gallipot in a saucepan of water, and with it a few drops of anchovy essence, a squeeze of lemon juice, a little cream, and cayenne. Make it warm, and serve on squares of fried bread.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A Weary Mother asks: "Why do baby's flannels look so rough after they are washed?"

How to wash Baby's Flannels.

Perhaps you do not iron your flannels. If before the flannels are quite dry you would run a cool iron over them, and then set them again to air, I think you would find they were smooth enough. Baby's flannels should always be ironed. If I were short-handed, I confess that sometimes I might be tempted to let the flannels of the grown-ups go, but not the baby's; I would always make an effort to iron them. An expert in flannel washing describes her method of procedure as follows:—Make a strong lather lukewarm. Wash the flannels in this, "tossing" them up and down, pressing and squeezing them, but not rubbing them unless there is a very dirty place which must be rubbed, and never on any account *soaping* them. When they have gone through one lather, put them in another, and proceed as before; then rinse them out of a weak lather, not one of clear water. Pass them through a wringer, if there is one; but if not, squeeze them dry, but do not wring them round; then hang them to dry. When almost dry, mangle, and then iron with a cool iron. If inadvertently they should get "bone" dry, sprinkle them a little, and then iron them, and air them. *A Weary Mother* also "wishes very much that Mrs. Browne could recommend two or three new savouries." The recipes for these will be found in another part of the Home Department.

A Knitter writes: "Would two colours of wool look nice in such a knitted shawl as

The Colour of the Shawl.

is described in THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE—as navy blue one half and sky blue the other, or navy blue and red, or black and old gold?" A shawl made of a judicious mixture of colours would probably look very pretty, but it is doubtful whether it would wash as well as white or cream-coloured. Of course the question of prettiness depends upon individual taste. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." *A Knitter* also kindly sends instructions for making a Hug-me-Tight Jacket—"easy to make, and always acceptable." I put it with pleasure on our list of "Twilight Tasks." Recipes that come from amateurs, and that have been tried and proved again and again, are always valuable.

A Lady writing from Anderton near Plymouth, who gives no pseudonym, asks "where 'Ruskin'

About Ruskin Fingering.

wool for shawls can be procured, and how much would be required for a shawl." Ruskin wool is a marvellous and rather peculiar material. It is made at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, at the mills connected with the Guild of St. George, founded by Mr. Ruskin. There is an agency for selling it at 23 Mortimer Street, London, W. It looks rather rough and queer when new, and is sold in large skeins, but it wears almost like wire, and really seems to improve with washing. A shawl of the kind described made double would take about four skeins.—Will our friend please note that I cannot undertake to answer privately?

Perplexed asks: "How can a kettle be cleaned so that sediment shall not collect inside?" Two

Cleaning the Kettle.

or three clean oyster shells kept constantly in the kettle, prevents the accumulation of sediment on the sides of the vessel. A little utensil called an Octopus is also sold, which answers the purpose both for kettles and boilers.

A Bride writes: "Please tell me how I should take care of my white satin wedding dress. I

About a Wedding Dress.

should be so sorry if it turned yellow. At present it is wrapped in an old sheet and laid away in a drawer." Your pretty dress would be more likely to retain its colour if you were to take it out of the white sheet and wrap it either in blue tissue paper or in a sheet strongly blued.

A. B. writes: "Can you give me a good method of marking bed linen, so that at a glance

Method of Marking Linen.

I may tell how many articles there are in a set, and when the set was bought? I want to be able to see at once if one of a set is missing, and also realise how long a set has been in wear." A simple method of marking bed linen to give the information desired, is first to write the name or initial; above it put the number in the set and the year of purchase, under it the individual number of the article. Thus, supposing this year 12 sheets had been purchased:—On the left-hand corner of the sheet near the edge you would write Smith, or J. J. S., for John and Jane Smith. Above the name or initials you would write 12—96, meaning that there were 12 sheets in the set, and that they had been bought in the year 1896. Under the name or initial you would put the number in the set; or if you preferred to keep your sheets in pairs you would put 1—1 then 2—1 for the first pair, 1—2 then 2—2 for the second pair, and so on. Pillow-cases would of course have to be marked in pairs, and the mark should be put on the inside of the hem.

BRIEF REPLIES.—*X. Y. Z.* I would recommend you to write to Messrs. James Gray & Son, 85 George Street, Edinburgh, for a copy of their price list. They have a fine stock of kitchen ranges, cooking utensils, lamps, etc., and can be recommended for good workmanship and beauty of design in all their goods. —*T. M.* (Glasgow). Call at R. W. Forsyth's, 13 and 17 Renfield Street, Glasgow, or write for their price list. You will find their "Hygienic" Woollen Underwear, with its purity and silky texture, both warm and comfortable, and it simply *will not* wear out!

*** *Letters to be dealt with in this department should be addressed to* "PHYLLIS BROWNE," *care of the Editors of* THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, *Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.*

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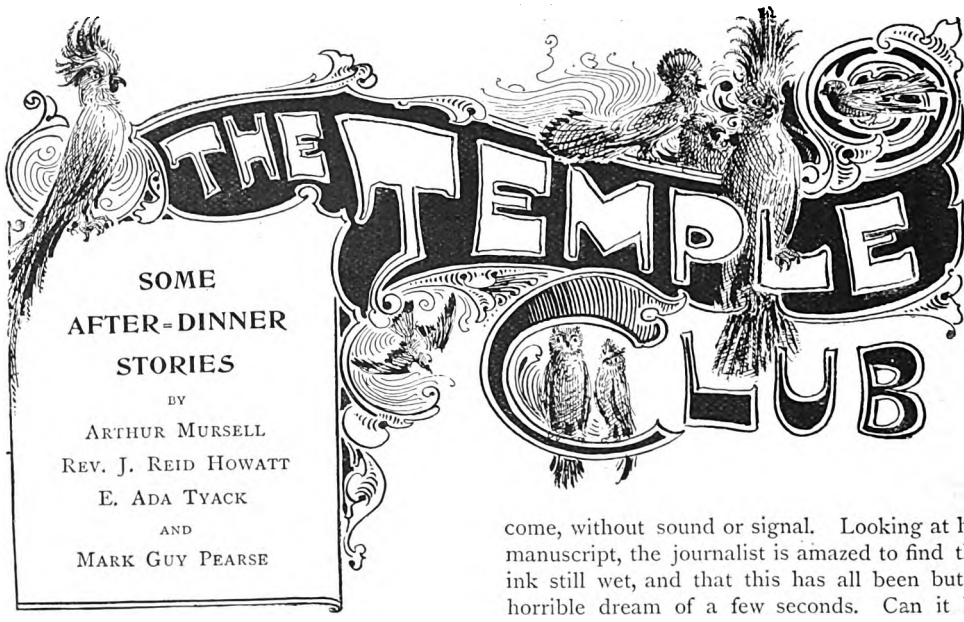

IN a good house in a north-west suburb, a few years ago, sat a handsome man, about midnight, writing at a MS., which, to judge by the drift of torn paper all around, had not been an easy task; and now he leans back in his chair, waiting for the ink to dry, and to rest his cramped fingers and his heavy eyes. The room is fitted as a library, with many books on many shelves. The journalist who is its occupant has passed the ordeal of public opinion, and can reap profit by his pen. The luxury around bespeaks ample resource. As he pauses in his work the door opens, and a stranger appears—a gentleman, young, distinguished, and imperious in form and movement. He beckons to the writer, and, being disregarded, repeats the summons with a decision which compels obedience. Rising, his visitor leads him downstairs, out at the door, through street after street, and, opening with a latchkey the door of a substantial house, passes upstairs into an elegant apartment, and, turning to a couch, shows reclining upon it, a beautiful girl of about nineteen or twenty summers. Her golden hair has fallen in a rich mass about her, and one arm is left bare by a falling sleeve, and the other dainty hand is nestling under her cheek. For a few seconds the stranger surveys the sleeping form, and then sheaths to the hilt a glittering dagger in the snowy breast! The deed done, he beckons as before, and again the journalist is forced to follow. By the same ways he is led back to his own door, to his own room, where the visitor vanishes as suddenly as he has come, without sound or signal. Looking at his manuscript, the journalist is amazed to find the ink still wet, and that this has all been but a horrible dream of a few seconds. Can it be possible? So vivid, so real, so tragic had it been, that he turns even still to greet the stranger at the door. Shortly after, he went to a ball at a friend's house, where, amidst the dancers he saw a face whose loveliness seemed vividly familiar to him. It was the face of his dream. Soon a gentleman approached the lady, who seemed also familiar to him. It was the other figure of his dream — the murderer of the fair heroine. He gained an interview with both, and shortly afterwards he learned they were "engaged." They had never met till that evening, and it was an instance of love at first sight, and it was thought it would be an early marriage. It was then the journalist told his dream, in explanation of his interest in a couple the course of whose married life he watches in the eager hope that its development will prove that the dagger was but Cupid's dart which so suddenly pierced both hearts on the night of their first meeting.

Mr. Arthur Mursell tells of a Strange Hallucination.

* * *

A YORKSHIREMAN who had risen to wealth from the rank of a mill-hand was waited upon by a polite deputation with the object of soliciting a subscription for the enclosure of the cemetery by means of a wall. The Yorkshireman was of a benevolent turn when the object seemed to commend itself; but in this case the errand of the collectors was unpropitious, as will be seen by the following conversation :—

And of a Shrewd Yorkshireman.

"Is Mr. Rowbottom at home?" was the bland inquiry of the deputation, of the good wife who opened the door.

"Ay, he be at whoam; he's cleanin' hissen

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upstairs. Bill! here's two blokes waants to sitthe."

"Ax 'un what they want, lass," came a voice from above-stairs.

After a brief explanation, the object was stated in the raucous tones of the lady from below.

"They's arter some o' thy brass, laad."

"Ay, I'll coom down when a've gotten ma clothes on."

The sound of the boots of the proprietor soon caused the staircase to groan, and he presented himself before his visitors.

"Ye want some brass, do 'ee?"

"Well, you must have observed the unprotected condition of the cemetery, and we are wishful to raise a fund for an enclosure in the shape of a substantial wall."

"Ye doan't get nowt out o' me—'cos them as is theer can't get out, and them as is outside doan't want to get in."

Exit polite deputation.

* * *

Mr. Reid Howatt tells a Ministerial Story.

THE Rev. J. M. is, of all ministers, the most earnest and sincere. He is a little Petrine in temperament, however, and this once gave him a queer experience. He was preaching a special sermon in a friend's church. The book-board was an angel with partially outstretched wings, between which was the cushion on which the Bible rested. As the preacher went on, becoming enthusiastic in his theme, his left hand found a nice little round knob at which it could twirl under the book-board, while the right hand entreated, warned, or dictated. He could not understand why the people smiled: his theme was a very earnest one, but the smiles grew broader and broader, till there was something almost approaching a guffaw at last! This roused his ire—such a godless set!—and for a time he held them over the sulphur pit. But the giggling went on. In the spirit and with an attitude that would have done credit to an old prophet, he hastily dismissed the congregation, to inveigh, in the vestry, bitterly against the sinful generation which had been gathered by his brother. Yet the reason of the fun was simple. The angel who bore the Bible on her wings had been unfortunate enough at one time to have her nose broken off. A screw-nail through the bridge of the nose had so far repaired this disaster, but it was the nose which was the nice round knob the preacher had found so pleasant to handle!—and sometimes the congregation had to look on that angel with her nose twisted across her face, sometimes with it upside down, but always askew somehow, as the nervous fingers gave it another twist!

* * *

And laughs at the Doctrine of Transmigration.

THE Doctor had just returned from his travels in the East, and a delighted little audience in the hotel was listening to his stories. A heavy German had hearkened and smoked in silence for a while, but at length broke in: "Vot new relichun is dis, Toctor, zey have in ze East? Zey calls it 'Dance-my-gracious,' or somet'ing like dot." "Oh," said the Doctor, "you mean the doctrine of Transmigration?" "Dot's it!" cried Schreib; "my vife have got it ferry bad. Vot is it?" "It's like this," said the Doctor: "they believe that souls pass through many stages before they can be made perfect, and occupy various bodies in the process. You die, we shall say, and your soul passes into a canary bird, and you live in a gilded cage, and are fed by the hand of beauty every day." "Ah, dot's goot! dot's ze relichun for me." "You die again, and this time your soul passes into, let us say, a flower, to shed fragrance all around and delight the eye of every beholder." "Dot's goot, too; I like dot relichun." "But the flower dies, and now your soul passes, let us suppose, into a donkey; and one day a friend comes along, strokes your long ears, and says, 'Hullo, Schreib! is that you? *How little you have changed all these years!*'"

* * *

And shows the Dangers of Superficial Knowledge.

THERE is nothing more risky than to trust to a little superficial knowledge, especially if you happen to be in the company of experts. Wise preachers, for instance, in speaking to soldiers, carefully avoid all purely military metaphors or illustrations; they keep these for sailors, and treat the soldiers to nautical examples. The reason is, that if you happen to make a slip in any matter they well understand, the likelihood is they will distrust you on all else as a woeful ignoramus. I once saw a ridiculous instance of this. I was staying in an East Coast fishing village, where a young preacher, earnest enough, but a little inclined to be florid, had just settled. The fishing folks took kindly to him, till this Sunday morning. To illustrate some point about departing (which didn't need illustration), he drew a graphic picture of the ship in the offing, "ruffling out her sails as the swan ruffles her plumage. The sky is clear, the breeze is favourable, all is ready; the anchor is raised and slung from the—the—the—*the place where it ought to be slung!*" I shall never forget the grin that went all over that church. The good man never had the same hold on the people from that day. "'E means well, p'raps," said an old salt to me;

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"but w'at can yer expect o' a man as doesn't even know a cat's-head?"

* * *

Miss Track tells a Californian Story.

Two men, one an Irishman, the other a German, were joint owners of a farm in California, and cultivated it harmoniously for some years. At last, however, a dispute about the rotation of crops arose; and as they could not come to terms, they resolved to divide the land, and did so by making a fence across the middle. Then a further difficulty arose. On one side of the fence the soil was superior to that on the other: which should take the better half? They did not wish to fight, but to continue on friendly terms. The Irishman had an idea. "In my country," he said, "when there is a question like this to be settled, the two parties stand one on either side of a fence, and they take a beefsteak and hold it in their teeth and pull, and the one who pulls it away from the other wins." The German agreed. The steak was procured. The two stood with the fence between them, and fixed their teeth firmly in the steak.

"Are—you—ready?" muttered the Irishman through his teeth.

"Ja!" gasped the German—and fell backwards!

* * *

And a Tale of the Man who Slept.

A DRUNKEN man reeled in at the open door of a mission hall, sank down on a back bench, and fell asleep. A temperance meeting was going on, and the minister, who was addressing an assembly of young total abstainers, asked all to stand up who intended to lead godly, righteous, and sober lives. They rose *en masse*. When they were again seated, the minister said, "Now, is there anyone present who does *not* mean to live soberly and abstain from the accursed drink? If so, let him stand up!" The sleeper had just awoke, and, hearing the words "stand up," he staggered to his feet. Looking round, he saw everyone seated but himself and the minister. "Well, sir," he remarked amiably, "we seem to be votin' about somethin'. I don' know what it is, but you and me are in the minority!"

* * *

Mr. Mark Guy Pearse tells the Story of a Christmas Dinner.

IT was in the farmhouse of Penrose that I heard the story one Christmas Day long years ago. It did not need any assurance from the hostess that the story was true, for she was there and saw it. Nothing that was "made up" in the way of a story could possibly have come from that matter-of-fact old body.

"It was in to Peterstow that it happened, and it was back when I was in my teens, and that is more than sixty years ago. All the parish went to church on Christmas Day, whatever they did any other time, because of the charities. Blankets and half-crowns were not so common as that anybody could afford to lose the chance of getting one for nothing. But it was the widows who had the best of *that*, and every woman wished she were a widow just for the day. And many were, if report spoke true, for two or three old maids tried how they looked in widows' weeds.

"But there was no mistake about Mrs. Johns. Everybody had known her husband—a drunken quarrelsome poacher, and a *radical* too; and that was counted in them days worst of all by everybody except the gamekeeper, and he didn't care for anything but his pheasants. Everybody knew the story of Tom Johns' death, for that was a matter of a crowner's inquest and the jury to sit 'pon his corpse, and it got in the papers and all. Coming home from market one Saturday night, he reeled into a quarry pit and was drownded. And that wasn't the end of it neither, for his ghost haunted the place for years after every night, and scared 'most all the parish out of their wits, for he was buried up to the four cross lanes, and couldn't lie easy in a onnatural place like that, without no service said over him, nor nothing.

"But there, 'tis about the Christmas dinner that I be going to tell 'ee.

"Widow Johns had of course to go to church, and her little boy, a terrible varmint, had to stay home to see to the dinner. 'Twas a sheep's head and 'ainge,' with a couple of big suet puddings boiled along with it in the crock. Johnny was seven years old, and had to stand upon a stool so as to stir the thing with a rolling-pin to keep the puddings from sticking to the bottom.

"He kept to his work for a bit, till another little chap put his head in at the door and asked him to come and have a game of marbles. He said he couldn't because of the Christmas dinner, and he must keep the crock a-stirring. 'Besides, 'tis Christmas Day,' says he. 'It isn't no harm to play marbles on Christmas Day, though,' says the other, jingling the things in his pocket. Come along.' 'Well, just one, then,' and so he turned his back upon the crock.

"The sheep's head and ainge was quite forgot for most an hour, and then the boy sprang back to his work.

"The water by this time had begun to boil. There was the head swimming round and round. *One of the puddings was gone!* The awful eyes of the thing was set upon the other. The mouth was getting nearer and nearer to it! In a awful fright he jumped from the stool and ran out of the place as hard as he could tear and away down the hill to the church.

"The passon was come pretty well to the end of his sermon, and 'most everybody in the place was fast asleep. The great iron handle of the door was turned with a noise that made them all start. Down the aisle came the boy with eyes like saucers, and his mouth wide open, and he trembling all over like a new-born leaf. His mother caught sight of him, and held up her fist and began a-winkin' and a-blinkin' for him to be quiet, but 'twas all no good. With a great sob like as if his heart was broke, he shrieked out, '*Do'ee come home! The sheep's head have eat one of the puddin's, and is goin' round like all the world after the other!*'"

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Forty-eight Gold Watches, of the retail value of **£240,** have been presented by us to the lucky solvers of this rebus. This is a record that no other watchmaker in the world can show, and it is only because our annual production of Gold Watches alone reaches the total value of **£30,000** that we can afford to make such a splendid offer to advertise them. During the last two months alone we have received 2440 unsolicited testimonials for our watches and world-famous silverware, *this being the world's record.*

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THE JANUARY NUMBER OF

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

Will be published on December 18.

AMONGST THE LEADING FEATURES OF THIS NUMBER WILL BE—

MY REMINISCENCES OF LORD TENNYSON.

By DEAN FARRAR.

DEAN FARRAR knew the late Poet Laureate very intimately, and his Reminiscences are deeply interesting. This important Article is fully Illustrated with Copyright Portraits of LORD and LADY TENNYSON, Views of the Poet's Homes, Reproductions of his Letters in Facsimile, etc. etc.

JEMIMA: A Metamorphosis.

Complete Story by L. B. WALFORD.

We have been fortunate in securing one of the best and brightest Stories L. B. WALFORD has ever written. It is charmingly Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.

A DAY IN CANNING TOWN

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WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS ——?

A New Story by MARGARET DELAND.

This New Story, by the Author of "John Ward, Preacher," will awaken great interest, and lead to much discussion. It is a fascinating Story, and is admirably Illustrated by **Sydney Cowell.** It will be completed in our February Number.

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MR. MOODY AS I KNOW HIM.

By F. B. MEYER.

Although Mr. Moody has not visited this country very recently, he is as widely popular and as greatly loved as ever. Yet but little is known of his personal life and work in America, and so we have persuaded Mr. F. B. Meyer, who spends a month with the great Evangelist every year, and knows him intimately, to write this Article. It is a singularly interesting Sketch, and is fully Illustrated with Views of Mr. Moody's Home, his Study, his Birthplace, etc., Portraits of Mr. Moody, Pictures of Northfield, etc. etc.

AFFY'S AMBITION.

Complete Story by AUGUSTA E. MANSFORD.

A delightful Story, by a new writer, beautifully Illustrated by Mr. Frank Craig of *The Graphic.*

A VISIT TO PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Dr. N. A. ROSS of Newcastle-on-Tyne was in South Africa during all the recent trouble, and had an Interview with President Kruger. He gives us his Experiences in a brief Article, which is accompanied by Portraits of the President and his Wife.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

In the "Temple Club" this Question is discussed, in a lively and interesting way, by

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, Dr. A. T. SCHOFIELD, and Dr. NORMAN KERR.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER

Contributes one of his most brilliant and inspiring Sermons, entitled

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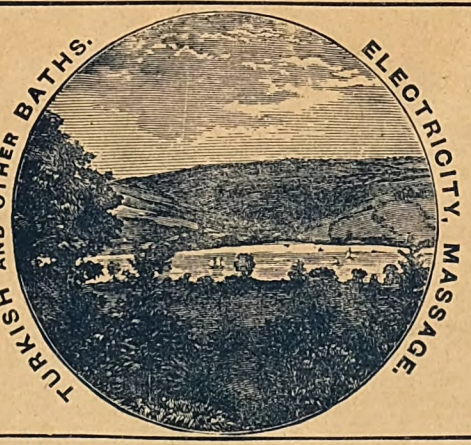

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NEW STORIES BY L. B. WALFORD AND MARGARET DELAND.
A VISIT TO PRESIDENT KRUGER. ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. I. JANUARY 1897. No. 4.
SILAS K. HOCKING'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

TENNYSON

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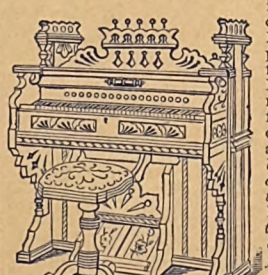

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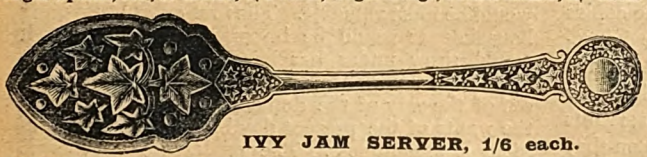

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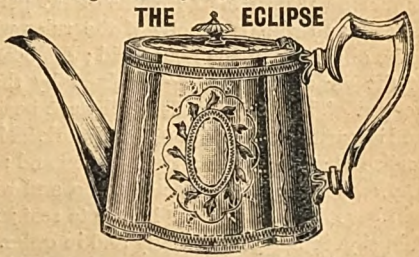

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HELPFUL METHODS IN HOUSEKEEPING

It is a great aid to the orderly management of a house for the mistress to arrange and divide the work of the household, and draw up a written plan of the routine to be gone through every day and every week, fixing by whom each task is to be performed, and at what hour it is to be completed. The order of work having thus been clearly laid down, a list of the duties allotted to each individual should be placed in the hands of the person concerned, and with it a copy of the rules which are to be observed in the household; duplicate copies of the various lists being retained by the housekeeper. Thus a clear idea will have been formed and imparted of a regular order of work. Mistresses realise what they have a right to demand; servants know what they are expected to do, and when they will have done and be at liberty to rest; and thus things get managed decently and in order.

Housekeepers who have never tried this method of writing down an arrangement of work, and putting a portion of the statement thus made in the hands of each worker, can have no conception of the comfort which it gives. The written plan put into the hands of a new servant before she enters on her duties will assist her greatly to fall into line, as it were. Fortunately, in these days there are few servants who cannot read and write, and anything written down can be looked over at leisure, and quietly comprehended, when perhaps spoken words would go in at one ear and out at the other. Then, also, a written plan of this kind can be made a sort of standard of what is to be done. In household work the best is generally that which is done in established ways, partly because they are ways which have been practised. If a worker is allowed to say, "In my last place I did so and so," or, "I have been used to such and such a method," it is probable that there will be discontent and annoyance. With a written arrangement of work before her, there is no opening for a domestic to make a remark of this sort. The mistress can at once say, "Never mind the last place. In this house I wish work to be done thus. Follow this order, and I shall be satisfied."

Of course the objection to the adoption of the helpful method here recommended is that it is rather difficult to draw up a plan. No mistress who did not understand the details of household work could produce it, and even the experienced housekeeper would have to give thought and care to the business, or her plan would not be workable. Still, we have to remember that everything that is worth having has to be paid for in one shape or another, and the housekeeper would be wise who gave time and pains to the drawing up of her own plan, because a practical arrangement once made would be most valuable. The first effort of a young housekeeper would be imperfect, perhaps, but it would grow under her hands. She would gain hints from experience, and learn to remove obstacles out of the way of the domestic machine. One of the wants of the present day in domestic management is smoothness. The model housekeeper is she who, without hurry, worry, and fuss, manages so well that household work seems to get itself done, and yet is thoroughly and properly done. We ought not to live in order to keep house; we ought to keep house in order to live honestly, healthily, and comfortably. Yet there cannot be comfort where there is constant strain and anxiety.

An obvious fact in connection with the helpful method here noted is that *each housekeeper must draw up her own plan*; no outsider could make an arrangement that would fit every case. The order of work in every household must depend upon special circumstances—upon the number and habits of the family, the size and style of the house, the pecuniary position of the master and mistress, locality, time of meals, etc. etc. With all details of this nature, however, the housekeeper is well acquainted; and it is believed that she who having formed a clear idea of her household requirements and possibilities will put her ideas into writing, and let her helpers share her aims and understand her plans, will have started upon the path which leads to the successful management of the home.

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written thanking us for drawing attention to the subject of the food of children attending school. This lady says: "Both my colleagues and I have frequently remarked on the strange fact that it is the children drawn from middle-class homes, and who have a plentiful supply of pocket-money, who look underfed. I am sure I shall be expressing the feeling of many teachers in asking you to lay special stress on breakfast. It is of the utmost importance that children who leave home about 8.30 or 9 o'clock for a three or three-and-a-half hours' stretch of work, with possibly a long walk before and after, should not start till they have had a good meal. As a rule, it is the people who can afford luxuries who feed their children the least sensibly."

At first sight this statement is startling, but no one who has had experience in these matters will question its accuracy. If children drawn from middle-class homes are less sensibly fed than working-men's children, the reason probably is that the working mother looks after her children herself; the middle-class mother is tempted to hand over the business to servants. In a great many households there is a difficulty about the early breakfast for those who have to leave home betimes. There is no comfort in it; everyone is in a state of hurry and scurry, and peace enters only as the unfortunate workers leave the place. This condition of things ought not to be; and mothers who are unable to be present at the children's early meal should make it their earnest endeavour to arrange that a conscientious, sensible person should act for them. If children are to grow up strong and hearty, if they are to escape from taking harm from exposure to cold, from infection, and from other injurious and depressing influences, if they are to do their lessons properly, or have any chance at all of doing themselves justice, they *must* have regularly a substantial, wholesome breakfast.

Dr. Yeo, who has been already quoted, says: "The unfed organism is very susceptible to morbid influences after the long fast which occurs during the night; and in the case of active persons leading wholesome, regular lives, breakfast should be taken as soon after rising as possible." Dr. Pavy, another authority, says: "The system is more prone to be perniciously influenced by infection, miasmata, exposure to cold, and other morbid conditions first thing in the morning (after the long time that has elapsed since the last meal of the previous day), and is less adapted for sustaining fatigue then than at any other time." Medical men everywhere appear to agree with these opinions, and therefore it is most desirable that mothers should see to these things.

It is not very likely that housekeepers will need to be told why it so often happens that the early breakfast is a casual, scrappy meal. If only people could be induced to rise betimes, breakfast might be a delightful feast, strengthening, invigorating, and cheering. Unfortunately, unless domestic helpers have the will and determination to rise early, there is no sovereign way of making them do it. Mothers, however, are generally resolute enough when the good of their children is concerned, and something will have been done to destroy this particular mischief, if now, when days are cold and mornings are dark—consequently when breakfasts are at their worst—mothers who are housekeepers can be brought to realise the gravity of the situation.

CONCERNING FIRES

Winter fires should be bright, cheery, and the coals should give out a genial warmth; but what are called "roaring" fires are much to be deprecated. They make a great deal of soot, a great deal of dirt, and a temperature so unequal that it is trying even to the hardiest. What do we find in houses where the inmates are extravagant with coal? Either rooms so close and stuffy that those who remain in them are half asleep, while those who have to leave them and face the blasts out of doors are in great danger of taking cold; or else rooms so chilly that serious consequences may ensue. "Ah," says the coal-burning housekeeper, "that is because the fire is not mended enough." On the contrary, it is because the fire is mended too much.

Next time they have an opportunity, let housekeepers notice what happens in a room where a very large open fire is burning. Of course it is very hot, and the chilly people feel contented, and the warm-blooded people want to have the window thrown open. In a little while, however, the flames subside, the coals turn to glowing cinders, and the fire is hotter than ever. Then it occurs to someone that the fire will soon be low, so the happy individual seizes the poker, has a luxurious minute spent in beating down the fiery mass and reducing it all to one level, then throwing on a goodly supply of fresh coal. In a few minutes the room turns quite cool. The heat that was in the old cinders expends itself in giving light to the new coal, and till that work is accomplished the room is cool.

The truth is, that there are no houses in which one is so likely to take cold on account of variations of temperature as in those where coal is used extravagantly. To keep the temperature even, coal ought to be put on frequently and in small quantities; and this hint is worth noting by those who have to nurse sick folks, who need an absolutely uniform temperature. Get the fire to the right degree of heat, and then lay on gently a little piece of coal every quarter of an hour, without disturbing or poking it at all, and the fire will keep just the same. The heat of the room may be watched by means of a thermometer, and, unless the atmosphere outside alters very much, it will scarcely vary at all. But if the fire be allowed to burn quite through, and then be mended liberally, the room will be hot and then cool in an extraordinary way.

There are people who are never happy excepting when they are poking the fire. For them to take up the poker seems to assist reflection, to induce contentment, and to afford an outlet for superabundant energy. These individuals are a great trial to the housekeeper who wishes to keep down dust, soot, and smoke, and to burn coal economically. She who has to deal with them should not keep the best coal, bright, shiny, and well burning; she should get small, hard, dull-looking coal, that does not lend itself to being broken.

To poke a fire is a responsible and onerous duty. Its judicious, timely, and effectual performance calls for the exercise of solid and reliable qualities of heart, mind, and muscle. No one should be allowed to do it who does not possess physical

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strength to deal a blow in the right place; good judgment, to decide which is the particular spot whence an upward twirl will be most effectual; a generous disposition, which will lead to a desire that comfort and warmth should be diffused throughout the apartment; and power of imagination, which can picture the dark and dreary depths into which men have had to descend with their lives in their hands before these valuable "nubbly bits" can find their way into the coal scuttle—imagination which will enable the possessor to realise the sinfulness of wasting that which it has cost so much to procure. Individuals, however, who can poke a fire out of mere wantonness, stir it about, beat it down to no purpose, ought to be closely watched; they are not fit to be let loose in this poor hard-working world. The best thing that a housekeeper can do, if she is unable to keep them within bounds, is to put the poker away, and then forget where she has placed it.

CHILD STUDY

A lady much interested in the education of children, and who has had a wide experience in connection with the subject, has written to suggest that something might be done in the Home Department of this magazine to help both parents and teachers in the practical training of the young, by getting them to compare notes from time to time as to both difficulties and successes.

Probably all parents do not know that there has been established of late years what is called a Child Study Association, which has been joined by many earnest, cultured people. The object of this Association is to observe children quietly, and then to record their sayings and doings, with a view to gaining greater insight into child nature, thus learning how to train them more wisely. It is wonderful how few grown-up people understand the young. Children care nothing for half the books that are written for them; they take pleasure in amusements that make grown-up people wonder, and they evidently live in a world quite other than ours. Parents desire to bring them up in the way they should go, and yet, oftener than not, set to work quite wrongly, and thus defeat their own ends. If they had more accurate knowledge of the way to influence a child, they would succeed better.

To gain this knowledge we must know children, have sympathy with them, and take careful note of their sayings and doings. Children often say and do most marvellous things. Mothers carry these sayings in their hearts, and learn much from them; but the world never hears of them. It is not everyone who would care to join an association, but, without doing this, surely it would be possible to induce a few parents to give other parents the benefit of their experience, and from the observations thus made it may be that most valuable hints might be gained.

As a sort of beginning of this helpful work, will a few parents who have considered the subject state their own opinion as to whether it does any good to flog children? The wisest of men has said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and this dictum has caused many a child to be beaten when the parent would have liked to stay the hand. It would

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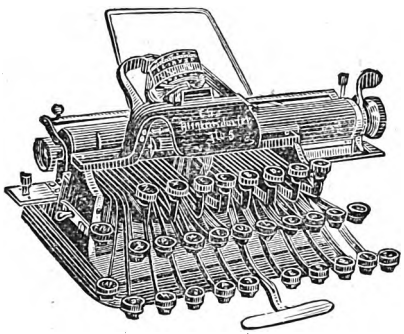

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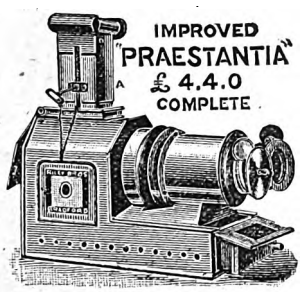

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be interesting to discover whether the mothers of to-day subscribe to Solomon's opinion. Will they let us know what they think? In doing so, will they speak as briefly as possible, and limit themselves to two or three lines? If they write at length their remarks cannot be quoted, because the space at our disposal is very limited. We are inclined to think, however, that corporal punishment has become unusual amongst educated people.

PRACTICAL RECIPES

Braised Fillet of Beef.—This joint furnishes a pleasant change from the ordinary roast and boil; it is very suitable for the time of year, and although it is not low in price, being usually sold at a cost very little below that asked for rump steak, it is yet a fairly profitable dish, because there is no bone or waste belonging to it. By the fillet of beef, housekeepers usually understand the undercut of the sirloin. Correctly speaking, the fillet is the whole of the undercut, both of sirloin and rump; but in this form it cannot be bought in England, owing to the way in which joints are cut, while the undercut of the sirloin can only be bought with the joint. The undercut of the rump, however, can be bought anywhere, and it is this part of the fillet that is spoken of now. It furnishes an excellent roasting joint, or it can be cooked as follows:—

Trim the fillet neatly, and bind it into a neat shape. Choose a stewpan that is about its own size. Put in this a layer of slices of bacon (or pieces of bacon rind scalded and scraped), broken-up bones, five or six onions, one carrot, a stick or two of celery, a pinch of mixed herbs, and any trimmings of meat, poultry, or vegetables that may be available, with a judicious allowance of pepper and salt. Brown the surface of the meat lightly, by turning it about in hot dripping, in a separate pan, then place it on the savoury bed, and pour round it enough stock to keep the whole moist. A pint of stock, or a little more, would be enough for a piece of beef weighing four pounds, and the liquid should be cool when poured round the meat. Bring the stock to the point of boiling, skim it, draw it back, cover tightly, and put a napkin round the lid of the saucepan to keep in the steam, then simmer very gently for four hours. At the end of two hours turn the meat over without sticking a fork into the flesh. Lift it out, strain the gravy, make it quite hot, and serve it with the meat.

Braised Fillet of Beef Rechauffé.—As a rule, braised beef is better cold than warmed up. In winter-time, however, cold meat is not always acceptable; and when this is the case a tasty dish can be made as follows:—Cut the beef into thick, neat slices, as nearly of the same size and shape as may be, and take an equal number of slices of bread of the same size and thickness. Fry the bread in hot fat; warm the slices of meat in good gravy, but do not let them boil; arrange meat and bread alternately round a dish; put prepared vegetables (fried potatoes, beans, or sprouts, which have been tossed in butter, or any dainty vegetables) in the centre, and send good sauce to table in a tureen.

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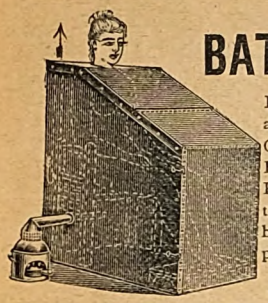

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edging for the knitted shawl which were given amongst the Twilight Tasks in the second number of this magazine. Probably the nomenclature of knitting varies with locality. To prevent disappointment, however, let it be understood that whenever knitting directions are given, the following terms shall be used :—

Terms used in Knitting.

P. Knit plain.

B. "Knit backwards," or "purl."

T. Knit 2 stitches together, or "narrow."

O means over, or making a stitch by bringing the thread forward, or "casting over."

S. Slip a stitch from one needle to the other without knitting it.

A. Slip a stitch, knit 2 stitches together, and pass the slipped stitch over.

Ts. Slip a stitch, knit 1 plain, and pass the slipped stitch over. This is sometimes called "casting off."

BB. Purling two stitches together.

It is very pleasant to hear that so many ladies are making the knitted shawl.

A Beginner wishes to know how to clean chamois leather. She has found that to rinse the leather in water only makes it hard. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather, and let it soak for a while, then rub it till quite clean, and rinse it in a weak solution of soda, yellow soap, and water. After rinsing, wring well in a coarse towel, and dry quickly ; then pull it about till soft. A housekeeper of long experience, with a great idea of the value of chamois leathers, always used to clean them thus.

To clean Chamois Leather.

Ignoramus would be glad to know how to "curl" butter for decorating dishes. There are one or two methods of doing this. The simplest is to wash the butter, and free it from water, making sure that it is cold and firm ; then squirt it through a small tin vegetable presser. Another way of doing the same thing is to tie two corners of a cheese-cloth to an iron hook in the wall ; make a knot with the other two ends so as to be able to pass a stick through it ; put a fair-sized lump of butter, free from water, into the napkin, and twist it tightly over the dish in which the butter is to be served. When the curled butter is wanted for decoration, it may be taken up on the point of a skewer.

To "Curl" Butter.

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JEMIMA: A METAMORPHOSIS.

BY L. B. WALFORD.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.

MISS JEMIMA SILLACOMBE frankly owned that she did not like to be "put out of her way." Very few people who have "ways" do.

And as there are still fewer individuals of either sex who, having entered upon their fourth decade of existence, are not possessed of these early harbingers of maturity—especially when the soil has been favourable for their development—it follows that there is a vast crop of small idiosyncrasies, fancies, and foibles flourishing in the world, which are harmless enough in themselves, but which often exert an extraordinary influence on human life.

In the case of Jemima Sillacombe, no one ever thought of denying that Jemima had her share—and a little more—of this unknown quantity. As a matter of fact, she was to the manner born. Method, punctuality, order, routine—these were the very breath of her nostrils.

But then if a lady who has lived in the same house, in the same style, with the same surroundings and general environment for thirty summers, may not be allowed to cherish her own little "ways," and map out her own little days, and rise and dress, and drive and dine, and potter about among her birds and flowers, exactly how and when she pleases, who may?

Jemima hurt nobody, defrauded nobody. Nay, she was an excellent pious creature, whose ear was ever open to the cry of the needy, whose heart was true, and whose life was pure,—and no one who knew Miss Sillacombe had ever a hard word for her.

As we have said, she still lived on in the home of her childhood, the only unwedded member of a large family, and also the youngest. From the age of twenty she had been practically in possession of both house and mother, and the pleasant easy existence then inaugurated had flowed on ever since.

There was really nothing to ruffle it. Mrs. Sillacombe, an ample dowager, whose husband had been dead so long that she had almost forgotten what it was not to be a widow, was just the person for whose comfort a daughter could be properly solicitous without any very severe strain on her own. When Jemima had written dear mamma's notes, reminded her of her medicine, and read aloud to her the chief items of the Court Circular column of the morning paper, she had performed the principal daughterly functions of the day. It only remained to hold an occasional consultation as to calls

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and shopping, and to inquire what books might be exchanged at the library.

Mrs. Sillacombe saw everything through Jemima's eyes, or, to be more correct, saw all she cared to see. Nothing beyond the range of her house, her servants, her meals, her daily drive, and her occasional doctor's visit, had any real hold on her attention. Even the affairs of her married daughters—she had no sons—elicited but a flickering and uncertain interest; and if a more than ordinarily startling piece of gossip were brought to her ken, and she were sufficiently roused to put a question or two, and pass a comment on the replies received, Jemima would delightedly exclaim that "dear mamma was quite excited." The old lady led, to be plain, a stupid animal existence, and only the genuine sweetness of her daughter's nature could have cast over it any sort of halo.

Jemima was, however, perfectly content. She had never known her mother different; she had never known much of her sisters at all; she felt no lack, had no unsatisfied yearnings. On the contrary, it seemed to her that she was one of the luckiest persons imaginable, in that she was still an inmate of the beautiful old well-appointed domain; still supported in her authority by the grey-headed butler and housekeeper, who had come in her infancy; could still step into the high-swung barouche as regularly as three o'clock came round every afternoon, and, with parcels, books, and letters piled upon the front seat, roll off in state to call at one familiar door after another,—and still, on her return at the accustomed hour, note no other change than what the seasons brought in the scene which met her eyes as the drawing-room door opened on the cheerful tea-table and kindly urn ready waiting.

But extend her drive, or take tea elsewhere? Not she! Not Jemima Sillacombe! She put it upon her mother; but dear mamma would have eaten her muffin peacefully enough half an hour later, if it had been suggested to make a détour on the homeward path. No; it was Jemima herself whose watch came out by instinct as the light began to wane on an autumn afternoon, and who would out with the order "Home" before Mrs. Sillacombe could be heard on behalf of a neglected parcel still on the seat opposite.

The parcel could be left another day, Jemima would affirm, wrapping herself briskly in her driving-cloak,—it was too late to do more that day.

Jemima had an hour for everything, and a season for everything. Five minutes with her was a very much longer period than five minutes with most people. A minute's curtailment was a veritable annoyance, when the time had been reckoned upon.

Then she always knew exactly where she ought to be upon the staircase when Thomas issued forth from the back regions to roll the gong for dinner, and what she should be doing when he was heard placing the bedroom candles in the anteroom, preparatory to the night's rest. She remembered on what days the housemaids reigned supreme in their several rooms,—she never invited people to dine on Thursdays, devoted to special plate-cleaning in the pantry,—and she would not have kept coachman and footman out beyond their own tea hour for the world.

"The kindest, consideratist young lady as ever was," in consequence, Hubbard would declare—in proof of which he would loftily abstract the newspaper from under Jemima's very nose. But a young and pert housemaid was heard to cry shrilly back on one occasion, "Lor', she ain't nothen but an old maid born," which made Hubbard very angry indeed.

"I declare, Jemima, I think you are the most enviable person in the world." The speaker was Jemima's eldest sister, a matron of forty-five, who had early left the nest, and was now every inch the mother of a family and mistress of a household. "You are always so cool and comfortable," proceeded Lady Franklin, fanning herself, for she was stout, and the warm weather tried her severely, "and you seem to have time for everything, while I am in a 'drive' from morning till midnight. And there is Lenny's tea-party this afternoon," she subjoined in an aggrieved tone, which might have been interpreted, "That is the last straw."

"To be sure. His birthday party." Jemima nodded cheerful comprehension. "I am coming, Caroline."

"*Are* you? So good of you." Lady Franklin paused and hesitated. "I don't know how I am ever to get it in, I am sure. I did promise the child, but I did not take in that it meant my flying home after the lecture, and we are dining out, and"—

"You gay person!"

"Indeed I am not gay, but I am so hurried and worried. Jemima, if I *should* be late—you know what lectures are—they *will* go on and on, and the Dewhursts are particularly anxious to introduce Professor Grimsel afterwards—that is the real reason of

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my going—could you, would you mind, if I were not there, sitting down with the children and pouring out tea? I *mean* to be back, of course; only, if I am not"—

"You can depend on me. Don't trouble about it, Caroline. I have arranged to be at your house by four o'clock, and"—

"And that means you will be there." The elder lady's brow cleared, and she gave a little sigh of relief. "Lucky you! You have no one to throw all your plans into confusion at the last moment, as mine are a dozen times in a week. *You* can go and come as you choose. Well, it is something off my mind, at anyrate, to know that if I *am* late — you are such a favourite that Lenny will be quite satisfied if I say Aunt Jemima is due at four o'clock for certain—and—and it doesn't put you out of your way?" having now a moment for the afterthought.

"Not at all out of my way. I have kept it in my mind ever since you told me you were giving the party; and the carriage is to be round half an hour earlier than usual, and dear mamma is quite pleased to lunch a little tiny bit sooner in order to be ready. Then I am to be dropped at the Grange as we drive home, and Thomas will bring the pony carriage for me at six, so that I shall just get home in time to dress for dinner."

A twinkle in the other's eye was lost upon the speaker. ("Goodness gracious! To hear her!" Lady Franklin was saying to herself, betwixt contempt and a species of envy, "she might have been going to Court and a State ball afterwards, for all the forethought bestowed!") "You have certainly a genius for organisation, Jemima," observed she, drily, aloud.

"I do like to have things fit in," Jemima bridled, with modest elation, "and it is quite easy by just giving one's mind to it."

"Humph!"

"I don't speak for you, Caroline. In a household like yours there must be many interruptions and hindrances. But with me," the spinster proceeded complacently, "it is quite different. I have only dear mamma to consider; and really our servants are so good, and understand our ways so thoroughly"—

"I know—I know. Everything goes on oiled wheels. You roll through life on easy cushions." Lady Franklin evinced a momentary impatience. "And you always look so trim and smart," glancing down at herself, and again back at the fresh flowering muslin which made her own far handsomer dress look dusty and shabby. "I really have had no time to think about summer clothes, but you are always in the van. I said yesterday, when I saw the first light bonnet in the street—I was inside Atkinson's and I just saw the bonnet, not the carriage, through the fallals in the window—I said to Wynnie, "That must be Aunt Jemima."

"Too bad of you. I am sure I am not a great dresser."

"It isn't that. No; I don't think you dress more than other people. We all get the things in the long-run—only, you are the first. You have the time to attend to it, and to notice that the season is here. There you are now, in that pretty muslin—and it is very becoming, Jemima—you can wear a muslin still—I wish *I* could. A great hot silk—I wonder if I could not have a muslin made a little elaborately, just for the very warm days? I shall ask Miss Johnston; she is such a good dressmaker, she could— But I must not run on, I have a thousand things to do. You are not going out this morning?"

"Only to the garden. The roses are ready for cutting"—

"Cutting roses? How old-fashioned and leisurely it sounds! Dear me, if *my* roses were to wait till I had time to cut them"—

"Yours are wasted, Caroline. I always lament when I go to your rose garden that no one thinks of drying them for the rooms"—

"My dear, who should think?" Again the elder sister manifested a certain pettishness. "Who in our house has time for those fiddy-faddy businesses? *I* haven't. The girls are at their lessons, the servants at their work. If we have visitors, they want to be taken here, there, and everywhere. It is only you, you fortunate mortal, you petted-by-the-gods Jemima Sillacombe, who can take into your scheme of life even the preservation of the crumpled rose-leaf, which is not allowed to disturb the surface of your bed of down."

Laughing, and kissing her sister affectionately, Lady Franklin, with recovered good-humour, rustled away; and Jemima, having first restored to its place an antimacassar which had been caught on the point of the departing parasol, and otherwise smoothed down disarrangements — for Caroline never failed to leave disarrangements, to the orderly eye—picked up her basket and scissors, and tripped off to her congenial occupation among the flower borders.

She had been detained for half an hour—but then she always reckoned on such a chance detention—so told herself, with a

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sense of being sisterly and indulgent, that it did not put her out of her way, for one must always take into account a married sister living within a few miles in a country neighbourhood.

"I don't suppose Jemima will ever marry," cogitated the latter as she consulted her watch at the same moment as Jemima smoothed out the antimacassar; "she is far too well off as she is. Nothing to worry her, no one to interfere with her; no cares, no troubles, no anxieties. Even when our mother is taken from us—and that we need not anticipate for long enough, with her good health and easy regular life; still, she must go some day—but even then Jemima will reign on here happily enough. She will be quite able to afford it; and with the old servants about her, and us so near, and so many neighbours besides, she need never feel lonely. One of us sisters could always spare her a girl to stop with her, if it came to that; or Matilda would come for good, if wanted. She has her poor people, too, and her parish interests, and is on such good terms with the vicarage people, that, upon my word, most people would consider her the luckiest creature alive. And, I fancy she would call herself so. I wonder, now—I wonder if a single woman like Jemima really *is* lucky," cogitated the matron after a while, as a softer expression stole across her brow. "She always appears absolutely content and serene. Yet, looking at the case dispassionately, it seems, if one were to speak plainly, rather a selfish sort of happiness. Not that poor dear Jemima *is* selfish, only she knows no better, and is so entrenched in her own funny little state, that— Well, well, it can't be helped, and I don't know what possesses me to think there is anything that needs help, when I am always pretending to envy my sister's easy lot, and sometimes do actually, at the moment, believe my own words! I wonder, now"— But she soon forgot to wonder. Her own multifarious concerns, which for the moment had been in abeyance, were soon again buzzing about her like so many flies. As usual, she was late in arriving at her little son's birthday party.

The party was in full swing, and a tremendous chattering and laughing sounded through the open door of the room in which it was assembled.

"That cannot be only Jemima," swiftly concluded Jemima's sister. The next minute —"Oh, Bobby!" she exclaimed in surprise, recognising in Sir William's youngest brother the author of the merriment. "When did you arrive? We had no idea you were in England."

Captain Franklin chuckled like a boy. "No more has anyone else, my dear. Hold hard. Give us a fraternal salute," kissing the matronly cheek, which blushed beneath the unaccustomed tribute. "I have been kissing 'em all round," proceeded the sailor triumphantly. "Had to, to find out which were my nieces and which weren't. Crime first—punishment afterwards."

"But he didn't kiss Auntie Jem, and she was the only one he missed out," the hero of the day shouted from his birthday seat of honour with the full force of his seven-year-old lungs—an announcement which really seemed in a measure necessary. "And he's brought me a parrot and a tortoise, and he says"—

"He's going to dance a hornpipe," broke in a still shriller treble, "and he says"—

"He's going to take us all to the circus," another took up the cry, "and he says"—

"And he says," appeared to be the catch-word.

Lady Franklin strove in vain to be heard above the tumult; she wanted to be hospitable, genial, welcoming, but she had no chance of being anything. And there was Jemima, too — the din must be absolutely deafening to poor Jemima!

A vision of the dainty figure in its crisp flounces and frills, framed by the large, solemn, massively-furnished drawing-room, which had been present to her mind's eye by fits and starts all through the intervening hours, stood out clearly at the moment. She felt as if she must rescue her gentle, bewildered, little old maid of a sister from this pandemonium.

Tea was over, and she could at least suggest an adjournment. "You are terribly hot in here, and I see you have finished; will not some of you like to come to another room, or"—

"Uncle Bobby is going to dance a hornpipe," a dozen small voices rang forth together like a peal of bells; while Uncle Bobby himself, big, brown-bearded, jolly, and sunburnt, beamed acquiescence.

"How kind! But perhaps Jemima"—

"Aunt Jem wants to see the hornpipe as much as any of us;" and Aunt Jem smiled assent.

"You poor dear!" murmured Lady Franklin, aside. "Sailors have such overpowering spirits," she added later, putting her hand to her forehead.

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"Quite delightful," responded Jemima as though she had been called upon to acclaim.

Lady Franklin looked at her. "Oh, I did not mean *that*. Yes, of course. Sir William always says Bobby makes him laugh more than anyone. But I do wish—Bobby's voice is so *very* loud, and his laugh is perfectly *stentorian*, and he never minds *who* is here, or *what* he does,—but of course I know he is a dear fellow, and as good as gold, and has the kindest heart in the world. But, my dear Jemima, I did feel for you. I am sure if my head aches, yours must be ten times as bad. And after your putting yourself out to come, and we all know you don't like to be put out of your way"—

"No, no; I am going to convoy Miss Jemima home." A voice in the rear—a frank, bold, confident voice—made both ladies start as if it had been a pistol-shot.

"I'm coming back, you ruffians," continued the same speaker as the swarming crew were shaken off a big central figure, and Captain Franklin emerged to view. "You'll have enough of me, never fear. I'll give you some fun before I'm done with you; but sheer off now. Miss Jemima, it is long since we've met, but we are relations all the same, or what amounts to the same thing—you must let me see you across the fields; it is such a jolly evening for a walk, and that fellow"—lowering his tone, and eyeing a young and callow footman who had been sent to escort his mistress home, and who was now endeavouring to assume the correct statuesque attitude with only indifferent success—"he can be dispensed with, can't he? We don't want him, do we? 'Tis ever so much pleasanter walking than driving; may I tell him to trot off again?"

"Good heavens! What an odd couple!" cried Lady Franklin to the group who stood looking after the pair that started presently. "Poor Jemima! There was no way out of it. I could hardly help laughing at her look of utter confusion. She who never sees a man—far less talks to one—what will she find to say during a two-mile walk all alone with such an extraordinary specimen of the genus sailor as Bob?"

"Now do tell me, Jemima, what you

"JEMIMA PICKED UP HER BASKET AND SCISSORS, AND TRIPPED OFF TO HER CONGENIAL OCCUPATION AMONG THE FLOWER BORDERS."

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found to talk about, and how you got on," demanded she the next day, having driven over on purpose. "Bobby declared you got on like a house on fire, but then he always 'gets on like a house on fire' with everybody, and imagines everyone else does the same. He is such a rattle"—

"I don't think you should call him a rattle, Caroline."

"*Not?* Not a rattling, blustering"—

"He can talk most sensibly and agreeably. As soon as we were alone," proceeded Jemima with animation, "he quite dropped his jokes and—and chaff, and I assure you I never met with anyone who—that is to say, we found plenty of subjects in common, and we agreed upon some of them, and, when we did not, I was quite willing to be corrected, for he has seen more of life than I"—

'That is not saying *very* much, is it? However, I am glad if your ignorance came in handy on this occasion. I have always heard that any and every kind of knowledge is sure to come in useful at some time or other, but I never knew before that *want* of it would. So Bobby instructed you? On what points?"

"Ever so many. What a wonderful career he has had! And how much he has seen and done! I do think a sailor's must be a most interesting life. We were looking at the Cathedral tower"—

"The Cathedral tower? From where did you see the Cathedral tower?"

"From—from the Beacon Hill," faltered Jemima; then gathered courage and proceeded: "I hope, Caroline, that I did not do anything impru—unconventional—I mean anything I ought not, in walking round the Beacon with your brother-in-law. Of course, if I had been a girl—but at my age, and he is over forty—and Sir William's brother—it seemed to me it would have been ridiculous if I had made an objection when Captain Franklin proposed it. I did hesitate, and then his evident wonder and absolute unconsciousness of having suggested anything unusual showed me at once that it would be quite silly to make a fuss."

"Of course." Lady Franklin smiled a little to herself. ("Make a fuss, indeed! Poor dear thing! She is actually blushing! What a perfect innocent she is!") "Now, Jemima, there is something I want to ask you to do for me. I drove over at this unearthly hour on purpose; I knew you would not have stirred out of doors yet. Well, now, listen to me, there's a dear. I am taking Bob to the lawn-tennis party at the Worthingtons this afternoon—I had not meant to go, but his turning up so unexpectedly puts out all my plans, and Sir William would not like it if I were to turn him adrift. So I must sacrifice myself, as usual, and drive in exactly the opposite direction to what I had intended. But as I know you always go into Maltburgh on a Tuesday, will you call at the library and leave this list, and also this order at the butcher's, and this prescription at the chemist's? It does not matter about waiting to have it—the prescription—made up, they can send it out; only, it ought to be left early in the afternoon;" and she proceeded to enlarge.

Jemima in silence accepted the commissions. She certainly did drive into Maltburgh on Tuesdays; it was her invariable rule to do so; and any deviation from her rule would have—no, she was not prepared to deviate.

"Now, Bobby, I am going to introduce you to all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood," quoth Bobby's hostess, a few hours later, as she took her seat in an open barouche and unfurled her parasol. "Rose Hall, Thomas."

"Always ready for pretty girls," responded her companion promptly. "And you are right to do it sharp, Caroline. A week is my limit, and then I'm off."

"Only a week?"

The sailor laughed. "A week is a week to us jack-tars. We're bound to scud through life with our topsails flying. I shall be friends with every friend of yours by the end of my week, and—I say, I've begun already. Began yesterday with Miss Jemima, and we're quite chummy to-day"—

"To-day? But you haven't seen her to-day?"

"Haven't I, though?" Captain Bob laughed again. "You had not quitted the field ten minutes before I was on it. We've had another walk"—

"No?"

"I strolled over to pay my respects to your mother, as I was not allowed to go in yesterday, and found your sister just starting for her round of poor people in the village. I went round with her."

"My dear Bob! With Jemima? Why, she never allows *anyone* to go with her to her poor people. It must have put her dreadfully out of her way."

"I daresay it did, but she didn't say so. I asked if she were going to this tennis party"—

"Jemima at a tennis party! I wish I had heard you. What did she say? Was she not amused?"

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"Not at all. What was there to amuse? I thought everybody went to tennis parties. I thought it was the favourite, not to say the only form of dissipation in a country place."

"But Jemima never goes in for dissipation. I don't mean to say that she absolutely abjures tennis parties; only, if she appears at them, she stays about half an hour, keeping the carriage waiting all the time, takes a sip of tea and a stroll round the garden, and retreats before any of the real fun of the fair begins. She never goes to the Worthingtons at all, because it is so far off. You must know that Jemima never keeps coachman and horses out beyond a certain hour; and if a house is ever so pleasant, and old Jenkyns declares—and I believe he often invents, too—that it is a mile beyond what he considers his horses can do, there is an end of the matter. Between ourselves, Jemima is the veriest old maid"—

"*Is* she?" said Bob significantly. His eyes danced above his brown beard; he had found a stimulus hitherto wanting in his smooth career.

Five days passed, and Sunday came—a midsummer Sunday, sweet and heavy with odorous blossoms, fiercely hot in the sun, but delicious in the shade. Morning service and the early dinner which followed in Mrs. Sillacombe's well-regulated household were over, and the old lady had retired to doze in her bedroom.

Jemima had put on a cooler dress, and laid bonnet, gloves, parasol, and Prayer-Book on her bed, in readiness for six o'clock, at which time she would again sally forth in response to the chiming of church bells. Jemima never had her accoutrements put back in wardrobe and drawers on Sundays; her maid's services were dispensed with till night; and she invariably laid out the little array upon the bed in exact parallel lines.

Having done so on the present occasion, there was a slight, a very slight, deviation from her usual method of procedure: instead of walking straight to the arm-chair by the open window, as was her wont, she made a movement, an absent-minded movement, in the direction of the large mirror, and from her toilet-table took up a comb. Jemima's hair curled a little, naturally, upon her forehead. With the tail of the tortoiseshell comb Jemima drew down the little curls on either side of the parting, and poked them about.

She then took up a hand-glass and deliberately examined the side view of her head and profile.

Finally, she turned straight round and looked at her back.

There was nothing amiss with the back, nor yet with the ruffled frill of the neck; while as for the hair, it was glossy, trim, and dressed to perfection—as she esteemed perfection. A shade too stiff it had been where the rippling waves drew back from the still smooth and somewhat pensive brow, but this, as we know, had been rectified, and yet it was a full half-hour ere the occupant of the luxurious bedchamber quitted it, and, gliding downstairs, passed through a side-door which opened into the garden.

Jemima was going to read her book out of doors. Here was innovation number two within the space of sixty minutes.

Tripping lightly through the flower borders, and scarcely distinguishable amidst their brilliant profusion, Miss Sillacombe made her way to a wooded bank which sloped towards the west, from whence a lovely view of the country beyond could be obtained, including—but of that she made no account, of course—the path which anyone coming from the Grange would probably traverse.

Here the little lady paused and instinctively scrutinised the rustic seat which, under the cool shade of overspreading boughs, invited a sojourn. Jemima was not very fond of rustic benches with ragged pieces of bark protruding, to say nothing of earwigs and spiders. She would have preferred a nice clean garden chair, and could easily have carried one, or had it carried for her, from the cupboard in the hall, but she could not exactly have suggested any necessity for more than one, and such necessity might just possibly arise. She preferred to run the gauntlet of spiders and bark, and, after a moment's hesitation and a little careful arrangement of her spotless flounces, settled herself and opened her book.

A hum of insects and the tapping of a woodpecker on the dry stem of a fir tree close behind, alone fell upon her ear for some lapse of time; yet it is notable that even the snap of a dry twig or the rustle of a withered leaf caused the reader to catch her breath and bend a little lower the head, which was resolved to show it was not going to incline towards intrusive sounds. "He shall find me calmly reading," said Miss Jemima to herself.

And at length there could be no mistake. The calmness, the decorum, the feint of entire absorption in the volume which lay upon the lady's spotless lap, were to be called into play. Steps were certainly approaching. Pit-

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a-pat goes Jemima's heart. Nearer and nearer they come—so near are they now that a more wily diplomatist would have raised a languid eye and dreamily investigated; but those of our modest spinster were still nailed to the open page, when, "Upon my word, my dear sister, you are as deaf as a post," was shouted almost into her hat brim.

"I came through the wood," pursued Lady Franklin, dropping exhaustedly on the seat, which had been brushed with a view to another occupant. "Though it is so much longer, it is everything to have a shade on a day like this. But if I had known it was so hot, I should have let Bob come instead of me, as he offered to do. I did half let him; only, I thought it would have put you out of your way, as you never do have visitors on Sundays."

She then divulged her business, which was of the ordinary type between sisters living in close proximity, and proceeded—

"But how is it you are sitting out here? I thought you all went to sleep in your rooms on Sunday afternoons. It is not your way to"—

"My way?" For once the poor badgered Jemima turned a red cheek and a frown upon her tormentor. "To hear you talk, Caroline, one would think I was a perfect machine! Can I do nothing that is not 'my way'? I do wish"— Then the speaker recollected herself. "It is not my 'way' to be cross at anyrate, is it, dear?" she smiled a little ruefully; "but, to tell the truth, you startled me just now, and you know I am not accustomed to being taken by surprise"—

"So I told Bob. I caught him sloping off in this direction, and he owned he was just going to look round here,—you know he always 'drops in' and 'looks round' on people, and never dreams of not being welcome anywhere,—and I said, 'You will only put Jemima out of her way,'—oh, my dear, I forgot it vexed you to hear this,—but the fact is we always do say it. And if it hadn't been for me, the tiresome fellow would have been over this evening, just when you were starting for church! He declared he must say 'Good-bye,' as he is off to-morrow,—and goodness knows when we shall see him again,—for though he is leaving the Navy after this cruise, no one knows where he proposes to settle down, and it may be at the uttermost parts of the earth,—but I said I would carry all messages, for you *always* went to church on Sunday evenings, and would not like to be put out of— Ha! ha! ha! I am afraid I did say it, Jemima; and I assure you Bob was quite as indignant as you are. He muttered something as if he thought he knew better than I about it. Perhaps you really would have liked him to come and say 'Good-bye'?" she suggested, as with a momentary afterthought.

"It—it doesn't matter, Caroline." A low faintly-uttered response.

"I will take any message you like, you know."

Jemima was silent.

"Shall I wish him *Bon voyage*?"

Jemima turned away her head.

"Jemima—Jemima—shall I let him come here to-night?"

A running tear splashed on to the page of Jemima's book.

. . . . . .

"Yes, go—go in, and win!" cried Lady Franklin, waving her handkerchief in triumph to an expectant figure, as she almost flew home, stout and heavy as she was, half an hour afterwards. "Go, and God speed you. Don't lose a minute—not a minute. My dear Bob, I am so glad—so happy. I can hardly speak. What are you doing out here in the open sun?"—for he had come half-way to meet her in his impatience, and was now standing open-mouthed in the midst of a broiling dusty road, all unconscious of its demerits. "Find me an ounce of shade, and I will tell you all about it, and you shall own I am cleverer than you ever dreamed, and"—

"And kinder," cried the sailor, seizing both her hands and wringing them with terrific fervour. ("Oh, my rings!" she moaned to herself as they dug into her soft flesh. But she uttered no syllable aloud.)

"But for your putting me on my mettle," continued the grateful brother, "I don't know that the first idea of such a thing would ever have occurred even to my presumption. You piqued and provoked me, Caroline. I know now you did it on purpose. Then, when you had prepared the ground, you let fall a seed of hope, without which I should never—but no matter. Out with your tale! Bless you for it! Go on with your finding your sister"—

"Sitting outside, on the edge of the wood, with a book before her *upside down*! A fact: it was. So deeply interested that she never heard me till I was looking over her shoulder! Then such a start, and such blank, instantaneous, unmistakable disappointment! It is too bad of me to reveal the secret of that dear innocent heart; and

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"'HE SHALL FIND ME CALMLY READING,' SAID MISS JEMIMA TO HERSELF."

if I had not known *your* feelings—! But, my dear brother, you must never betray me. No, indeed; not through years and years to come. Jemima possesses what is a very rare treasure in these days, a real sense of delicacy; and it would be outraged—I am quite in earnest when I say this—by her knowing that I went there this afternoon for no other purpose than to spy out the land for you. We must keep our own secret—at anyrate until the wedding is over. I *thought* it was all right; but with a person like my sister I could not be sure—she was so very careful, so very anxious not to betray herself; and then, you know, I feared that from her point of view she had so much to lose."

"So she has." Captain Franklin's brow slightly clouded.

"Not a bit of it. She will gain a hundred thousand times the value of every item. Look at the two sides of the question. Would *you* put—would any true-hearted man or woman put—comfort, luxury, leisure, and an empty barren life (for that is what it amounts to in dear Jemima's case) against the love of a good man, the devotion of a warm honest heart, the pleasures of companionship, the new sympathies and interests, the myriads of new friends, the very self-sacrifices so dear to a gentle womanly soul?" (she had been saying all this over to herself so often that it now poured out as from a pent fountain-head). "Oh, my dear Bob," cried the affectionate creature, her eye moist before the picture she had conjured up, "have no fears; there will not be a happier woman in all the countryside than your wife. You may have to live in a cottage, and jog her about in a pony-cart, and rake your own gravel, and mow your own lawn—she will find it all delightful. Her sweet nature is cramped and warped as it is; it will expand

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beneath your so-called privations. Jemima will grow younger every year"—

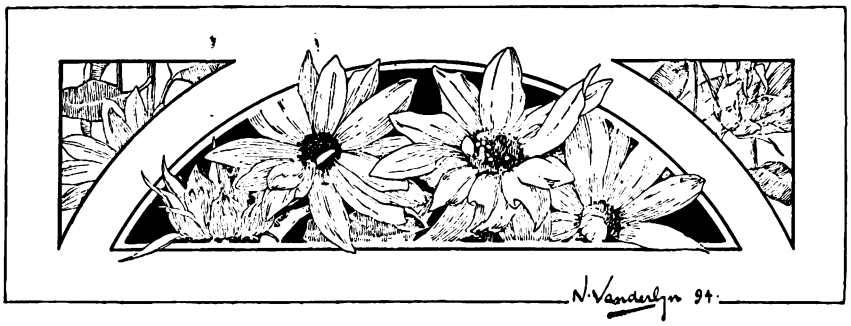
"She will—she will."

"Of course she will. Instead of rule and rhythm, starched primness and narrow-mindedness (those are not the real fruits of Jemima's nature, only the weeds of the soil), we shall have her joining in every freak, trotting at your heels to every gathering, turning upside down all her old notions,—you are the very man for her; I long to see the day. Away with you now; you will catch her somewhere, somehow. I leave it in your hands; only, if I don't see you both come smiling in to supper this evening"—

And in they came. And every prediction above recorded was fulfilled to the letter. Indeed, it was quite a joke to the county the fashion in which Captain and Mrs. Franklin conducted their married life. They never did anything like other people; they never knew where they were going or what they were likely to be about. They dashed hither and thither—always together—always radiantly happy and good-humoured—always ready for anything and everything that turned up. When Jemima saw her sister Matilda (a widow, who thankfully succeeded to her place as daughter at home, only bargaining that her children should be established there also, which Lady Franklin said was quite proper and natural), when Jemima saw the widow roll off in the well-known barouche from a social gathering long before anyone else thought of moving, and remembered that Matilda was now as punctilious about servants' meals and horses' legs as she had once been, she chuckled to herself as she gaily waved a parting hand, and she smiled again broadly and contentedly as she jogged home beneath the moon, four or five hours later, she and her husband having been kept almost by force to an impromptu supper and a merry evening. These sort of impromptus rapidly grew to be the most natural things in the world, in her eyes.

When a voice would be heard pealing through the small domain, "Jemima—Jemima—get on your togs, and come for a day's outing," at the smallest possible notice, Jemima was ready to obey, and flew past the clock without ever once glancing at it.

And she never troubled to inquire how or when she was to find time for this and that, which had to be done some time. She dashed off notes instead of writing letters. She kept whole flower borders in blossom instead of snipping roses. She read newspapers and magazines, and knew what was going on in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, instead of contenting herself with the Court Circular and the leading paragraphs. She revelled in hospitality, and Bob's friends wired they were coming down upon her to luncheon or dinner without an instant's hesitation. She walked through the mud to meet them at the station if Bob couldn't go and the pony was needed. One and all agreed she was the jolliest little bride—and when the baby came—!



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LORD TENNYSON'S STUDY AT FRESHWATER.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

I.—LORD TENNYSON

I have been requested by the Editor to write some papers in this magazine on men of eminence whom I have known; but before I begin to do so I wish to make one or two preliminary remarks, in order to obviate any misconception.

1. One is, that the desire to catch were it but a glimpse of those who have deeply influenced their generation is in no sense petty or ignoble. Without being an abject hero-worshipper, every man or woman of cultivated intelligence takes an interest in even seeing men of unquestioned greatness, the chief figures in the age in which they have lived. The famous and the supremely gifted are, after all, very few in number. There are among us many inch-high distinctions and petty altitudes. Doubtless, to the eyes of beings loftier than human, our whole race, apart from its spiritual destinies, may wear the aspect of a low and level plain. They may think that, to us who move upon its surface, "every molehill is a mountain, and every thistle a forest tree." To us, however, it is only given to measure men in relation to their fellow-men, and we see at once how very small is the number of those who rise even to fugitive eminence, much less to permanent supremacy, among their kind. Further than this, our passing estimates are often rectified as years go on, and men who filled a large space in the eyes of their contemporaries are often much dwarfed in the estimate of later generations. This is perhaps specially the case with statesmen, and others whose greatness is often mainly of an official character, dependent on status more than on genius. There are inns in England now called "The George and Cannon," which were originally named in honour of the brilliant George Canning when he was Prime Minister; but before a generation was

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over, George Canning was so comparatively forgotten by the common multitude that the name "The George Canning" had to them become meaningless, and had to be changed into something of more popular significance. Voltaire

Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died;

and the poet supposes that he will be

Praised perhaps for ages yet to come.

How immensely did he loom upon the imagination of his own generation! how comparatively small is the space which he occupies in ours!

Still, we can only take the estimates which seem in our own days truest to ourselves; and when we regard a man as very great we are all glad to come into contact with him, however casually. If we have been unable to see him with our eyes, it is a pleasure to us to do so through the eyes of others. Dr. Wright accidentally describes how he went to see Milton in his old age, poverty, neglect, and blindness. It may seem a trifling matter, but would we willingly give up the glimpses we thus gain of the poet

who rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,

as he sat "in his small house up one pair of stairs, in an arm-chair, in his room hung with rusty green, in black clothes, pale but not cadaverous, and his hands gouty with chalk-stones"; or as the painter Richardson saw him in 1671, "sitting in a grey coarse cloth at the door of his house, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air"; or "in a green camblet coat, and no longer wearing his small silver-hilted sword, but led by the hand by the bookseller Millington"? When we think of the great Kant, do we utterly despise the glimpses of him in his daily walk and his simple meals, preserved for us by his faithful servant? And however much we may laugh at Boswell, who does not rejoice to have gained even from his flunkeyism so vivid a picture of Dr. Johnson?

In order to get rid, *in limine*, of the notion that there is anything necessarily vulgar or trivial in such a refined and modified Boswellism as may seem to be involved in slight Reminiscences, let me give one or two instances. When we read the intense lyric of Berenger, *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*, in which the old grandmother describes how one night she saw the great Napoleon—

Il avait petit chapeau,
Avec redingote grise,

who does not echo the passionate interpellation of her young audience—

Il vous a parlé, grand'mère,
Il vous a parlé!

and—

Le peuple encore le révère,
Oui, le révère,
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère,
Parlez-nous de lui!

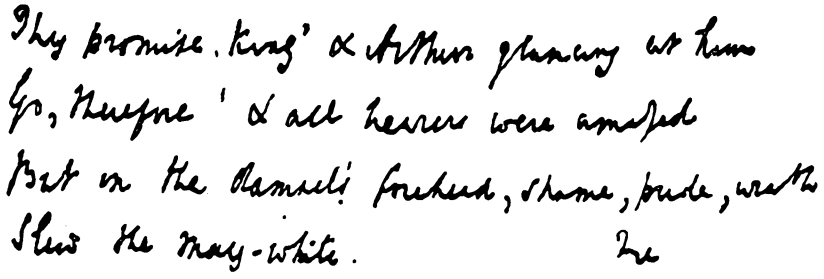
We may recall, too, how deep was the interest with which Robert Browning looked on a man who had talked with Shelley.

And did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

I crossed a moor with a name of its own,
And a use in the world, no doubt,
Yet a handsbreadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about.

For there I picked up in the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle's feather—
Well, I forget the rest.

Mr. Browning himself once told me how important and interesting he thought it that the young should have as it were landmarks in their lives, by at least seeing great men who belonged to an earlier generation. "Once," he said, "I was walking with my son, who was then a little boy, in the streets of Paris. We saw an old man approaching us in a long, loose, rather shabby coat, and with a stooping, shuffling attitude and gait.



FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE IDYLLS OF THE KING."

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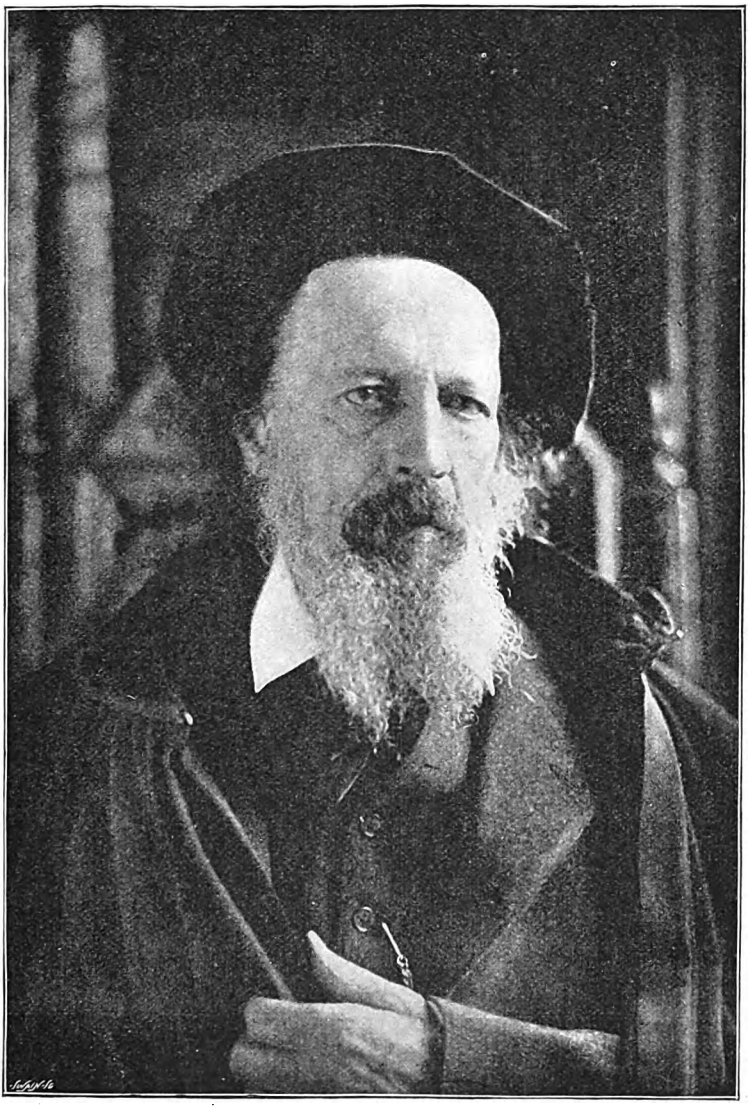
'Touch that man as you pass him,' I whispered to my little son; 'I will tell you why afterwards.' The child touched him as he passed, and I said to him, 'Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Berenger.'"

2. Next I should like to say on the threshold, that no one would more absolutely disdain than myself the ignoble chatter of mere petty gossip, and, above all, of anything resembling that small malign detraction which seems to have a strong attraction for vulgar minds. I shall speak in this paper of Lord Tennyson—and he was intensely and rightly sensitive on this subject. He expressed again and again his disdainful shrinking from the vulgar touch of impudent intrusion. We remember his lines on receiving a certain volume of *Life and Letters*, to which he prefixed the motto, "Cursed be he that moves my bones."



LORD TENNYSON.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* H. H. HAY CAMERON, 70 *Mortimer Street, W.*]

> Proclaim the faults he would not show;
> Break lock and seal; betray the trust;
> Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
> The many-headed beast should know.

Still more passionate was the sense of loathing which he expressed against these "peering littlenesses" in his poem on *The Dead Prophet*—

> She tumbled his helpless corpse about.
> "Small blemish upon the skin!
> But I think we know what is fair without
> Is often as foul within."
>
> She gabbled as she groped in the dead,
> And all the people were pleased;
> "See what a little heart," she said,
> "And the liver is half-diseased!"

If there was one thing which Tennyson disliked more than another, it was the speaking of matters which belonged only to his privacy. He regarded it as a violation of confidence to make public use of opinions which he had only expressed in the careless ease of private conversation. A writer of some distinction had on one occasion transgressed (as Lord Tennyson considered)

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the bounds of discretion. He had written an account of a day which he spent at the poet's house, and in this paper had quoted remarks which were in no way intended for the world. "It is the last day," said Lord Tennyson, "that he shall ever have the opportunity of spending at my house."

No such violation of confidence shall appear in anything which I shall say about any of those famous contemporaries who have now "gone to the more in number." I shall say no syllable respecting them to which, if they could come to us once more, they would in the smallest degree object, any more than they would to the exhibition of their photographs.

It will, I think, be admitted that the literary lustre of the generation which may be regarded as just past was far more brilliant than that of the present. The years in which Byron, Shelley, Keats, Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb, Mrs. Hemans, Leigh Hunt, Tom Hood, were writing—the years which witnessed the rising fame of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Maurice, Kingsley, Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Stanley, F. W. Robertson, Dickens, Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Houghton, Clough, Sir Arthur Helps, Mr. Ruskin, Froude, Cardinal Newman, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall,—and, among our brethren across the water, of Bancroft, Parkman, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and O. W. Holmes—were very much richer in literary genius than the present day can pretend to be. We have not a scientific man who can be compared with Darwin; not a novelist who distantly approaches George Eliot; not an historian gifted with the eloquence and vividness of Macaulay; not a poet who can be put on anything like the same level with Tennyson or Browning. I count it among the most conspicuous blessings of my life that my lot has been cast in an age so rich in literary power; and I value it among many choice privileges which have been accorded me that among these men of genius there were not a few whom I have met, with whom I have conversed, whom I have personally known, and with whom I have more or less corresponded. From nearly all of them I have received expressions, always of kindliness, sometimes of something more.

It was when I was a youth at Trinity College, Cambridge, that Tennyson's poems first began to master the attacks of critics, and securely to hold the admiration of the world. After the *Poems by Two Brothers*, which are now so scarce as to be highly valued by bibliographers, his first volume of independent poems had contained *some* verses which the world will not willingly let die; and *many* enriched with that consummate gift of insight, melody, and poetic expression which at last placed him in a position which can never be disturbed. W. S. Landor has said that a poet rises first slowly and waveringly, then surely and steadily, till at last he is as a bird soaring into the sunlight, which he reflects from every wavering plume.

We sometimes assume that men whose greatness is now universally acknowledged did not have to suffer as the vast majority of authors have had to suffer—and many of them all their lives long—from the ignorant contempt and blatant detraction of critics. Anyone who has the least knowledge of literary history knows that those who have been exempt from insolent disparagement have been few in number. Homer had his Zoilus, and Virgil his Bavius and Mævius. It is quite curious to turn over the long-forgotten and dusty volumes of reviews which once lorded it with arrogant insolence over the literary world, and to see how critics, now utterly insignificant and always infinitely shallow, poured the vitriol-venom of their ignorant incapacity and scorn upon men at whose feet the world has long sat to learn. The writers of such critiques, with a hectoring affectation of omniscience, looked down on men transcendently their betters from the whole altitude of their own inferiority. A flea may bite an emperor; a fly may buzz with self-satisfied impudence round the forehead of a high-priest. They are despicable, but they annoy. Few authors have had that serene confidence in their own heaven-bestowed gifts which enabled Wordsworth to regard his abusive critics with the calmest indifference; or which made the fallen Guizot say when hosts of his opponents thronged to the steps of the tribune in order to denounce him, "Montez, Messieurs, montez toujours; vous ne monterez jamais à la hauteur de mon dédain!"

Tennyson was no exception to the rule that poets, more often than not, have to fight their way to recognition. Once, when he was in the zenith of his fame, I was his guest at his delightful Freshwater home, and said that I imagined there were few poets who had secured an earlier or more enthusiastic recognition than he had done. He told me

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LADY TENNYSON, FROM THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.
[*Photographed by* H. H. HAY CAMERON.]

that I was quite mistaken; that in his younger days he had even received anonymous letters about his poems with insulting addresses. Nevertheless, I think that his sensitiveness, and perhaps a consciousness of pre-eminent gifts—analogous to that which Milton (for instance) possessed, and so nobly expresses — made him unconsciously exaggerate the number of those who did not at once, or fully, accept his claims. But, like Byron, he could turn on his critic with a passion and a power which made him a dangerous foe to attack. When Christopher North, amid some eulogies, had mingled a little depreciation, Mr. Tennyson wrote the stinging lines on "Musty, fusty Christopher," which, slight as they are, will be remembered long after Wilson's criticisms are forgotten. Again, when a famous writer, in a volume of poems now little read, had written with reference to Tennyson's pension—

> Though Peel with pudding plump the puling Muse,

Tennyson's answer, signed "Alcibiades," appeared in *Punch*. It was pointed out to me, I remember, in *Punch* by the late Professor Fenton J. A. Holt when I was at college, and Tennyson never reprinted it, though a few verses of it, verymuch softened, and omitting all the almost sanguinary satire, are to be found in one of his later volumes. The vengeance, as he himself admitted, was too severe for a line which was nothing more than hasty and ill-considered. I will not quote the verses, though they are very little known and are tremendously powerful; but it is pleasant to record that, the very next week, the poet regretted the severity into which he had been hurried by his displeasure, and wrote a noble Palinodia. This poem also appeared in *Punch*, under the name of "Alcibiades." It began—

> Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme,
> Who shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
> Before the stony face of Time,
> And looked at by the silent stars:
>
> Who hate each other for a song,
> And do their little best to bite
> And pinch their brethren in the throng,
> And scratch the very dead for spite:
>
> When one small touch of Charity
> Would raise them nearer god-like state
> Than if the crowded Orb could cry
> Like those who cried Diana great:
>
> And I too talk, and lose the touch
> I talk of. Surely, after all,
> The noblest answer unto such
> Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

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I knew the eminent and kind-hearted author of the offending line, and I knew Tennyson; and it is pleasant to add that in later years, both privately and publicly, they spoke of each other with mutual kindness and respect, and that the son of the aggressor became a warm friend of the poet, and received from him the honour of a dedication. In mellower years Lord Tennyson's attitude towards criticism is expressed in the lines on *A Spiteful Letter*—

Here, it is here, the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My name in song has done him much wrong,
For himself hath done much better.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!
Are mine for the moment stronger?
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,
I last but a moment longer.

Greater than I—is that your cry?
And I shall live to see it.
Well—if it be so—so it is, you know;
And if it be so, so be it!

Nor was it only the poet who knew how to defend himself. I well remember the criticism in the *Times*—I know not who wrote it—on the *In Memoriam*. It was in the usual style of criticisms written *de haut en bas*—in which the inferior partly snubs and partly condescends graciously to patronise his betters; but it ended with an utterly ignoble passage, in which the writer, incapable of understanding the spirit of a noble friendship, talked sneeringly of Arthur Hallam as the "Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar." I do not think that Lord Tennyson ever deigned to notice this stupid and malignant vulgarism. It was amply punished in an admirable address to the working-men of Brighton by F. W. Robertson.

It was while I was at Cambridge that *The Princess* came out. A copy was given me, and I so greatly delighted in it, that, without having dreamed of consciously learning it, I could, without an effort, have repeated by far the greater part of it by heart. Once, when I was staying at the poet's beautiful home at Aldworth, I was leaning with him at evening on a low wall covered with roses and other flowers, which commanded a lovely view, first over the lower levels of the garden, then over a wide plain towards and beyond Leith Hill. I said that if I had not known that *The Princess* was written before he had built Aldworth, I should have thought that he had described the scene before us in lines which I quoted—

And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
Which, blown about the foliage underneath
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids.

He was pleased to hear me quote the lines, and I then told him how much I owed to many passages of *The Princess*, and among them to the lines on a happy wedded union—

My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.

He made a remark which is interesting. He said, "Yes, I put some of my best poetic work into *The Princess*; and I have often regretted that I did not connect it with some stronger and more serious framework than what I called *A Medley*."

I was fortunate enough to obtain the Chancellor's gold medal at Cambridge for a poem—a very poor one, I fear—on *The Arctic Regions*. It was in blank verse, and my competing for the medal was almost exclusively due to the accident that I had once been detained for more than two hours at a small railway station in the country. The prize had not once been given for a poem in blank verse since the single occasion on which it had been won by Tennyson in 1829 for a poem on *Timbuctoo*. There is a legend at Cambridge that one of the then examiners—the History Professor, Professor Smyth—had written on the outer leaf of this poem v.q., which he meant for "very queer," but the other examiners took it for v.g., "very good," and assigned the medal to it. The legend is, I should think, an entire myth, and unquestionably Tennyson's prize poem contains some far finer passages than any other poem which has been so rewarded either at Cambridge or Oxford, though among the successful competitors have been such names as those of Heber, Macaulay, and Markworth Praed. As so many years had elapsed since he had broken a fixed tradition by a blank verse poem, and since I had followed his example, I took the liberty, which I knew his kindness would forgive, of sending him my verses, and mentioning the circumstance. In those days the poet wrote his own letters, which he rarely did in later years, and I received the following reply:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have just received your prize poem, for which I return you my best thanks. I believe it is true that mine was the first written in blank verse which obtained

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the Chancellor's medal. Nevertheless (and though you assure me that reading it gave you the deepest pleasure), I could wish that it had never been written.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly, A. TENNYSON."

I will quote one or two lines of the poem on *Timbuctoo*, for it has never been reprinted, and, in spite of the poet's disparagement of it, contains some splendid passages, such as—

My thoughts, which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms
And cool impleachèd twilights.

Another circumstance introduced me to his notice. As a young man I wrote a book, now out of print, called *The Origin of Language*. It interested the poet; and, among other reasons, because I had dwelt much on the onomatopoetic force of words —the descriptiveness, so to speak, of their mere sounds. I had illustrated this by the echo of the sound to the sense, from the days of Homer's horses—

ALDWORTH HOUSE, SUSSEX, WHERE LORD TENNYSON DIED.
[*Drawn by* HOLLAND TRINGHAM.]

Beneath unshaken waters, *but at once*
Upon some earth-awakening day of spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of starlit wings, which burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom.

And again—

Thou with ravish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf, and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth,

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον;

and Virgil's imitation of that line—

Quadrupedante pedum sonitu quatit ungula campum;

and Homer's cracking spear—

τριχθά τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διάτρυφεν;

and Ennius's—

At tuba terribili sonitu *taratantara* dicit;

to many of Tennyson's own lines, such as—

And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves;

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and—

> Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawns,
> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmur of innumerable bees;

and—

> The brittle fleet
> Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
> I heard the clash so clearly.

Undoubtedly, these felicities of sound were a marked and carefully-cultivated characteristic of the Laureate's verse, and he told me that he was greatly pleased with my way of dwelling on and illustrating it.

It was partly, I think, his interest in this book which made him express, through a friend, his good wishes for my success when I was a candidate for the headmastership of Marlborough College. At that time his eldest son, the present Lord Tennyson, was a pupil at the College, under the Laureate's old friend, the present Dean of Westminster. He was probably told by his son that I not infrequently illustrated my teaching by references to his poems, and he very kindly invited us to stay with him at Freshwater.[1] The hospitality of the poet and that of Lady (then Mrs.) Tennyson was perfect. At first he was always shy, but with those who won his confidence this very soon wore off. There was something delightfully simple and straightforward in all he said, and the brusque frankness of his remarks and questions sometimes made one laugh. His appearance was that with which many photographs have familiarised us. In his large, round, broad-brimmed cloth hat, and his ample cloak, and with his long beard, he used to compare his appearance to that of a monk or a brigand. His conversation, in his brighter and lighter moods, was almost boyish in its vivacity, and at more serious moments was full of wisdom and instructiveness. The first moods were often shown at social meals, and afterwards, when it was the custom for all the guests to adjourn at once for dessert into another room, where the poet used sometimes to brew a bowl of punch with much delight. But, late in the evening, when the ladies had retired, and he was smoking, often till late at night in his study, he was ripe for conversations which were sometimes of absorbing interest, and touched not only

> On labour and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land,—

for he took the deepest interest in contemporary as in all other history,—but also on some of the deepest topics of life, death, and what comes hereafter. Here it might be truly said that the great poet "rolled out his mind."

After this first visit he not infrequently asked us to be his guests, and every visit was full of happiness. I enjoyed very greatly the long walks with him over the "noble downs" and through the green fields and shady lanes of Freshwater, and over the wide moor and among the fine views at Aldworth. I shall never forget how one evening we did not get back from our walk till it was nearly dark, and our footsteps disturbed the many birds which sheltered themselves in undisturbed security in the densely-flowering shrubs and trees which surrounded the poet's home. As the birds uttered their various notes he stopped with delight and said, "There! that is a blackbird, and that a thrush, and that a robin, and that a blue-tit." He thus showed both the keenness of his hearing and his intimately familiar knowledge of "the voices of the birds."

It was usually in the afternoon that he would delight us, and any of the other guests who thronged his house, by reading to us some of his poems. I have heard him read *Guinevere*, and many other of his poems. He read in a sort of recitative, somewhat monotonously at times, and always rhythmically, but with such deep emotion that the effect was indescribable. I once asked him to read *Boadicea*, because of its singularly sonorous lilt, and he did so, though he did not regard it as much more than an experiment in language and metre. Two of his readings are impressed on my memory with special vividness. One was *The Revenge*, which he read to a distinguished company whom he met at dinner at my house at Westminster. Among them was my parishioner, the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Hatherley—one of the best and truest men whom I ever knew—towards whom Mr. Tennyson seemed to be immediately drawn. The effect of his reading of that noble piece was like that of a vivid picture, as his rich sonorous voice rose and fell with the changes of the impassioned story. The others were much longer readings. He read us the whole of *Queen Mary* before it was published. It has never been among the more popular of

[1] The night before I had spent at the delightful Palace of Art of the late Sir John Millais, whose son, the present baronet, had also been my pupil, and who was several times our guest at Marlborough. It was a pleasant reminiscence to me to pass from the house of one of our greatest painters to that of one of our greatest poets.

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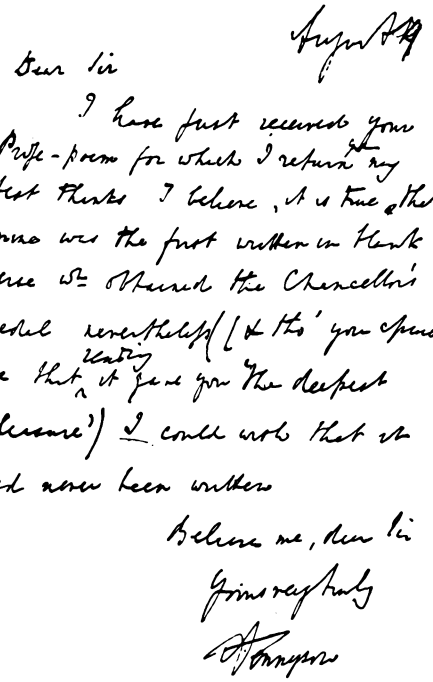
his works, and I believe that on the stage, even with Sir Henry Irving to help, it was not a dramatic success. But as the poet interpreted it by his sympathetic reading, I had never before so deeply felt the tragedy of the life of that miserable queen, with her diseased body, her disappointed love, her blighted hopes, and the sour, gloomy, cruel, empoisoned fanaticism which she took for religion and the service of her God. As he read, breadth on breadth of gloom seemed to be falling, fold after fold, upon the life of the unhappy woman, and his own voice was often broken by emotion. I specially, however, remember the ring of triumph with



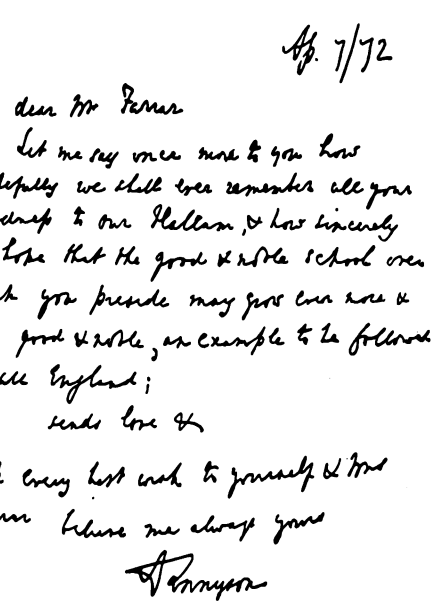
Dear Sir

I have just received your Poste-poem for which I return my best thanks. I believe, it is true, that mine was the first written in Hawk verse at Round the Chancellor's festal reception (& this you opens me that it gave you the deepest pleasure) I could wish that it had never been written

Believe me, dear Sir
Yours very truly
A Tennyson

request, and I had the very high honour of suggesting to him the subject of one of his finest poems, *St. Telemachus.*

The quatrain was in honour of Caxton. When I was Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the printers of London gave me a beautiful stained-glass window in memory of the first English printer, who lies buried in the church, and whose signature occurs in its records as an auditor of its accounts. I wanted to place four lines under the window, and asked the Laureate to write them for me, suggesting that he might make them turn on Caxton's motto, "Fiat Lux." I was with him when he wrote them, in his bedroom at the deanery of Westminster; and witnessed, so to speak, their birth-throes until he became satisfied with them. He declared that they



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My dear Mr Farrar

Let me say once more to you how gratefully we shall ever remember all your kindness to our Hallam, & how sincerely we hope that the good & noble school over which you preside may grow ever more & more good & noble, an example to be followed by all England;

with love &

With every best wish to yourself & Mrs Farrar believe me always yours

A Tennyson

TWO LETTERS FROM LORD TENNYSON TO DEAN FARRAR, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

which, after the successful repression of Wyatt's rebellion, the queen is first made to say—

My foes are at my feet—AND I AM QUEEN!

and with still more rapturous passion—

My foes are at my feet—AND PHILIP KING!

I also specially remember his reading of the poem of *Akhbar's Dream.* He told me much about Akhbar which was entirely new to me. For breadth and wisdom of thought this poem must always take a very high place.

Lord Tennyson wrote one quatrain at my had cost him more trouble than many a substantive poem. They are—

Thy prayer was "Light—more Light—while Time shall last!"
Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would cast
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

Quatrains were afterwards written for me—and may be still read, engraved under the windows which I had erected in the church of the House of Commons in memory of many great men—by Lowell, Whittier, Robert Browning, Sir L. Morris, Sir E. Arnold, O. W. Holmes, Lord Lytton, and the Arch-

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bishop of Armagh. Many of them were good and striking, but not one of them equals the quatrain of Tennyson.

The poem of *St. Telemachus* originated thus. Lord Tennyson, one day when I was walking with him, asked me to suggest to him the subject of a poem. After thinking a moment, I suggested the story of St. Telemachus, leaping down into the amphitheatre and by his self-devoted martyrdom putting an end for ever to the hideous butcheries of the gladiatorial games—a scene which I have since described in my *Gathering Clouds*. To my surprise, he had never heard the story, and was much struck with it. He asked me to send him, when I returned, all the authorities on the subject. That was easily done, for it rests on the single authority of the Greek ecclesiastical historian Theodoret. I sent him the passage in the original Greek, and he clothed it in the magnificent poem, which may be read in almost his latest volume, *The Death of Œnone; and other Poems.*

The last poem I ever heard him read was *Locksley Hall Revisited.* As he read it he flung singular pathos into the famous lines—

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There, among the glooming alleys, Progress hath with weary feet
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.

But, as he read, he occasionally interpolated an explanatory remark, and was careful to impress upon us that the poem was *dramatic* in character, and did not necessarily in all respects express his personal views.

It is a matter of humble satisfaction to me that Lord Tennyson was greatly interested both in my *Life of Christ* and my sermons on *Eternal Hope.* The latter had a special attraction for him, because they formulated a view which he had always held, and respecting which he had expressed his entire sympathy with my late friend and teacher, Professor Maurice, in the lines—

For being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand College Councils
Thunder anathemas, friend, at you;

Should all our Churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

But Lord Tennyson's views, though not dogmatic, inclined to larger hopes than any which I had dared to formulate. He considered that if *a single soul* were to be left in what are called "endless torments,"—that if the old, coarse, cruel conception, once unhappily universal, of hell as a hideous torture-chamber of eternal vivisection, were true even *for one single soul*,—it would be a blot upon the universe of God, and the belief in it would be an impugning of His Infinite Mercy. This he expresses in *In Memoriam*—

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Shall be the final goal of ill,
For faults of nature, sins of will,
Defects of life, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That *not one life* shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish in the void,
When God hath made the pile complete:

and again in the person of the poor victim in his *Despair*—

When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the Past,
And the cramping creed that had madden'd the people would vanish at last,
And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
For He spoke, and it *seemed* that He spoke, of a Hell without help, without end.

Amid all his deep seriousness of mind the poet was always sensible to the humorous, and he told me, with much amusement, the ludicrous remark of a farmer, who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, in the style of Jonathan Edwards or Father Furniss, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naïve remark, "Never mind, Sally; that must be wrong: no constitooshun couldn't stand it!"

The impression left by one conversation with him is still vivid in my memory. We were walking alone, up and down a long walk in the garden at Freshwater, and discoursing on a theme respecting which we were entirely at one, namely, the very limited nature of our knowledge, and how easily we deceive ourselves into the notion that we know many things of which the reality is entirely hidden from us. "What we know is little, what we are ignorant of is immense." While we were thus talking he stooped down and plucked one of the garden flowers beside the path. "How utterly ignorant we are of all the laws that underlie the life of even this single flower!" he said. This line of thought was exactly the same as that which he expressed in the striking poem—

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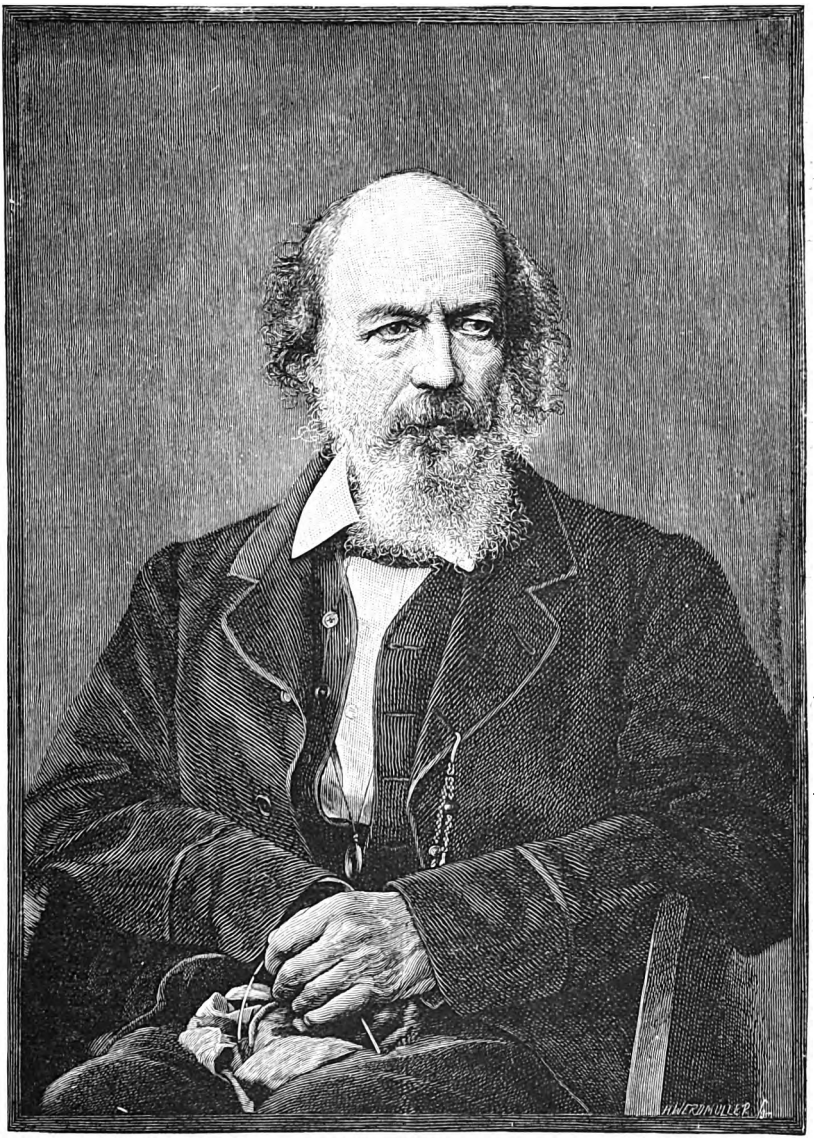
Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God, and man, is.

"But yet," he said, "this one flower, taken by itself, is quite sufficient to tell us all that it is most essential for us to know. It proves to us the love of God."

I will only mention two more Reminiscences. When the Poet Laureate's brilliant son Lionel, whose early death in India caused him so much grief, was married in Westminster Abbey to Miss Locker Lampson (now Mrs. Augustine Birrell), the ceremony was to have been performed by the poet's old friend, Dean Stanley. But, unhappily, when the day came, to his own deep regret and that of everyone else, the Dean was ill in bed, and was unable to be present. It therefore fell to me to marry them. The marriage service was chiefly read at the lectern, and the assemblage of notabilities was one of the most remarkable which I have ever witnessed. All the great nobility, especially of the Liberal party, were present, including Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, both of whom signed the marriage register. Of the "celebrities" in the world of science, literature, and art, few were absent. Every glance one took showed the face of someone whom it was interesting to see. As the throng was very large, the Dean had arranged that places should be reserved for the Poet Laureate, Mrs. Tennyson, and their son Hallam, who was with them, and that they should come in at the last moment by the little side-door in the north transept of the nave—a door which is scarcely ever used, and which in the minute symbolism of Benedictine Churches is supposed by some to be made for the exit of the Evil Spirit, exorcised by the baptism



LORD TENNYSON.
[*From a Photo by* BARRAUD, *Oxford Street, W.*]

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of infants at the west door, since the north is the region traditionally assigned to the Evil One. The door was to have been left unfastened for the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, but by some accident this had been overlooked. The bride and bridegroom, the best-man, the bridesmaids, were all standing ready; the choir was densely thronged. I did not see the father, mother, and brother of the bridegroom, but they might be easily overlooked in such a multitude, and I naturally assumed that they were present. The service began, and it was only when I came to the sentence, "I pronounce that they be man and wife together," that I noticed Mrs. Tennyson entering the choir. Finding the door locked by which they were to have been admitted, they were under great difficulties, since it is not easy for strangers to find their way about the Precincts. They came, I suppose, through the deanery, round by Dean's Yard, and so by the Abbot's private entrance; and I was particularly glad that they came in just in time to hear the blessings pronounced upon the wedded pair. Mrs. Tennyson was a great invalid, and it was a touching sight to see her enter, supported by the Poet Laureate and her son, upon whose arms she leaned.

After the ceremony, the chief guests went into the Jerusalem Chamber for the signing of the register. It was almost impossible to secure a passage for the distinguished personages who were to sign as witnesses. After securing the signatures of Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, I had to find Mr. Tennyson—it was not till afterwards that he received his title—and steer him to the book. He was short-sighted, and the Jerusalem Chamber, always somewhat dark, was still more so from its densely-crowded condition. As I held his arm and led him along, a lady held out her hand with a warm "How are you, Mr. Tennyson? I am glad that you got in just in time." "Oh, how do you do?" he answered. "I have not the least idea who you are!" "I am Mrs. Lewis," she said, with a smile. It was his friend and neighbour "George Eliot," but (as he stopped to explain) he could hardly distinguish her features in the crowd and somewhat dim light of the ancient famous Chamber, and had not, at the moment, recognised her voice. This was the only time that I had the pleasure of seeing "George Eliot."

My last visit to Lord Tennyson was when he was old, infirm, and very near his end. My friend the late distinguished and brilliant Dr. Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, was in England, and though he would not stay at my house—as he moved about constantly, and preferred to be quite free—I saw him almost daily. I was going to Aldworth to spend a day with Lord and Lady Tennyson, and knowing that the poet knew the Bishop, and that it would be a great pleasure to them both to meet again, I asked leave to bring him with me. Lord Tennyson's carriage met us at the station, and after a lovely drive we reached the house. The poet looked very worn and very ill, but we spent a delightful day with him, almost entirely in the open air, sitting and walking in the garden with him and his son Hallam, who devoted many years of his life to the care of his father, and to watching over his health and happiness with most tender and assiduous devotion. We talked of many of the deepest subjects of human interest, and he read us some of those short poems which came out in his last volume. Just before we left, the Bishop asked him, with many apologies, if he would kindly sign his name in a volume of his poems, which he had brought for that purpose. He did not generally like writing his autograph, but he at once assented, and not without a little physical difficulty wrote his name on the title-page. After a very kindly farewell, he sent us back to the station in his carriage. As we drove out of the gates which lead to the grounds, the Bishop turned to me, and I to him, with the very same words upon our lips, "*We shall never see him again!*"

It was true. Lord Tennyson shortly afterwards ended the noble simple life, during which, for nearly half a century, he had held the unquestioned rank of the greatest poet of his time, and in which he had so greatly "enriched the blood of the world" by "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

This was also the last day which I spent with my dear and honoured friend, Phillips Brooks. How little I could have believed that a man so full of vigour, much younger than I, and so splendid a specimen of a man, would be called away so short a time afterwards!

I was with Lord Tennyson the night before he first took his seat in the House of Lords. I witnessed the grand and simple dignity with which he advanced to sign his name on the list of peers. Never was a man less elated with the pride which more vulgar natures might have displayed, even against their will. A noble name could add but little lustre to a character so natural, so manly, and so noble as that of this great teacher of his age.

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WHERE IGNORANCE is BLISS —?

By Margaret Deland

Author of "John Ward, Preacher"

I

"The most delightful thing about our engagement is, that everybody is so pleased with it." Amy Townsend said this, smiling down at her lover, who, full length on the grass beside her, leaned on his elbow, watching her soft hair blowing across her forehead, and the colour of the sun flickering through the shadows, hot on her cheek; for she had closed her fluffy white parasol, and taken off her hat, here under an oak tree on the grassy bank of the river.

"I should have thought that the fact that we were pleased ourselves was a trifle more important?" he suggested.

But Miss Townsend paid no attention to this interruption.

"You know, generally, when people get engaged, there are people who exclaim, Either the man is too good for the girl (and you *are* too good for me, Billy!), or the girl is too good for the man."

"She is; there is no question about that," the man interrupted.

"Be quiet!" the other commanded; "but in our case everybody approves. You see, in the first place, you are a parson, and I'm a worker. That's what they call me, the old ladies—'a worker.' And, of course, that's a most appropriate combination to start with."

"Well, the old ladies will discover that my wife isn't going to run their committees for them," the parson said emphatically; "besides, if I'm a parson, you're a person! How do the old ladies bear it, that I haven't any ancestors, and used to run errands in a tin shop? I'm a worker, literally enough!"

"You are a goose," she told him calmly. "Don't keep interrupting me, Billy. What do ancestors amount to? I admit I'm glad that none of mine were hanged (so far as I know); or that they didn't run off with other people's money—or wives. (I'd mind the wives less than the money, I must confess. I suppose you think that's very mediæval in me?) But what credit is their good behaviour to me? You are a credit to your people, whoever they were—and my own belief is, they were *Princes*!"

She had such a charming way of flinging up her head and looking down at him sidewise, that he was willing to have had any kind of ancestors, only to catch that look of joyous pride; and in his own joyousness he was impelled to try to take her hand in his, but her fingers were laced about her knee, and she shook her head.

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"No! I'm talking seriously; you mustn't be silly. You must listen to the other reasons why we are approved of: First, you are a parson, and I'm a worker. Secondly, you are forty-two, and it's high time—high time, sir!—for you to be married; and I'm twenty-seven, and really, you know, 'my chances are lessening' (that's what they say, my dear); and I 'hardly deserve, after all these years'"—

"And offers?" suggested her lover.

"After all these *years*, Billy, not to get a crooked stick in the end."

"I'm not crooked, I will admit," he said.

"Thirdly," she proceeded, "you are very good-looking, and all the old tabbies say that a handsome minister ought to be married."

"The old tabbies might find something better to talk about," he said, his face hardening. "Oh, Amy, that's the kind of thing that makes a man cringe!—I mean a minister. Here is this great, serious, strenuous matter of living—*the consciousness of God*; that's what living is, in its highest expression! and to further that consciousness is the divinest human passion. A man tries to do it, gives his life to it, and immediately he is food for chattering old women! They gossip about his affairs, or his clothes, or his looks, even!"

William West sat up, his face stirred with anger and pity. "But I suppose I must admit that the parsons bring it upon themselves to some extent," he ended, with a sigh. "We don't mingle enough with men; they distrust us, and think we talk twaddle about overcoming temptations we know nothing about; so, being shut out from masculine living, we do haunt tea-tables, and gabble about vestments. I suppose there's no doubt of it. Amy, I believe that the old hunting swearing parson of two generations ago was of more real value in the world than the harmless creatures that call themselves 'priests' now!"

He had a stern way of thrusting out his lower lip when he was very much in earnest, and drawing his strong brows together; an impatient fire sprang into his beautiful dark eyes. He turned and looked at her, claiming her understanding.

"Yes," she said, "yes; it is so. The belittling of the profession of the ministry is a dreadful thing—a shameful thing. I once heard a man say that elderly unmarried women always had to have something to fuss over and coddle, something to lead around by a blue ribbon. Sometimes it was a poodle, sometimes it was a clergyman. And there's truth in it, Billy."

"There is," he said grimly.

"Well, dear," she reassured him, smiling, "your distinguished rudeness to the ladies of your congregation has, at least, protected you from the blue ribbon."

He began to protest, but the talk slipped back into their own affairs, and somehow he succeeded in getting her hand, and by and by they were silent, just for happiness, and because it was sunset, and the river was flickering with light, and there was a faint stir of leaves overhead. They were to be married in a fortnight, and they were going to have all their lives together to say how good life was, so there was no need to talk now.

As the girl had said, it really was a very satisfactory match. William West was a man whom everyone honoured, and many loved. For fifteen years he had been settled in Mercer—first as an assistant to old Mr. Brown, and then as rector of the church. But he had taken his place in the community as a man of strong judgment and high character; perhaps as a citizen rather than a minister. Men felt that he was a man before he was a clergyman, not knowing that his calling had given him his highest manhood. He was singularly devoid of clerical affectation; consequently, the influence of his own reverence was not vitiated by a suspicion of his common-sense. In fact, his sanity in matters religious, joined to his belief in human nature, made him a man of importance in affairs municipal and social. That he had lived to be forty-two, and had not married, was from no asceticism: he was a very human person, and fully intended to have a wife; only, she must be just what he wanted. And so far, that "not impossible She," who was to possess his heart, had never appeared. When she did, he recognised her immediately, and would have proposed to her the next day, had not a feeling of diffidence as to her sentiments deterred him for nearly two weeks. At the end of that time he told her—ah, well, never mind what he told her! She, at least, will never forget the passion of that claiming.

Amy Townsend had come to spend the winter in Mercer with a cousin. Of course the first Sunday she went to St. James's, as everybody who was anybody did. When she came home her eyes were keen with interest.

"Do tell me about him, Cousin Kate!" she said. "I never heard that sort of preach-

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"AND THEY WERE SILENT FOR A WHILE."

ing before; what does it mean? Is he a real person, or is he just clever?"

Mrs. Paul laughed.

"Wait till you meet him! You'll see."

But she also added to herself, "Wait till he meets *you*!" For Mrs. Paul was one of those courageous women who rush in where angels fear to tread: she was a matchmaker.

"Is he married?" the girl asked, naturally enough, but blushed furiously the next instant, which made her angry.

"No; but it is not for lack of opportunity," said Mrs. Paul drily. "I declare, Amy, women are dreadful fools, sometimes! I should think a minister wouldn't marry, out of sheer disgust for their silliness."

"Oh, he's run after, is he?" Miss Townsend said coldly.

"Well, I must admit he's very attractive," Mrs. Paul began, remembering her scheme, and retreating a little,—for nothing will put a girl against a man sooner than to know he is "run after."

Then she told his story: the boy had been a waif. ("His mother was respectable, I think," said Mrs. Paul, "but nobody knows anything about the father.") He had had that dreariest sort of childhood, which knows no other home than an institution. Then, somehow, "quite like a story-book," Mrs. Paul said, a gentleman took an interest in him, and began to help him in one way or another.

"It was that zoological man, Professor Wilson—you know who I mean?" Mrs. Paul explained; "he looked after him. At first he put him in a tin shop, if you please; fancy! this man with the 'grand manner'!"

"Oh, I supposed he was a gentleman," Miss Townsend said.

"Amy, you are a snob!" her cousin answered hotly. "He *is*!" Mrs. Paul was so annoyed that she ended the story of Mr. West's career very briefly: "Professor Wilson offered either to start him in business, or put him through college; he chose to go to college."

"That was rather fine," Miss Townsend agreed.

"Fine? It just showed what sort of a

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man he was!" cried Mrs. Paul; "he worked his way, of course; that is, he was Professor Wilson's secretary, and he did a lot of tutoring. Professor Wilson left him a good deal of money, but he gave away nearly half of it at once, John says. Quite remarkable for a young man. Well, that's all; you see what he is to-day?—a gentleman and a scholar! John says there is no man in Mercer who has the influence that he has."

Miss Townsend, in spite of her careful indifference, was interested. And later, when the Rev. William West met her, he too was "interested"; and all fell out as the most experienced romancer could desire.

Amy had a little money, much charm, a certain distinction that answered for beauty, and a very true nature; there was, perhaps, a certain hard integrity about her, but her impulses were gracious. Also, as the old ladies said, she was "a worker." She found life too interesting not to meddle with it.

So it had come to pass that these two, who, as Mrs. Paul said, "were made for each other," were going to be married.

. . . . . .

"Just think, in two weeks!" he said as they sat there under the oak, the grass blossoming knee-deep about them, and the air sweet with clover. "Amy, it does not seem as if I had been alive until now!"

"I wonder, does it go on getting—nicer?" she asked him, a little shyly. Amy Townsend was very much in love, but this man's strength always gave her a slight sense of timidity. However, a girl adores this uncomfortable feeling, which men rarely comprehend. "Everything seems to be better, and more worth while," she told him.

"I understand," he said.

And they were silent for a while, because understanding is enough when people are in love. Then the girl's gaiety began to sparkle out.

"Billy, Cousin Kate says if I'm not careful, I'll get to be a managing parsoness; she says I must devote myself to you, not to your poor people."

"Mrs. Paul has given a great deal of good advice in her day," the Rev. Billy remarked meditatively; "and I really think very little harm has come from it."

"She advised your being called to Mercer. Did you know that?"

"Know it? My dear child! How often have I dined at the Pauls'? Just so often have I heard it."

"Now, Billy, that's not very nice of you."

"I but stated a fact; and I have a high regard for Mrs. Paul. Only, when I think how many girls she has tried to make marry me!—but they would none of them look at me."

"And in two weeks the opportunity will be gone," she jeered.

"Poor girls!" the Rev. Billy commiserated; and was reproved for vanity. Indeed, just because happiness is so serious a thing, they became very frivolous, these two, sitting watching the sunset and the river. Amy told him a funny story about the parish; he responded by another concerning Tom Reilly, a policeman; which reminded Amy to tell him that poor Tom had had an accident, and hurt his hand.

"But it was very stupid of him," she added, with a little of that resentful goodness that one sees sometimes in women. "I'm not at all sorry for him, because he deserved it; he had been drinking, and as he went stumbling out of a car he crushed his hand in the door."

Her lover was not to be lured into professional comments; he only murmured "*Mauvais quart d'heure*"—which made her say indignantly—

"Now, Billy, really, that is *too* much!" and insist that they should go home immediately. "I cannot descend to such levels," she told him; and was very stern and forbidding, when, looking to the right and left, and seeing no man, he begged to be allowed to kiss her.

But this was all froth. Beneath, in the man's life, were the great tides of love, moving, noiseless and unchangeable, from out the depths of his soul. In the girl's life it was all shine and perfume and glitter, like flowers blossoming on a rock; beneath, in her heart, was the solid ground of reverence and faith.

II

THE two weeks that were to pass before the day that was to be the Day of days were very full.

To get parish work ahead so that things would run themselves for the month's absence which had been granted the clergyman, was no small undertaking. William West was very busy, and a little preoccupied in his endeavour to put his best thought — not upon his own happiness, but upon committees, or Sunday-school matters, or his assistant's spiritual scruples concerning his superior's indifference to the colour of the bookmarks on the lectern; so it chanced

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that he saw less of Amy than in the earlier part of their engagement. He had but little time to think of her, and absolutely no time to think of himself.

They were to be married on Thursday. On Monday afternoon Mr. West, with great timidity, ventured into Mrs. Paul's drawing-room, with the bold purpose of abstracting his sweetheart for a walk. The project was, of course, promptly crushed.

"As though Amy had any time for that sort of thing," said Mrs. Paul. "Do you see those presents? She has got to acknowledge every one of them. Amy, your cousin John and I will entertain Mr. West; you can write your notes here, and let him look at you—that's quite enough for him!"

Amy smiled at him across a barricade of silver bric-a-brac.

"Billy thinks silver picture-frames and brushes and things are dreadful waste of effort and money," she said. "Just think how thankful you ought to be, Billy, that I am making our manners for you — you couldn't say 'thank you' with truth."

"Oh, truth," said John Paul, lounging about the room, with his hands in his pockets,—"truth, my dear little cousin, is governed by the law of benefit; don't you know that? If it makes the donors feel happy, tell them West has longed for nothing in the world so much as a silver glove-buttoner. Now, if you told them the truth, fancy the shock! Ask the parson."

"The parson has no such base and cynical theory," Miss Townsend responded promptly. "Have you, Billy? You don't think truth is governed by the law of benefit?"

"I think truth-telling is," he assured her.

John Paul assumed that look of artless and simpering satisfaction which one sees on the countenance of the unprotected male, who, in the bosom of his family, finds himself endorsed by a higher power.

"There, Amy, what did I tell you? I had an instance of it yesterday"—

("Oh, here is a third asparagus fork," murmured Amy; "what *shall* I say about it?")

"What's your instance?" said the minister.

"Well, we've been looking for an assistant engineer, and there have been I don't know how many applicants. One fellow impressed me very well; he seemed straight as a string;—honest face; thoroughly decent-looking fellow. He was an Englishman, but his references for three years were American. So much the better, of course. I was going to engage him, when, bless my soul! if he didn't begin to stammer out something about having no references from "Home" ('ome' he called it), because he 'adn't been over steady,' but he'd signed the pledge, and he wasn't afraid of drink any more. I didn't engage him. Now, I call that truth, *not* governed by the law of benefit."

"You don't discriminate between being truthful and telling the truth," said William West. "You hadn't asked him if he had ever drank. I don't believe you lost much in not engaging him, poor fellow."

"Oh, Billy, I think it was rather fine in him," Amy protested, looking up from her notes.

"My dear, he was a perfect fool!" Mrs. Paul corrected her, with some warmth.

"I don't see anything fine," the minister said simply. "In the first place, there was a lack of reserve, a lack of privacy, in rushing into confession, which betrays the weak nature. There was also self-consciousness, in dwelling on his sin. And in the third place"—

("Billy, this sounds like a sermon: firstly—secondly"— Amy murmured, signing her name to her thanks for the third asparagus fork.)

"—in the third place, if the man has reformed, there was an essential untruth in calling himself a sinner."

"Well, I don't quite agree with that," began Mrs. Paul.

"Yes; you're right, you're right," John Paul declared. "Good heavens, West, suppose we went about confessing our college experiences!" The dignified senior warden of St. James's grinned a little, but his wife looked displeased.

"I don't believe you ever did anything very bad, John; but if you did, I think you should have confessed to *me*."

"I stole some signs, Kate," he told her. "Can you ever forgive me?"

Amy, listening, smiling, said with that charming sidewise glance at her lover, "Cousin Kate is quite right; I should never forgive a man who didn't tell me *everything*! Billy, come here and confess. Have you ever done anything wicked?"

"We are all miserable sinners," John Paul murmured; "I say so publicly every Sunday."

"But you don't specify!" the minister reminded him, with a laugh.

There was a moment's silence; then Amy Townsend said—

"Yes, but, Billy, doesn't it say somewhere that 'confession is good for the soul'?"

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"Perhaps it is," he said drily; "but, generally speaking, it's mighty bad for the mind."

There was an outcry at this from the two women.

"Of course," Mrs. Paul said, "simply gossiping about one's self isn't confession; but don't you think, Mr. West, in the really deep relations of life, between friend and friend, or husband and wife, there should be no reserves?"

"My dear Mrs. Paul," he answered, with quick gravity, "there must be reserves—except with God. The human soul is solitary. But for confession, that is different; justice and reparation sometimes demand it; but, again, justice and courage sometimes forbid it. Unless it is necessary, it is flabby vanity. That's why I said it was bad for the mind."

"Well," said Amy, with some spirit, "I don't believe in taking respect, or—or love, on false pretences! If I had ever done any dreadful thing, I should want to confess; good gracious, for the mere comfort of it, I would have to! It would be like walking on a volcano, to keep a secret!"

William West went over to the table where she was writing, and, finding a place among the clutter of presents to lean his elbow, sat down and looked at her with good-humoured amusement.

"Where are you going to draw the line? How far back are you going in confessing your sins? Please don't tell me that you slapped your nurse when you were three. It would be a horrible shock to me to discover such a crime, and you ought to consider how unhappy the confession would make me."

"I shall go all the way back," said Amy, with decision. "If I had done anything wrong—I mean very wrong—I should tell you, if I had only been a year old!"

The Rev. Billy laughed. "A desperate villain of one year!" but as he spoke a puzzled look came into his eyes.

"I think," Amy Townsend proceeded, "that honour and fairness demand speaking out. And as for making someone else unhappy," her voice dropped a little, and the colour came up into her face, "where people love each other, they have a right to unhappiness."

"Listen to Amy clamouring for unhappiness!" John Paul commented. "Don't worry, my child; you'll get your share. There's enough to go round, I've noticed."

Mrs. Paul laughed, but a note of reality had come into the careless talk, that gave her a sense of being a third party.

"John, you are flippant," she said. "Come; let's leave these two poor things alone; they're dying to get rid of us. And besides, if Amy is going to confess her sins since she was one year old, it will take time."

"That I consider a most uncalled-for reference to my twenty-seven years," Amy retorted; "and besides, I've two more notes to write."

"And I must go home," William West said, rising in a preoccupied manner.

"Why, I thought you were going to stay to dinner!" Mrs. Paul protested, with dismay.

"Oh, you must stay to dinner," Amy urged.

But her lover was resolute. Nor did he, as usual, try to lure her out into the hall, that he might make his adieus. With the slight formality which was part of the charm of the man, he smiled and said good-evening, stopped a moment to discuss with his senior warden something about the appropriation for repairs at St. James's, and then, with a sober abstraction deepening in his face, went home through the delicate June dusk, which was full of the scent of the roses that grow behind the garden walls of the old-fashioned part of Mercer.

III

THE Rev. William West went into his study and shut the door. He was a man who was always accessible to his people, yet his lips tightened with impatience when he found a parishioner awaiting him, and saw a pile of notes on his writing-table. But it was only for an instant: he listened to the anxieties of his caller with that concentration of sympathy which can put self aside; and when the man went away, it was with the other man's heartfelt grip of the hand, his heartfelt "I thank you for coming to me. God bless you, my friend, and give you wisdom."

The letters were not so easy; but he went through them faithfully, answering them or filing them away; appeals for help, or money, or work; two invitations; two requests for instructions from ladies of his congregation—one as to the propriety of eating meat on Friday, one as to the duty of facing the east in praying. These he read, frowning, yet holding in his contempt by respect for the poor shivering germ of religion hidden somewhere in this babble of the weak mind. He was aware of a sense of haste in getting through with these things—a sense of haste

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even in disposing of another caller, a boy, who came to say he had doubts about the existence of God, and who felt immensely important in consequence.

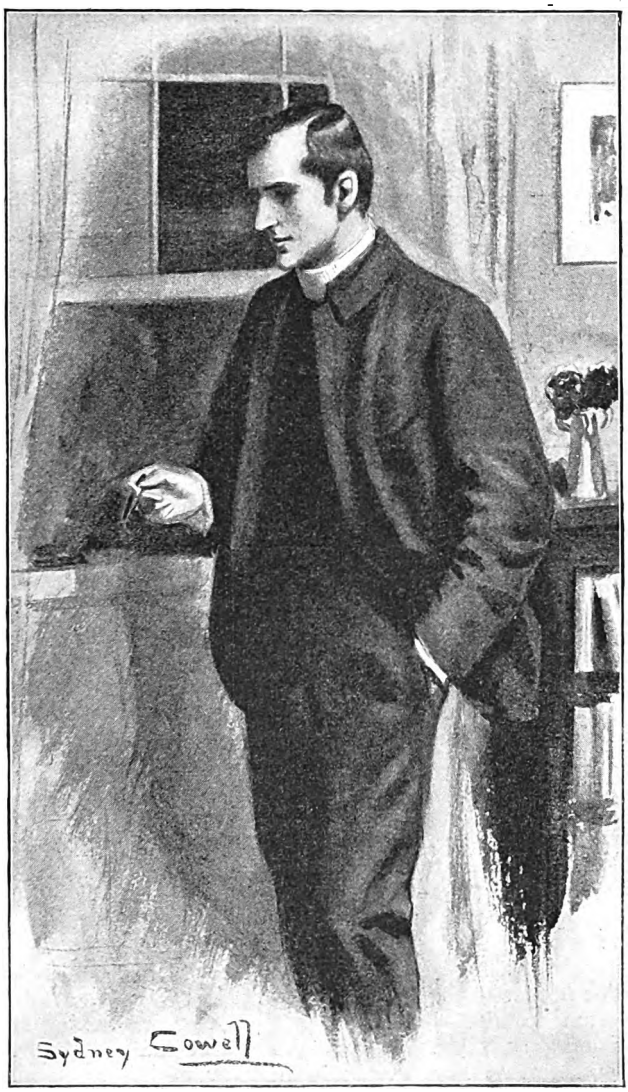
"I tell you, Mr. West," this youth declared, nodding his head, "of course I don't mean to be hard on the Church; of course I see the value of such a belief in keeping the masses straight; but—for thinking men!"

To treat this sort of thing seriously and patiently is one of the trials of a thinking man who happens to be a minister.

It was nearly midnight before the clergyman had his library to himself. With a sigh of relief he shut his door, and walked once or twice about the room as though trying to shake off other people's affairs; then he bit off the end of a cigar, struck a match, and sat down. He put his hands deep into his pockets and stretched his feet straight out in front of him.

"It must be five years since I've thought of it," he said to himself.

He held his lighted cigar between his fingers, his chin sunk on his breast, his mouth set in that hard line which refuses to extenuate or evade; his eyes narrowed with thought. Five years! Yes, the memory had so faded and lessened that by and by it had ceased. But now it was as though, as he walked along the level path of daily life, a serpent suddenly lifted its evil head from the dust and struck at him, hissing.



"DECEIVING HER! TAKING HER LOVE UNDER FALSE PRETENCES!"

"I was eighteen," he said to himself; "no, nineteen. And now I'm forty-two: twenty-nine, thirty-nine,—it's twenty-three years ago!"

There is a hideous consciousness which comes to most of us men and women at one time or another in our lives, of our inability to get away from the past. From out of the "roaring loom of time" comes the fabric of our lives: white,—run, perhaps, with a warp of silver in our later years; set, even, by the mercy of God, with deep jewels of experience; spangled with the golden threads of opportunity; but back, in its beginning, — what stains! what rents! dragged through what foul and primeval experiences of youth! Some, by environment and temperament, have nothing to blush for but follies; the joyous baseness of the young animal never broke through the conditions of their lives or the dulness of their minds. But for most there are black spots from which, with wonder and disgust, the adult turns away his eyes—the cruelty of childhood; the ingratitude of youth: with the man, as with the race, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural.

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Twenty-three years ago: what has that to do with the man of to-day? Nothing! What has he in common with the boy of nineteen? Nothing!

Suppose he told Amy, would she understand that? Why, the very fact that he had forgotten it meant that he did not belong to it, nor it to him. And yet he wanted to tell her.

William West got up, with an impatient gesture. How absurd this sort of mental posturing and agonising was! What folly to think of burdening Amy's consciousness with the miserable facts! Told now, twenty-three years afterwards, their relation to his present life could not be seen in true proportion. It would be an amazement and a shame to her, to think that her lover, her husband, had done thus, and so. Yet it would not be her husband who was the sinner: it was that poor, foolish, wicked boy of twenty-three years ago—that boy upon whom he looked back with the amazement and disgust of an outside observer. What a curious untruth, then, in confessing it! He gave a sigh of relief as he reached this conclusion. It was as if he had stumbled for a moment, but had got his balance again.

Yet, in spite of himself, his mind crept back to the brink of that black abyss of memory; those were dreadful days, those days of repentance twenty years ago: the remembrance of his sin would surge over him at the most unexpected moments—in the midst of work or study; when he was talking; when he was praying; when, perhaps, he was helping some other human creature staggering along under a burden of remorse. The deeper he went into the new life he had begun to lead,—the clearer the heavenly vision grew before his eyes,—the blacker the sin seemed. For years, the memory of it used to come over him with a sudden sinking and sickening of the soul. He remembered how inescapable the torment of his regret had been. There would be periods of forgetfulness when he was plunged into work, and life, because it was service, seemed good and sweet; then, at some word, or the look of the sky, or the smell of a flower, the evil spirit of recollection would leap upon him and tear him. Yet the periods of forgetfulness had lengthened and lengthened. The pain and shame had faded and faded. The thing that gave him this sick feeling, as he sat here in his study at midnight, was not the fact that he had sinned; it was the memory of how he had suffered for his sin. The sin itself, now, was too remote, too separate from himself to be real to him. But the suffering—he could not bear to think of it.

"How mad this is!" he said to himself, with a curious terror lest the suffering should come back—the horror a man might have felt who saw the rack upon which, long before, he had been stretched. He drove his thoughts back to the question of his duty to Amy: that was plain reasoning, and had nothing to do with his nightmare.

He lighted another match, but held it absently, until it scorched his fingers, then flung it down with an angry exclamation. It seemed as though the pain burned through all this fog of the past, and showed him the facts which he must judge, and his own folly of uncertainty. For, after all, what was this matter he was trying to decide? Was it not merely the question of what was best for Amy? Not what was most comfortable for himself; it was that abstraction called honour as applied to Amy's welfare. What was for her happiness? or, as he put it first, what was his duty to her? To let her know his past, or to keep a secret from her, and allow her to suppose that she knew his life as she did her own?

Admit that it was his impulse to tell her: what did that impulse really mean? Primarily, that it would be a great relief to him; the idea of having any reserves was most repugnant to him. For a moment the instinct was again strong to tell her. But, frowning, he went on with his last argument. A relief to him, but what to her? A pain and a shame, a memory that might outlast another twenty-three years, perhaps. But she might want to know it? Well, that was no reason; if she wanted poison, should he give it to her? And this was poison. Did he not know that? Good God!

But had she a right to know it? Here he was perfectly clear; certainly not. It in no wise bore upon his relation to her. Furthermore, the question of prudence was not involved; there was no chance that some day, somehow, it might come to her ears. She could never hear it, except from him. If this were not the case, of course he would tell her.

But was he deceiving her? Was he, as she put it, taking her love on false pretences? William West got up and walked the length of his library, then he stopped by the open window and looked out on the silent street. A policeman on his beat glanced up and saw him, and touched his helmet with two fingers.

"Good-evening, sir; don't know but what I'd better say good-morning!"

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"What! Is it as late as all that, Reilly?" the minister said, and added a friendly inquiry about the man's hand, which seemed to be hurt. Amy's stern sense of the retributive justice of the accident came into his mind, and he smiled involuntarily. The policeman looked sheepish, as the clergyman meant he should, and turned the conversation by remarking that he would be "looking after the rectory special when Mr. West was away on his weddin' tower."

"Thank you, Reilly," the other answered heartily.

The policeman's steps went echoing off into the night; a street lamp flickered, and a puff of soft air wandered into the window.

Deceiving her! taking her love under false pretences!

Was he anything but the man Amy supposed him to be? Very humbly, very truly, he said to himself that, by the grace of God, he was an honest, pure, God-fearing man. That sin of twenty-three years ago was not his sin. He, William West, forty-two years old, whose honourable record in the community was spread through all these years of service, was not that base, mean, wicked boy. The sin was not his. It was a sin of youth—a sin almost of childhood. It meant nothing to him now.

"It is nothing *now*," he insisted passionately. Accustomed to weigh other people's actions and motives, he knew that he was discriminating with almost judicial impartiality when he thus looked himself in the face. "*A repentant man has no more to do with his sin, for which he has made reparation, as far as it is humanly possible,—than a well man has to do with the disease of which he has been cured.*" He remembered that he had used this illustration once to someone else; he must apply it now to himself. No; he was not deceiving Amy. He was only sparing her—sparing her, to be sure, from a pain she might wish to bear; but that had nothing to do with the question. If she knew, she would suffer; not from a fact, but from an illusion; for he would be confessing a sin which was not his sin. Honour? The very word seemed artificial as he thus put the situation before him.

No; it would be cowardly to tell her, and it would be untrue. There was nothing for him to do but face the fact that, to spare her, he must bear, for the rest of his life, the wretched burden of realising that he had a secret from her.

Sanely, truly, this good man believed that his impulse to tell the woman he loved was selfish and cowardly; it was an impulse to make her share the burden which he deserved to bear alone. Furthermore, it was the effect, not of reason, not of religion, not of love: it was the effect, first, of the selfish impulse to seek relief by sharing a cruel knowledge; secondly, of a traditional sentimentality, the weak and drivelling outcome of that sense of justice which is expressed in the willingness to bear consequences.

Well, the boy who had sinned had borne the consequences: he had suffered.

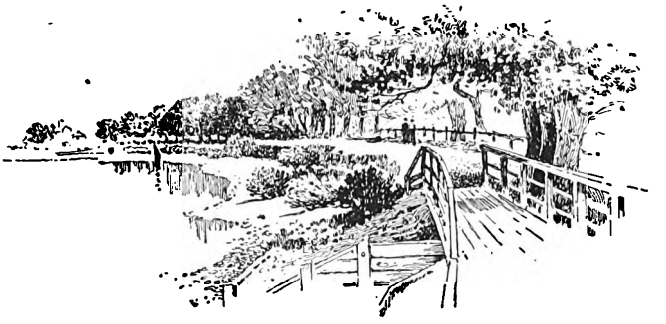
For the man to suffer, now, twenty-three years after, was unreasonable, but inevitable.

For a woman, who had no part or lot in that young past, to suffer, now, twenty-three years afterwards, was foolish and useless.

If the man permitted it, he was a coward and a fool.

This, at least, was what William West told himself.

(*To be concluded.*)



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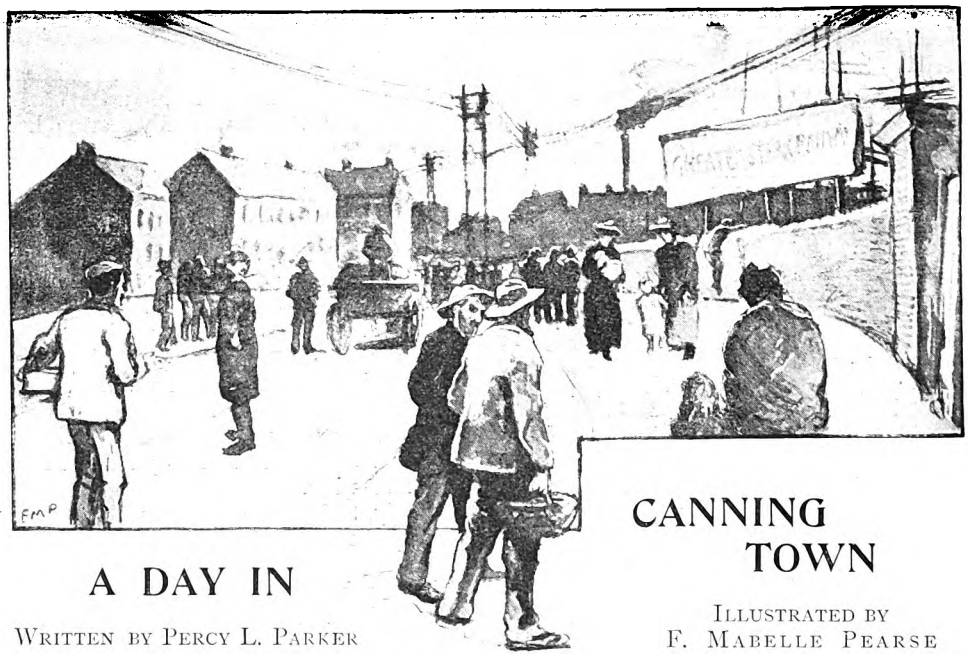

A DAY IN CANNING TOWN

WRITTEN BY PERCY L. PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. MABELLE PEARSE

"CANNING TOWN," said Charles Dickens, "is the child of Victoria Docks. The conditions of this place and its neighbour, Hallsville, prevent the steadier class of mechanics from residing in it. They go from their work to Stratford or Plaistow. Many select such a dwelling-place because they are already debased below the point of enmity to filth; poorer labourers live there because they cannot afford to go farther, and there become debased."

That black picture was drawn nearly forty years ago, and great changes have taken place since then; but essentially the picture is true of the Canning Town of to-day. This "child of Victoria Docks" is becoming one of the most congested parts of the borough of West Ham, which in 1896 had a population of nearly 261,000 against 129,000 in 1881. It is a purely working-class constituency; there is no attraction to keep those in residence who can afford to get away; casual labourers swarm up from the country continually; some come from Essex on their way to London; others having failed in London, fall back on Canning Town.

Some parts of the town are perhaps twelve feet below Trinity high-water mark, and as a result the drainage is bad, houses are insecure, sinking and cracking as soon as they are erected; roads until they are made up are swamps. There are very few of the pleasant belts of trees to which Dickens once referred, but plenty of tall chimneys, marking out the line of the creek, the river, and the docks, rising up out of the long rows of factories; for this is the largest manufacturing and industrial borough in England in proportion to the population. Docks, iron works, sugar refineries, and many factories of various kinds, attract, if they cannot properly be said to sustain, the rapidly-increasing population.

This was the spot which six years ago attracted the students of Mansfield College, Oxford, when they looked round for a sphere of social work, and where they now have a most progressive University Settlement, of which Mr. Percy Alden is the Warden. The residents at the Settlement are not necessarily Mansfield men; but at the outset it was felt that as much good would be done to the Mansfield students by means of the Settlement as to the people of Canning Town; and the result has proved the correctness of that surmise. Students constantly pass to and from the College and Settlement, and thus gain that first-hand acquaintance with the facts of industrial life by which alone industrial problems can be solved. Indeed, the very central idea of the Settlement is that the workers in it should so live among the people as to be one with them, and then, from that position of vantage, help them, as they only can help who know the actual daily circumstances of the people.

One of the first things that struck Mr. Alden on going to Canning Town was—the apathy of the people; and he became con-

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vinced that too much stress could not be laid on the fact that their environment was shaping them. Hence the necessity that men with a different outlook should live among them, raising their ideals, extending their horizon, and by brotherly kindness creating a spirit of hopefulness. Another thought which weighed with him was expressed when the foundation-stone of Toynbee Hall was laid. It was this: that the underlying idea of our municipal life is that men of a fair amount of education and leisure are prepared to devote themselves to the service of the people, that East London actually lacked such men, and that Settlements would supply this need. "Pure Politics," as Mr. Bryce calls them, have therefore had a large place in the work of the Settlement.

There is little doubt that the success of the Mansfield Settlement is due to the spirit in which Mr. Alden went to Canning Town. He went with no preconceived ideas of what should be done—no cut-and-dried plans to be taken or left. His idea was gradually to make friends with the people, to win their confidence, and so to find out what was really required in the district. To-day the Settlement is the "clearing-house" for the good deeds of the district.

It is a very short run from Fenchurch Street Station to Canning Town, and a few minutes' walk from the station brings one to the different buildings used by the Settlement. The Settlement commenced its work in a quite unpretentious way, with a few "upper parts" in the long unlovely Barking Road. It has no building to correspond with Toynbee Hall, but has simply gone on adding house to house as necessity required. For this reason it had to hire the Public Hall, which is the first building we come to. It holds about twelve hundred people, and is crowded on Sunday both afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the P.S.A. is held, and the social gospel is emphasised. This has a peculiar attraction for the hard-working men of the district. They feel that it is something which concerns themselves directly, and the opulent optimism of such a gospel touches their imagination. This meeting has altered the whole attitude of many atheists and secularists towards Christianity, and has often wrought a radical change in belief. A working-man in one of the large firms lately said to Mr. Alden, "Why, sir, it's quite fashionable to be religious now. Not long ago we were sure to be laughed at if we talked about going to a place of worship; now men who haven't

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been to a Sunday afternoon meeting are considered to be a little behind the times." The best men in the district, the officers of the Trades Unions, the men who are regarded as heroes in the shops, all go to the P.S.A.

Two Sunday evening gatherings, both held in the Town Hall, are rather novel in character. At 6.30 there is a "Sunday Union Worship Hour" for the development of the personal life. The members manage their own affairs, diligently visit the sick and absent, and administer their own contributions for the help of their needy comrades. This Worship Hour is followed at eight o'clock by most interesting lectures, chiefly on social subjects, and by discussions not less interesting. The speakers at the P.S.A. and the lecturers have been so many, and the subjects introduced so varied, that wide fields of interest have been opened to many hitherto ignorant of them.

"Life without Industry," says Ruskin, "is guilt, and Industry without Art is brutality." This truth is very strongly emphasised by the Settlement, and for two years it has done much to cultivate a taste for the beautiful by Picture Exhibitions. Mr. Alden induced the Town Council to bear the expense, while a committee, of which he and Miss Mabelle Pearse—whose sketches accompany this article—were secretaries, looked after the details. Several hundred pictures by first-class artists were loaned, and over one hundred thousand people came to see them during the month in which the last Exhibition was open.

TWO FACTORY GIRLS IN CANNING TOWN.

Now, having spent a good time at the Public Hall, we walk a little farther down the Barking Road, till we come to Mansfield House. The ground floor is devoted to the Men's Club, one of the most important institutions in Canning Town, for it is the greatest competitor of the public-houses. It might be even a stronger influence if only its walls could be expanded. As it is, it is not nearly large enough for the existing members. The idea of the Club is to provide a bright attractive place, where men may go after a long and dreary day of work, read the papers, play games, or settle the affairs of the universe with their friends. The Club is the centre of much healthy social life. Thrift is encouraged by means of the Sick Benefit Society, Penny Bank, Loan Society, and Coal Club. Detailed educational work is not forgotten, and classes are held during the week. A Parliament is a popular feature, and is known as the "Mansfield House Gas Bag."

There can be little doubt that it is in the direction of such clubs that we must look in the future if working-men are to be helped in any true sense. An American once asked whether the men of the Mansfield Club, apart from recreation and amusement, had any more serious feeling in common. Mr. Alden told him that he had no doubt whatever that the great majority of the men,

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skilled and unskilled alike, were united in the determination, by constant and unremitting interest in economic questions, by steadily supporting just and peaceful changes in our social order, to give ethics a permanent position, of right, in our industrial system.

Another very useful association, centring at Mansfield House, is the Brotherhood Society. Its aim is to bind men and women together "to serve humanity in the spirit of Jesus" by working for a cleaner, healthier, and more brotherly life in all respects, by co-operation and self-devotion. For actual work there are special committees, such as Public Health and Temperance Committees. The Society has been the means of getting many insanitary houses put in better condition. At municipal and School Board contests the Society generally resolves itself into an Election Committee. This sort of work is of the essence of the well-being of Canning Town. The workers at the Settlement have never forgotten that when they became settlers they also became citizens. From the very first, Mr. Alden has realised the very great importance of taking a zealous share in the public work of the district. The Settlement has tried to apply its religion to the daily life of the people in a district which increases by over twelve thousand inhabitants every year. Mr. Reason, the financial Secretary, was for some time on the School Board, and would be now but for an oversight. Miss Cheetham, of the Women's Settlement, is on the Board of Guardians, and Mr. Alden is on the Town Council, where he has been able to secure the adoption of several important reforms. Not only does this public work help the district, but in turn it helps the work of Mansfield House.

In close connection with this public work is that of the "Poor Man's Lawyer." Three gentlemen give their services every Tuesday night in advising the poor on points of law —some fifteen hundred a year. The ways in which the poor and unprivileged are cheated are almost incredible, and for most of them it is cheaper to suffer wrong than seek redress. In these disputes one with another what is wanted is only a little common-sense, and when this is shown by a third person settlements are soon found. To take a case where a little browbeating would be likely to silence the victim: A woman had her arm broken by a man unloading wood carelessly. She was laid up for several weeks. After protracted negotiations, the "Poor Woman's Lawyer" obtained satisfactory compensation. The effect of a well-written concise letter from Mansfield House is known in more than one part of Canning Town.

A few doors from Mansfield House we find the men residents. They have only an

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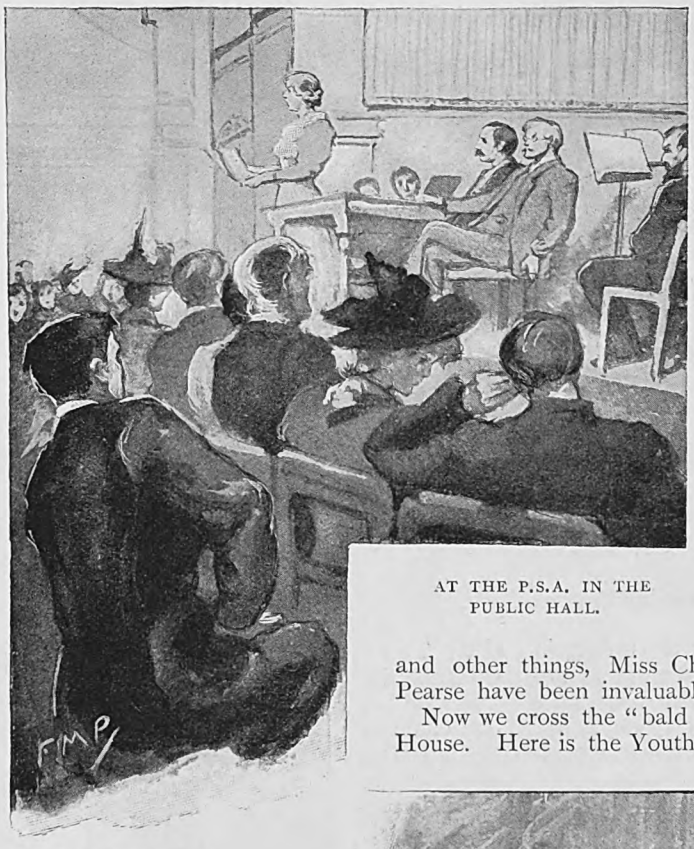

AT THE P.S.A. IN THE PUBLIC HALL.

This is impossible in the present house, and there is no suitable one to be rented. A site has therefore been secured and the plans drawn for a new building, and it is hoped that the money will soon be forthcoming to place Mansfield House on an equality with other Settlements in this respect.

A few steps farther bring us to the Women's Settlement. Their work is distinct in management and finance. But since their aim, spirit, and area of work are the same as those of the Settlement, there has naturally been a constant association. In relief work, cases of sickness, Children's Sunday Evenings, Country Holidays, and other things, Miss Cheetham and Dr. Margaret Pearse have been invaluable allies.

Now we cross the "bald street" and call at Fairbairn House. Here is the Youths' Institute, intended to lead "upper part," and a new convenient house is absolutely necessary to secure the help of a sufficient number of settlers of the type required. University men and others engaged in the study of their professions must have adequate privacy in their rooms.

THE POOR MAN'S LAWYER.

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up to the Men's Club. Amusements are provided, and useful classes held. The main idea is to give the boys resources in themselves, so that they are not attracted by the first will o' the wisp which comes along. Next door is a Co-operative Home for young men—an attempt to provide a bright home-life for men who must live in lodgings. The house is artistically furnished, and the charges are very moderate—a rare conjunction. At the back of these houses is a fine large open space converted into a garden by the Settlement. This is available for tennis and for concerts. The ground is surrounded by houses, and when the concert begins the windows fly up, and this former piece of waste land becomes circled by an enthusiastic audience as on a grand stand. Special constables, it is said, have been sworn in to take the Warden to this ground and see that he gets a due amount of exercise.

MR. PERCY ALDEN, M.A.
[*From a Photo by* RUSSELL & SONS, 17 *Baker St., W.*]

Of course such sane workers as those at the Settlement do not overlook the children, and everything possible is done to put them in the way of leading a brighter life than is their wont. One of the great needs of the district is a series of baths, where the children can splash about in clean water instead of in dirty dykes as now. Here is what *Punch* thinks of the matter:—

"Rated up to the eyes," yet unblest with a bath!
That's a sweet pretty picture of London's Far East!
A pleasant incentive to choosing the path
That divideth the man, although poor, from the beast.
Our workaday London must be a nice pitch
For the poor Plaistow victim of drudging and dirt,
Whose only cheap "tub" is a dip in a ditch,
A "bath" which would soil e'en a Casual's shirt!
The foul stagnant sewage that trickles from Lea
Into a marsh dyke *is* a sweet sort of "tub"!
And life must be full of decorum and glee,
Without chance of a plunge, without hope of a scrub!

Conceive, gentles all, in such weather as this,
A life amidst dirt, undispelled by a dip!
A bathless existence! Sweet sir, if you miss
Your dear morning tub, its cool lave, its nerve-whip,
How wretched you'd be, and how angry withal!
And what of a roll in a Regent's-lane ditch?
Punch pities the poor in such plight, and must call
On the pity—and purse—of the bath-loving rich.
Mr. Alden, of Mansfield House, Canning Town, pleads
To the West for the East! chance of plunge, dip, and scrub.
Give the Waterless East what the same sorely needs,
That's the moral of *Punch's* New Tale of a Tub!

As the result of Mr. Alden's efforts the Town Council has decided to erect one bath, but a dozen would not be too many.

But the day is waning, and we must hurry down towards the Docks to see the Wave Lodging House, one of the most interesting branches of the Settlement's work. The evening is a good time to go, for the men are turning in for the night. These London lodging-houses are as cosmopolitan as big hotels in summer, for men are there from all parts of the world. The Wave is the best managed house of its kind in East London, and is frequented by great numbers of dockers, seamen, stevedores, gas workers, coalies, and labourers. Some of the men have slept at the Wave for years, and regard it as their home. There is plenty of company, and the men are always good for an evening's entertainment, as Miss Pearse's sketch shows. The charge for a bed is fourpence. Father Adderley, Lord Norton's son, and the author of *Stephen Remarx*, slept there one night.

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He said he spent a very pleasant evening, and, according to report, he helped others to do the same; for one man said that he hoped "the parson" would come again, as owing to his presence a sturdy snorer was quiet for at least one night. The utter isolation of some of the men is shown by the fact that they often leave what few valuables they have with the manager for months together. One lodger from South America heard of the Wave two thousand miles inland, and indeed the Wave is now known all over the world among seafaring folk.

As one leaves this hostel and walks towards the station, one realises the lack of interest which characterises the lives of thousands in Canning Town. The workshops and factories are closed for the night, and the streets are full of men standing in groups at all the corners. They have no resource in themselves, and are open to the first congenial attraction. To provide recreation and entertainment for all these is work for twenty Mansfield Settlements, and yet the one is not adequately equipped.

The streets and surroundings of Canning Town are dull, ugly, and depressing to the last degree. But while admitting that West Ham is far from the ideal of a city, Mr. Alden will not admit that they are "mean streets," as Mr. Arthur Morrison would call them, for he knows that that which transcends all surroundings burns behind those ungainly exteriors, and he can tell of self-sacrifice and moral grandeur which redeem the place despite its material degradation.

Mr. Alden one day called to see an old docker dying of consumption. In his room was nothing but a box and bed. By his side was his wife. Mr. Alden asked how long he had been ill, and, when he said two years, inquired how he had managed to live during that time. "It is like this," he replied; "my pal Jim, when I was took ill, said, 'You come along with me; I will take care of you.' And so he has. He has given me and my wife board and lodging two years for nothing." On another occasion Mr. Alden was visiting a sick coalie. As he entered the room he saw an old man whom he had not met before, and said, "I did not know you had a father alive." "Oh," replied the coalie, "he isn't my father. He is an old chap who used to lodge above me; but he could not pay his rent, and so I took him in. I should feel ashamed to let him go to the workhouse."

So, despite the gloom which never seems to lift from Canning Town, we leave it bathed in the warm brightness of the light "which never was on sea or shore."

Norman Rowland, B.A. *Percy Alden, M.A.* *R. Evans, B.A.*
J. Holden, B.A. *J. F. Shepherd, B.A.* *A. Macfarlane, B.A*

OXFORD CONCERT PARTY ON TOUR FOR MANSFIELD HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* WALTON ADAMS, *Reading.*]

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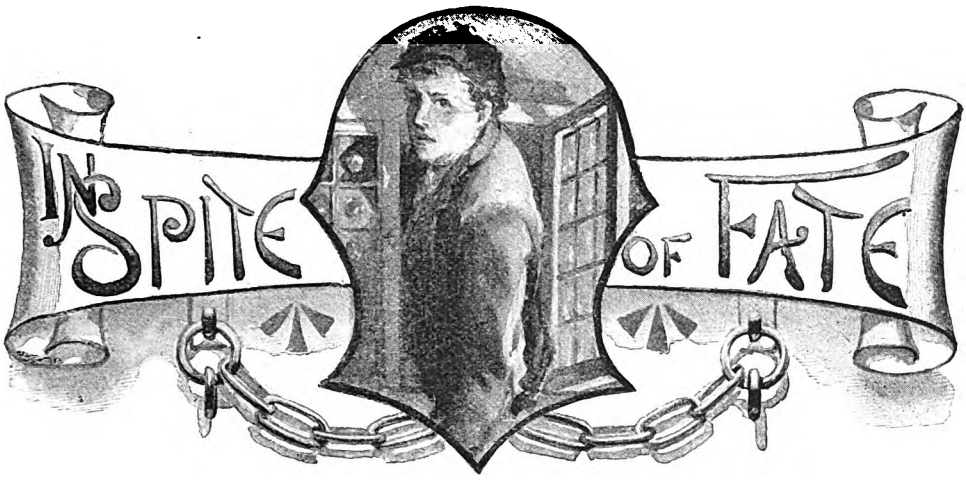

By Silas K. Hocking

Chapter X

A NEW TYPE

I cannot sound the shadowed deeps
Behind those fearless eyes.

Mr. Treherne rubbed his eyes when Jack had gone, and did not seem to be quite certain whether he was awake or dreaming. The appearance of the lad had been so sudden, his message so startling, his request so unaccountable, that he was half disposed to think that he had dozed over his book and dreamed it all. A few moments' reflection, however, convinced him that he was wide awake, and then he fell into a violent state of perspiration.

In a rickety safe upstairs were several hundred pounds—the proceeds of a bazaar concluded that very day, and the donations of several sympathetic friends. He was not in the habit of keeping so much cash in the house, but the nearest bank was five miles away, and consequently he had had no time to put into safe keeping the bazaar money. Moreover, thieves never had molested him; and so the idea of being robbed did not once cross his mind.

Now, however, the full force of the situation came home to him. Evidently, his movements had been watched by people he had never suspected. Most likely, too, his habits were known. It was not unlikely that the thieves knew where the money was kept, and would make direct for the safe.

What should he do? There were only two constables in the village; one would be on duty most likely, the other in bed. Perhaps he would be able to find the sleeping one, and set him on the track of the other. The robbers would not commence operations for some little while yet—presumably not until the lights were out. He stole into the hall and listened. His wife and an invalid daughter were in bed. The servants had also gone upstairs. Should he warn them? He thought he had better not. Women were nervous and easily frightened. Besides, he had to keep his promise to the boy.

He put on his hat and stole silently out by a side door, listened a moment, and then hurried away into the village. He found both policemen sitting by the fire smoking. At any other time he might have lectured one of them on his neglect of duty; to-night he was only too thankful to find them together.

"I want you to keep an eye on my house to-night," he explained hurriedly. "There's been someone prowling about during the evening, and I have a strong suspicion of burglars."

The constables were alert at once.

"Of course I may be mistaken. Having the bazaar money in the house perhaps tends to make one suspicious. But, all the same, I have strong grounds for believing that robbery is intended."

The constables hoped it might be so. Neither of them had yet had a case that was worthy of the name. If they could only capture a burglar in the act, it would be a large feather in their cap, and would possibly lead to promotion. They did not, however, give the vicar any indication of their feelings; neither did they betray any surprise at his information.

Indeed, Constable Brown, who was not on

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night duty that week, intimated to the vicar that he had kept out of bed on purpose to assist his brother officer, lest any malicious people should have set covetous eyes on the proceeds of the bazaar, and that, if he had not called, both of them would have been in the vicarage grounds within the next ten minutes.

Mr. Treherne rushed back to his home, feeling that the police force of St. Denver was a credit to the place. He called up the coachman on the way, who soon joined him in the study, and then, seeing that all the doors were properly bolted, he put out the lights and quietly waited the issue.

Meanwhile Jack had reached his companions, not having been away much over half an hour.

"Good lad," was Bradley's greeting; "thou'rt nimble of foot, at anyrate. Now, what hast seen?"

"Very little," Jack replied. "Everything is very quiet. There ain't any dog about the place — or people, for that matter. Most folks seem abed."

"No dog, eh? That's good; but I thought as much. Meet anyone prowlin' about?"

"Not a soul. There was a light in one of the downstairs windows, and two folks were in the room."

"Two folks? What were they like?"

"One was a man with white hair. The other I could not see very well."

"The vicar's wife, likely."

"No, 'twasn't a woman, I'm certain of that; but I didn't see his face."

"Humph! No lights in any other room?"

"Not downstairs; there was light in one of the rooms above the kitchen."

"The old man sitting?"

"No, he was standing."

"Going to bed, likely, or sayin' good-night to the other. Well, sit down, boy, and rest a bit."

Jack sat down on a stone, and leaned his back against the hedge. He was in a state of terrible excitement, though outwardly he appeared calm enough. He wanted to try to dissuade his companions from their purpose, but as yet they had not told him what their intentions were, and he could not with safety presume to know. He would still have to wait, and trust to the chapter of accidents.

For what seemed to him the best part of an hour no further word was spoken. The two men lay back against the hedge in stolid silence, and as motionless as logs of wood.

At length Bradley started up and hurried with cat-like tread into the darkness. Jack and Lockett followed quickly after. Before reaching the church, Bradley waited for them to come up.

"You go round by the gate," he whispered to Jack. "Lockett and I will meet you by the kitchen door. Keep in the shadow of the bushes, and don't make any noise."

Jack nodded and hurried away. He felt that there was no course open to him but to do what he was told. At one moment he bitterly regretted coming out with these men; the next he felt thankful that he was able to frustrate their wicked designs, though it might be at the cost of much suffering to himself.

His heart was beating very fast when he came in sight of the house. It was in total darkness. He paused and listened, but not a sound broke the stillness. He could not help wondering what plan of defence the vicar had adopted. He knew that Bradley and Lockett were daring to the last degree.

When he reached the kitchen door he found that both his companions were before him. Without appearing to notice him, they began to examine the windows, while he stood trembling and shivering, wondering what the upshot would be.

They returned at length, and fixed upon the pantry window, which they found they could open without difficulty, and which was just wide enough for Jack to drag himself through.

"Now, boy," whispered Bradley, "creep through here, and get round into the kitchen and unbolt the outer door."

Jack obeyed at once. He knew that no good could come of resistance, and he was in the mood not to trouble much about himself. The pantry communicated directly with the kitchen, the door of which stood open. The flickering rays of an expiring fire showed him his whereabouts. And, without making any noise, he glided to the door and unbolted it. The latch was raised from the outside, and the door was pushed cautiously open.

"Good lad," whispered Bradley, creeping stealthily into the room. "Thou'lt make thy"— But he did not finish the sentence. Nor did Jack retain any clear recollection of what followed. There was a confused scuffle, a rain of blows, a volley of muttered curses, a banging of doors, a shriek or two from the upstairs rooms, and then, as far as Jack was concerned, insensibility. His head was not so hard as the policeman's truncheon.

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"BY HIS SIDE SAT P.C. BROWN, WATCHING HIM INTENTLY."

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying on a hard mattress in a small room lighted by a single tallow candle. By his side sat P.C. Brown, watching him intently.

"Well, boy," said the constable, seeing that he was conscious, "be 'ee feelin' better now?"

"My head aches rather," Jack answered. "But where am I?"

"You be in St. Denver Pleece Station," said the constable. "Is this your first experience in burglary?"

"Yes."

"Then I hope it'll be a warnin' to 'ee, an' that it'll be yer last."

"I hope so too," Jack answered, closing his eyes.

"Very good. And now you'll please tell me who the men were as was with you?"

"You don't know them, then?"

"Know 'em? They've been known to the pleece for years."

"Then why do you ask me?"

"Oh, just to make sartin there was no possible mistake."

"But if you've got them under lock and key, what more do you want?"

"I never said they was under lock and key," the constable answered ruefully.

"Oh, they gave you the slip, did they?" Jack questioned.

"For the moment they have. But we've got you, and through you we'll find them."

"Will you?"

"There ain't no doubt of it. Now you just tell me who they be and where to find 'em."

"I shall tell you nothing," Jack answered firmly.

"You won't?"

"No; what should I tell you for?"

"Do you know I'm a constable?"

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. I give you to understand, lad, that you can't defy the law. An' if you don't answer my questions you will rue it."

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"I'll have to take my chance of that, I reckon."

"Then you refuse to tell me?"

Jack smiled, then answered quietly, "I reckon you're paid for finding things out. So you'd better let folks see how clever you are."

P.C. Brown ground his teeth and was silent. He had imagined that he would get all the information he wanted out of the lad, and so was terribly chagrined when he discovered that he might as well attempt to get speech out of a sphinx.

Directly it was dawn Jack was handcuffed and carted away to the neighbouring town of Bodmin, and on the following day was brought before the magistrates. Previous to the magisterial proceedings, however, he was permitted an interview with Mr. Treherne.

The kindly old vicar came hurriedly and eagerly into the cell, and shook hands with Jack in the most cordial manner.

"You deserve something better than this," he said, with a swift glance round the narrow dingy apartment. "You'd better release me from my promise, and I'll get you out of this at once."

In a moment Jack was on his feet, his eyes wide open with fear.

"Oh, please don't split on me!" he said pitifully. "Don't, don't! Anything but that! I don't mind goin' to prison, I don't mind sufferin'. But if you split on me they'll kill me."

"In which case they would be hanged without mercy," said the vicar sternly.

"But that wouldn't do me any good," Jack pleaded.

"That is so," the vicar answered reflectively. "Still, it seems a great wrong that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, and I'm very loath to be a party to it."

"Ain't it never right that the innocent should suffer?" Jack asked, while vague memories of his mother's teaching floated across his brain.

"Well, my lad," said Mr. Treherne, with a smile, "that is not an easy question to answer. It is true the innocent have suffered for the guilty in every age. But in most instances it has been inevitable."

"Do you mean they couldn't help themselves?" Jack asked.

"Yes, that is about the English of it, my boy; though, of course, there have been many cases where people have suffered for others of their own free will."

"Well, that is what I want to do," Jack answered.

"Yes; but the question is whether you ought to be allowed. If bearing their penalty would do them any good it would be a different matter; but instead of doing them good it will only give them the opportunity of plunging deeper into sin."

"It may do me good," Jack answered simply.

Mr. Treherne looked puzzled. "Are you a gipsy by birth?" he asked at length.

Jack started and hesitated. He saw that any clue, however slight, might lead to the discovery of Bradley and Lockett.

"Excuse me," he answered at length, "I'd rather not answer any questions just yet."

The vicar's face became suddenly grave, not to say troubled. He was greatly interested in the lad. He had been thinking about him all the night, and wondering how he could free him from the clutches of the law. He felt sure that he was honest, in spite of the company in which he was found. He liked his open face, his bright fearless eye, his frank straightforward manner. To send such a lad to prison might ruin him.

Though he was a magistrate himself, and had frequently, in the exercise of his duty, to commit men to prison, yet he had no belief whatever in the beneficial effects of prison discipline. During a fairly long life he had never known anyone reformed by being sent to jail. On the contrary, the very opposite result was generally attained. Men came forth, after long periods of incarceration, a hundred times worse criminals at heart than when they entered. And discipline that was bad for men was even worse for lads. It destroyed all sense of self-respect, and permanently demoralised them. Mr. Treherne felt that this lad had the makings of a good man in him. No doubt his moral nature had been neglected, his environments were bad; but given a chance, placed amid more kindly influences, and he might yet become a credit to society.

But how was this end to be gained? The lad had evidently reached the most critical period of his life. He stood at the parting of the ways. The next step would probably decide whether he developed into a habitual criminal, or whether he grew up to be a self-respecting and honourable man. If he went to prison, if he associated for two or three years with jail-birds, if he suffered all the rigours of prison discipline, the chances were that every noble instinct of his nature would be crushed to death. Such milk of human kindness as was now to be found in him would be turned to gall, and he would

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become a curse to himself and a constant danger to society.

To endeavour to save the lad from such a fate, Mr. Treherne felt called by every instinct of his nature as well as by all the vows of his high profession. Hence, to be thwarted on the very threshold of his attempt was all the more painful and discouraging. To nearly all his questions Jack steadily, though respectfully, refused to give an answer.

Mr. Treherne leaned his back against the door and meditated. He did not feel nearly so sure of his ground as when he came into the cell—was not quite so confident of the lad's integrity. Moreover, he was confronted with a new type of character, and while it puzzled him it also greatly interested him. During his thirty years' ministry in St. Denver he had got to know all the character types in his parish, and prided himself that he could read every man and woman like a book. This, however, was but a harmless conceit of his. The human heart is, under all conditions, the same inscrutable thing.

There was nobody in St. Denver, however, to disturb this little conceit of his, and so it grew into a settled conviction, and afforded the vicar on the whole a good deal of pleasure. He had to admit to himself, however, that Jack baffled him. There was evidently more behind that handsome boyish face than he could comprehend. That there was good in him he had no doubt; he had given abundant evidence of that. But might there not be a great deal of evil also? Why was he so reticent? Why did he refuse to answer the simplest question? Why was he so anxious to screen his companions?

To screen a wicked man—Mr. Treherne argued—was to make oneself partaker of his wickedness. He pointed this out to Jack, but it made no impression upon him. He only smiled and shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Treherne, as a last resource, "you will not mind telling me your name?"

"My name is Jack," was the quick reply.

"Yes, but Jack what"—

"It's only Jack."

"But you have another name?"

"I suppose so, but that don't concern anybody."

"It may concern me."

"No, it can't."

"Then you won't tell me?"

"Not now, sir. You're very kind, but I can't tell you any more."

An hour later, Jack stood in the dock before a full bench of magistrates.

Chapter XI

THE TRIAL

We suffer for no purpose;
The wrong remains.

The first day's trial was a formal affair. It did not seem to Jack worth going into the dock for. All the talk was between the policemen and the magistrates, and much of it he was not at all interested in and did not try to understand. At the end of half an hour he was informed that he was remanded for a week. What "remanded" was he had not the remotest idea. But as he was taken straight back to his cell he knew it did not mean liberty.

He was not greatly concerned as to his fate. Hitherto his life had not been so happy that incarceration within four stone walls seemed any great deprivation. Had he been used to luxuries, it might have been different. But since he had been cradled in hardship, and had been taught from his very infancy to make the best of things, he regarded his present position very philosophically, and set to work to extract what pleasure he could out of his surroundings. This was not so difficult as might appear. To begin with, he found himself in a warm room, clean and well ventilated. In the second place, he got his meals served with great regularity, and, though the food was not particularly toothsome, it was at anyrate wholesome, and there was enough of it. In the third place, he had practically nothing to do, and that was a new experience in his life, and not an unwelcome one. Most boys have a passionate objection to work, and Jack was no exception to the rule. In the fourth place, he had an opportunity of rubbing up his much neglected education. At the time his mother died he knew all his letters, and could read short words very creditably. Since that time, however, books had never come his way, and his only literature was supplied by the billposters, who generally kept the hoardings alive with interesting matter; and, being of an inquiring turn of mind, Jack became a diligent student of mural literature, and so saved his reading talent from falling into decay.

He was greatly delighted at finding a copy of the Bible in his cell, and set to work with great diligence to spell his way through it. He began at the beginning,—as real students always do,—and when he came to a difficulty

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he faced it manfully; and if he did not always reach a correct conclusion, it was certainly not for want of effort. He found the Book of Genesis vastly entertaining, and all the more so from the fact that the story of Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel was inextricably mixed up with memories of his childhood. It seemed to bring back a hundred things that he had nearly forgotten. Long talks with his mother during quiet evenings came back to him with all the vividness of yesterday, and constantly the book vanished from before his eyes, and he saw in its place a sweet patient face that had long since turned to dust.

It took him a long time to struggle through the first few chapters of Genesis, for a good many of the words were very puzzling, whilst the narrative did not seem at all times as lucid as it might be. However, as he was not driven for time, and making guesses at meanings was in itself an interesting occupation, he was in no mood for fault-finding; nor was he even impatient at delays.

Before the week was up, Mr. Treherne paid him another visit.

"I am very anxious to be your friend," he said, by way of opening the conversation. "Moreover, I am getting to be an old man, and my experience ought to count for something, and it is quite certain, at your time of life, and with your necessarily imperfect knowledge of the working of the great laws of heredity and environment"—

"Yes, sir"— Jack interposed, with wide-open eyes. The vicar had strayed far beyond his depth. Such an exalted style of speech almost took his breath away.

"I was remarking"— the vicar answered.

"I know you was," Jack said hurriedly, "but I couldn't make out what it was about. Would you mind remarkin' in short words?"

Mr. Treherne smiled, and began again. "I mean, Jack," he said, "that I am getting to be an old man, and ought to know better than you, and I think you ought to free me from my promise, so that I may secure your release."

"Do you want me to be murdered?" Jack asked, with a sudden flash in his eyes.

"Very far from it, my boy. But the night but one after you were at my house a very daring robbery was committed at Widdlesome Hall, and the burglars are still at large. Now, don't you see that if you persistently refuse to give any information it will be all the worse for you?"

"But I was not at Widdlesome Hall," Jack answered.

"But you know the thieves.

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see how wrong it is to nide information that might lead to their arrest?"

"And would you have me peak on them?"

"Most certainly. It is a duty you owe to society."

"I don't see it," Jack answered, after a long pause. "I don't deny you know lots more'n me about such things. But I ain't the sort to blab, an' I ain't goin' to do it."

"Then you deliberately refuse to tell who they are?"

"Look here," said Jack seriously. "If I was to tell, they'd hunt me down till they'd finished me."

"But how could they if they were caught and put into prison?"

Jack smiled at the vicar pityingly. "Do you think they ain't got anybody as belongs to 'em?" he questioned. "You don't know 'em, sir. There's plenty besides them, an' plenty of ways of finishin' anybody as has turned traitor."

Mr. Treherne looked grave. "You place me," he said, "in a very awkward position. You compel me to let you go to prison when I know you are innocent. You refuse the help of a hand that would lead you into a better life. You are deliberately refusing, perhaps, the only great opportunity that will ever come to you."

"It's very kind of you," Jack said, with a suggestion of tears in his voice; "but there ain't no help for it. Besides, I don't mind goin' to prison very much, an' there's nobody as 'll care except Lala and"—

"Who is Lala?" the vicar asked quickly.

"Oh, she's a sort of mother, you know," he answered, with some confusion. "But I don't think she'll mind very much. She'll think I'm out of mischief."

"Out of mischief, eh?" the vicar said musingly. "I don't know, my lad—I don't know. I fear the influence is not good. It's a terrible risk."

Jack remained silent. He had nothing to reply to this. He felt deeply grateful to Mr. Treherne, and was thankful that there was one man in the world who was interested in his welfare. But he never hesitated or wavered for a single moment in his determination not to divulge the names of his companions. It might be wrong, as the vicar evidently believed it was. For himself, he was not clear on the question. Matters of right and wrong had not come largely into his education. He knew that some things

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were wrong, glaringly wrong; but into ethical niceties he had no disposition to enter.

"I'm very sorry you won't let me save you," Mr. Treherne said at length,—"very sorry. I had hoped for a different result from our interview this morning."

"You will save me if you'll keep dark an' not split on me," Jack answered quickly.

But the vicar only shook his head. Jack's stubbornness was a great disappointment to him, and after a little further talk he took his departure.

Jack's second appearance before the magistrates was much more interesting. He heard a good deal more of the doings of his late companions than Mr. Treherne had communicated to him. He heard a good deal, too, respecting himself that was news to him. P. C. Brown had hunted up a large quantity of apocryphal information, which he retailed with dramatic effect, that to Jack was nothing short of startling. He saw himself in a new light, and discovered that he was a far more dangerous character than he had imagined himself to be.

"HE FOUND THE BOOK OF GENESIS VASTLY ENTERTAINING."

The magistrates listened and believed. To doubt the word of a constable might be a serious matter. Moreover, they could get nothing out of Jack to help them to any different conclusion. And so, after much adjusting of spectacles and shaking of heads, they committed him to take his trial at the next Bodmin Assizes.

Jack's next appearance in dock was a far more formidable affair. The crowded court, the solemn ushers, the barristers in wigs and gowns, the bustling in and out of solicitors, and, above all, the stern and awful judge beneath a great carved canopy, nearly took his breath away. For several minutes his legs trembled so violently that he could scarcely stand, and for a long time after the proceedings commenced he had not the courage to look round him.

What impressed him most was the curious unreality of the whole affair. He felt as though he had got into another world—a world altogether unlike anything that he had ever seen or heard of. It seemed more like a strange incoherent dream than a bit of actual experience.

He began to wonder after a while what it was all about. He forgot — if he ever realised—that he was the centre of interest. A good deal of talk and bustle seemed to be in the air, but he felt as though he were outside it all. Witnesses came into the box and gave their evidence, and answered questions, and gave place to others, but he failed to realise half the time that he was interested in the matter, or that he was even remotely connected with the scenes described.

In the part that he had to play he was just as firm as ever. Nothing could induce him to divulge a single secret, or even to reveal his name. The police made a brave attempt to prove that he was someone else who had been "wanted" for a long time, but their evidence at the crucial point broke down ignominiously.

Who he was, where he came from, what his antecedents were, were all shrouded in mystery. The only certain thing known about him was that he along with two men who had escaped had broken into St. Denver vicarage. To this charge he pleaded guilty. He admitted that his companions meant robbery, that he was their accomplice. The only thing he pleaded in self-defence was that when he started with his companions on their expedition he had no idea whatever of its nature. When he discovered what they were up to,

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it was too late to draw out. But he intimated without any hesitancy that he would rather go to prison fifty times over than split on them, and in this determination nothing could shake him.

The gentlemen of the jury were considerably divided in their opinion as to whether he was an innocent unsophisticated youth who had been entrapped by designing men, or whether he was a hardened young villain, whose apparent simplicity was merely a blind, and who, unless he was safely housed in prison, would prove a danger to the community.

Jack's appearance, however, was decidedly in his favour; but no one would believe that he was only fifteen years of age. The judge smiled superciliously when it was mentioned. He looked seventeen if he looked a day. Tall, masculine, well developed; with a frank open face, deep-set fearless eyes, a firmly-rounded and prominent chin, and a well-shaped mouth, he looked a young man rather than a youth, and a young man with distinction in him.

As the morning wore away Jack summed up courage to look round him. As it happened, there were three men in the court who attracted his attention, and who were all destined, in varying degrees, to have an influence upon his life. Two of them sat in the jury box, the third occupied a seat on the other side of the room and not far from the judge. Why these men should interest him more than all the others he could never understand. Perhaps some undiscovered law of attraction was operating, some occult force moved him to turn his eyes in their direction more frequently than in any other. The laws we have discovered may be very few in comparison with those that remain hidden in the silent womb of time and space.

Jasper Downderry attracted him first. His long pathetic face, his dreamy wondering eyes, his straight thin nose, and wide expressive mouth, caught Jack's attention instantly. It was an uncommon face in its way, plain and yet winsome; a face suggestive of kindness and simplicity. Yet not a weak face; the mouth shut firmly and squarely, and the mild eyes gleamed every now and then with a look of the keenest intelligence.

If Jack had only known, he would have been drawn still more strongly to this quiet quaintly-dressed figure. It was one of life's little ironies that he did not know. For years he had pined for information concerning his sister, and this man who was so close to him could tell him everything. He knew more about her than anyone else. He saw her every day, and kissed her dimpled cheeks morning, noon, and night. So near he had come, and yet so far. Their eyes met more than once, but there was no revealing light in them—the secret remained undisclosed.

Three removes from Jasper sat Isaac Pengarth of Stamer Hey. A brisk, alert, small-eyed man, with a face as hard as nails, and a mouth that shut like a gin. Once only Jack caught his eye, and recoiled from it instinctively. It was a hard unsympathetic glance that the Squire of Stamer Hey flung at the young culprit. Had Isaac known that the prisoner was his wife's grandson, his look would have been harder still. But Isaac had no suspicion. For several years past his hope had been growing into a settled conviction that he would hear no more of the Milwards. In this respect fortune seemed to be smiling upon him. His wife had confessed to him that she could get no intelligence of her child. All letters had been returned through the dead-letter office; all parcels had come back to the sender. Isaac began outwardly to sympathise with his wife, while inwardly he chuckled. As the silence lengthened, he condescended to talk about Amy and to discuss the probabilities of her being alive. He even suggested that it might be well to insert a few advertisements of inquiry in the London papers, and later on he told his wife that he had done so.

Everybody in the neighbourhood regarded Isaac Pengarth as a lucky man. There seemed to be nobody between him and the late John Dean's money. Practically, he appeared to be in possession now; while his son Tom—who was still a bachelor—was regarded as the great catch of the neighbourhood.

Had Isaac known that the direct heir of John Dean's estate stood in the dock before him, he would have experienced very different sensations to those which possessed him.

Sir George Treherne attracted Jack's attention, partly because he was the most distinguished-looking man in the court, partly because he was like his uncle the vicar (though Jack did not know of the relationship that existed between them), and partly because he reminded him of something or somebody else, but who or what he could not remember.

Again and again Jack looked at the baronet, and wondered if he had ever seen him before. Those deep penetrating blue eyes were certainly reminiscent of something

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in the past. But whatever it might be it eluded him. Try as he would, he could not catch the clue.

The vicar kept out of sight as much as possible during the trial. He gave his evidence with great reluctance, and put in every possible good word for Jack. It was clear, however, from the judge's summing up, that he had not as much faith in human nature as the kindly vicar had. Before he had concluded his address, Jack began to feel in a vague uneasy way that he was a somewhat dangerous character; that he was a past master in the art of duplicity; that his moral nature was in a sadly neglected condition; that his vices had hardened into permanence; and that there was very little hope for him either in this world or the next.

The jury had only one course open to them, and so they returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving the box. The judge, without unnecessary delay, pronounced sentence of three years' imprisonment, and Jack was hurried into the cells below before he had time to realise what the sentence meant. Indeed, it took him several days to fully realise the situation. Three years, to a youth of fifteen, was a long time to look forward to. Three years of confinement within stone walls, without a sight of green fields or quiet lanes. Three years and never to see the face of Pearl. That was the hardest part of all. The rest he could endure. But not to see Pearl—never perhaps to look upon her face again—that he felt was a cross which would grow heavier day by day.

So many things might happen in three years. Pearl's prince might come sooner than he was expected; or Pearl might die; or the Banfyldes might go to some other part of the country, where he would never find them.

Or perhaps he might die; or, if he lived to regain his freedom, he might find everything changed. He remembered now that people looked down upon those who had been in jail—that it was regarded in some way as a disgrace. He wondered if it would make a difference to him, if he would find the world a harder place than he found it before. Sometimes he found himself dreaming about what he should do when he regained his liberty. Should he go back to the gipsies, or should he begin life again on his own account? Occasionally he succeeded in building most beautiful castles — castles in which Pearl reigned as a queen, and he was her trusted consort.

But in spite of his dreams the days crept by with heartbreaking slowness, and every week seemed an age.

Chapter XII

AN UNKNOWN KNIGHT

If ignorance is bliss,
'Twere folly to be wise.

Jack's experience during the next three years may be faintly imagined, but we shall make no attempt to describe it. Leaving him for a while to his fate, we shall retrace our steps somewhat and glance at some of the other characters that figure in our story.

On the very day when Jack waited in the dingy court for Pearl, previous to setting out with Bradley and Lockett on the expedition that had ended so disastrously for him, his sister Eve was having a little adventure of her own.

Jasper and Leah having taught her all they knew, had decided a year previously that she must go to school. She was then ten years old, and well grown for her age. Jasper inwardly troubled at her growing so fast. She seemed to be slipping away from him. He would have kept her a child always if he could. At ten she did not want to be carried on his shoulder, or helped over the stiles, or lifted across the leats. She could run as fast as he, and got over the stiles much more expeditiously. Moreover, she could read all the story-books herself, and did not want to sit on his knee all the evening.

These drawbacks, it was true, had their compensations. She was growing year by year more of a companion for him. Occasionally she entertained him with information she had gleaned from books, and now and then she argued with him—much to his delight, even when he was worsted in the encounter. She was getting very handy in the house, too, and often laid the table and assisted in getting tea or supper ready when Leah or Susan was busy.

Jasper from his corner in the big open chimney would watch her with very mixed feelings. Pain and pleasure strangely commingled. He was very proud of her—proud of her beauty, proud of her intelligence, and, more than all, proud of her sweetness of disposition. But he could not resist the feeling that in a few years he would lose her.

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It was his nature to anticipate things. If it be true that coming events cast their shadows before, he was quick to note the shadows. Foreboding was constitutional with him; he could not help it.

"She's growing all too fast," he would say to himself as he pulled steadily at his churchwarden. "She'll be a woman before I know where I be. And then somebody'll come along an' I shall lose her. She's so purty that all the lads will be in love with her. Oh dear, I wish I could keep her a little maid always."

The first wrench came to Jasper when she had to go to Stamer to school. The dinner hour scarcely seemed the same to him after that day. The distance was too great for her to return to the noonday meal, and so he did not see her from morning till evening, which made the days terribly long to him.

Had Leah been an emotional imaginative woman, she might have grown jealous; for Jasper lavished nearly all his affection upon the child. His first and last thought was of her, and nothing was trouble where Eve was concerned.

During the first few months Jasper wasted a good deal of unnecessary time in taking and fetching her to and from school. But after a while, from sheer love of variety and adventure, she got into the habit of returning by roundabout ways; so he gave up going to meet her, though not without a sigh. She was growing less and less dependent upon him, and he felt that the day was coming all too rapidly when she would not need him at all.

When November came, with its gloomy days, it was often dark by the time Eve reached Crantock Farm; and if she should happen to loiter on the way, it was sometimes dark before she reached the end of the lane. She was not in the least afraid, however, and she had traversed the road so often that she could have walked it blindfold. Jasper and Leah, being country born and bred, had very few fears concerning her. To them the roads were as safe in the dark as in the daylight, and they knew she would not attempt to cross the fields in such damp muggy weather.

On the afternoon in question Eve had loitered longer than usual through the straggling streets of Stamer with some of her companions, and by the time she had reached the outskirts of the town—though in reality it was little more than a village—it had grown quite dark.

Flinging her satchel over her shoulder, she hurried away at a rapid pace, and was soon swallowed up in the darkness of the country lane. Suddenly a big overgrown youth of some seventeen or eighteen years, but whose face it was too dark to see, leaped suddenly over a gate in front of her, caught her in his arms, and tried to kiss her. Eve gave a succession of piercing screams, and struggled to get away. But her strength was as nothing compared with the young giant's who held her. How long the struggle would have lasted it is impossible to say, had not a third person appeared upon the scene. He came up so lightly and swiftly that no one heard his footsteps, and before the bumpkin knew what had happened a stinging blow between his eyes felled him to the ground like an ox; this was followed by a well-aimed kick, which made the rascal howl with pain; and the next moment he was running and limping with all possible speed in the direction of Stamer.

"I hope you are not hurt, little girl?" the new-comer said, looking eagerly down into Eve's upturned face, and taking her trembling hands in his.

"Oh no, I'm not hurt a bit," she answered quickly, "but I feel very frightened."

"You shouldn't loiter after school hours," he said kindly. "It isn't safe."

"I did not know," she answered, ready to cry. "Nobody ever frightened me before."

"I saw the rascal get over the hedge just outside Stamer," he said, "and feared he meant mischief, so I followed."

"It was very good of you," she answered simply. "You must be a very strong man."

The stranger laughed pleasantly, and let go her hands.

"I'll see you safe home now," he said. "You live at Crantock, don't you?"

She nodded her head for answer, and they walked away side by side.

It was a silent journey, on the whole. The stranger did not seem in the mood for conversation. Indeed, for a considerable distance he hardly seemed to notice his companion. With head bent slightly forward he walked steadily on, as though he had a long journey before him. Eve had to walk much faster than her usual pace to keep up with him. Now and then she tried to get a clear outline of his face, but she never entirely succeeded. She saw that he was tall and straight, and well dressed; but that was all she could discover.

At the end of the lane leading down to Crantock Farm he slackened his pace a little.

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"I hope I am not walking too fast for you, little girl?" he said kindly.

"You do walk pretty fast," she answered; "but I'm able to keep up with you."

"Is your home far down this lane?" he questioned.

"Not very far. And I shan't be frightened any more now."

"I'll go with you till we see the lights," he replied.

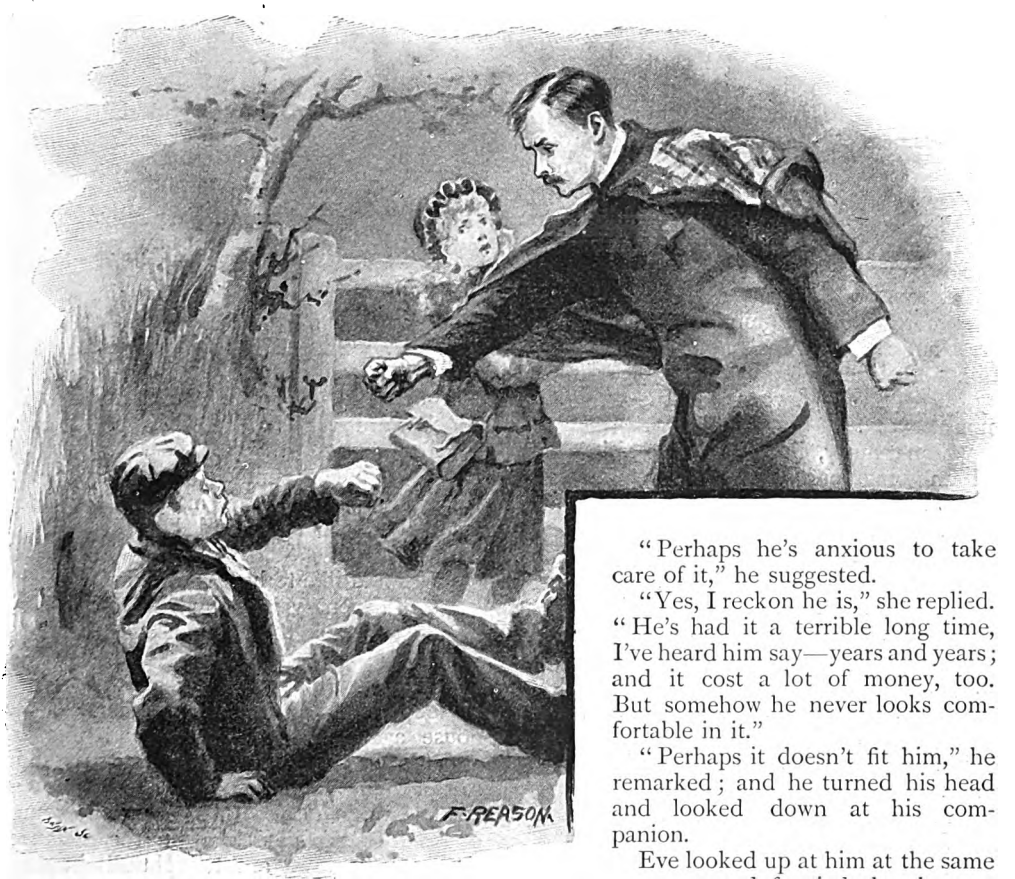
"I didn't think you worked," she said, after a pause.

"And why not, little girl?"

"Oh, well, you see, you wear a tall hat and—and— But perhaps you've got your best clothes on."

"Ah, perhaps I have;" and he laughed again.

"Uncle Jasper wears his tall hat only on Sundays, and not always then," she said, after a pause.



"A STINGING BLOW BETWEEN HIS EYES FELLED HIM TO THE GROUND."

"Perhaps he's anxious to take care of it," he suggested.

"Yes, I reckon he is," she replied. "He's had it a terrible long time, I've heard him say—years and years; and it cost a lot of money, too. But somehow he never looks comfortable in it."

"Perhaps it doesn't fit him," he remarked; and he turned his head and looked down at his companion.

Eve looked up at him at the same moment, and fancied that he was smiling at her; but it could have been only fancy, for it was too dark for her to see his face.

"Uncle Jasper will be very glad to see you, if you will come in," she said.

"Thank you, but I will not call to-night. I have a good deal of work to do before bedtime."

"Do you work after dark?" she asked innocently.

"Occasionally," he answered, with a little laugh. "When I am in the humour, you know."

A few yards farther on, the lights from the farmhouse came into sight.

"Good-night, little girl," the stranger said suddenly. "I shall see you again some time;" and almost before she could reply he had turned quickly on his heel and was marching hurriedly away.

Eve said nothing of her adventure to her foster-parents; she did not see that any good could come of their knowing. But she

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was careful for several weeks after to avoid being late. She often wondered who the strange man was who walked home with her, and whether he was handsome or plain, or middle-aged or young. But her curiosity went unrewarded. For several days she kept a sharp look-out for tall hats; but nothing came of it, and then the matter began to fade slowly from her memory.

Nearly a month later she was kept in after school hours. Ordinarily, Eve was a most diligent scholar, but on the afternoon in question she was in no humour for work; and what she did, she did badly—with the result she had to pay the penalty by being kept in.

It was nearly dark when she hurried through the streets of Stamer in the direction of Crantock, and, remembering her previous adventure, she kept well in the middle of the road directly she got outside the town. She had not proceeded far, however, before she heard footsteps behind her, which, fast as she walked, rapidly gained upon her. She grew a little frightened, and hurried faster still. Then she stopped suddenly, arrested by the sound of a voice that she recognised in a moment.

"Don't hurry, little girl," the voice said. "I am going your way."

"Oh, I am so glad it is you," she replied. "But where did you spring from?"

"I live in Stamer," he answered, "and saw you pass, and followed you."

"And did you see that man again?"

"Oh no. I don't think he will molest you again; but, all the same, it is not well you should walk home alone in the dark."

"Have you come on purpose to walk home with me?"

"Well, yes," he answered slowly. "I think that is about the English of it."

"It is very kind of you," she said naïvely, "and I like you very much."

"It is very kind of you to say so," he replied; "but really it is a pleasure to get into the open air."

"Do you work indoors?" she asked

"I do, unfortunately."

"Always?"

"Yes, always."

"You are not a tailor, are you?"

"What makes you ask?" he questioned, with a laugh.

"Well, you seem to wear very nice clothes."

He laughed again almost boisterously.

"Oh, I reckon you're not a tailor," she interposed, "or you wouldn't laugh so much."

"I'm afraid I don't do anything as useful as making clothes," he said, growing suddenly grave. "But you have not told me yet why you're so late out of school."

"Oh, I got kept in, that's all."

"Have you been naughty?"

"I expect so; teacher said I was lazy, and she knows most things."

"Do you feel very sorry?"

"For being lazy?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't think so. I feel hungry. Do you ever get kept in?"

"I keep myself in sometimes. You see, I don't go to school now."

"I should think not;" and she laughed quite merrily. Then she paused suddenly and said—

"Do you know what a jury is?"

"I think so," he answered quietly.

"Oh, well, Uncle Jasper is a jury now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and he's gone to Bodmin, and he won't be home for several days, and he's going to sit on a young man as broke into a house; and he's got his tall hat on, and his best clothes. I'd never seen 'em before; but they are fine."

"The clothes are?"

"Yes; but I think Uncle Jasper has growed since he was married, for they seemed terrible tight, and he did look so funny."

"I should like to have seen him."

"You haven't your tall hat on to-night."

"No; I took the first one that came to hand."

"Have you a good many hats?"

"Several. But here we are in sight of the house again, so I will say good-night;" and he turned quickly round, and was soon lost in the darkness.

Eve stood still and listened till the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, then walked slowly and thoughtfully into the house. She was more curious than ever concerning her strange protector, and during most of the evening she sat silent and absorbed, staring vacantly into the fire.

She was only eleven, but she was strangely imaginative for her age, with a vein of romance running through her nature; hence the incident of this strange knight twice walking home with her through the darkness touched her curiosity to the highest point. It reminded her somewhat of stories she had read in books. He might be a prince in disguise, or a modern Don Quixote marching forth in search of adventure.

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And as she sat staring into the fire, wonderful pictures unfolded themselves before her eyes, and life seemed to enlarge with new possibilities.

The house was very still. Jasper was away at the Assizes, and might not be at home for two or three days. Leah and Susan were busy in the kitchen, and Charley was foddering the cattle. Once or twice Leah looked into the room, but, thinking Eve was busy with her lessons, did not disturb her; and Eve in her heart was very thankful for the quiet.

She did not often think of the past now, and rarely troubled herself about her brother. All that happened before she came to Crantock seemed but the memory of a dream. She did not question for a moment that Jasper and Leah were her real uncle and aunt. She knew she had no parents, and with a child's philosophy she accepted the inevitable without complaining. On the whole, she was very happy. The world of Crantock might be very little, and to most people insufferably dull; but to Eve, who had scarcely known any other, it was full of infinite charm, and brightened with constant change. The orchard and the fields and the plantation and the hedgerows yielded her unceasing delight. She made friends of the cattle also. Nero would come to her across a whole width of field, and the poultry and ducks would feed out of her hand. In the winter, when the days were dark and the rain came down in a ceaseless drizzle from morning till night, Crantock might seem a little dull; but she had her books and her dolls and her sampler, and since she had to make a daily journey to Stamer she had no time to feel dull. Moreover, she had no painful contrasts to draw. Crantock seemed equal to any other home in the neighbourhood, and better than most.

She heard Charley clatter into the big back kitchen at length, and she went out to talk to him. She liked talking with Charley, he seemed to know so much about cattle and crops and manures, and the times and seasons for planting and pruning; and what he did not know he assumed, which was even more interesting.

"Ain't you no books to-night, Miss Eve?" he said as soon as she had seated herself in the big open chimney.

"No, Charley. I want you to talk to me."

"Sorry I caan't," he said, piling some wood on the fire. "I shall be runnin' to an' fro all the ev'nin'. Short Horn is expectin' a new ca'f; and them young steers is agivin' me no end of trouble."

"Oh, I am sorry," she said; and when he had gone she fell to dreaming again.

On the following evening she loitered through the streets of Stamer of deliberate purpose, and when her knight overtook her in the dark and lonely lane he chided her for doing so.

"I'm very sorry," she said, with tears in her eyes. "I won't do so any more. But I did want to see if you'd come again."

"And suppose I had not come?"

"I should have been very sorry, that's all."

"Then you like me to walk home with you?"

"Yes; you seem so big and strong, and I like to hear you talk, and you make me feel so safe. But I wish you would tell me your name."

"Why? What's in a name?" he questioned, with a laugh.

"Oh, I don't know. Only, you make me think of the knights in the story-books, and all that."

"Well, then, call me Mr. Knight," he said half playfully; "that name will do as well as any other."

"But it isn't your real name," she persisted, "and I would rather know your real name."

"It would not do you any good to know. Some day, perhaps, you will know me, and that will be more to the point."

"But I do not know who to ask for," she said.

"I don't want you to ask for me," he answered quietly.

"Well, you are funny," she said, with a laugh. "But I shall find out. I'm awfully clever at finding out things."

"Are you? Then I shall have to be very careful."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think I have any reasons. It just suits me to be your unknown knight. Now, little girl, you are nearly home again."

"I wish you would come in," she said.

"Not now," he answered quietly. "Some other time, perhaps;" and with a hasty goodnight he hurried away again into the darkness.

On the following evening Jasper returned, and Eve forgot all about her nameless knight in listening to the story of the young burglar who had been tried at the Assizes and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

(*To be continued.*)

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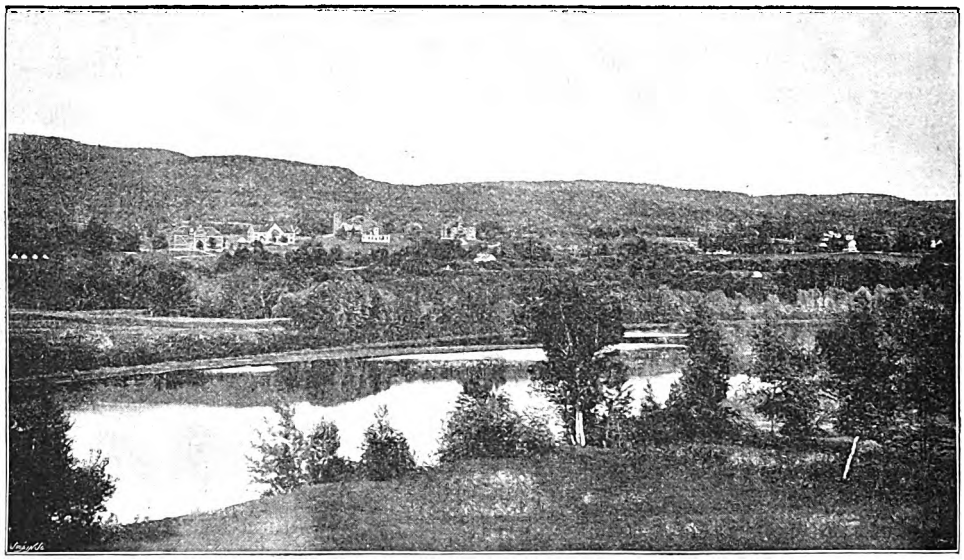

GENERAL VIEW OF NORTHFIELD.

MR. MOODY AS I KNOW HIM

By F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Yes, thank God, I know him, and have known him since a memorable Monday in 1873. I can now see him standing up to lead the first noon prayer-meeting, in a small, ill-lit, upstairs room in Coney Street, York, little realising that it was the seed-germ of a mighty harvest, and that a movement was beginning which would culminate in a few months in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, and ultimately in the Agricultural Hall, and the Royal Opera House. A fortnight of special services in the place of worship over which I was then settled, with all the incidental opportunities of constant and familiar fellowship, laid the foundations of a friendship with himself and Mr. Sankey which has never slackened; and as I write, the memory of those early days comes across my soul like the breath of spring laden with clover scent. It was the birth-time of new conceptions of ministry, new methods of work, new aspirations and hopes.

But to know Mr. Moody you must visit Northfield, his birthplace, and now his home, situated on the banks of the Connecticut, among the New England hills, and about five hours' journey from New York. As you alight at South Vernon Station, probably his buggy will be waiting, already nearly filled with his capacious figure; but there is just room enough for you to sit beside him. Your luggage will follow, and you suddenly find yourself being driven off by the most fearless of whips. Where have I not been in that same buggy? It is the most natural thing in the world for the driver to leave the road, climb over a dyke and hedge, make straight for the top of a grassy slope, because he wants to show you a view, or descend a ploughed field into a glen to explain his method of raising water from a spring to Mount Hermon, and he thinks that it will give you a good illustration for the next address. What cheer and blessing that buggy carries, and with what kindly interest the neighbours follow it, as at all hours it goes to and fro!

Now we have crossed the Connecticut by the long covered bridge, and are slowly climbing up to the grassy slopes on which Northfield is situated. It would be difficult to find a more exquisite site. Below is the broad river flowing with many a sweeping bend between green and wooded slopes, and here we have reached the one long street, running parallel with the river, that constitutes the town. The road is fringed on either side by a broad stretch of grass, lying as a green carpet at the foot of a noble avenue of elms; and beyond these, well off from the thoroughfare, as though there were no need to stint for room, are the pretty wooden villas,

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MR. MOODY IN 1863. AGE 26.

dwelling-houses, and stores, each in its own open garden-ground. At the point where the road from the station cuts the main road there is an old mill, and on the other side the church, where Mr. Moody worships on the rare Sundays when he is at home, and which, during the session, is overcrowded by the young people of the two great Seminaries. Mr. Sankey told me that at the laying of the foundation stone he sang "The Ninety and Nine," and in the calm summer air his words were carried across the Connecticut valley, and led to the conversion of an old man half a mile away, who for years had not darkened the doors of God's house.

In about a quarter of a mile we reach Mr. Moody's home, which commands a lovely view. Immediately in front of the porch, where he so often sits to chat with his friends, there is a noble sweep of grass-land, then the road; beyond is a splendid piece of glebe-land descending to the river; and looking to the right, far up the valley, well wooded and verdant, the eye travels from point to point, until it rests on the noble forms of the mountains, which bound the view in the blue distance, on the north-west.

Within, the house is roomy, spacious, and comfortable. On the right of the passage a library, on the left a reception-room, and beyond it the dining-room, which has been the scene of some of the raciest, wittiest, most fascinating table-talk of our time.

Upstairs is Mr. Moody's private and special "den"; the walls lined with books, all of them bearing on the exposition and exegesis of Scripture. Scholars would be surprised to see many of the strongest books of the day on those shelves, bearing the marks of diligent perusal.

It is, of course, forbidden to draw aside the veil from the privacy of that home-life; but to share it for only a little time is to have new conceptions of the simplicity, unselfish thoughtfulness, tenderness, and selflessness of its master. At times a string of droll anecdotes from an apparently inexhaustible store; reminiscences of men whom he has known, such as Dr. Gordon or Dr. Bonar; shrewd comments on events happening in the political or religious world; inquiries after the welfare of sick or weakly ones in his great family, and plans for their comfort.

MR. MOODY IN 1882. AGE 45.
[*From a Photo by* PIERRE LETIT, *Paris.*]

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MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD IN WINTER, LOOKING EAST.

We were much troubled at the beginning of the recent Convention with a good man, who professed to have reached the highest pinnacle of perfection, and shouted Hallelujah with disagreeable emphasis when the speakers touched on any of his favourite tenets, his silence being ominous and fearful. With considerable glee Mr. Moody told me, one morning, that he had gone off by the early train.

"How did you manage it?" said I.

"Well, he came to my house this morning, and had a lot to say about himself; but I told him that I shouldn't believe a word of it unless I could ask his wife."

There is no test for the genuineness of a man's religion like his home. And such a test Mr. Moody would gloriously meet.

The most touching thing is his love for the two little grandchildren who have nestled to his great heart. To see little Irene hold out her hands for him, whenever he appears, and nestle against his broad chest, is something to remember. Those strong arms make a grand and safe cradle for a little woman of twelvemonths! What a birthday party she had, when to celebrate her first year all the babies of the neighbourhood, with their mothers, assembled, to the number of fifty pairs!

Just above his present house is that in which he was born (February 5, 1837). His mother lived there till January in the present year, when she fell asleep at the great age of ninety-one. The father died when D. L. (as he is familiarly known) was less than five years old, and the widow had a hard struggle to bring up her nine children in the little home on the mountain-side, with an acre or two of mortgaged land. But she bravely shouldered her burden of poverty, debt, and care; crying herself to sleep every night of the first year of her bereavement, but never showing to the world a symptom of relaxing cheerfulness or slackening faith; and sending her children out into life with the stamp of her own indomitable endurance, high courage, and lofty principle. Happy was she in her declining years to see one of her sons crowned with those wreaths with which the Master loves to encircle the brows of His faithful servants, and to share some of the love, honour, respect, and gratitude which have fallen to his lot.

One afternoon this summer, on our return from a visit to the great school-buildings at Mount Hermon, we gathered round her grave, situated in a large plot contiguous to the cemetery. It was beautifully filled in with flowers, the work, as Mr. Moody told me, of an English lad. We stood round in a great circle, and Mr. Moody told us of her influence over his early life: "She made home so pleasant! I thought so much of my mother, and cannot say half enough. That dear face — there was no sweeter face on earth! Fifty years I have been coming back, and was always glad to get back. When I got within fifty miles of

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home, I always grew restless and walked up and down the car. It seemed to me as if the train would never get to Northfield. For sixty-eight years she lived on that hill, and when I came back after dark I always looked to see the light in mother's window. It was because she made our home so happy that she started me thinking how to make homes happy for others. And when God took mother He gave me these little children. Here is one century that's passed, and here is the century that's coming." And with this, he beckoned for the little babes and other children who were at hand in their mothers' arms, and they were brought into the circle, and dedicated to God by our united prayers. The sun was westering, but we thought of her in the land where the sun no more goes down; and our host said he thought he heard her saying, as she had often done when the students had serenaded beneath her window, "Go out and thank them, Dwight."

With deep respect for the sanctities of home and friendship, we must here add one word of admiration and love for Mrs. Moody. Whether she is called to direct the great Seminary for Young Women, to superintend details of domestic arrangement, to nurse a sick student, to entertain her husband's visitors, to consult with him on any of the difficult problems which are constantly cropping up, demanding wise and delicate handling, she is equally ready and efficient, calm and lovely, without haste or hurry.

Mr. Moody's Bible is a spectacle indeed, marked, underscored, much of it defaced with hieroglyphs, ragged with incessant use. But it is one of many. He is always wearing out Bibles, or filling their margins and passing them on. It is a treasure indeed to get hold of one of these; and you are welcome, if you will give as much as you take. Great interleaved Bibles are now in circulation, to which he has committed many of his gleanings from stores of observation and research, but he expects them to come back with additions from those who have had the loan. And he is quick to lay hold on any fresh point or striking illustration to incorporate in the addresses which he is always engaged in preparing, remodelling, or adding to. Mr. Moody's process of sermon-manufacture is very original. There is something automatic about it. The basis of each sermon is a big envelope, labelled Repentance, Faith, Peter, Zaccheus, the Elder Son. Into this envelope he puts cuttings from papers, extracts from books, illustrations and incidents, scraps of all kinds which are more or less connected with the subject. When this process has continued for some time, he goes through the mass of accumulation, rejecting some, laying hold of more, and weaving it into a connected whole. Of this he takes a few jottings in a large hand to pulpit or platform. The process of looking through the envelope is constantly repeated, so that points which had been overlooked are brought to his mind, fresh illustrations introduced,

THE MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE D. L. MOODY WAS BORN.

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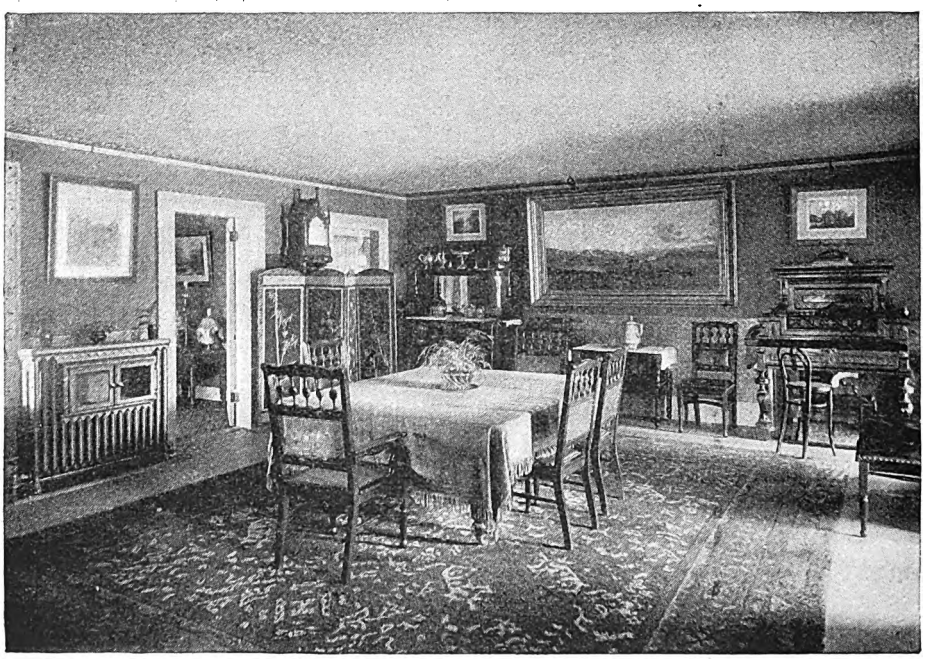
and the entire subject presented anew in all its lights. This secures freshness in the delivery, and preserves him from the monotony of perpetual repetition.

The more Mr. Moody is known, the more absolutely you become impressed with the simplicity and disinterestedness of his character. He is strong even to ruggedness, but as gentle as a woman, and tender to tears. Vast congregations bow before his burning words, but there is not a poor person in the whole township that does not count on him as a friend. The most blatant infidel would be quelled by him, but the most sensitive child would think him the best of good company. He is always discovering men, putting them to the front, securing them attention, sitting quietly to listen to them for days together, commenting warmly on their words; whilst it is often a matter of great difficulty to get him to take any part at all. At the last Conference, it had to be proposed, seconded, and carried by acclamation that Mr. Moody should speak, or we should not have had a single address. Yet, somehow, his presence is an inspiration.

Professor Drummond, in his impressions of Mr. Moody, has truly said that it is only at such conferences that one discovers Mr. Moody's size. He gathers round him the best men he can find, but when one comes away it is always Mr. Moody that one remembers. It is he who leaves the impress upon us; his word and spirit live; the rest are forgotten, but that personality is clearly photographed on eye and heart. Perhaps the reason of this is that he is absolutely devoid of selfish aims and personal ambitions. He does not know how to spell the word *jealousy*. His character may indeed be said to be absolutely untarnished by intolerance,



DINING-ROOM IN MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD.

or pettiness, pretentiousness, or self-seeking. Let one unkind or untrue word be said at his table of another Christian worker, he will instantly put in a plea for charity. No one ever yet heard him refer to the crowds he has addressed, the royal and noble personages he has influenced, the movements he has inaugurated. Whenever he speaks of notable men and women with whom he has been brought in contact, it is to tell some gracious story of their wit or goodness or power in influencing others for good.

It is of a piece with these characteristics that he has so studiously avoided having his likeness taken. He has been offered thousands of pounds by enterprising photo-

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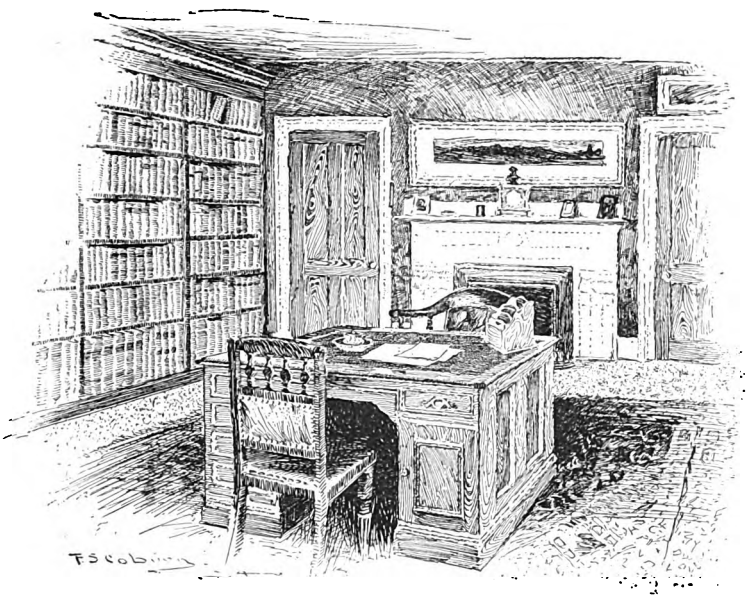
graphers to give them sittings; but he has held back, from the dread of attracting attention to himself. His one aim in life is to leave the face of his Master on the sensitised plate of the human soul, and he fears to blur the impression. When his son was married, and a friendly photographer desired to "take" the wedding party, though he stood in his place with the rest, at the critical moment he managed to slip behind a tree, near which he had located himself. There are two photographs of him in existence, taken at the earnest request of his family; but the negative has been destroyed, and the most solemn pledges given against their repetition.



MR. MOODY'S STUDY.

The same indifference to the adulation and criticism which have fallen pretty largely to his share, has made him seem brusque and forbidding. At the close of a meeting, when hundreds desire to shake hands with him, get his signature, and express their acknowledgments, he is nowhere to be found. He has slipped out before anyone was aware. It is of no use to follow him to his hotel; you will find the door shut against you. It is almost equally futile to write. But if you are in suffering or sorrow, no one can be so sympathising and helpful. A student was taken ill during the recent Conference; at once he was taken into Mr. Moody's house, nursed as if he had been his own child, a fund raised for him to go for a voyage, and prayers poured forth in public and private.

There was a time once, when his critics sought to disparage his work by insinuating that he was "making a good thing out of it." Why, in the name of common-sense, should

D. L. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, LOOKING SOUTH.

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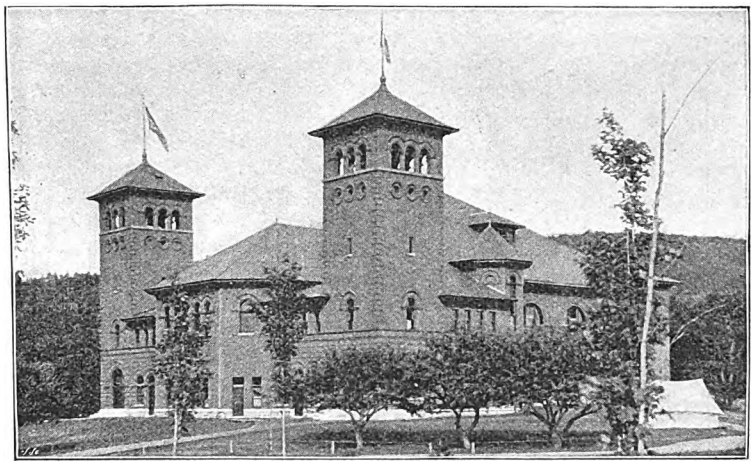

THE NEW AUDITORIUM AT EAST NORTHFIELD, HOLDING 3000 PEOPLE.

he not make a good thing out of it, when his purpose to serve God and man is absolutely simple and transparent? Go to Northfield, look at those magnificent buildings, which have grown up around his home, and across the valley at Mount Hermon, for the accommodation of seven hundred young men and women students—or visit Chicago, with its Training Institute for two hundred theological students—and ask whence the funds have come for the erection of these substantial and useful erections, and how they are maintained, and you will find (though Mr. Moody will never tell you) that while much has been contributed, and is always being contributed, by Christian men who believe in Mr. Moody's way of using money, and are glad to be associated with his enterprises, yet a very considerable proportion has been, and is, met from the profits of his hymn-book and other publications. The hymn-book is in use throughout the world, and its sales must be enormous, but the profits do not even pass through Mr. Moody's hands. Twenty years ago, when I knew him first, it had not seen the light. The first few hymns were put together whilst he was staying with me in York. This embryo hymn-book was offered to several London publishers in vain. At last Mr. Moody paid for the printing of the first edition out of his own pocket, and the copyright stood in his name. This was in 1873. After a while the tide turned, and it began to sell; but the evangelist would not touch a farthing of the proceeds. The royalty was handed direct from the publishers to a committee of well-known business men in London, who distributed it to various charities. Afterwards, a similar committee was formed in New York, with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head. More recently, its work has been handed over to the trustees of the Northfield Seminaries.

These Seminaries and institutions are absolutely unsectarian. "It is designed," says the official hand-book, "to combine with other instruction an unusual amount of instruction in the Bible; but no constraint is placed on the religious views of anyone." The result has been the gathering under his influence of a vast host of all denominations, who have gone forth into the world with a profound respect for Mr. Moody's Master, and in many cases with saving impressions

NORTHFIELD IN WINTER.

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of Christian truth. Twenty-two denominations are said to have contributed their quota to the schools.

One end of Northfield may be called Mr. Moody's; at the other end of the long town is a mixture of Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians. No one ever says an unkind thing of his neighbour, and all cherish a pride in his world-wide fame, which has attracted so much attention to that little New England village. The Roman Catholics are specially friendly. Strict as Mr. Moody's allegiance is to evangelical truth, there is no trace of intolerance; but, on the contrary, his sympathies as a man are broad and kindly to all his fellows, whatever their creed. Some years ago the Roman Catholics in Northfield determined to build a church, and went round the town collecting subscriptions. At first they cherished a natural hesitation as to the reception Mr. Moody would give them; but, to their surprise, he handed them one of the handsomest subscriptions, and, when the church was finished, presented them with an organ. In answer to an objection raised against him on this account, he said, "If they are Roman Catholics, it is better they should be good Roman Catholics than bad. It is surely better to have a Catholic church than none; and as for the organ, if they are to have music in their church, it is better to have good music. Besides," he added, "these are my own townspeople. If ever I am to be the least use to them, surely I must help them." The end of the story is, that when it was rumoured that *he* was about to build a church, one day he found the site covered with great piles of stones which the Roman Catholics had brought down from the mountain to serve as the foundations. Mr. Moody himself told me that on the day of his mother's funeral a Roman Catholic would insist on helping to drag the sledge, that carried the coffin, over the frozen snow.

To this fragmentary and superficial record let me append an estimate formed of Mr. Moody by one of his own countrymen, exceptionally qualified to judge. It is pleasant to hear Americans speak of him. Every allusion on the car, or amongst the people, is couched in terms of highest respect.

1. No other living man has done so much directly in the way of uniting man to God, and in restoring men to their true centre.

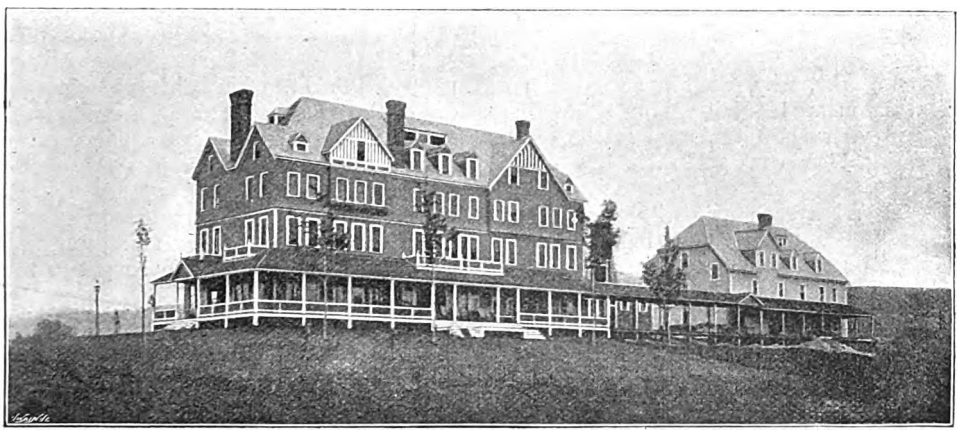
2. No other living man has done so much to unite man with man, to break down personal grudge and ecclesiastical barriers, bringing into united worship and harmonious co-operation men of diverse views and dispositions.

3. No other living man has set so many other people to work, and developed, by awakening the sense of responsibility, latent talents and powers which would otherwise have lain dormant.

4. No other living man, by precept and example, has so vindicated the rights, privileges, and duties of laymen.

5. No other living man has raised more money for other people's enterprises.

6. No other evangelist has kept himself so aloof from fads, religious or otherwise; from isms, from special reforms, from running specific doctrines, or attacking specific sins, —has so concentrated his life upon the one supreme endeavour.



THE NORTHFIELD HOTEL, USED FOR TRAINING SCHOOL FROM OCTOBER TO MARCH.

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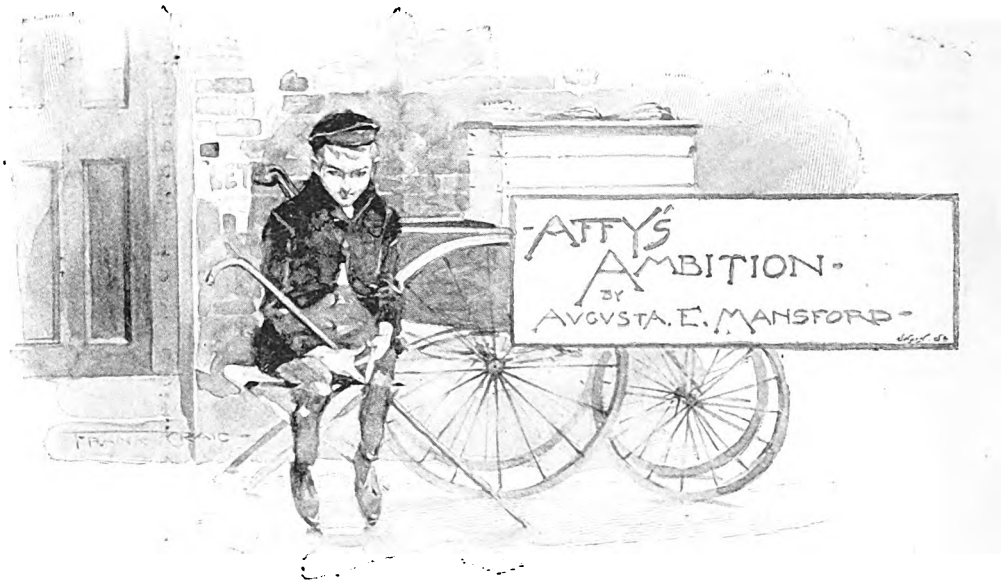

"HULLO, Affy, why, what a smart man of business you are! Hail, rain or shine, there you and your shop turns up at the corner afore Big Ben can get nine out of his mouth!"

"I—I 'ad a race wi'—wi' Big Ben this mornin'," stammered the half-paralysed cripple, "but I—I've beat—'aven't I, Jack? 'Ark at 'im now," he added, with a queer chuckle.

They both stood silent as the chimes rang out their hourly petition—

> Lord, through this hour
> Be Thou our Guide;
> So by Thy power
> No foot shall slide.

Then followed nine reverberating strokes, which echoed o'er the busy streets in tones of solemn warning. Several pedestrians perceptibly quickened their pace, and there was a distant sound of revolving shutters and kindred noises.

"You ain't got your 'igh-class establishment quite close to the 'oarding," said Jack, giving the whole concern a vigorous push, which sent it home to the exact spot whereby, summer and winter, autumn and spring, the sole proprietor vended his wares and watched the varied life of Victoria Street. It was a wondrous erection, consisting mainly of a cube sugar box placed sideways on the remains of an ancient perambulator — the said box serving as a storeroom, from which the wares displayed on the shallow tray above were replenished, and also as Affy's pantry, the little tin dish containing his dinner being snugly stowed away in one of its corners. On wet days, a hood, presumably from the same useful perambulator, formed, when the wind was in the right quarter, some kind of protection for the choice collection of collar studs, wax vestas, pencils, etc., wherewith Affy sought to tempt the British public.

"That's fixed now," continued Jack, "and I'd better mind my road a bit if I don't want to get my toddling ticket," and, catching up his squegee, Jack speedily gained his place among the white-coated lads who were deputed to wage war with slush and mud by the Westminster Vestry.

Affy followed Jack's retreating form with admiring eyes ere applying himself to the daily problem of setting out his stock-in-trade to the fullest advantage.

They were an odd pair of friends, those two — Jack, five feet nine in his thick leathern boots, with slim supple limbs in stout corduroys strapped at the knee, a straight back in a white belted jacket, bright brown eyes, close curling hair, and a deep-toned skin, surmounted by a spreading black cap on which the two imposing brass letters W. V. stood out in bold relief. And Affy, who—like many other comparatively helpless forms in nature—always seemed to be of the same hue as his surroundings. His weather-worn garb, pale face, weak hands, and thin hair, together with the low four-legged stool whereon he sat, all seemed to merge into the dull stone-greys of pavement and houses.

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Two things only were noticeable about him,—a large hooked stick, by help of which he shambled a few paces to and fro, when numbed by long sitting; and his eyes, large patient blue eyes, somewhat lustreless, but with an expression of intense wistfulness, so pathetic, that once seen, the memory of it was not easily brushed aside.

"How are yer gittin' on?" asked Jack, turning up half an hour later, warm and breathless from his recent exertions, and giving a glance at the queer assortment over which his friend presided. "Why, you've been layin' in a fresh stock. Guess you 'ad a good day yesterday?"

"One gent 'e—'e bought three pair o' laces, an' two—two boxes o' matches — spect he wur goin' — a-goin' abroad. An' one lady she 'ad — 'ad five pencils — right away!"

"My word, she must do a sight o' writin'! Dishes up street accidents for the papers, shouldn't wonder. But, Affy, you'll be makin' yer fortune at this rate, an' be a-retirin' into Park Lane along wi' the rest o' the millionaires. Some o' these days, when I'm a-sweepin' up the roads, I shall see yer a-ridin' by in yer carridge a-chuckin' out sovereigns. Ye'll send a few my way, won't yer?"

Affy nodded, and grinned his broadest.

"Wouldn't that suit yer now, down to the ground?" asked Jack.

"Don't know 'xactly 'bout—'bout bein' a mil—a millionaire,—but Jack—Jack,"—and the cripple looked nervously round lest the sparrows were listening, and his face underwent some strange contortions as he divulged his secret,—"I do want—want to do something big—an' be—be a 'ero!"

"Well, you are a queer stick, Affy! Where did yer pick that notion up, now? Fancy you in the 'Orse Guards, a-wearin' of a brass 'elmet!" and Jack doubled up with laughter.

"I don't—don't mind about no 'elmet," said Affy, flushing. "I got a book—off a stall—poertry—'bout ladies an'—an' knights—there wur a tableful of 'em—an' they wur all 'eroes—they wur!"

Jack screwed up his eyes and whistled. Then he changed the conversation.

"Me an' 'Liza Jane's goin' to the Crystal Palace to-morrer. P'licemen's Feet. There'll be fireworks, pannerrammers, an' all sorts. Won't it be fine just?"

"SHE WAS CARRYING A VIOLIN-CASE."

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Affy beamed with sympathy. "You've both—both got a 'oliday?" he asked.

"Well, I've got one, an' 'Liza Jane she means to take one. Comes to 'bout the same thing, I reckon. She's got 'er 'at ready. Showed it me last night. Trimmed it 'erself, she did! There's *three* feathers, reglur sweepers, all on 'em!"

Affy simply gasped at the dream of loveliness presented to his mental vision. He was Jack's chief confidant about Eliza Jane, as though he had never seen her he seemed to have a most vivid conception of her many charms, and could enter into Jack's feelings about the delights of treating her on Bank Holidays to ginger beer and cakes on Hampstead Heath, or a donkey-ride in Epping Forest, with as much zest as if his affliction had not for ever shut out such joys from his own life.

"'Ope as it—it 'ull be a fine day for yer both," he remarked as soon as he had sufficiently recovered.

"That's all right," said Jack. "I gave a look, just now, at the notice-board at the Weather Orfice up the street. 'South-westerly to north-easterly winds, moderate; some showers; improving later.' That's wot it sez. Jolly good thing for them they stuck in them last two words, or I might 'ave smashed their glass-case in for them. Well, I'm off," and with a parting nod Jack once more returned to his civic duties.

Affy sat down on his stool and silently watched the passers-by. Many of the faces were familiar to him; some he saw daily, and their owners would have marvelled had they known how their chance gestures and scraps of conversation made much of their lives an open book to the quiet cripple at the corner. He, for his part, had his likes and his dislikes, but there was one face he watched for unwearyingly, and the days on which it appeared were his days of true sunshine.

It was a girl's face, more lovable than lovely. Laughing Irish grey eyes, a mouth that *would* turn up at the corners, a fair freckled skin, and a shapely head with clustering red-gold curls. She had bought an umbrella ring of him once, and since then never passed his stand without a glance and a smile. She dealt at the Army and Navy Stores, he thought, as she would often go by in the morning with her tiny toy-terrier nestling 'neath her green cloak, and return an hour or two later carrying sundry neatly-tied parcels, whilst her dog followed closely behind her.

He saw her that day with a stately lady, whom he guessed was her mother, and when, soon after, they passed for the second time, she was carrying a violin-case and talking volubly—

"To think that at last I really have a dear old Stradivarius for my very own! I shall never want to do anything again but just play from morning till night! You will have to find someone else to waste time with you, Jip," and she stooped and gave a loving pat to the dog at her side. "Mother, do you think you could possibly"—

Here the words died away in the distance, and her light form was lost in the crowd. Affy sighed so audibly that he quite startled an intending customer, who had just paused to consider the rival attractions of leather and mohair.

The day wore on; the golden gleam of the sunset shed a warm radiance even on the sombre stone mansions, and lingered lovingly on the red-brick houses that here and there broke through the line of grey. Affy packed away his various possessions, and was turning homeward, when a dog's sharp yelp of pain caught his ear. He looked back and saw Jip—Jip, the petted and caressed—Jip, in the clutches of a street arab, who, with a like-minded companion, was torturing the dog as only boys brutalised by neglect can and do.

Evidently, Jip had strayed from his mistress, and had been picked up by the boys who were now tormenting him. Affy felt sick at heart when he thought of the dog's sufferings and of her grief. He left his box—his stores—his everything, and shuffled hurriedly towards the boys.

"Let—let that dog alone—put—put 'im down!" gasped Affy.

"You 'old yer jaw! 'Tain't no concern o' yourn," snarled one boy, whilst the other put out his tongue derisively at Affy and danced a double-shuffle in front of him.

"I'll giv' yer—giv' yer everything I've got—fur—fur that dog!" cried Affy.

"Would yer, now? A fine lot that 'ud be! We're just goin' to 'ave some sport wi' this bit of a 'andful, an' then we'll drop 'im over the bridge lest 'e might get thirsty;" and the boy laughed mockingly as he gave the dog's ear a twitch which roused a piteous yell.

Affy made a great effort, and, raising his stick, caught the hook in the boy's coat-collar. "'Elp! 'elp!" he shouted.

One or two passers-by stopped and looked doubtfully at the scene; but Jack heard Affy's cry, and, dashing to the front, seized

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"THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN, DISCLOSING MARGARET."

Jip, and gave each boy a resounding cuff on the ear with delightful impartiality. Cruelty and cowardice ever clasp hands, so the boys ran.

"Poertry or no poertry," said Jack, "don't yer git fightin' no duels, Affy, afore yer sees as I'm by to lend a 'and. D'yer know anythink o' this youngster?" and he looked inquiringly at the tiny animal lying quivering in his strong hands.

"I must take—take it 'ome," stammered Affy. "It's—it's 'ers!"

"Well, and who's 'er?" asked Jack.

"I've—I've got to find out. Jack," added Affy appealingly, "if you could—if you would—take—take my stand 'ome for me"—

"All right, old man! Don't look as if yer was a-makin' of yer last will and testament! I'll soon run that 'ome. I'm jest off duty, an' 'Liza Jane she don't leave 'er work for an hour or more. Weaker the vessel, the bigger the cargo; that's p'litical 'conomy! 'Ere's yer dog."

Affy took the still trembling little animal in his arms and shambled off. The thought had occurred to him that the violin might have been bought at the large music-shop farther up the street, and that if so they perhaps could give him the address of the purchaser. This idea proved correct, and he learned that the lady of his quest was Miss Margaret Dunsmore, Myrtle Lodge, Surbiton.

Could they tell him the fare from Waterloo, he asked; and a good-natured clerk turned up a "railway guide" and informed him it was one and eightpence return. Affy with difficulty counted out his pence and halfpence, and finding he had one and eightpence halfpenny, then and there determined on the longest journey of his life.

He struggled to the station, stumbled in and out of the train, bearing always the frightened dog in his poor weak arms, and at Surbiton inquired the way to Myrtle Lodge. By then it was dark, the directions proved hard to follow, and, when at length he reached the tall iron gates leading to the house, his limbs ached as though they would surely drop off. He could hardly drag

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one weary foot before the other, the carriage-drive seemed interminable, and he twice sank exhausted on the smooth green lawn on his way to the door. But to Jip the sight of his home gave new life; he jumped to the ground, licked the hands of his preserver, and ran to and fro to the door, giving quick short barks.

The door was flung open, disclosing Margaret, and letting a flood of light on to the gravel drive.

"That was Jip's bark, I know—I am sure!" she cried joyously.

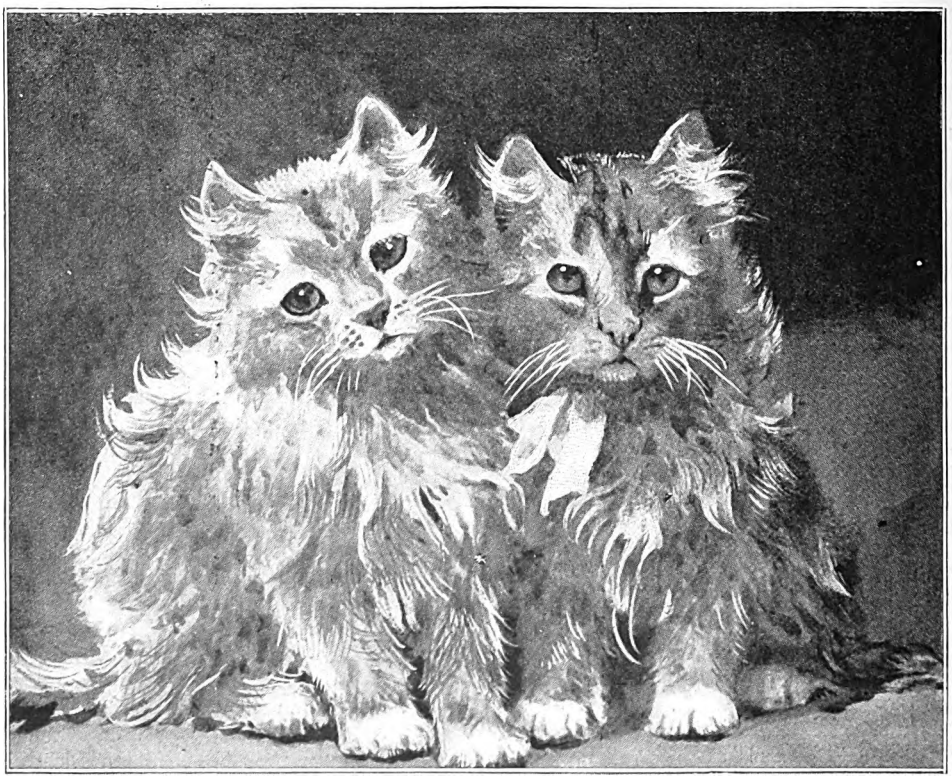
Affy made a last effort, picked Jip up once more, struggled forward, holding him towards his mistress, and then fell senseless at his lady's feet.

When he recovered he found himself lying in a bright cosy room; the stately lady was bending over him with a gentle look on her face, and Margaret was chafing his hands. By dint of questions they drew from him the whole story, and the tears that coursed down Margaret's face were half for Jip and half for Affy.

"Mother, mother!" she exclaimed, "think of all that he has done! Why, he is a real hero!"

Affy was not allowed to return that night, and nine, ay, and ten too, had struck ere he was at his accustomed post the next morning. When he was leaving, Margaret slipped four bright half-crowns into his hand. "They are for remembrance," she said, "not payment. What you have done is too great for that, I can only thank you," and she took his poor twisted fingers in hers and pressed them.

It was wonderful how much was done with three of the half-crowns; the sugar-case was replaced by a neat deal-box with a hinged door, and the stock of studs and pencils assumed quite alarming proportions. But the fourth coin dwelt ever in Affy's right waistcoat-pocket: when the weather was dreary or business dull he would draw it forth and look at it, and murmur contentedly to himself, "She said as I—as I—wur a 'ero!"



SO INNOCENT!

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A VISIT TO PRESIDENT KRUGER

By N. A. Ross, LL.D.

The journey from Cape Town to Johannesburg is somewhat tedious and monotonous. By the ordinary express it takes two days and three nights to cover the distance of 1012 miles. We broke the journey at Bloemfontein the capital of the Orange Free State—a rather uninteresting town, situated on one of the baldest spots of the veldt. General Joubert, the Vice-President of the Transvaal, and Dr. Leyds, the now noted Secretary of State, were stopping at our hotel, the Free State Hotel, and travelled with us the next day as far as the border. The impression left on one's mind by the smiling and sinister face of General Joubert is that of a wily self-seeking man; whereas the grave face of Dr. Leyds disclosed a man of great resource and determined will. Mrs. Leyds, who accompanied her husband, is a motherly little woman, whose sole ambition seems to be to promote the interests of her husband. She is most frugal of time and money, and has a wonderful gift of languages, which she assiduously cultivates, and which in statecraft and diplomacy is invaluable. Their son, a little fellow of about eight, was also with them, and displayed the Boer bent and national feeling admirably by carrying about in soldier fashion a huge toy rifle wherever he went.

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

The search at the Transvaal border was not so exasperating as we had been led to anticipate, not equalling in drastic severity that to which Englishmen are often subjected in their own ports on their return from foreign travel. Rifles, of course, were the chief object of scrutiny by the Boers—a luxury which they are resolved in future to reserve to themselves.

From Johannesburg, which is one of the marvels of the world, I paid most interesting visits to two of the gold mines, and also to the neighbourhoods of Doornkop and Krugersdorp, rendered famous by the exploits of Dr. Jameson and his troopers. But one of the most interesting of all the excursions was that from the great mining centre to the seat of government. In order to prevent the transfer of the metropolis from Pretoria to the more prosperous town of Johannesburg, the Volksraad sanctioned the

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spending of an enormous sum of money on the building of a Parliament House in Pretoria. It is undoubtedly a splendid edifice, and will very likely achieve the end in view. The exterior is large and imposing, and inside the arrangements are excellent. It was on the eventful morning of the 30th May that we took train for Pretoria. The evidence of that terrible disaster, the dynamite explosion, was still visible a little beyond the old station. The débris was not yet quite cleared away, and the great hole dug into the ground for a distance of about three hundred feet, remained as a witness of that fearful catastrophe.

The Reform leaders were still prisoners. But while we were speeding along in the train the long-looked-for crisis had arrived, and by the resolution of the Executive they were to be released at twelve o'clock on that very day. This issue was due in large measure to President Kruger. Let me give one instance, related to me on good authority, of how he acquitted himself in the course of the deliberations. One member of the Executive, whom I shall not name, said, "Why commute the death sentence? Remember Slachter's Nek." The reference was to the well-known Dutch revolt of 1815, in which the death sentence was carried out by the English under Lord Charles Somerset, in the case of five out of six of the convicted leaders. Nothing ever did more to alienate the Dutch, and the memory of it remains to-day rankling in their breasts. Kruger turned quietly round to the member of the Executive who used this expression, and said, "Do you approve of Slachter's Nek?" To this question there came the quick response, "No, I don't." "Then," said the President, "don't ask me to imitate it." Another member of the Executive, General Joubert, bitterly opposed every attempt to show mercy. Himself suspected of having been implicated in the Reform movement (for political ends, for he was a rival candidate with Kruger for the Presidency), he seemed to think that the best way to clear himself of this suspicion was to take an extreme position on the other side. Dr. Leyds is also credited with having displayed strong anti-English feeling. But, by the single strength and diplomacy of the man, Kruger overcame all opposition, and gained the victory for clemency and mercy.

MRS. KRUGER.

Five minutes before noon we stood in the hall of the Parliament House, when we had an opportunity of joining in the hearty greetings which were accorded to the President as he left that memorable meeting of the Executive. Slouchy in his dress and manner, with the inseparable pipe hanging

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ungracefully from his large mouth, he passed with short quick step across the hall, escorted by a small guard of armed constables. His reading eyes scanned the assembled group, whose cheers he acknowledged by raising his hat and bowing repeatedly. All along the way he received a similar demonstration from the people whom the good news had brought together in considerable numbers. It was only the work of a minute to hire a landau and drive in the wake of the President's carriage, accompanied by Mr. Meintjes, a member of the House, who kindly offered to act as interpreter. Whether Oom Paul understands English sufficiently to converse in it I do not know, but, like all Dutchmen (in which they are not singular), he feels most at home in his own language, whose harsh guttural sounds lend themselves to the natural bent of his strong passion. Armed with a letter of introduction from Sir Gordon Sprigg, the President received us with a courteous welcome. He listened most attentively while the letter was being translated to him, and at its close rose again to extend his hand. Contrary to custom, I believe, the large pipe lay on the table unused during our visit. Several Dutchmen, members of Parliament, who seemed rather obsequious and undignified in their demeanour, were present in the drawing-room. Madame Kruger was unhappily ill, and the President was suffering from a very severe cold. The low-ceiled room, with its dingy furniture, and the uncouth Boers seated stiffly round the wall and recess of the window, reminded me vividly of scenes which I have witnessed at a country funeral.

After a brief general conversation, the President turned to me, and in a bantering tone asked, "Are you not very angry with me for releasing these men?" "On the contrary," I replied, "this act will redound to your honour, and is the first step towards the restoration of peace in South Africa." He then reverted to a homely illustration, which he has frequently used in speaking of these events. "When a dog attempts to bite, you can kick him off or send him away; but the master who sets on the dog to bite should be punished." When the released prisoners called upon the President, a few minutes later, he spoke to a similar effect, and one of them told me afterwards, as we went back to Johannesburg in the train, that they did not feel very highly complimented by being called dogs! By the master who set on the dogs to bite, he meant, of course, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and I do not think that Kruger's sense of justice will ever be satisfied till England sifts to the bottom the part played by the then Prime Minister of Cape Colony in that deplorable raid on the Transvaal. During the interview President Kruger expressed himself in vigorous Dutch, with great reserve power, and with a fund of humour which played in the light of his eye and in his facial muscles. He gives one the impression of being a strong man, not unconscious of his strength, at once shrewd and honest—a great massive block of humanity, of the natural Boer type, without veneer or polish.

Owing to his deafness and physical infirmities, which, it is said, have been increased by excessive smoking, the part which Kruger has played so long and ably in connection with the Transvaal is speedily drawing to a close. His position is also becoming well-nigh impossible, between the Hollander on the one side and the Englishman on the other. The Boer hates and fears the Holland faction far more than he does the English. Possessed of education, and holding official positions, the Hollanders are fast laying hold of the reins of government and appropriating the wealth of the country. Much of the future will depend on the attitude and character of the man who succeeds to the Presidency. At present a reactionary policy has set in. If this continues, it will ultimately lead to a conflict, and, I fear, war for the supremacy. But if wiser measures prevail, the Boers will conciliate the Uitlanders, and accept the inevitable, by granting to the preponderating British population the elementary rights of a civilised State.

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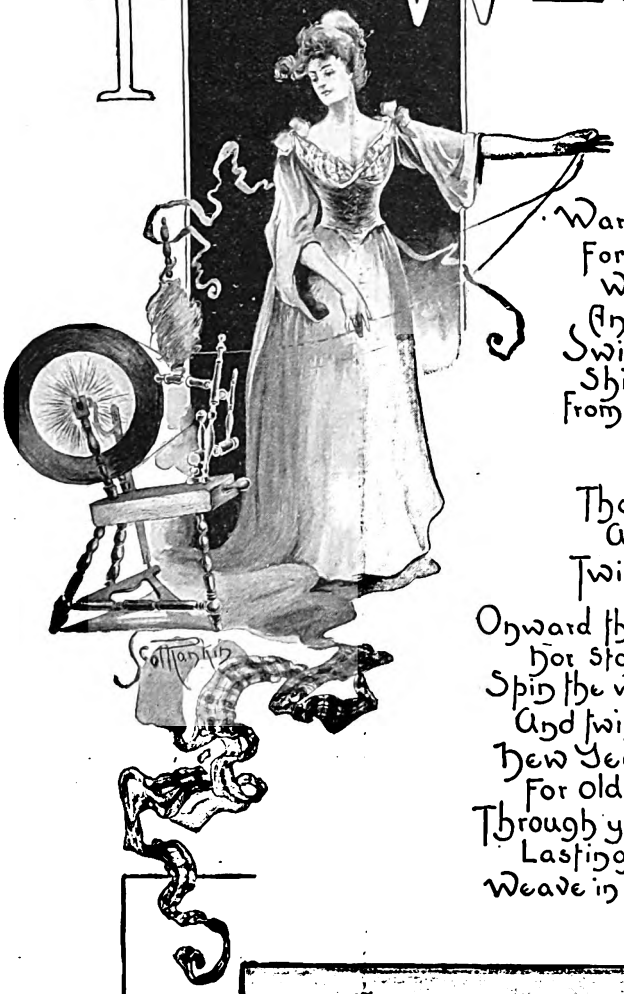
THE WEB OF LIFE



Warp and woof
For web of life,
Warp of peace
And woof of strife life.
Swiftly speeds the wheel of
Shifts the thread
From black to white,
As the day
Succeeds the night:
That gives pain,
And this delight—
Twist the black within the white.

Onward then,
Nor stay to rest
Spin the wheel
And twine the best.
New Years Joy
For old Years woe,
Through your warp succeeding go.
Lasting peace and transient strife
Weave in faith your web of Life

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THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

FATHER in heaven, and God of all grace and pity, be pleased ever to look upon us through Thy tears; then wilt Thou have compassion upon us, and we shall be redeemed with a great redemption. We are as a wind that cometh for a little time, and then passeth away; our years are but a handful when all told; we are as the grass that withereth, we are as the flower of the grass that fadeth away. Thou rememberest that we are dust: Thou wilt not plead against us with Thy great judgment, Thou wilt not thunder upon us with Thy great power; but with gentleness and love and tears Thou wilt come near to us and help us, lifting us that we may see the light. The Lord is very pitiful and kind; His mercy is tender mercy, His kindness is loving kindness. Thou hast nourished us and brought us up; Thou hast gone before us and made the crooked places straight and the rough places plain, and the valley and the mountain have kissed each other in happy reconciliation. Thou hast done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. Our sin, looked at in itself, seemed to shadow the heavens with its night; but looked at in the light of the cross of Christ, behold we say again and again with growing thankfulness, Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. Thou knowest our frame; our bones Thou didst number and set in their joints; the measure of our blood Thou knowest; what fire there is in us, Thou only canst tell — what room for devils, what room for Christ. Behold, we leave ourselves in Thy hands; Thou wilt be pitiful to us with tears; Thy power shall be our defence and our help. We know we have sinned; we will not tell lies unto ourselves, and deny our wrong-doing: how then shall we tell lies unto God, and stand before Him as righteous men? Our heads are bowed down in shame, our hearts are burning with the fire of self-reproach. We are witnesses against ourselves. Our prayers have sometimes been sins, our almsdoing has been an act of selfishness, our profession has been an attitude of hypocrisy. Yet the Lord will not cast us off; He will discover Himself in our ruins: and the Lord will see that we are not our own, and what is in us of His own miracle and grace and power He will mightily redeem and protect, and bring to a consummation of love and of wisdom. Thou wilt not cast us away, Thou wilt not trample us under foot; Thou canst not so degrade us, because Thou hast died for us. The cross of Christ is our argument, our plea, our defence, our joy. Because Thou didst not spare Thy Son, but didst freely deliver Him up for us all, Thou wilt surely bring us home even to our desired haven; and when we land in the summer-land of heaven, we shall say again, Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: otherwise we never should have been found in the land of purity and love. Help us to live in this hope. By hope we are saved; by despair we are lost. Drive away the spirit of dejection, lest the shadow of the darkness become intolerable, and there be no light left in us. O Thou who art the Light of the world, remain within our souls, that we may live in the day. Wherein we have done wrong, let the Christ plead for us; wherein we have been unkind, selfish, suspicious, wanting in generosity, narrow in mind and thought, the Lord pity us, for in these moments the devil has conquest over even redeemed souls. Thou knowest our moments of darkness, our times of temptation; Thou knowest when we would flee away from Thee, and turn Thy day into night. Yet Thou dost love us: it was after the lost sheep the Shepherd went; it was for the lost souls that Jesus died. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; therefore may we listen for His voice, and hear it in our hearts. God grant that we may answer it with great thankfulness and joy! Amen.

GOD'S "YET."

Did not Solomon king of Israel sin by these things? YET among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel: nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin.—NEH. xiii. 26.

"YET" — but, for all that, notwithstanding, nevertheless — there was none like him. It required the whole Godhead to deliver that verdict on poor frail tottering human character. Let us acquaint ourselves with the fact, and then read the whole verse. Solomon began well and ended ill. Outlandish women caused him to sin; he had broken the sacred law; he had, so to say, performed the miracle of trampling himself under foot: "YET"—oh, that light of hope, that sound of music, that syllable of joy! The whole verse reads thus: "Did not Solomon king of Israel sin by these things [marry into heathen circles]? YET

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among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel." Who then will despise the least? who then will give up the worst? who will write his own child's history and conclude it in woe? Will anyone write the history of the prodigal son without ending it in mirth and glee and song and dance and unpolluted revel? The parable would not have been worth speaking but for that final dance, that shout of household joy. It is but a column until that capital is put upon it; then it is a pillar of God's own upsetting, and the top of it is lilywork.

What a picture of the mixture of life—its conflicts and difficulties, its occasional prayers, its frequent sins! Herein men make rough judgments of one another, and imperfect summaries of life and history, thought and purpose. It is not enough to divide things into right and wrong, up and down, in and out. These are elementary distinctions; these do not belong to the final arbitrament. They are alphabetic and useful. It would be a poor world if it only had a right hand and a left. No man is all good or all bad who is in a conscious process of education. It requires God to be Judge. God will find the majority and the minority in each man's moral faculties and qualities and actions and purposes. Your character will be settled by the majority. The colour is not black and white. Who, indeed, would call black and white colour at all? God sees all the gradations and shadings, and all the interplay and promise, and all the final outcome of beauty. Let God be Judge. At certain moments it would be right to sentence ourselves to hell. But no judgment must be founded upon a moment. We must not leave the law with the magistrate, we must derive it from the Legislature—the multitudinous man that represents a great average sense of justice and moral obligation and responsibility. It is even so with ourselves. There are moments in which we might claim the wings belonging to souls—the dove-wings—and flee away into heaven's blue and rest and music; but we cannot open the door of heaven by any right founded upon momentary consciousness and experience. Life is not a moment; it is a career, a purpose, a programme.

There are two *yets*. God's *yet* is one of hope; He pronounces from heaven that the majority is in favour of goodness. Then there is another *yet*, in which man does twice over the sin which has been pardoned. Shall we not rather reverse the chronology and say, there is a *yet* which indicates that man sins against God, then there is a second *yet* which proves that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound? That is the right chronology, if so be our hearts are not wholly given over to the power of evil and the reign of darkness. Solomon was a bad man. He would not have denied the charge himself; witness after witness could have been called who would have proved the treachery of his heart, even if Solomon himself had resisted the impeachment. "Yet." You should take that word into your family. It will shed a rosy light through the darkest chambers of the house, and through the darkest chambers of the soul. Say, the son is bad, I know he must be bad, wickedly and cruelly bad at times, nay, often: yet— It requires a mother to say that; she always stands next to God. You should avail yourself of this judgment in relation to your own heart. Let a man say, I know I am bad; I know I have broken all the Ten Commandments over and over again; I know that the devil has sometimes had no more willing slave than I am; I know that I am selfish and cold and cruel; I know that I ought not to live: YET—oh, what is this that tells me that even for wretches such as I am there is mercy, there is hope? and what is this within me that struggles into prayer? and what prophet can tell me the full meaning of this desire that wants to sing God's praises, and makes all music mean beside that lofty oblation of thanksgiving? It is the Spirit of God striving in you. There is a *yet* even in your moral consciousness and experience. Do not be too utterly cast down; in the worst God may see some glint of light and hope.

Character is measured as a purpose, not as a detail. The magistrate deals with detail; he sends a man to prison because he has stolen something. That is not a judgment of character; it is the judgment of an act, a solitary act, an act that may have an explanation behind it, an act so sudden in its temptation and realisation that only God can weigh its moral turpitude in the scales of gold. It is right that man should judge by detail. Man himself is poor, infirm, wanting in keenness and penetration of sight; he can only see the very openest and vulgarest side of life; therefore he builds jails and punishes thieves; 'tis his petty, blurred, poor imitation of the eternal righteousness that punishes souls. There is a lurid and tragic quality of grandeur about these great men sinning. "Solomon king of Israel"—sinner,

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profane person, victim of himself, a servant in the devil's household! Is there not a kind of grim comfort in this to such of us as have no environment worth speaking of? We suppose, in our wise ignorance, that if the environment were better, even God would find it difficult to discover a speck upon the blazing disc of our respectability and even holiness. All history is against this poor view. Adam and Eve did not fall in a metropolitan slum, where falling seems to be the habit and custom of the air; they fell in the sunniest garden that ever bloomed with unstained flowers. So much for environment. Reformation will never meet the necessity of the human condition. Not larger walls, fences, and boundaries, but rightness of heart, called by some old and not wholly disreputable theologians the grace of God, is what we need. That is the only security that is impregnable and everlasting.

What is the effect of this "yet" in the course of human discipline? It never prevents punishment. God will not spare the rod. Laceration is part of divine education. We must suffer, and there is no help for it; and if God could sin, God would suffer. There is nothing arbitrary in penalty, so far as it is administered by Providence. Human penalties may be arbitrary, irregular, and eccentric; but the punishment, the consequence that follows sin, is divine, inevitable. What is punishment? Here every man must be his own dictionary. What is punishment to one man is no punishment to another. Personality defines penalty. The point you started from will tell you what hell is. A man who has been accustomed to the highest enjoyments of civilisation will have one definition of a prison, and a man who has lived in meanness and misery and every kind of villainy will have another. As we grow in sensitiveness we grow in the power of appreciating penalty. To one child a look will be punishment enough; another could receive the rod and afterwards smile at the smiter. We must not therefore attempt any rough-and-ready summaries of opinion respecting penalty, as to what is everlasting punishment. It is a quality, not a duration. Eternal life is not mere continuance. There is nothing in the mere extension of time. Eternal life is a quality of vitality, a *sort* of life. There are some moments in which we realise all heaven. Out of some ecstasies we come, saying, God can have nothing more of pleasure. Whatever may be our ignorance, our experience and our consciousness must go for something in these matters. Refinement is in agony where vulgarity is unconscious of shame. What must have been Solomon's punishment! how long the coiled snakes that gathered themselves round his soul, and punctured and penetrated and smote and burned him as with fiery poison! Solomon might suffer more in an hour than another man could suffer in a life-time. No man could write this wisdom and pray these prayers without feeling that every sin plunged him down an infinite depth; and oh, the stroke, at last the final collision! for that penalty there are no words sufficiently expressive.

God does not set the less against the greater, as we do; He sets the greater against the less; that is His way. Who will not say, Blessed be His love? Man being small, being petty at the kingliest, finds a flaw. Thus the wise fool talks: He is honest, he is wise, he is gifted; he is, on the whole, a man of notable intellectual stature and influence; but— Man thinks he is clever when he discovers a *but*. He gathers himself up into pharisaic perpendicularity, and says: I discovered that, I pointed out that frailty, I saw it. There can be no pit deep enough for a wretch like that. How doth God speak? Thus: hear the music of infinite love: —He has gone astray, he has been unfaithful, he has turned aside from Me a thousand times, he has done the things he ought not to have done: YET— That is the difference between human judgment and divine judgment in relation to that greatest of all mysteries, human character. It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men. Your brethren like to speak against you, to have discovered a peccadillo, one little sin, and to have fingers dainty enough to pick out that little hair, and to be able to say, "I've got it!" The Lord saith, You have wounded Me, and disappointed Me, and gone away from Me, yet—how can I give thee up? Return! That is the difference between your human theories and the great divine idea of redemption—God always seeing the best, fixing His eyes upon the salvable points, looking to those elements that are still left out of which He can rear manhood. He will not quench the smoking flax, He will not break the bruised reed.

How easy to prostitute this teaching into an encouragement to sin! If any man will accept this word of hope as implying a licence to do iniquity, that word is not spoken to him; he is a dog in the sanctuary, he has no right to this bread. The more compassionate the Lord is

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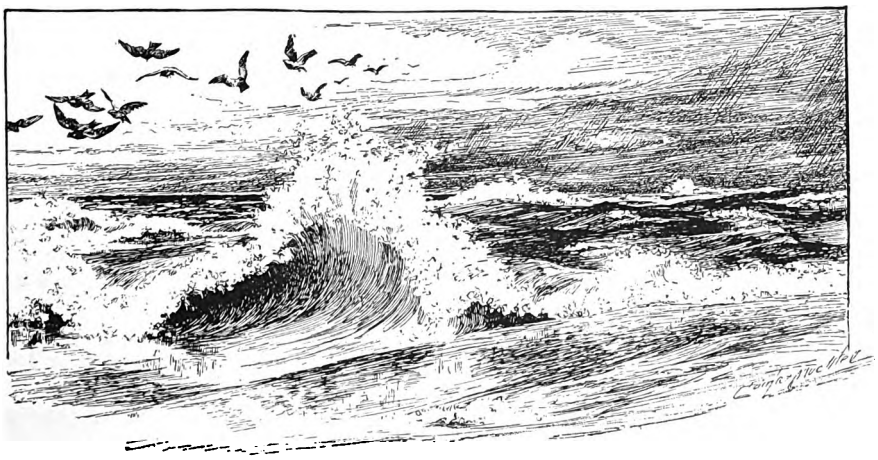
regarding sinners, the more should sinners themselves hate the sin which they have committed. Except the doctrine have this effect upon us, it has either been faultily preached or it has been perversely received. Does God approve of sin? We will not answer a question bordering upon blasphemy; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that it was sin that developed His greatest, most wondrous love. To sin we owe Gethsemane; to sin we owe Golgotha; to sin we owe the five-wounded Christ. So again and again we come upon the old music, Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. Shall we, then, go round the churches and say, This man is a sinner, and that man is an imperfect character, and this professing Christian is far from faultless? No: if we are determined to go round in the spirit of criticism, let this be the tone of our judgment: If they are so infirm and so imperfect with Christianity, what would they be without it? No man is so conscious of infirmity as the real earnest Christian himself. He smiles at the gentleness of his fiercest critics; he says, If they could know me as I know my own soul, with what epithets would they burn me and dishonour me! Be not discouraged by public criticism or by private sneering. Be honest with yourselves; be able to say, My purpose, by the grace and goodness of God, is right; it is a sound, healthy, beneficent purpose; it has been purified at the cross, it has been baptized by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and therefore I will trust in Him for the final judgment. When you see the worst, say There is something better in him than is evident at this moment. Never take any man at his worst; God always takes us at our best. If ever we touch the reality of prayer, He answers us then; He knows we must offer a million words before we come to the one word, the right word, and no sooner do we utter it than He gathers the clouds in His heavens and sends rich rain upon the thirsty land. You may talk six times to Him and hear nothing, see nothing, by way of response; but in the seventh time you will come upon the right chord, the right word, the right appeal; He will then open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing so great that there shall not be room to receive it. As God therefore takes us at our best, so let us take each other at our best. When we are infirm, and when our whole course is deflected, when our very speech is blurred, wanting in distinctness, and our prayers reel because charged with selfishness, do not judge one another then. When there is a deed of nobleness done, a word of kindness spoken, an indication that the soul wants to attain a higher level, say concerning each other — There, THAT is the man!



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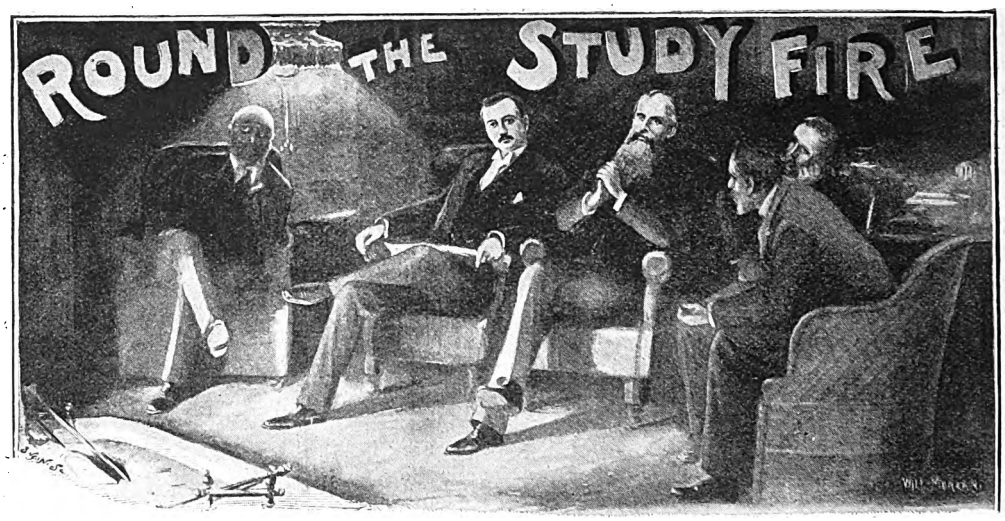

By Silas K. Hocking

A Happy New Year to all! Withered and shrunk, the old year is hasting to its close, and we have begun to anticipate the new with the keenest interest. We shall be told, of course, by the pessimists that such interest is the outcome of weak and maudlin sentiment, that this particular division of time is purely arbitrary, that the year might with just as much reason begin in June as in January, and that consequently what we call the birth of the New Year exists only in our imaginations. All of which may be very true, and yet it is very far from being all the truth. Nature has marked off the seasons for us and the exact length of the year, and, though in a perfect circle you are at liberty to begin your measurement at any point you like, it is nevertheless essential that some point should be agreed upon and fixed in the calendars.

* * *

The discussions that have raged round the exact point do not concern us to-day. We have discovered the Earth's little weakness for odd numbers. We have totted up the exact time she takes on her yearly journey, even to the odd forty-eight seconds. I use the word "we," of course, in a general sense, for personally I have not the remotest idea how the thing is done. We all believe it, nevertheless. We have so much faith in the skill and conscientiousness of those who make astronomy their special study that we accept those forty-eight seconds, as we accept a great many other things we know nothing about, and the people who make our calendars stick in an extra day every four years or so, and nobody grumbles, except those who were born on the 29th of February, and consequently are cheated by this little eccentricity of our planet out of three-fourths of their birthdays.

* * *

As a lad I used to waste a good deal of very tender sympathy on those unlucky mortals. To have a birthday only once in four years seemed such a cruel thing that I used to think the Government (which in those days I imagined could do anything) ought to pass an Act of Parliament to prevent it. I knew, of course, that such people indulged in a kind of makeshift with the 28th of February or the 1st of March. But makeshifts are only makeshifts, when all is said and done. People who were born on the 29th of February can only have a real birthday once in four years, and to that extent (thanks to the astronomers, or to the Earth's pawky humour in taking six hours extra, as it were, to do the journey in) are cheated out of their rights.

* * *

I wish sometimes that I could sympathise with such people still; but I cannot. As one gets on into middle life, birthdays become a nuisance. They keep calling round, like tax-collectors, when they are not wanted. And a lot of well-meaning individuals send you little cards, just to remind you that you are not as young as you thought you were, and that it is quite time you ceased to be frivolous, and settled down among the sages who never laugh or tell a story. But personally I don't want to be reminded of anything of the kind. It is just as considerate as lifting the hat of a bald-headed

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man and telling him his hair is growing thin. It is very funny, but people are nearly always sensitive just where they ought not to be, just as corns are always in the wrong place. By the bye, why is it that corns— But that's another story, as Kipling would say.

* * *

But to come back to the question of sensitiveness. Is it true, I wonder, that everybody—say, over forty—is sensitive on the question of age and grey hairs? and that men are just as sensitive as women? Some people, indeed, say they are more so. Why is it that we cannot grow old gracefully? If a man has a bald head, why should he try to hide the fact? and if his beard is grey, why should he resort to the incredible folly of dyeing it? I was sitting in a church the other day behind a man the top of whose head was as bald as a plate, but who had succeeded nevertheless in combing a fringe of hair that grew round the base of his skull over the whole of his cranium. The result was striking, if not picturesque. I missed a good deal of the sermon in following out the lines of the man's ingenuity, and in conjuring up mental pictures of his appearance during the early hours of the morning. Doubtless, as in my own case, his thinly-thatched pate was sensitive to draughts; and churches are always draughty, if any attempt is made to ventilate them at all.

* * *

But where am I? From New Years to bald heads seems—at the first glance, at anyrate—a very far cry. But it is not as far as it seems. From New Years to birthdays is a very easy step. And birthdays, to many people, mean, alas! growing old. But I am forgetting. Bald heads nowadays are by no means a sign of old age. Some people say they are a sign of growing intelligence and culture. A bald-headed gentleman explained to me the other day that districts rich in mineral wealth are generally very deficient in surface crops. I have been trying ever since to find comfort in the application.

* * *

Life should be looked at philosophically, and in the light of religion. Old age is but an appearance, and death is but a name. Many of us, it is true, find the years all too short for the doing of what we want to do, and the old year ends with many of our hopes unrealised and our purposes uncompleted. But if this life is only a preparation for an eternal future, we shall find room and scope in the great Hereafter for the completion of all our plans. Meanwhile, let us do our best. I like the New Year because it is prophetic of what lies beyond. It comes to us also with its hands full of promises. Its brow is arched with the rainbow of hope. The past has been marked and marred, it may be, by failures and mistakes. Well, we can try again. The New Year opens a fresh volume. The leaves are all white and clean. We have done with the past now. Let it go.

> Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
> I hear again the voice that bids
> The dreamer leave his dreams midway
> For larger hopes and graver fears:
> Life greatens in those later years,
> The century's aloe flowers to-day.

* * *

Let me send a word of thanks to those who have written to me from all parts of the country words of cheer and congratulation. I am beginning to understand how it is that in three short months THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE has secured for itself a foremost place among the most popular magazines of the day. From the hundreds of letters I have received, it is clear that those who purchased the first number were so pleased with it that they spoke about it to their friends, and in many instances persuaded them to become subscribers. These, in their turn, recommended it to their friends. And so the circle has kept steadily widening; and if our friends will continue to do us this gratuitous service, our circulation will soon be phenomenal in the annals of magazine literature.

* * *

I need not say how gratifying this is to all who are interested in the production of this journal. It clearly indicates that there must be genuine merit at the bottom; for if people do not like a magazine, they will neither recommend it to others nor subscribe for it themselves. From the first it has been our purpose and ambition to produce a magazine that should win its way by worth alone. It is easy to secure a temporary vogue by judicious and expensive advertising, but only merit will ensure a continuous and growing circulation. Believing this, we have given our chief attention to what appears within the covers, and we shall continue to do so. No expense will be spared in this department. We have resolved that our readers shall share in our success. Good as THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE is, we hope to make it still better, and increasingly worthy of their commendation.

* * *

It is said of Thackeray—and I believe the story is well authenticated—that he brought his occupancy of the editorial chair of the *Cornhill*

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to an untimely end, for the simple reason that he had not the heart to say "no" to the pitiful appeals that were constantly addressed to him. Nearly every post brought him heartbreaking letters from would-be contributors, begging and entreating him to give them a chance of life, and with his vivid imagination he realised all the misery and heartbreak that his refusal would carry, and he declined to bear so painful a burden. Alas! in this respect times have not changed, except to grow worse. Competition in the literary world becomes daily more keen. Where one man or woman twenty years ago turned his or her attention to literature as a means of earning a livelihood, fifty people are jostling each other to-day in the crowded road: one cannot but admire their steady persistence, their patient endeavour; but one does regret greatly that so much strength and energy should be wasted in attempting the impossible. If they would throw into some other occupation an equal amount of plod and determination, they might in time win no inconsiderable success.

* * *

I am not denying, of course, that there are many cases on record in which men and women after repeated failures have come into their own, and have triumphed all along the line. Names familiar to every student of literature will be trotted out, and the story of their wonderful achievements in the face of fearful odds will be told afresh; but this does not prove that every rejected MS. is a literary gem, and that only mediocrity can gain a hearing. It is still true that the exception proves the rule. Some people talk as though the world had never recognised its greatest children, and would have us believe that the Shakespeares who have piped in the public ear have been but faint and far-away echoes of the greater Shakespeares who have sung to the eternal silence. According to these wise ones, the greatest poems written have never yet seen the light, and the most notable novels ever penned are still searching in vain for a publisher, or are growing yellow with age in unopened cupboards and drawers. It may be so; but I shall wait until these wonderful literary treasures are unearthed before I believe it.

* * *

Ignorant Man wants to know the best method of studying the Bible. "My present method," he says, "is reading straight through, as I would an ordinary book. I simply desire to become a Bible-worker, and feel I must get at my Bible as a digger after gold before I shall come upon the treasures." There is no doubt something to be said in favour of reading "the Bible straight through, as an ordinary book." But *Ignorant Man* would, after all, do well to remember that the Bible is not an ordinary book. It is rather a collection of books written by different men of different moods, at different times, and under widely different circumstances. We speak of "the volume of the Book," but it is in reality a literature embracing almost all subjects of human interest, and almost every variety of treatment. The writers themselves clearly had no thought of making such a volume. They did not know each other. They lived centuries apart. They did not know, in most instances, what the others had written or were likely to write. Some gathered up fragments of history and tradition; some uttered words of prophecy; some preached to the crowd in burning and impassioned language; and some sang fragments of song in the quiet of the sanctuary; and these separate utterances have been gathered up into the volume we now possess. Hence, to understand it rightly, it should not only be studied carefully as a whole, but each separate book should be studied apart from the rest, and with reference to the special circumstances or conditions under which it was penned. Moreover, the Bible is not simply *a* revelation; it is rather a history of successive revelations, and as such it should be studied. But the subject is too large to discuss in a paragraph. I think Professor W. J. Adeney's little book, *How to Read the Bible*, would prove of service.

* * *

P. T. S. writes: "I read with great interest the Life Story of Dean Farrar in the first number of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, and was much struck with the theory of 'Eternal Hope,' which I notice he advocates. Could you give the gist of the argument in your Fireside Chat, as I, with many others, am curious to know what it really is?" It is always a difficult thing to condense a volume into a paragraph. The idea, however, is that no man, either in this world or the next, is beyond the reach of salvation; that the divine love is not withdrawn from a sinner when he dies; that the mercy that is everlasting extends beyond the grave; and hence the presumption that in the end all men will be restored to the image and favour of God. The arguments by which this view is supported are too many and complex for me even to hint at. I would advise *P. T. S.*, if he cares to pursue the subject, to get Dean Farrar's volume entitled *Eternal Hope*; also *Salvator Mundi*, by the late Dr. Samuel Cox.

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H. T. W. To your already long list of books you should add Mrs. Esler's latest volume, *The Wardlaws*. For pure, chaste, persuasive English, few writers, in my judgment, can equal Mrs. Esler. She has the gift of describing exactly what she sees, and enabling the reader to see it also. There is no straining after effect in any of her books. Her stories never degenerate into melodrama. But she grips the reader no less firmly on that account. Moreover, her characters are not caricatures — impossible creations that have no existence in actual life; the people who figure in her pages are living men and women, such as one comes into daily contact with. *The Wardlaws* is the most sustained of all her books, and will certainly add to her reputation. Let me mention another delightful volume that has recently come into my hands. It is entitled *The Light that Came*. The author is the Rev. Joseph Dawson. I hardly know how to describe the book. His chapters are not idylls, they are rather beautifully wrought parables. Tender, graceful, lofty in expression and profound in thought, his dainty volume deserves to live.

* * *

Could any of my readers give me the titles of any volumes of straight talks to boys on the subjects of gambling, betting, smoking, and kindred vices? My correspondent, who desires this information, has read Mr. Atkins' *Aspiration and Achievement*, and *First Battles and How to Fight Them*; but, like Oliver Twist, he asks for more.—*T. B.* (Taunton) could get the information he requires at any book or music shop.—*R. S.* (N. B.) should follow the course of reading mapped out in *The Young Man* Reading Circle, or he might write direct to the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Edinburgh.—I am unable to advise *Limpet*, as I have not seen her work. No harm could come of submitting it to some publisher. The subjects are not exactly popular. Macmillan's seems to me the likeliest firm. A sketch of Mr. Quiller Couch appeared in a recent number of *The Young Man*.

* * *

Optimus. I should most certainly advise you to try your hand at prose. If poetry is to win its way in these days, it must be of the best. Though in your work there is considerable merit, it falls short of genius. People who are anxious to earn their living by their pen should not venture into the realm of poetry. There is but a limited demand for it, and the market is already overstocked. — *Maye Moeren*. Your sketch is altogether too slight. It is well written, with a very natural touch of pathos in it, but the subject is sombre. Why not try your hand at something more cheerful? I should also advise you against the vicious method of writing in the present tense. You have distinct narrative power, but you want more subject. People nowadays ask for a story, not a mere study. Some of our best writers are able to dispense with a plot, and to interest the reader by sheer ability to manipulate words. You have not reached that position yet. I cannot tell you who would be likely to accept your work.

* * *

Lynne. Your story is certainly better than the majority of the stories that have reached me. Nor can I complain very much of your manner of telling it, but the subject is not sufficiently away from the commonplace. With a better plot you will be able to do better work.— *G. L. M.* (Brighton). Your story is altogether too slight, and the treatment is not sufficiently original to atone for lack of plot. It seems to me, also, that you have not a full appreciation of the value of words, or else you are not sufficiently careful in the effort of composition.—*T. C.* (Brondesbury). Your story is very well written, but it is unpleasant.—*A. M.* (Brixton). Honestly, I do not think much of your story. It is too flippant, sketchy, and involved. The effort to be smart is much too apparent, and what is intended for humour is unnatural and forced. You make a great effort at laying the tablecloth, and you skirmish around as though you were about to provide a sumptuous feast, but unfortunately it does not come off. If you must write, try your hand at something serious, and tell your story in a less involved and more straightforward fashion.

* * *

Vicarsfield sends me three stories. The longest is the best, because it is rather pleasanter than the other two; but I cannot honestly praise either of them. In two instances the stories are unpleasant; one, indeed, is decidedly gruesome. This, however, might be tolerated if the writer had a better style. It lacks finish and concentration, yet there are evidences of ability; but the talent requires diligent cultivation. *Vicarsfield* should be more severe with her own work. Let the pruning knife be used freely. — *Q.* (Falmouth). I began your story with great expectations. Nothing could be better than the scene that you have laid for your plot; but, alas! you have wasted a splendid opportunity. Perhaps you have confined yourself too strictly to matters of fact; if so, no complaint can be made, except that the story is so sordid that it is not worth telling. There was no reason, however, that you should have followed the bare lines of history. With such characters and scene you might have given your fancy play, and constructed a really exciting story. In its present form it is, in my judgment, a fail[illegible] The language, too, requires careful revis[illegible] that, however, is a comparatively small mat[illegible] The failure lies deeper. Try again.

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DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

BY

DR. ANDREW WILSON

DR. A. T. SCHOFIELD

AND

DR. NORMAN KERR

Dr. Andrew Wilson advocates a return to a Simpler Mode of Life.

I HAVE no hesitation in saying, "Why, certainly," in reply to the question, "Do we eat too much?" Mind you, I am talking of the average well-to-do man (and woman) who has no care for to-morrow's breakfast, and no thought concerning the source of to-morrow's dinner. We are not discussing problems of poverty or starvation, nor are we trying to discover upon how limited a diet bare subsistence may be maintained. We are simply taking well-to-do humanity under our physiological wing for the time being, and seeking to note whether its nutritive supply is not grossly in excess of all possible legitimate demands. Let us take our ordinary food habits. The average well-to-do man usually sits down to a dinner (leaving other meals out of sight altogether) which is far in excess, as regards mere quantity, of his requirements. There is no "spare living and high thinking" about the majority of us. There may be "high thinking,"—that I don't deny; only, it is not the product of meagre fare with the ordinary philosopher of to-day. Dinner to him means soup, fish, entrée, joint, perhaps a bit of game added, sweet (or savoury), cheese, and dessert. Now, who for a moment is going to suppose that the hardest-worked man needs the amount of actual nutriment represented in a dinner such as that I have sketched?—a meal some men (and most who are well off) indulge in year in and year out. It is easy to prove that the income here is far in excess of the expenditure, and that is why the excess has to go somewhere (say in the form of fat), or to come out of us like an evil thing, in the form of gout and other ailments of over-nutrition. Long, long have I held that we eat too much, and that the average dinner is a function both senseless, physiologically regarded, and wasteful from a social point of view. The dinner one really enjoys—I am taking dinner as the "type-meal"—is the simple fare, one course or two, which leaves you free for the rest of the evening to talk, sing, play, read, and otherwise exercise your mind like a rational being. The dinner one usually gets, makes you feel like a human boa-constrictor, whose only option after eating is to go to sleep. Why we should ever substitute a wasteful banquet for the modest and satisfying repast which does not gorge one to repletion I know not, save perhaps, that as in this luxurious age we exceed the mean in the matter of dress, house-decoration, and the like, we also go to extremes in the matter of food. But it is all a waste, and a grievous waste to boot. We do not require one half the amount which the average dinner represents; and when one surveys the loaded table, it may well presage the groaning physical tabernacle which suffers from over-repletion, and the other and more serious ills that follow in its train.

* * *

Not so very long ago I met an old college mate of mine who had gone down in the world; who was poorly clad and shabby, whose shoes were down at heel, and patched so that scarcely a remnant of the original leather remained, and whose whole aspect was that of a "waster," as the boys' term has it. I took him into a restaurant and gave him a good square meal, as a preliminary to procuring some little comforts and help of other kinds for him. I watched his enjoyment of his dinner with interest. He

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caught me smiling. "My dear chap," said he, "you can't tell till you've tried it, how precious little it takes to keep body and soul comfortably together." Then he added, "That's a bit of comfort for you, old man, if ever you get to be as down as I am." My friend's remark was perfectly true. A man doing a fair day's work needs for the fuel and stoking of the human engine about 300 grains of nitrogen and 4800 grains of carbon food. The first item supplies his tissues and builds up the iron of the human engine, and the second item represents the coal and water, or energy-producing materials. Of the former class of foods, meat-juice, milk-curd, and the like are examples; of the latter, starches, sugars, and fats are representative. Now, 300 grains of nitrogen and 4800 grains of carbon are fairly represented by ¾ lb. of beef and 2 lbs. of bread. I am not allowing for any waste here, or adding the necessary water. The amounts I give are to pass into the blood and be at the service of the body. Thus utilised, we find these items will repair the bodily loss for twenty-four hours, and afford the energy for the day's work—bodily and external work both inclusive.

* * *

Put it in another way if you will: then I say, about 22¾ ounces per day of solid *dry* food, or, allowing for the water in the food, 40 ounces of moist solid food (with from 40 to 60 ounces of water for drinking additional), will represent a fair daily ration for an adult man. By how much this is exceeded day by day, let common experience and the records of physicians alike declare. We do most certainly demand a return to a simpler mode of life; and if reform is to be begun at all, in the name of common-sense let it begin with our eating and drinking. Wasteful excess, in face of starving thousands; diseases of repletion; inability to enjoy the modest things of life; and an early decadence,—such are the results of over-feeding.

* * *

An old doctor once heard the plaint of a patient suffering from a distended stomach and other ailments incidental to his digestion. The doctor inquired what his patient ate. "Very little indeed," said the man,—"just what is needed for my support;" and then he told a story of huge breakfasts, big lunches, dinners of the regulation pattern, and a meat supper to wind up the day. "And now, doctor," he concluded, "what do you think of me?" "Well," said the medicine man, "I think I know what you are suffering from. God has only given you one stomach, my friend, and you require five—that's all!" Very many of us, in these latter days, might lay to heart the doctor's remark.

* * *

THIS question is something like asking, "Have you left off beating your wife?" in the difficulty involved of giving a direct affirmative or negative. On whether the "we" means rich or poor, old or young, fat or thin, and on other considerations, depends the answer. In the first place, we may lay down broadly that neither rich nor poor under twenty eat too much. They may eat the wrong food, they may gorge on indigestible dainties, they may bolt their food, they may do many wrong things; but they do not, we think, speaking broadly, eat too much. Up to twenty or twenty-one, the food, while it should be wholesome, nutritious, and varied, and given at suitable intervals, should also be, above all, *unlimited* in quantity. During this time the house is being built in which the owner has to live for the next sixty or seventy years, and the builders do not work regularly eight hours a day. The body grows often by fits and starts. There may be something akin to a strike for a month or two, during which little progress is made; and then, all at once, the body may shoot up three or four inches, the builders evidently doing overtime.

Dr. A. T. Schofield says, "We cannot eat too much under twenty."

* * *

A growing animal ought therefore to eat as much or as little as he wants, and at this age it is far more serious and likely that too little may be eaten, through stint or mistaken horror of schoolboys' greed, than too much. This is especially true, too, of animal food, for now is the time when this can be eaten in greatest quantity with least harm. It is during the building of the body that nitrogenous or albuminous or meat food is principally required, far more than during "work" in adult life, which is carried on mainly at the expense of the starch, sugar, and fat food. What is known as Liebig's error was the assumption that hard work involved primarily the consumption of animal food, whereas recent researches have well established the fact that such is not the case.

* * *

When, however, we turn to adult life, the whole scene changes. The building of the body is complete, and the amount of "meat" food required is lessened. It is a very funny thing that a baby requires exactly twice as much "meat" food as a man in proportion to its weight; an infant consuming daily 30 grains daily for every pound it weighs, a man 15.

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While the motto for youth, therefore, is "unlimited," for adult life it is "limited"; and it is here the rich fail, for it is our firm conviction that most men who can afford it eat too much. They eat wastefully and excessively, though not fortunately always so as to produce diseases. The body is a long-suffering animal, and provides for our sybarites a sort of safety-valve in what is known as the power of "luxus consumption," or consumption of luxury--a mode of cleverly disposing of the excess of animal food that is so habitually taken by our John Bulls, who by the way is surely out of date as our patron saint. As long as this incarnation of fleshly lusts is held up as a model for youth, discussions such as this are comparatively futile. We must reform our ideals as well as our practice. Excess in food is therefore common enough amongst rich adults, and mainly in the direction of animal food, of which in London over 136 lbs. per head is eaten, compared with 35 lbs. in Germany and 46 lbs. in France! When we come to old age, excess in food becomes still more serious, and the "limited" diet of adult life must become the "lessened" diet of advanced life. The practice of fitting up an aged relative with a set of artificial teeth, and putting before him half a pound of steak, may be an expeditious, but is a most reprehensible, way of causing his exit from life's stage. The older a man is after sixty the less food he requires, and the simpler and more farinaceous should it be in character. Our answer, then, to the query before us is: In youth, No. In adult life and largely in old age, among those that can afford it, Yes. The food thus wasted is probably sufficient to feed all the poor and starving in this country, with as great a benefit to the givers as to the recipients, and without involving a farthing of extra cost.

* * *

To the inquiry, "Do we eat too much?" it seems to me that there can be only one reply; that reply must be "Yes." Not that I agree with the assertion of a well-known philanthropist, who happened to be a brewer, that more lives are lost in England by eating too much than by drinking too much, and that the English people do not drink enough beer. But there is truth in the brewer's deliverance, though the comparative amount of mischief arising from eating and drinking is inaccurately set forth. For the replacement and renewal of the waste of the fluid, tissue, and energy which are continuously being given off in the living human machine, and without which replacement and renewal the machinery would soon cease going, a certain amount of water (the only innocent liquid which can fulfil the threefold office of conveying the nutrient material throughout body and brain, flushing and cleansing the twenty-eight miles of drainage tubes opening on the skin, and preserving our personal identity by its cement-like capacity), nourishment, warmth, and force are needful. We should consume only the requisite amount of judiciously proportioned food to repair these losses. The amount varies somewhat with our needs, which in some conditions of good health or bad health are greater or less than in others; it is modified by climate, and, above all, by the activity of the digestive process. If we eat more food than we can digest, either from its quantity or richness, we suffer from the excess. In the vigour of perfect health, nature for a time exerts herself by natural function to remove the superabundance with its physical effects on the system; but if the physiological imprudence be persisted in, sooner or later disorder or disease, the avenger of outraged nature, is the inevitable sequel. Over-eating cannot indefinitely be prolonged. In Britain and the United States of America (in the former, by steadily eating through a heavy meal, whether of one solid course or of nearly a dozen courses; in the latter, by a multitude of more incongruous if lighter dishes, more rapidly bolted), the general impression which I have formed, after forty years of experience, is that there is an enormous extent of intemperance in food. Were the people of both countries to live more simply and sparingly, indigestion and dyspepsia—that twin demon of modern civilised life—would be exorcised with all its bodily and mental horrors; other harassing maladies would fade into insignificance; the general health, comfort, and happiness would be greatly enhanced; but, alas! a premature professional mortality would speedily thin the ranks of medical practitioners.

Dr. Norman Kerr says that to eat sparingly is good for the Patient, but bad for the Doctor!

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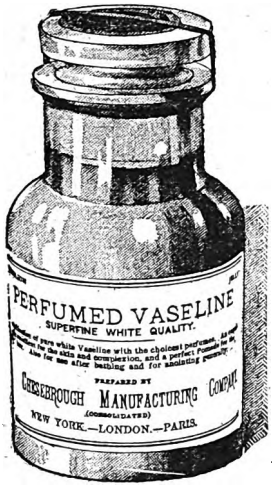

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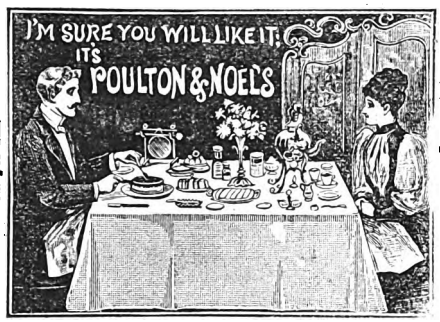

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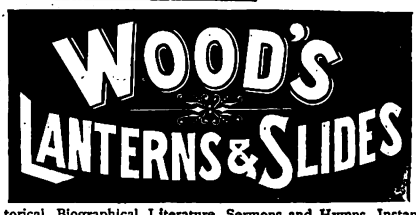

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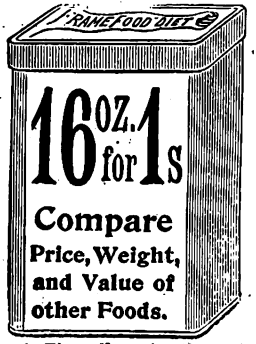

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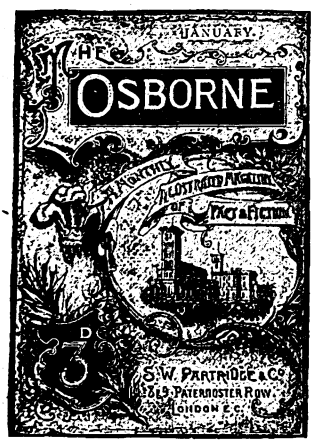

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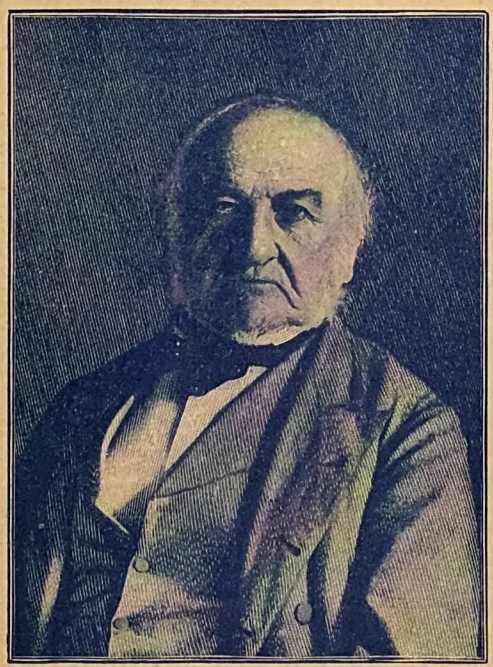

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COMFORTS FOR COLD WEATHER

A HOT well-cooked breakfast and a good fire in the breakfast-room are great comforts in cold weather, without doubt, and next to them in value may be placed a good supply of hot water for dressing. There are many housekeepers and many mothers who hold that it is a great mistake to send round hot water to the bedrooms the first thing in the morning. They think the practice encourages self-indulgence, and that it makes people less hardy and more susceptible to cold than would otherwise be the case. These worthy persons respect individuals who bathe in cold water when they have to break the ice before they can do so, and who are buoyed up with conceit for the rest of the day as the result of their exploit. As a matter of fact, however, the use of cold water in cold weather is not to be universally recommended. Cold affects different people differently. Those whose blood circulates freely, who enjoy the cold, and who feel all in a glow after a cold bath, benefit by it; but those who do not get the glow, who scarcely feel their fingers after washing and bathing, and who shiver all the time they are dressing, would be much better if they had warm water. It is very harmful to begin a winter's day with a shiver.

"These remarks are all very well," harassed housekeepers may here feel inclined to remark; "but it is not easy to get water hot in time to send it round to the bedrooms for the early risers. We have been hearing of households where it is difficult to get a comfortable breakfast ready betimes. Is it to be expected that housekeepers who have to manage with limited domestic help can possibly get an extra kettleful of water boiled for the bedrooms?" The objection would be reasonable enough if it were not the case that appliances are to be had nowadays which supply all that is wanted. By laying out a small sum in the purchase either of a gas ring or of a small spirit lamp, the housekeeper has an arrangement which enables her to have hot water in a very short time. The gas ring needs only to have a yard or two of india-rubber tubing which connects it with the nearest gas pipe, and a plumber would fix it so that it could be slipped on in a moment, and slipped off when done with. Then the spirit stove is supplied with a saucepan, and by its means water can be heated in a few minutes. Failing everything else, persons who suffer from cold might be allowed to have a hot-water bottle in bed with them, and they might use the water in the bottle for washing. If made quite hot at night, it would be hot enough in the morning to meet all requirements.

With regard to this same hot-water bottle, a word might be said. Spartan mothers who refuse to let their children wash in hot water speak very scornfully of hot-water bottles. Perhaps they would do well to reconsider their opinion. They ought to realise that if we wish to keep well in cold weather we must keep warm, whether we are up or in bed. Especially ought we to keep the feet warm, for cold feet very often usher in illness; and such diseases as bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, quinsy, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, toothache, and headache very often begin with cold. There is an old saying that if we could keep the feet always warm and the head always cool we should never die. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that the condition of the feet has much to do with health. When a baby begins to cry or be fretty, the first thing that an experienced mother does is to warm the little one's feet, and very often it is found that no sooner are baby's feet warm than baby becomes happy, comfortable, and "good." Can it be that grown-up people suffer now and again from the same cause that babies do?

There are individuals who have cold feet all day long and never know what comfort is in this respect until they go to bed; others have cold feet in the night, and cannot sleep as a consequence thereof. Surely these people would find that a hot bottle in bed was a comfort, or, if the objection to a hot bottle was very strong, wool socks might be used instead. A recipe for making them shall be given in another column. Of one thing, however, we are quite convinced. One of the most effectual ways in which the mistress of a household and the mother of a family can promote the well-being of those who are dependent upon her is, that she should defend them against the danger and discomfort of cold in winter. With this object in view, she will be wise if she is willing to avail herself even of such simple "old women's comforts" as hot-water bottles and hot water in the morning.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS ABOUT BEEF-TEA

"To give beef-tea alone to a sick person as a

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What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid.

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

Diet.—Under this head we will consider what is the best. Every man or woman must be a law unto themselves as to what to eat, drink, and avoid. The saying "One man's meat is another man's poison" is very true, and the time of year and the climatic surroundings have much to say in the matter. In the Arctic regions you can eat and relish fats or fat mixtures such as would be fatal to you in the tropics. Why do our countrymen suffer so much from liver complaint? It is because our insular training in the British Isles has induced a love for roast beef, spirits, and strong beers, and we indulge in these—with one result: *liver* complaint. Were we only rational, and adapted our diet to our surroundings, we would lead healthier, happier lives. Were we to a great extent to shun animal food we would be healthier.

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substitute for nourishment, is like giving him a stone when he needs bread. Beef-tea is not a food; it is a stimulant. The mistaken views about the nutritive value of beef-tea have been murderous." This is the information found in Dr. Fothergill's *Manual of Dietetics*, and it is so startling that housekeepers may be glad to pause and discover whether beef-tea is really as valuable as they have been accustomed to suppose, or whether it is worthless.

"When in doubt, consult authorities," is a good rule concerning foods. Let us see what authorities have to say on this point.

Sir William Roberts says: "There is widespread public misapprehension in regard to the nutritive value of beef-tea. The notion prevails that the nourishing qualities of the meat pass into the decoction, and that the dry hard remnant of the meat fibre which remains undissolved is exhausted of its nutriment. But in beef-tea as ordinarily made the ingredients which pass into solution are the rapid extractives of the meat, and nothing more, excepting a trifling amount of gelatine."

Dr. King Chambers says: "Make the cook understand that the virtue of beef-tea is that it should contain all the contents and flavours of lean beef in a liquid form, and that its vices are to be sticky and strong, and set like a hard jelly when cold."

A Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians says: "The value of beef-tea varies very much according to the mode of preparation. As usually made, the most nourishing portions of the meat are left behind; these which are taken cannot support life. . . . The chief value of beef-tea is in its refreshing or stimulating powers. In a manner we take a cup of strong beef-tea much as we would take a dose of alcohol. In the majority of cases we shall do so with much more benefit."

Miss Boland, instructor-in-cooking in the John Hopkins Training School for Nurses, says: "Beef-tea is valuable for its stimulating properties, and for the warmth that it gives. It is also somewhat nutritious, containing as it does the albuminous juices of the meat, some salts, and very important flavours. Coffee may be compared in its effects on the system to beef-tea—it is valuable for its flavours rather than for actual nutritious principles. But the mistake should not be made that coffee [and therefore presumably beef-tea] will replace food."

Supposing we bow to these authorities, are we to conclude that beef-tea is worthless? By no means; we should make a mistake if we did so. In many febrile disorders, doctors recommend that beef-tea should be given, because it is easy of digestion, and invigorating—that is, when it is properly made. Our authorities agree in decrying it as ordinarily made. How, then, ought it to be made? Here is a recipe.

The instructor-in-cooking of Hospital Nurses says that beef-tea should be prepared in such a manner that the juices are held in solution in the water, not coagulated, to secure which the cooking temperature should never be allowed to exceed 160° Fahr. This is the method:—Select half a pound of well-flavoured lean beef, full of gravy. Shin of beef is often chosen for the purpose, but it contains too much gelatine. Fine steak, or the roll of the blade-bone, are to be preferred. Take away every morsel of fat, lean gristle, etc., cut the lean into small pieces, put it into a glass jar and pour cold salted water over, allowing half a pint of water for half a pound of beef. Cover closely, and place the jar in a deep saucepan of cold water. Let it heat gradually for one hour, but do not allow the temperature at any time to exceed 160° Fahr. Strain out the juice and press the meat. The liquid should be clear red, not brown and flaky. Serve in a red wine-glass, and, if the taste is not liked, add half a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract. Then, if the patient is not told that the beef-tea is not boiled, he will not find out the fact. This beef-tea must be made in small quantities, for it will not keep well.

MY LADY'S HOUSE—THE DRAWING-ROOM

The drawing-room is an apartment which is supposed to belong especially to the ladies of the household. It is usually a reflection of the character, the habits, and tastes of the lady of the house. It ought properly to be a pleasant retreat, a resting-place, a haven of refinement and peace to herself and her friends.

Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, says that home is the most unforgiving of friends; it always resents absence. After the same manner we may say that the drawing-room is most unforgiving; it always resents neglect. It never presents a cordial welcome to people who keep it for a show-place, and enter it only on grand occasions or to air it or dust it. Its charm is for those who live in it every day, who go to it when work is done, when meals are out of the way, and when ease and social enjoyment are the order of the day. There the friends of the house meet for social intercourse; and in that apartment, more than in any other, my lady is "at home."

In her own drawing-room a lady ought to be of chief consequence in the estimation of her friends, but in her own estimation of no consequence whatever; she ought to look neither for attention nor admiration. It is her place to give, and she should be careless whether or not she receives. Being at home herself, she should endeavour to make every other person at home who has been received there; she should be attentive to all, and, while not overlooking people of note, she should make strangers, the shy, the timid, the retiring, her special care. She ought not to converse with any one person exclusively, but divide her favours—try to bring out the best of her visitors, and treat them as she would treat fine pictures—"give them the benefit of a good light." In her own drawing-room the lady should aim at bringing people together who will suit each other and who are like-minded. She should be brave in supporting and furthering what she believes to be right—honourable and liberal in giving others their rights. She should have the tact of a diplomatist, the skill of an expert, the kindliness of a saint, the presence of mind which is the result of experience, the good breeding which smooths away difficulties and promotes calm, the self-respect which commands respect. She should never neglect her guests, and, on the other hand, she should not weary them by too much notice, but let them be free. If she succeeds in carrying out these principles, she may be sure that her drawing-room will be charming to those who dwell in the house, and a delight to those who are privileged to enter it.

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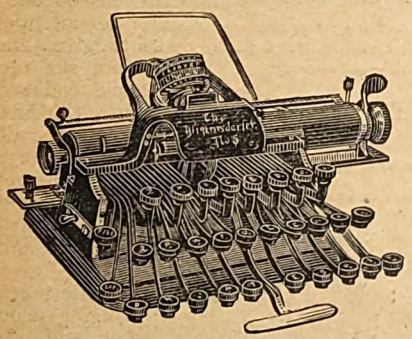

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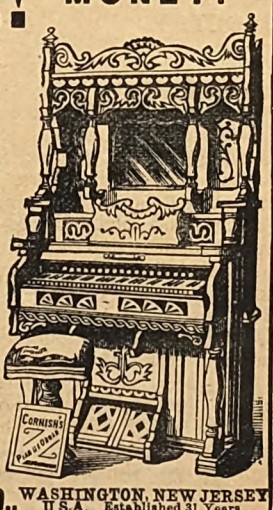

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WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS

Bathroom Slippers.—Procure a pair of cork soles, ready bound, and of the right size. Cut a piece of material suitable for forming the outside of the slipper — such as cloth, thin leather or matting, bath towelling, etc.—to the shape of a high slipper front, and of a size to fit the sole. Cut another piece of flannelette of the same shape and size, which will serve for a lining. Baste the material and lining together, and bind all round with coloured braid. Pin the sole into position, and sew over and over with strong thread.

Loose Stockings for wearing in Bed.—Choose ordinary white soft knitting wool, and four steel needles, not too fine. Cast on very loosely ninety-six stitches in all. Knit round and round perfectly plain as long as is required. We are now at the instep. For one round knit * three plain, drop one off the needle *, repeat from * to * for one round only. Now knit round and round plain for about the length of a finger and a half. Narrow for the toe in the usual way; that is, for one round narrow every seven stitches and knit seven rounds, narrow every six stitches and knit six rounds, then five, then four, then three, etc. Put the finger under the places where the stitches were dropped, and roll them up to the top. No heel has been made, but the stocking will shape itself to the heel. These stockings are very easily made. Anyone who can do plain knitting can make them, and, if loose and made of soft wool, they are very warm.

Crocheted Slippers for the Bedroom. — Take wool of any shade, and a moderate-sized bone crochet-hook. Make a chain of thirteen stitches, work the first row in short or double crochet, and widen two stitches in the centre or 7th stitch. Turn the work, and make one chain before beginning the next or any other row. This keeps the sides from dragging, and tends to make the work smooth and even. Take up only the back part of the stitch, and widen two stitches in the same place every other row, the intermediate row being plain. Thus the widening comes in one part of the slipper. Every two rows make a ridge. When 9 ridges are done, begin the 10th; work 12 stitches, turn and work back. Continue this till you have a straight strip long enough to reach round, and join to the instep of the slipper. Crochet together neatly on the wrong side. Finish the top of the slipper with a crocheted edge. A row of holes may be made before the edge, to receive ribbon for tying. For soles, buy the cork soles lined with lamb's wool.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

What is a Cupful?

Annie would be glad to know how much is a cupful. In many modern recipes she finds that a cup, a tablespoon, or a teaspoon is used as a measure. She has in her house five cups of different sizes all in use. The largest is a breakfast cup, which holds three-quarters of a pint; the smallest a Japanese cup, used for coffee, which holds a quarter of a pint. Which cup is indicated? And would it not be better if writers of recipes would give standard weights and measures known to all?—Unquestionably, great accuracy would be secured if standard weights and measures were always given in recipes. *Annie* must remem-

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

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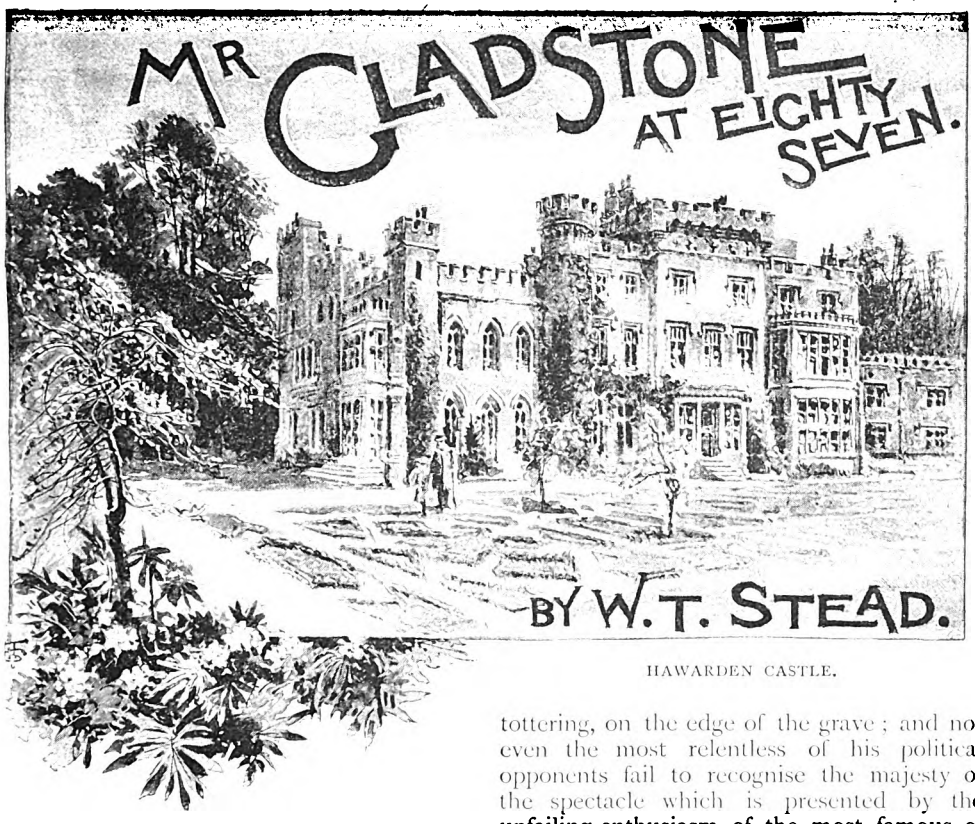
MR GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY SEVEN.

BY W. T. STEAD.



HAWARDEN CASTLE.

As the westering sun sinks to its setting, a white-haired old man comes out from his library and seats himself on the stone steps that lead from the Castle front to the lawn. He carries a book in his hand, in which, as soon as he has seated himself, he is completely absorbed. The old man is Mr. Gladstone; the book which he is studying is one of the innumerable volumes which he is devouring in the prosecution of the study to which he has devoted his closing years; and he seats himself on the steps in order that his impaired eyesight may catch and utilise the last rays of the setting sun. The old statesman—scholar and student to the last—is now eighty-seven years of age, but his intellectual vigour is not abated, nor has he lost the sinewy grip with which he fastens upon the subjects to which he devotes his attention.

Hawarden Castle, the retreat of this political hermit, stands within half-an-hour's railway journey of the city of Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool when the century was young, long before the first steamer had crossed the Atlantic, and when not even the most imaginative of men had ventured to predict the wonders of these latter days. Now he is standing, but not tottering, on the edge of the grave; and not even the most relentless of his political opponents fail to recognise the majesty of the spectacle which is presented by the unfailing enthusiasm of the most famous of English statesmen. But, as a recent visitor to Hawarden remarked, "although Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Gladstone still when the eye flashes as of old in keen debate, or when you listen to the inexhaustible stream of his vivacious conversation, yet you are regretfully compelled to admit that it is but a temporary triumph of mind over matter, when, ten minutes later, you see him again in the corner of the pew in Hawarden Church, dimly visible in the subdued light of the chancel. It is indeed a very old man who sits there, with bent back and pale wrinkled face, holding his book close to his eyes, apparently unable to find or follow the text. A stray sunbeam, white as sunbeams usually are, falls upon him from behind; the ivory white of the bald majestic head gleams in the light, and the few silvery hairs round the base of the head form a striking contrast to the glittering gilt edges of the book he holds. The day is far spent, and you turn sadly from the contemplation of the sad quiet figure." Frail though he is, as indeed he may well be, weighed down as he is with the burden of fourscore years and seven, still Mr. Gladstone is far and away the most potent personality in Great Britain. He has retired from politics, but, until death has

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closed that eager eye and stilled that eloquent tongue, nothing can diminish or impair his authority; he must ever remain the first among us all.

Many circumstances combine to give him the position of a kind of secular pope among his countrymen. Certainly, his voice will always carry more weight on any moral question than those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and all the episcopate. It is a very extraordinary phenomenon, when you come to look at it, this emergence of a kind of lay-pontificate in the midst of a materialistic and sceptical generation. The human race needs a pope; and if His Holiness of Rome renders himself impossible by his absorption into ecclesiasticism and his devotion to more or less incredible dogmas, then humanity improvises a substitute, and it is seldom that it has succeeded more admirably than when it selected Mr. Gladstone as the articulate voice for the moral sense of the people.

In one respect Mr. Gladstone very closely resembles the reigning Pope. Both are very old men. Mr. Gladstone is eighty-seven, and Leo XIII. is also eighty-seven; both of them increase their interests with their years, and both have preserved the heart of youth under the white hairs of advanced old age. There is probably no sovereign in Europe more keenly alive to the tendencies of things, more intensely interested in the latest developments of human society, than the prisoner of the Vatican, unless it be the recluse at Hawarden.

In this old world old men reign. Notwithstanding Disraeli's brilliant passage in *Coningsby* as to the achievements of youth, democracy has certainly not diminished the advantages of age. A young sovereign like the Czar or the Kaiser, or a young aristocrat like Lord Rosebery, starts in life with a pedestal sufficiently high to be seen by the mass of his contemporaries. But in a democracy, where all men start on a dead level, nothing but age and the growth which years can bring raises the individual high enough above his fellows to gain the recognition which enables him to exercise any very commanding or widespread influence. Hence the commanding personalities of our time have almost all been old men. Gambetta was an exception, for he was a product of a revolutionary volcano, and he had as his pedestal the great war in which France was submerged. Skobeleff, another supreme personality, was practically unknown before the Russo-Turkish war; he towered aloft like a shell flung heaven-high by a mortar, only to burst and disappear in the blackness of night. If we run over the roll-call of notables, the men who count, we shall find that they are in almost every case over sixty, and many of them are long past the period of threescore years and ten. Russia has a young Czar, not yet thirty; but the young Czar was the puppet of Prince Lobanoff until the veteran diplomatist died. In Germany the young Kaiser is thirty-eight; but his Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, who is the man at the helm, is seventy-eight. But neither the Kaiser nor his Chancellor counts for anything in the scale of personalities with the iron ex-Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who has nearly completed his eighty-second year, and who, although in retirement, still speaks with the most masterful voice of all German-speaking men. In Austria-Hungary the equilibrium of the empire-kingdom depends absolutely upon the life of Francis Joseph, who was sixty-six on his last birthday, and whose personality is the mainstay of the State in Austria and in Hungary. In Rome there is the Pope, who is eighty-seven, surrounded by a college of cardinals, an immense majority of whom are old men. In the Italian kingdom there is only one statesman whose name is known outside the peninsula,—and that is Signor Crispi, who is seventy-seven. In France they have no old men; the nearest approach to a veteran was Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, who died not long ago at the age of ninety. But the very absence of old men in French politics illustrates the principle. In France there is no commanding personality, for all the politicians are comparatively young; they have not had time to grow famous. As it is in France and in Spain, so it is across the Atlantic. It is the old people who alone stand sufficiently conspicuous to be recognised. The same thing is largely true in literature and in science. It is the old men whose reputations have been slowly built up year after year who stand conspicuous before the world. In Russia, Count Tolstoi; in Britain, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning; in America, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Emerson, —all illustrate the same thing. In England the old Queen upon the throne and the old statesman at Hawarden are far and away the most conspicuous and most influential personalities. In England, it is true, there is a group of young men

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THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.
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coming on: Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Balfour; but they are all in the second flight: they have not yet attained a right to pre-eminent domain, which age, and age alone, appears to be able to give.

This being so, the question of how to survive long enough to make a reputation and win a position, becomes the most important question for a statesman in these democratic days. How has Mr. Gladstone solved this problem? I think it is possible that more people may be interested in discussing the secret of Mr. Gladstone's long life and unabated vigour than in the description of his political achievements; for politics interest few, whereas life interests all.

I will therefore linger a little to discuss, not his politics, but his science of life. What is Mr. Gladstone's secret? How is it that he has preserved unimpaired for eighty-seven years both his physical and mental powers? That he has done so is admitted, although the body is at last exhibiting somewhat of the infirmities of old age. Mr. Gladstone is still vigorous, alert, resourceful, capable of reading and writing for hours together, and also able on occasion to take long walks, although he is no longer able to play the woodman and fell the trees on his estate. We hear a great deal of the eight-hours day and the eight-hours movement; but Mr. Gladstone, well on to his ninetieth year, does ten hours hard literary work every day; and when Mr. Gladstone works, he does work and no mistake. How has he contrived to do it? What is his secret? For if so be that we can discover it, it may mean years of life to many men who, although they have no desire to be great statesmen, do not wish to trouble the undertaker before their time.

Mr. Gladstone started well. He was born of healthy stock, in comfortable circumstances, with a constitution of iron. He had enormous driving power and physical energy, the evidence of which may still be seen palpable to all men in the massive formation of the back of his head. From his parents he had every advantage of heredity and environment from his youth up. These things cannot be bespoken by anyone, and it is well, therefore, and it will be more profitable, to devote attention

THREE GENERATIONS OF GLADSTONES.
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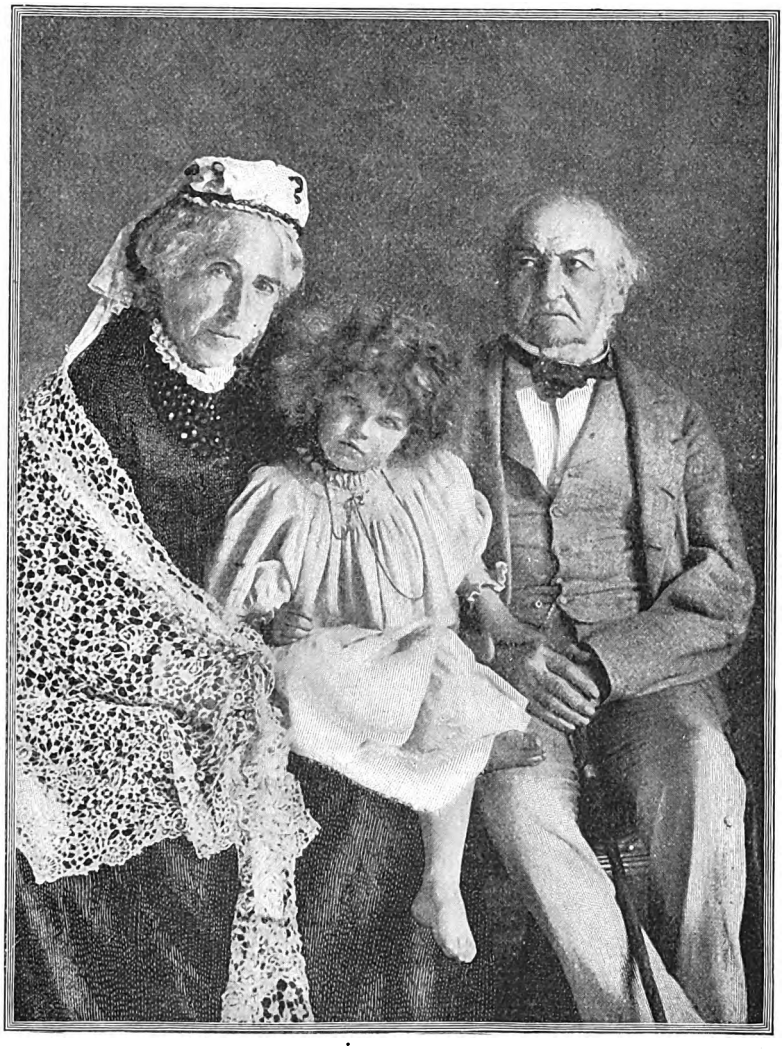
to the methods by which Mr. Gladstone has been able to preserve and conserve the advantages with which he was early endowed. The first thing that forces itself upon our attention is the fact that Mr. Gladstone from his youth up has contrived, in some way or another, to appropriate for himself all the advantages which come from a sturdy and assured faith in the government of the universe. Looking at it altogether apart from the question of the truth or falsehood of religious belief, there is no doubt that, from a purely hygienic point of view, a man who feels that there is outside of him and above him a moral order, controlled by some being infinitely wiser than himself, has advantages, from the point of view of a life-insurance society, greatly superior to those possessed by a man who has no such consolation.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER, DOROTHY DREW.
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Mr. Gladstone has probably had his doubts, like most men, but they have been as waves to a strong swimmer which carry him onward to his goal. Mr. Gladstone is one of those men who are never so convinced of the truth of anything as when they are set to work to defend it against the arguments of its opponents, and Mr. Gladstone's faith has waxed all the stronger because, like the oak planted on a wind-swept hill, it has been compelled to drive its roots deeper in the soil because of the tempest which hurtles through its branches. Over the mantelpiece in Mr. Gladstone's bedroom there is emblazoned a text which explains a good deal of the tranquillity which has saved Mr. Gladstone from the nervous exhaustion which has carried off many other men. The text runs, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is set on Thee."

If Mr. Gladstone's simple but fervent religious faith is the first element in the secret of his continued and continuing vigour, the second place must be awarded to the happy influence of a fortunate marriage. If Mrs. Gladstone had been a cleverer woman she might have been less helpful, for some natures have such an overpowering individuality of their own, that

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what they seek in a companion is not a positive so much as a negative capacity. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend; but Mr. Gladstone was not particularly in need of being sharpened,—he was in need of being rested. Therefore Mrs. Gladstone was not so much another sword-blade clashing with his as the scabbard of his sword.

Sir Francis Doyle, who was best-man at Mr. Gladstone's wedding, wrote a poem addressed to Mrs. Gladstone, who before her marriage was known as the beautiful Miss Glynne, and in this poem he set before her the task which to the best of her ability she has performed. It was her duty, he said, "to soothe, in many a toil-worn hour, the noble heart which thou hast won." This she has performed admirably. But the poet went on to say, "Thou hast an office to perform, to be his answering spirit-bride"; and herein it can hardly be said that realisation has been so complete, for Mr. Gladstone has found no mate to his intellect among his womenkind. Mrs. Gladstone was not his equal in intellect, nor ever aspired to be more than a sympathetic listener to his political discourses. She was a capital house-mother, faithful and attentive; an admirable nurse, who studied her husband as a doctor studies his patient; for all his physical and social needs she was all that could be desired; but it ended there.

> Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
> A fountain singing at his side;
> His star whose light is never dim,
> A pole star through the waste to guide,

was the exhortation of her husband's best-man. "Balmy breeze" she was, no doubt, and "singing fountain" too; but it was not her rôle to be a pole star to a great career, nor did she ever aspire to be a pillar of cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night to guide the footsteps of her wandering lord across the wilderness of sin. It was one of the chief qualities of Mrs. Gladstone, that she recognised her limitations and never attempted to interfere with matters that were beyond her capacity. She worshipped her husband with an adoration which has increased with years; this devotion has stood all the rough and cruel tests that have been imposed upon it by the preoccupation of public business and the other incidents in the life of a Prime Minister. When even so domestic a man as Mr. Gladstone is entrusted with the management of the affairs of a great empire, it is not to be wondered at that the convenience and wishes of the household take a back seat. A story is told of Mrs. Gladstone, which, though surely an exaggeration, conveys a truth. It is that during the season when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister she used to regard it as a treat to be invited to a friend's house to meet her husband. She always then tried to get seated near him, because, she said, "it is thus at least possible for me to have some conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."

This absolute subservience to her husband would have been very detrimental to the character of many men, and there are some who believe that Mr. Gladstone has been somewhat spoiled by his womenfolk. Mrs. Gladstone, however, rightly or wrongly, held the view that it was the wife's duty to make life as "cushiony" as possible for her husband. She would display a world of patience and cunning diplomacy to keep any disagreeable thing out of his way, even to the extent of sitting down upon *The Times* for a whole evening if it should contain an article that was calculated to ruffle his equanimity. There are a multitude of little stories current concerning the way in which she eased off the pressure of the outside world, using no end of innocent domestic strategy in order to save him wear and tear and nervous strain. Neither has she ever been known to have given him the slightest trouble on the score of jealousy. The Prime Minister, especially a Prime Minister like Mr. Gladstone, who is gallant and courteous to all women, and who has constantly found great stimulus to his vitality from the friendly intercourse of women of high and low degree and of all manner of moral status, might have found in the jealousy or resentment of his wife a formidable addition to the burdens of State; but Mrs. Gladstone always showed a smiling face. She has always had very good health and a self-satisfied temperament; she is also a good motherly woman, full of charity and philanthropy, with plenty of little interests of her own, with which she has solaced herself when the absorbing cares of State swept her husband temporarily out of her orbit.

Besides these two—his religion and his wife—the two outside influences which have kept Mr. Gladstone in perennial youth by minimising the worry of life and lubricating the rapidly revolving wheels of this human dynamo, Mr. Gladstone has various habits which conduce greatly to his longevity and physical vigour. First of these, unquestion-

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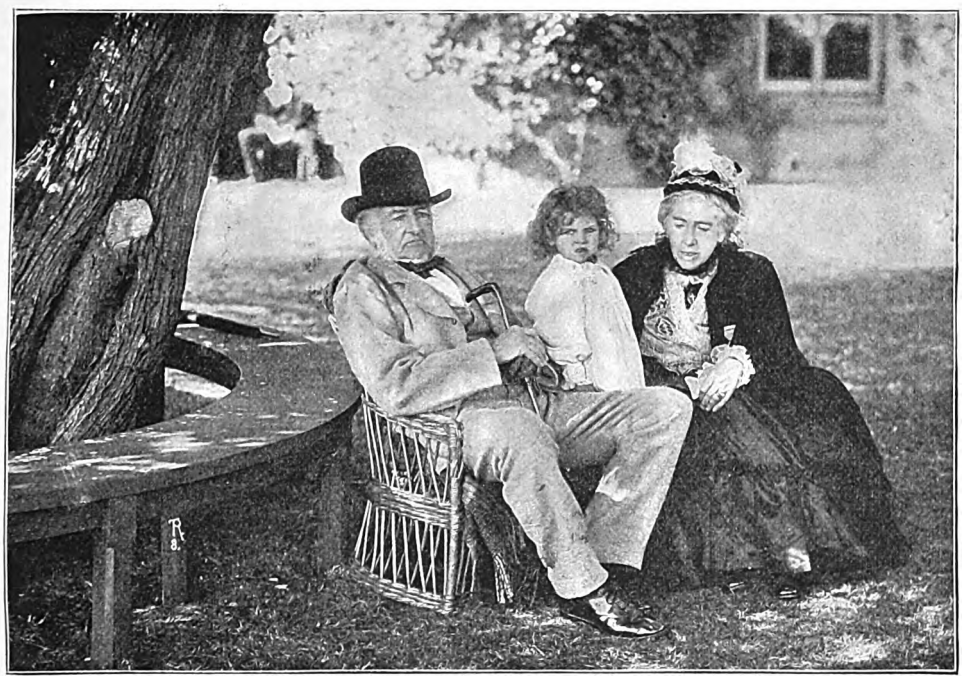
ably, is the gift of sleep—a gift he shares in common with Napoleon and other notable commanders in history. Mr. Gladstone throughout the whole of his life has had sleep at instant command: he can go to sleep at a moment's notice, and, what is more remarkable, wake up bright and fresh within ten minutes of going to sleep. His nightly allowance of sleep is fixed at seven hours. He is a man who likes sleep, and could enjoy an extra hour; but the habit of getting up after seven hours sleep has been formed, and Mr. Gladstone adheres to it. When he lays his head on his pillow he is



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND DOROTHY IN THE PARK AT HAWARDEN.
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able to shut his mind off from all the business of life. When he goes to bed it is to sleep, and he sleeps with all his might. Mr. Bright used to lie awake for hours, thinking out his speeches; and the curse of insomnia has played havoc with more than one prominent statesman. I do not think there ever was a time when Mr. Gladstone could not sleep.

After his faculty for sleep must be mentioned the methodical regularity, the almost automatic persistence, with which he adhered to habits which he had found beneficial to his health. Mr. Gladstone's body was like a chronometer: it was adjusted to a certain time, and kept so year in and year out, without a shadow of variation. His orderly mind possessed a horror of unpunctuality and the endless uncertainty that follows the lack of a fixed rule. Not that he was a martinet or a pedant, but he took care of his health. A saying of his that every piece of meat should be bitten thirty-two times is one of the many instances which might be cited as to the attention he pays to small things.

Mr. Gladstone, although not a teetotaler, has never emulated the exploits of some of his more bibulous predecessors. If he is not a teetotaler, he is at least a total abstainer from tobacco; he neither snuffs, chews, nor smokes either pipe, cigar, or cigarette. Nothing has induced him to yield to the seductions of the fragrant weed.

Another quality of his is the rare gift of concentration. The bump of concentration must, if there is anything in phrenology, be enormously developed. "Whatever the work may be he has in hand," said a recent visitor at Hawarden, "it takes hold of him so entirely that he has to be roused from it as most are roused from sleep." This enabled him to be almost totally indifferent to his surroundings—a faculty simply invaluable to

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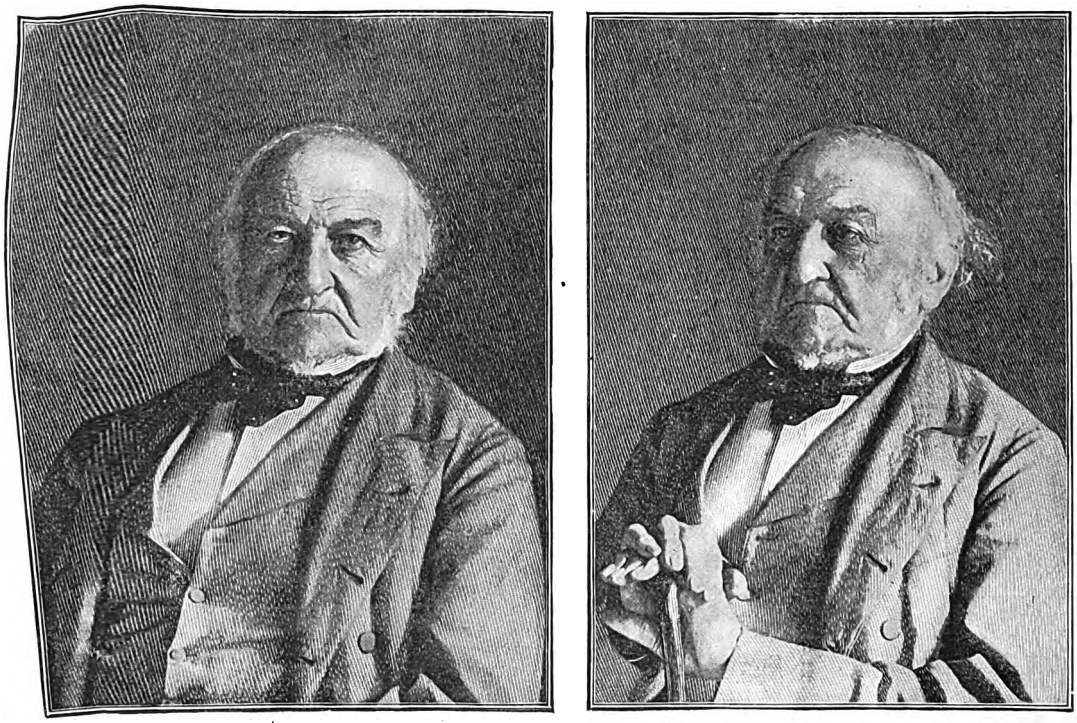

NEW PORTRAITS OF MR. GLADSTONE.
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him when, as leader of the House of Commons, he had to sit for hours together listening to the monotonous drone of irrelevant debate. Whilst able to concentrate himself so absolutely upon the subject in hand as to be oblivious of all the world, he was capable with the utmost ease of varying his subjects. It has long been his habit always to have three books in reading at the same time; and with all his strenuousness, Mr. Gladstone is well aware of the advantage of occasionally unstringing the bow. He reads novels with hearty gusto; and Miss Friederichs, in her charming little volume, *Mr. Gladstone in the Evening of His Days*, mentions that when he was worn out with several hours steady continuous work at indexing Bishop Butler, he recovered the tone of his mind by regaling himself in the evening with *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

Another thing, which might perhaps be classified as merely another phase of the same faculty, but one which nevertheless has helped to prolong his vigour, is that he has sedulously eschewed the practice of promiscuous newspaper reading. Mr. Arthur Balfour has always made a point of never reading a newspaper at all unless he is compelled to do so—a rule which has certainly its advantages, but which could hardly be adopted by anyone less audacious or less happily constituted than Mr. Balfour. He told me once that not only did it save a great deal of time to let your newspaper reading be done by other people, but it was so much more interesting to hear things at first-hand for yourself instead of taking them second-hand from newspaper reporters. Mr. Gladstone in the matter of newspaper reading stood midway between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bright. Mr. Balfour read nothing; Mr. Bright read every word in a morning newspaper, devoting regularly two hours a day to its perusal. Mr. Gladstone usually reads one newspaper regularly. It used to be the *Fall Mall Gazette* before it changed hands, and latterly it has been the *Westminster Gazette*. *The Times* Mr. Gladstone has never read regularly. I remember his telling me in 1877 that he never looked at *The Times* for any other reason excepting to read the telegrams which Mr. W. J. Stillman, *The Times* correspondent in Montenegro, despatched as to the progress of the campaign against the Turk.

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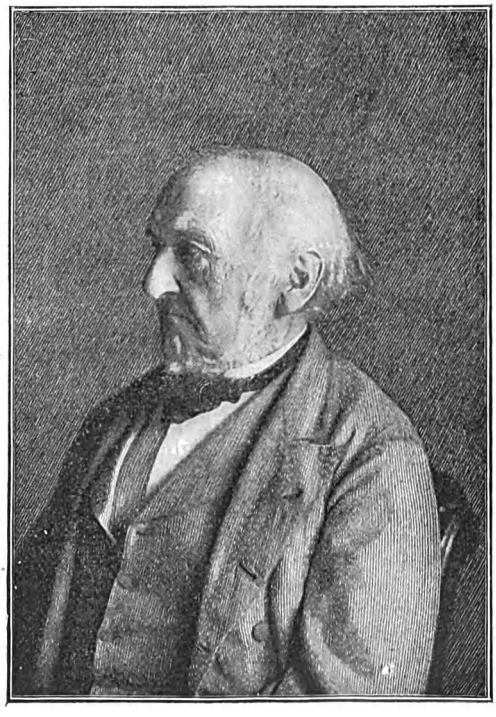
Another item that must be taken into account is the immense diversity of interests which Mr. Gladstone enjoys in life. He touches life at every side, with the exception of racing or gambling; and wherever he touches it, he thrills responsive to its touch. Merely to be Prime Minister — and Mr. Gladstone has three times been Prime Minister of the Queen—is of itself sufficient to provide topics of interest for any ordinary person for the rest of his life. But Mr. Gladstone was never able to devote more than a section of his time to politics; he has probably spent more time over Homer than he ever did over the question of parliamentary reform, and at all times his interest in theology outbalanced his interest in mundane affairs.

It is thoroughly characteristic that his favourite hobby at the present moment should be the institution of a theological library which he has founded in the immediate proximity of Hawarden, providing it with a hostel where students who desire to study the theological books may be boarded and lodged at a very moderate rate. St. Deiniol's Library contains on its shelves twenty thousand volumes, chiefly theological, which have been weeded from Mr. Gladstone's own library. It is the hobby of his old age, and no theme of conversation ever arouses the veteran so surely as an allusion to St Deiniol's, which has the Rev. Harry Drew, his son-in-law, as its warden and librarian.

It is almost impossible to start any subject of conversation in which Mr. Gladstone cannot more than hold his own. Admirals in the navy have told me how amazed they have been when, seated next him at dinner, they have ventured to raise some question relating to the service. Mr. Gladstone, they said, always seemed to know more about it than they did—at least, whenever it was a question of statistics, even although the statistics related to the number of stokers in the fleet or the average height and weight of sailors in the navy. There is a tradition to the effect that on one occasion when Monsieur Chevalier, the eminent French economist, was invited to Downing Street to breakfast, he came away sadly disappointed; for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright happened to raise the subject of corns, discussing chiropody in all its branches with a wonderful array of personal experience and literary reference which bewildered the



NEW PORTRAITS OF MR. GLADSTONE.
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Frenchman, who at first was under the illusion that the Prime Minister and the great free-trader were engaged in the discussion of the Corn Laws.

Wide as are the interests of this life, Mr. Gladstone is not content therewith, and he is devoting his declining years to a restatement of his theory of the next life. The last postcard I had from him — and Mr. Gladstone always uses postcards — was to express the great interest he felt in reading some articles dealing with the results of psychical research published in *Borderland*, and promising to refer to the subject of spiritism when he came to revise his article on immortality.

Mr. Gladstone has always lived a country life when he could get the opportunity. Down at Hawarden, in the midst of the stately park which his wife inherited from her father, he has ever shown the keenest enjoyment of the pleasures of rural life. Not that he has devoted himself to practical agriculture. He is interested in the subject, no doubt, and has done what he could to raise the standard of farming in his own neighbourhood; but his interest in agriculture was more that of the observer than of the expert. His exploits as a woodcutter have attained a world-wide notoriety; and although it may be a mistake to imagine he was always chopping down trees, nevertheless the fact that he could find an immense fascination in the joys of felling timber shows in what trim he must have kept his muscles, and how carefully he had nursed and developed his strength. He was always a very rapid walker, but now he seldom walks more than three or four miles a day.

Putting all these things together, they explain how it is that Mr. Gladstone, in the midst of the turmoil of party politics, has ever been able to preserve an equable and tranquil soul; while his observance of the laws of health, regular exercise, and the continual variety of his interests have enabled him to keep his mind brightly furbished to the last.

The newspapers have often published particulars as to the way in which Mr. Gladstone spends his day. They are all more or less founded on fact, but Mr. Gladstone's days have varied so much with the years and with the events in which he was taking part, that no general rule can be laid down. The beginning and end of each day, however, he has always endeavoured to spend in the same way. At Hawarden, every morning, wet or dry, he attended early-morning service at eight o'clock, sometimes reading the lessons, if they were in need of assistance, but always being in his place, taking part in the devotions which precede the work of the day. Miss Friederichs mentions a significant fact, that no visitor to the Castle has ever been allowed to speak to Mr. Gladstone on his walk to church. He pounds along by himself, silent, thinking over many things. Not until the service is over and he is wending his way home does he open his lips. As the day begins with the public worship of God, so it closes with prayers in his own household. On Sunday no one is more punctual in attendance at evening service. It was noted at one time that when he was in the thick of a Cabinet crisis he went to church no fewer than three times in one day, although he was Cabinet-making, and all the aspirants were on the tenterhooks of anxiety as to his decision. His reading of the service in the parish church at Hawarden was long one of the favourite attractions which led to the crowding of the church Sunday after Sunday. This was not done from any spirit of ostentation, but simply because the clergy needed assistance, and he was ready as usual to step in to fill a place where he might do good.

Nowadays, after spending two hours in bed reading and in preparation of the work of the day, he rises at ten, and proceeds to work in his library, where he attends either to his correspondence or literary work. His daughters save him as much as possible with his letters, which often pour in in floods; but a great deal of his correspondence he despatches with his own hand. Excepting when in office he never employs a secretary, answering his many letters by postcards if possible. Postcards, indeed, may claim Mr. Gladstone as their chief patron; he, more than any man, made the postcard respectable. Although many resent receiving communications from their friends by postcards, Mr. Gladstone's example has rendered it possible to despatch such missives without offence.

After a busy morning's work he lunches with his family, and then returns once more to his books. Mr. Gladstone is fond of tea, but in his speeches he has found the most useful pick-me-up a small mixture of sherry and egg, prepared by Mrs. Gladstone, who never relegates that duty to another. In the evening he dines, and after dinner usually reads light literature, unless guests are present with whom he wishes to talk, and when in the country retires early to bed.

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Of course, when in Parliament, he could not order his life on the same regular tranquil lines, but, so far as he could, he did, by the adoption of the rule by which no opposed business was taken up after twelve o'clock.

Mr. Gladstone is punctual at meals, and is said to be able to dress for dinner in three minutes when in a hurry, and in five minutes when he is not pushed. No one knows better than he the importance of utilising every spare moment. If he is left alone for five minutes at a railway station

LUNCH AT HAWARDEN.

or in a friend's house, he is sure to be able to produce pen, ink, and paper, or a post-card, and proceeds there and then to despatch his correspondence.

The immediate occasion which led Mr. Gladstone to leave office was, it is understood, not so much the failure of his eyesight, which a comparatively simple operation for cataract removed, leaving him almost as clear-sighted as ever; nor was it the gradual encroachment of deafness, which compels him, as it compelled Cardinal Manning in the last years of his life, to use his hand as an improvised ear-trumpet when anyone is speaking whose articulation is not very clear and distinct. The real thing which precipitated his retirement was his unconquerable reluctance to the increased naval expenditure which, in the opinion of his colleagues, was absolutely called for by the circumstances of the times. Mr. Gladstone has never been in sympathy with the expenditure in preparation for war. He is a born economist and a great lover of peace. It was under his administration of 1868 that the navy was steadily reduced in strength, until it seemed quite possible that instead of being able to cope successfully with any two naval Powers, which is the normal standard of Britain's requirements, it would be as much as it could do to cope with that of France alone.

Of course England had still more ships than France, but then she had to scatter them much more, owing to the immense area of the empire and the enormous multiplicity of duties devolved on her fleets.

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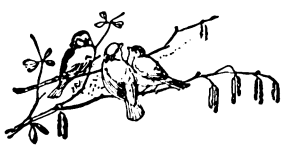
It was with a very ill grace and a very heavy heart that Mr. Gladstone acquiesced in the extra naval vote of 1884, which was forced upon him by the publication of the article on "The Truth about the Navy," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That was the turning-point in the reconstruction of the British navy, and Mr. Gladstone, against his will, may be regarded as the founder of the new navy, by which Britannia at present rules the waves.

Mr. Gladstone, while not a teetotaler, is strongly in favour of something being done to cope with the ravages of intemperance. His own judgment is distinctly in favour of the adoption of some modification of the so-called Gothenburg System, by which the Municipality or the State becomes the sole distributor of intoxicants. In this he is in agreement with the Bishop of Chester, in whose diocese he lives, and with the Duke of Westminster, who is his near neighbour at Eaton Hall, and with Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gladstone's views on temperance, however, have never been pressed with the vehemence and fervour with which he has approached other doctrines in the course of his long and eventful career. Once, and once only, he attempted to deal with the Licensing question. This was in 1870, when Lord Aberdare, then Mr. Bruce, introduced a Licensing Bill which would have had the result of enormously reducing the number of public-houses. Unfortunately, as is usual in such cases, it did not go far enough to please the temperance men, while it went much farther than the publicans would stand. The measure was dropped, and never again introduced.

On Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone holds his old opinions with unabated fervour. Should Providence spare him until next year, he will probably find great occasion for his eloquence in the celebration of the centenary of the Irish Rebellion of 1798; nor, considering the extreme tenacity with which he holds on to life, is it altogether out of the question that he may be spared to celebrate with appropriate execration the centenary of the Act of Union of 1900. He would then be over ninety years of age, and at present he does not contemplate any such nonagenarian activity. His mind, indeed, is absorbed much more with speculations as to the immortality of the soul than in any question of mundane politics.

And now I must leave these brief and imperfect notes of the most notable of all living Englishmen. The fact that such a man, whose whole life has been a protest against international wrongdoing—who has flouted and scorned the popular delusion that empires are strong in proportion as they are aggressive—has been three times Prime Minister of the Queen, and should now be regarded as a kind of supreme pontiff of Britain, is the best possible refutation of the popular delusion that John Bull is such a man as he is pictured by his foreign caricaturists.

It would be impossible to name any other country in the world in which the popular idol has been habitually and pointedly in opposition to the Jingo instincts of his countrymen; has stumped the country from end to end, denouncing what he considered the infamies of the foreign policy of his Government; and, even when peace and war trembled in the balance, has not been ashamed to champion the cause of those whom he believed to be his country's enemies —even when the crowd mobbed him in the street, and smashed his windows as a gentle reminder of the unpopularity of his opinions. The fact that this is the case in England with Mr. Gladstone may well give pause to those who point at John Bull as if he were nothing but a buccaneer in topboots. And because it is so, and because England stands for much more than mere Imperial aggression, because there is in the heart of her common people a deep, underlying, instinctive moral sense, England is as great as she is to-day, and Mr. Gladstone is as great as he is in England. It is this, too, which justifies the confidence which he expressed when he said, "The work of England has been great in the past, but it will be still greater in the future. This is true, I believe, in the broadest sense of the English-speaking world. I believe it is also true of England herself. I think the part which England has to play, and the influence of England in the world, will be even vaster in the future than it is to-day. England will be greater than she has ever been."



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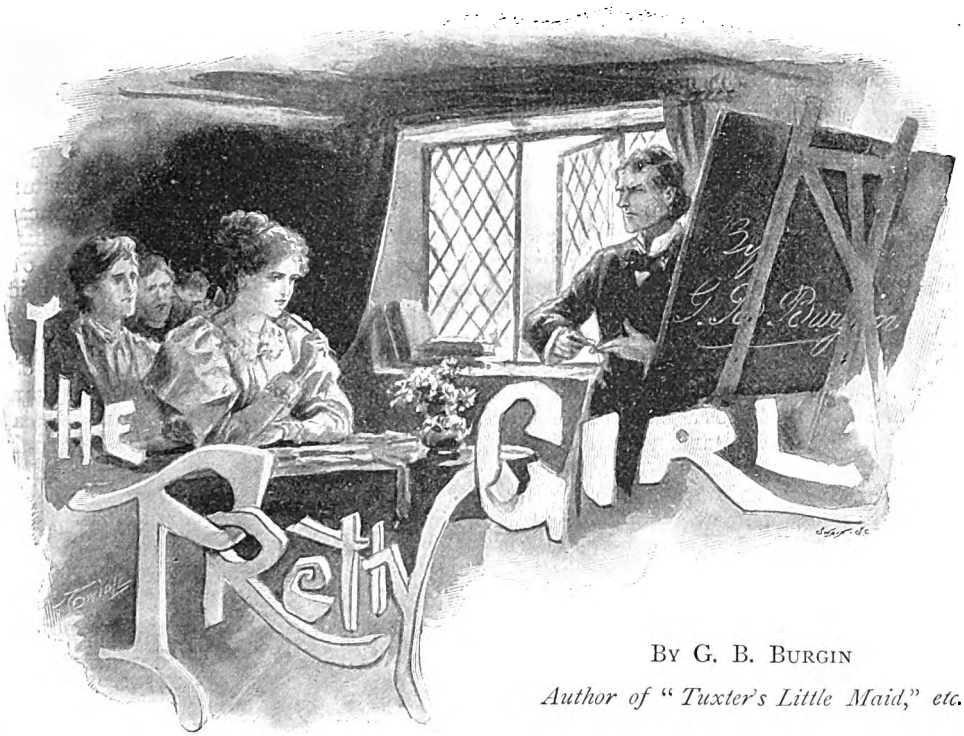

By G. B. Burgin

Author of "Tuxter's Little Maid," etc.

I

It is a little difficult to know what to do with yourself when you have more money than you want, even though you are twenty-one and can still expend a vast amount in the profitable purchase of experience. Doubtless, my patrimony was impoverished to some extent by the careless manner in which I had sought after wisdom for the last two years; but the results of the search failed to give me any satisfaction whatever. Day by day my enforced idleness became more monotonous, and I felt that the only escape from it would be to break stones in the workhouse, or else steal something and study the art of picking prison oakum.

One morning, whilst moodily deliberating which of these courses it would be wiser to pursue, as I came slowly down the Law Court steps for my daily walk a girl tripped merrily towards me. She made no impression upon me at the time. The next morning she carried something like an elongated warming-pan, which I supposed to be a banjo. Perhaps I regarded it rather lingeringly, for the girl glanced up, and swiftly went upon her way. At intervals I found myself wondering what coloured eyes she had, and how it was that the sweet radiance of her smile illuminated the wide gravel walk as she came with elastic step through a flock of feeding pigeons. The next time we met I noticed her hair was a soft brown, and her eyes of the clearest, tenderest hue to match. At other times further details obtruded themselves on my somewhat wistful vision. The brown hair was surmounted by a dainty little hat in which were two feathers sticking up provokingly, like Mercury's wings. As the weather was still warm, she did not require a jacket, but wore a pink blouse, which lent a reflected tint to her soft cheek. The rest of her attire altogether escaped my scrutiny or powers of description. All I knew was that it seemed just what it ought to be. Her little feet bore her along so trippingly that the only way I could contrive to take in these details was to wait by one gate of the Law Courts until I saw her enter at the other, and then descend the steps as slowly as possible. At first my eyes were gladdened with the pink blouse. As the girl came nearer I could gradually see her face. When we met (this always happened one-third of the distance from my end and two-thirds from hers) she flashed past me with such bewildering speed that I could not help wishing something would happen to make her move a little less like a modern Camilla speeding o'er the plain.

Something did happen at last. One blessed morning, as I descended the fourth terrace (there are four terraces, with a break of two

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steps in the middle; if you are not careful, you generally forget the two steps in the middle, and narrowly escape falling on your nose), I found that the unknown girl was just coming up the first. A stumble on my part caused her not to take heed as to her own footsteps. She struck her little foot against one of the steps, and fell with both hands on the top of the terrace, the banjo case gaily going bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump, until it reached the bottom. There we were, face to face in the brilliant sunshine, with the pigeons cooing and wheeling about us (she threw them crumbs as she came along, and one had become so tame that it usually perched on the banjo case). I remember distinctly that a man was sharpening his scythe a little to the right, whilst another paused in his work of filling a barrow with grass in order to gaze at us amusedly. The scent of the new-mown grass floated pleasantly up to one's nostrils. Even the starving men and women who had wandered about all night for want of shelter, and came to rest their weary limbs on the benches and bask in the sun, looked round for a moment, their wan hunger-sharpened faces betokening that, however hard their own fate, they could still interest themselves in the misfortunes of others. The policeman in the rabbit-hutch at the top of the terraces unbent judicially, and exchanged an official smile with the smart-uniformed doorkeeper a little lower down; whilst a man who was shooting coals into a mysterious hole in the gravel path looked up, as the coal still streamed from the sack, with a friendly grin, and the observation, "You've been and gorne and done it this time and no mistake, miss."

The girl rose from her knees ruefully holding out her little hands. Her dainty gloves were dusty and rubbed by the rough stone. For a moment we stood gazing at each other in silence. I did not know what to do, or whether I had better do anything at all, until I chanced to notice that the banjo case had been battered open, and that some mysterious little books, two pencils, a piece of indiarubber, a parcel of sandwiches,—one had burst through the paper,—three hairpins, a piece of ribbon, two biscuits, an official-looking "Blue Book," a fragment of what is technically known as "plain sewing," and several other articles reposed in a disorderly group upon the path.

"Allow me," I said hastily, "to repair the damage occasioned by my stupidity." As a matter of fact I had not been stupid; but under the glance of those bright eyes it seemed to me that in dragging the banjo case's miscellaneous contents to the light of day I was guilty of a gross breach of propriety, which could be only adequately punished or atoned for by penal servitude. I sprang down the steps, and began to carefully pack the various articles into the banjo case. But it was the task of Sisyphus over again. No sooner had I rolled one article up the handle of the warming-pan arrangement at the top than it ran down. Even when I had packed half the things, the only way I could prevent their running out again was by keeping one hand (fortunately I have big hands) on them, and then swimming round, as it were, to collect the others. I could have made progress in this way had it not been for the fact that I felt crimson all over with confusion. If I put one thing into the banjo case some demon of perversity immediately inspired four others to come out, and I might, without having had recourse to hydraulic pressure, have continued this vain struggle for the rest of my life, had not a sweet voice remarked, "I am very much obliged to you indeed, but don't you think I had better help you? We"—there was a ripple of laughter in her voice—"we are taking the whole world into our confidence, and that pigeon over there is trying to make off with my indiarubber."

I pursued that ungrateful pigeon for twenty yards before he took wing and soared up on the roof of the building. Fortunately, the indiarubber proved to be too heavy for his carrying capacity, and I caught it as it dropped.

By the time I returned to the banjo case with my spoil it was closed. Its capacious interior had swallowed up everything, and it lay on the ground with the air of a cormorant which has overeaten itself and is sleepily conscious of the fact. Whilst endeavouring to pack the things into it I had noticed on the cover of one of the books the words, "Rivers' Shorthand School." It immediately occurred to me, that for some reason known only to herself, this bright beautiful girl was enduring the martyrdom (it is a very common one in the nineteenth century) of learning what is miscalled shorthand—that system of dots and dashes and curves and irresponsible tadpole-like squiggles, supposed to be easier to read than ordinary copper-plate, but which is, as I afterwards found out, a demoniacal invention calculated to destroy the reason of ninety-nine men out of a hundred and kill the hundredth.

I picked up the banjo case and handed it

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to the girl. If this thing had been a story in a book instead of really happening, I should have raised my hat with airy grace, tucked the banjo case under my arm, and accompanied the unknown to the Shorthand School, as a matter of course. It seemed to me, however, that the girl would think me a cad if I presumed upon this chance opportunity of making her acquaintance. It was the hardest thing in the world to do nothing; but I did it, simply continuing my way to the Strand at a rate which implied that my one object in life was to reach the gate in two seconds.

When I turned to look round, the girl still stood on the topmost terrace dusting her gloved hands. Had it not been for that parting glance, I should probably have avoided the Law Courts in future and made my way to the river by another road. She moved through the iron gateway, and the world suddenly became grey, dull, worthless; the iris-hued necks of the pigeons ceased to shimmer; they were mere awkward, waddling, ungainly, greedy fowl, whose fitting destiny would have been a pie, their toes projecting through the crust; the gardener resumed his task; and the policeman at the Strand end of the enclosure regarded me with the look of a man who is bent on arresting a possible dynamitard.

My mind was made up. I would go to the Shorthand School in poverty-stricken garb and learn that mystic art if it cost me my reason.

II

"WHAT d'you want?" he asked, sternly surveying my somewhat shabby tweed suit and disreputable-looking slouch hat.

If I had told the truth I should have said that the only inducement which could persuade me to face my aggressive, pimple-faced interrogator was the desire to know The Pretty Girl, who sat on the other side of the room looking at me with amused eyes, in which there was a faint gleam of recognition. She seemed puzzled to understand how the well-dressed youth of yesterday morning's adventure could have suddenly received so knockdown a blow at the hand of Fate as to necessitate his appearance in such humiliating garb; for I had carefully donned my oldest suit of clothes—a suit I generally wore when wandering about the East End of London at night. There was

"FOR A MOMENT WE STOOD GAZING AT EACH OTHER IN SILENCE."

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no necessity whatever for me to go to the East End, but I sometimes wandered there in search of Sincerity. Since yesterday my ideas had taken the concrete shape of endeavouring to come into contact with The Pretty Girl; and now, at the hour of eleven, I found myself, hat in hand, confronting a diminutive man of about thirty, who, clad in a rather rusty frock-coat and an authoritative manner, regarded me with a glance which implied that the sooner I removed my superfluous presence the better would he be able to concentrate his mighty intellect on the task before him.

The pupils of Rivers' Shorthand School met in a rather long, low-ceiled, old room, up three pairs of stairs, in Holborn. The house itself was one of those picturesque, cross-beamed buildings which are so rarely to be met with in our big cities nowadays. It had all the inconveniences of a bygone century. The diamond-paned windows were too small to admit sufficient light; consequently, there was a fierce competition among the pale-faced students at "Rivers'" to sit nearest them. I afterwards found that "Rivers" himself was as much an abstract creation as Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris; there did not exist anyone who had ever met this hypothetical personage face to face. Mr. Spinx (Spinx was the tyrant now interrogating me) conducted the lessons, took the money, and gave all receipts. Some of the more irreverent of the pupils were inclined to believe that Spinx had murdered Rivers, concealed his body in an old oaken coal-box which stood locked on the landing outside the door, and monopolised the business. But when one came to consider Spinx's physical qualifications for this deed of blood, it was impossible to believe that the story could have any actual foundation. Spinx had an overbearing brow, the eye of a Nero, and an unpleasant mouth, garnished with pointed teeth; but his form was slight, and his authority depended mainly upon the facility with which he found out the weak spot in each of his pupils and immediately proceeded to flick it on the raw. Spinx was particularly prosperous at this juncture, and able to afford himself the luxury of being rude to a poorly-dressed stranger. It had occurred to me that if I dressed in my ordinary style the proprietor of the Shorthand School would immediately become suspicious as to my object: clad in my present scare-crow costume, there was really no reason why he should not regard me as a being condemned to earn my daily bread when I had painfully acquired the rudiments of his black art.

After some haggling with Spinx, in consideration of my poverty he agreed to allow me to remain as a pupil on the condition that I paid a guinea in advance for eight lessons.

"Any ordinary being," said Spinx contemptuously, "would learn shorthand in six; you are evidently from the country, and slower-witted than most people, so I will throw you in two more lessons if you buy your exercise-books from me."

At this insolent pity my youthful blood rose to boiling pitch. I was about to seize the overbearing pigmy by his lank hair and bump the back of his head against the blackboard, when I caught The Pretty Girl's eyes fixed upon me with friendly interest, and unhesitatingly accepted Spinx's magnificent offer. I think our aversion must have been mutual, for, after the preliminaries were arranged, Spinx put a number of questions to me skilfully adapted to wound my feelings. He obtained such contradictory replies, however, that for once in his life he was baffled, and positively disappointed when I handed him over the money for the lessons, at the same time anxiously insisting upon a receipt for the amount. "You will give me a receipt," I said simply, "won't you? I have always been told to get a receipt for everything; because, you see, when you come from the country, people are wicked enough to try to impose upon you."

Spinx was visibly annoyed at a simplicity which threatened to rob him of all ingenuity in tormenting me, but promptly handed over a receipt. I carefully put it in an old pocket-book, produced a stumpy pencil from my pocket, and announced that I was ready to begin.

Spinx's first proceeding was to throw my pencil into the fireplace. "Here's another," he said rudely,—"tuppence."

I produced some coppers, in conjunction with a whip lash, an apple, a bunch of keys, and a handful of corn, regardless of the titters which greeted this display. Spinx selected twopence from the miscellaneous heap, handed me a pencil, and I proceeded to stow the other articles back in my pocket.

"Now then, somebody," said Spinx rudely, "make room for this young *gentleman*."

It became apparent to me that Spinx would have to be thrashed some day. The youths and boys on Spinx's left hand were so jammed together at little wooden desks that it was

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evident I could not sit there; the girls were on his right hand—an emblematical separation of the goats from the sheep upon which he particularly prided himself—and occupied cushioned forms. The Pretty Girl sat nearest to Spinx, at the end of the form. She immediately perceived the situation, as Spinx stood in the middle of the room wondering where I was to sit, and motioned the other girls to move up nearer to the wall, thus making room for me beside her. "Mr. Spinx," she said decidedly, "if you don't mind, I think we can find room for the new pupil here."

Spinx evidently did mind very much, but a second glance at me seemed to reassure him. His manner implied, "Oh, I suppose the lout must sit somewhere; but he'll very soon get tired of shorthand, and we shall see him no more."

"Certainly," he said briskly; "anything you wish I shall be only too happy to do."

The Pretty Girl's manner underwent an instantaneous change. "I mentioned it," she said icily, "because it seemed to me, that having kept the new pupil standing so long it is but common courtesy to offer him a seat."

Spinx reddened to the tip of his hatchet-shaped nose; the other pupils tittered audibly.

Imagine the situation in which I now found myself. Here I was reduced to my proper level at last, insulted by the contumelious Spinx on account of my supposed poverty, and vaguely conscious that I sat next to The Pretty Girl. A couple of yards away from us stood a blackboard, on which Spinx, with a facility born of long practice, traced curves and dots and dashes strongly resembling the marks left by an inebriated bluebottle when it tumbles into an ink-pot and laboriously crawls away over a sheet of paper; in this instance, however, Spinx's hieroglyphics were white and the board black. His remarks to the rest of the pupils were not intended for me. I was ignominiously given the alphabet to copy out in my double-ruled little book.

There have been many forms of torture invented by the Spanish Inquisition, North American Indians, and various cannibal tribes; but of all the conceivable anguish under the sun, the first hour of a first shorthand lesson is the worst. I began by breaking the point of the pencil, for my clumsy fingers shook with agitation. A thin mark meant one thing and a thick mark another; if the mark turned to the right, it was intended for something else; if it turned to the left, it had another significance; if it turned both ways at once, a new light was thrown on the subject; and when it danced above the line of the copy-book it said one thing, modified it on coming down to the line, and referred to a totally different topic as it went through. It needed all the perseverance of which I was master to concentrate my attention on this mixture of everything arbitrary and incomprehensible. When I finally grasped a simple fact, it turned out that Spinx, with characteristic immodesty, had altered it into something else; he was the sort of man who would have altered the universe had he been given a chance. To compensate for my sorrows, I sat within half a foot of The Pretty Girl, and became aware of an atmosphere of sympathy, which was probably evoked by my unconscious sighs. My hair felt as if it had turned white before Spinx suddenly announced the lesson was over, and threateningly informed me that we would go on with something else to-morrow morning. His manner implied that this something else would be very formidable indeed. When he turned away to scold one of the other pupils, The Pretty Girl spoke to me for the first time that morning. "If I were you, I would practise a little to-night," she said. "In a few days you will find it quite easy; don't be disheartened." I was not. If a million Spinxes insulted me a million times a day, the reward was so great that I could endure—for a time!

As The Pretty Girl gathered up her things and followed the others out, the room she had glorified by her presence suddenly became mean and empty-looking. I went back to Gray's Inn and critically examined myself. No; my hair still retained its customary somewhat *flamboyant* hue. Perkins, my man, picked up the tweed suit with an air of disgust (Perkins is rather a bore sometimes). "Shall I give these to some poor objic, sir?" he inquired, with delicate contempt, when handing me my smoking jacket.

"Not for millions," I replied.

Perkins solemnly retreated to the pantry. "If master wears those things again I owes it to my self-respec to give warning," he said to Mrs. Grump, who pretends to look after the rooms.

"It *is* mysterous, Mr. Perkins," rejoined Mrs Grump; "I sympathises with your himprehensions myself."

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III

IT must not be imagined because I had descended into another sphere that I altogether lost sight of my former life. Indeed it seemed to me that it was absolutely necessary I should continue to mix with society a little, in order to escape from the revolting combinations of curves and angles which engrossed so much of my time during the day. After the second or third lesson, a blood-feud set in between Spinx and myself. I never looked at my tormentor without experiencing a strong desire to become a North American Indian and scalp him. By the time I had expended three pounds on Spinx, he was at a loss to know whether he had better forbid me the school or regard me as an ambulatory annuity. I was convinced that the other pupils rather liked me; indeed several of them took enough interest in my welfare to advise me to go back to the country and dig potatoes, since Nature had evidently intended me for that kind of work. The Pretty Girl said little to me except a cordial "good-morning" and "good-bye"; but I noticed that when Spinx wanted to move me to another place, she uttered something aside which turned his complexion to the most livid green I had ever beheld on any human countenance. As time passed, I grew romantically thin: food became a hollow mockery. In vain Mrs. Grump prepared tasty little dishes; they returned to her almost untouched, and she mournfully devoured them in the pantry. Perkins evidently regarded me as an incipient lunatic. After a severe mental struggle on his part, I heard him confide to Mrs. Grump that he could not bear to leave me to the mercy of a rude world until the softening of the brain from which I evidently suffered had become so pronounced as to make it his imperative duty to communicate with my solicitors. Worthy Mrs. Grump laughed at him. "Lor' bless you, Mr. Perkins," she said, "though you have got a bald 'ead on you, you're as innocent as a chicking that don't know enough to get out of the way when a stoat's coming to suck its blood. I've served many a young gentleman, and most of 'em go on like master. They begins by giving up their shiny boots, and don't eat nothing. After that, they takes to drinking too much, and loses sight of their elemosynary principles." The word "elemosynary" (Mrs. Grump presumably meant "elementary") seemed to stump Perkins, and he dropped the subject. In spite of the more than Johnsonian floridity of her language, I often felt an irresistible inclination to confide in Mrs. Grump, until, for some reason or other, only known to herself, she conceived the idea that I was learning Arabic, and looked upon me as sold to the Evil One. Besides, I could not talk upon such a subject to anyone but The Pretty Girl, and in her presence invariably found myself unable to say anything at all.

One morning The Pretty Girl did not come to the Shorthand School for her customary lesson. On my way back to Gray's Inn all kinds of horrible forebodings oppressed me. Was it possible that she did not intend to take any more lessons?—that I should never see her again? In the midst of my perturbation, Perkins brought me a note from my cousin, Margaret Carter.

"MY DEAR DICK,"—it began in that familiar style which feminine cousins conceive to be their right,—"whatever has become of you lately? I cannot hear anything of you from the men at your Clubs, except that there is a dark rumour afloat you have gone either to the Himalayas or Bedford Park. Mamma wants you to dine with us to-night, and go on to the Free Lance Club reception afterwards. You know — or you ought to know — that the Free Lances are tremendously exclusive; only exceptional men are allowed within their premises. I have told Alice Aynsley, one of their great guns, that you are exceptional, both from the gloominess of your views and the money you possess. I am not quite clear myself as to the tenets of the Free Lances, but believe they embrace an incomprehensible jumble of latchkeys and Mahatmas. We dine at eight. You had better answer this in person, and tell me all about IT.—Your affectionate cousin, MARGARET."

It was just like those idiots at the Club to go talking of me to Margaret. Perhaps that was the reason why she put two dashes under the word "it" in her letter. I did not want to go to the Free Lances; what were they to me, or I to them? Mahatmas failed to interest me; so did latchkeys: no girl who has once realised the discomfort of carrying a latchkey would want to do it again. But I felt so depressed that I was delighted to receive Margaret's note, and attired myself in as gorgeous raiment as the exigencies of evening dress permitted. The orchid in my buttonhole was a new kind to which the fellows at the Club had not yet

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caught on. I felt convinced that Margaret would appreciate it, although her appreciation mattered so little to me.

Margaret made four insidious attempts during the first course to find out why I had not called in Bryanston Square lately. After these failed, she affected to believe that I wished to confide something to her, and was not to be diverted from her purpose by my nonchalant attitude. When we were left alone in the drawing-room (her mother had gone upstairs to get ready for the Free Lances) she looked at me very seriously.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she said, shaking her pretty head at me, "I am disappointed."

"Why?"

"I expected you to do something romantic some day, and I can't find out whether you've done it or not. Dick, why don't you fall in love? You shouldn't get to think that people want only your money."

"It's a pity there aren't more people like you in the world," I said gloomily.

She shook her head. "It was a good

"THE STAIRCASE WAS FILLED WITH FASHIONABLY-DRESSED GIRLS AND LONG-HAIRED POETS."

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many years ago when we agreed to be friends, wasn't it, Dick?"

I nodded.

"I asked you to come to-night, Dick, because I'm very happy, and want to make you so too: I want to embrace the whole world. Dick, I'm going to be married; and all the joy is fading out of my news because you look so unhappy. I had such a surprise for you, too."

My conscience smote me. "The beggar can't be good enough for you, Margaret, whoever he is."

"Why, Dick," she said in amazed tones, "I'm not worthy to tie his shoe-string. He's a hero."

"He'd better remain so—to you—or I shall make it my business to look after him," I answered. The happiness in her sweet face brought all my own trouble back to me with renewed force.

"You don't ask me for my other surprise, Dick. Don't, don't look so unhappy. What is it?"

How could I tell her that I was crying for the moon? I turned my face away from the pity in Margaret's eyes, her soft hand touched my shoulder, and I gazed at the hearthrug, feeling a wild impulse to rush away into the night and hide.

"Oh, Dick! is it—?" Then softly, "Dick, I'm so grieved. Isn't there any chance for you? Oh, my poor poor Dick!"

Her mother returned before I had time to swallow the lump in my throat. "Hadn't you better let me off?" I suggested. "I shall be lost among all these wild women."

"There will be a good many men there to-night," said Mrs. Carter placidly. "You want rousing, Dick."

When we reached the Free Lances Club, the outside was thronged with footmen, like the box-office entrance of a theatre on a first night. As carriage after carriage thundered up, the staircase became filled with fashionably-dressed girls and long-haired poets, with here and there a clean-shaven actor or literary lion and his lioness: I was the only cub there.

"Why, you can't tell a Free Lance girl from any other girl," I said to Margaret, when we reached the top of the staircase.

"I've never been able to find any difference," said Margaret, "except that some of them work. But, Dick, I'm going to show you my surprise in a moment. Wait in the corner until the recitation is over, and we'll look for it."

The recitation, unlike most recitations, came to an end at last. It was all about a little boy who ran away to sea, and persuaded the rude, rough, untutored mariners with whom he foregathered to do without rum and tobacco, and give him the money thus saved in order that he might become a missionary.

"Now for my surprise," said Margaret impatiently. "Here she comes. I do so want you to like her. All her friends call her '*The* Pretty Girl.' Isn't she just the loveliest girl you have ever seen?"

"W—who is she?" I gasped, leaning against the wall and staring at a girl making her way towards us.

"Alice Aynsley, the Vice-President of the Free Lances," said Margaret. "She's been learning shorthand lately, just to see what kind of work it is for women. She's always doing something like that. Isn't it noble?"

The Pretty Girl came towards us, and cordially held out her hand to Margaret. "How do you do, Margaret?" she said. "I'm getting on so well with my"—

Then she saw me.

"My cousin, Richard Armitage," said Margaret. "You've often heard me speak of— Why, have you met before?"

"Ye—es," said Miss Aynsley; "but I did not expect to see Mr. Armitage here."

"I must go to mamma," said Margaret suddenly, after glancing up into my face. "Mr. Armitage will look after you, Alice; there's a lovely seat on the balcony out there."

I offered my arm to Miss Aynsley. She placed the tip of one finger on it, and we went to the balcony.

In the vestibule below the band of the First Life Guards discoursed sweet strains; high above in the soft grey-blue air a majestic moon swam slowly into sight; the balcony was deserted; my eyes sought the ground; I dared not look upon her face, but stood, with clasped hands, waiting for The Pretty Girl to speak.

"What does it all mean?" she asked. "Mr. Armitage, is this a joke? Why did you masquerade at—at Spinx's? Why?"

I tried to speak, but my tongue twisted round my teeth.

"Did you know me?"

"No."

"Why did you do it? Why have you so patiently put up with the consequences of your freak? Do you know"—her voice was maddening in its angelic pity—"do you know I have lain awake cudgelling my brains how to obtain a situation for you?"

"For me? For **me?**"

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"Yes, for you. I was trying to send you as under-gamekeeper to Bolitho Towers, my cousin's place. I thought you would be so much happier there than learning shorthand. You know you haven't the slightest chance of learning it."

"I hate it!" I burst out vehemently. "I should like to smash Spinx."

"Then why did you go there?" she asked, waiving the question of the demolition of Spinx for the time being.

"Because I love you."

"Me!"

"Yes — you! The first moment I saw you—when you tumbled down and upset the banjo case."

"And you followed me?"

"No; I saw the name of the school on one of your books. I hoped to be near you, that was all. I thought you were a poor girl. I wanted you to love me. I love you with all my heart and soul. Can't you understand? Won't you forgive me? You came just as I was railing at my purposeless life; there was nothing in it; it was all empty, empty, empty. You came and filled it with light and music and joy. Don't go out of it; don't turn away from me!"

"WHY DID YOU MASQUERADE AT SPINX'S?"

From across that awful gulf of silence between us reached her silver voice. "And you've suffered? How thin you are! I thought you were starving, and wanted to help you without being known."

"You!"

"Yes; and — and"— She hesitated a moment, then bravely continued, "I hoped you — would —not — become — a — gamekeeper."

"Why?—why?—why?—"

Again her silver voice reached me. "Your tablets?"

She took the little ivory page and pencil and dashed off a few words in shorthand. "Go down to Mr. Spinx to-morrow, and ask him to read it to you and the whole class. Now please take me in again."

When we rejoined Margaret she looked at me in alarm. "Dick, your eyes are blazing. You're not ill?"

"Mr. Armitage will be better able to tell you to-morrow," said The Pretty Girl. "In

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the meantime, Margaret, he might get me an ice. Ices are my one frivolity."

After The Pretty Girl had gone home, I walked down to my confidant, Father Thames, and communed with him till daylight. At nine o'clock I was waiting outside the school, my coat buttoned tightly over my white tie. The pupils looked wonderingly at my varnished shoes and black trousers. One of them asked if I were going to a funeral, the others surveyed me curiously.

When Spinx took his place at the blackboard, "Might I trouble you for one moment?" I asked.

"What is it?" Spinx demanded, looking at me for the first time.

The contrast to my usual attire nearly struck him dumb. He gasped like a fish out of water. "Turned waiter?" he inquired.

"Miss Aynsley requested me to give you this to read out to the class," I said, handing him the tablet.

He glanced at The Pretty Girl's place, and saw that it was vacant. "Oh, a message. Very well. Give it to me. Why, what's this?"

He looked at me, then grimly read out the words on the tablet to the expectant class:—

"'DEAR MR. SPINX,—Just a line to explain that I shall be unable to finish my shorthand lessons, as I am engaged to Mr. Richard Armitage, who is well known to you.—Faithfully yours, ALICE AYNSLEY.'"

Spinx gazed round in bewilderment. "Never met the man in my life," he said, a peculiar tinge of yellow-green spreading over his sharp features. Then he looked at my white tie and varnished boots. The truth suddenly dawned upon him. "Are you—?" he gasped.

"Yes," I answered, bowing courteously.

Spinx threw the tablet on the floor and ground it beneath his heel. "I meant to marry her myself," he said. "Class One, go on with your work."

But the class cheered, for I had suddenly become a hero of romance. I invited them all to dinner that evening at Gray's Inn, and everyone came.

Without exchanging any further remarks with Spinx, I bolted into a hansom and rushed off to Bryanston Square. "Is Miss Carter in?" I asked the fat footman.

"In the morning-room, sir," said the fat footman, as if he were accustomed to see everyone in evening dress at that hour.

I was already half-way up the stairs. As I opened the door Margaret rose and came towards me. "Margaret, Margaret! tell me where she lives. I must see her at once."

Margaret kissed me—a thing she had not done for years; and when Margaret kisses anyone it is a good thing for that person to be alive. "You will find IT in the next room, Dick," she said softly.

I rushed into the room, and found—The Pretty Girl!

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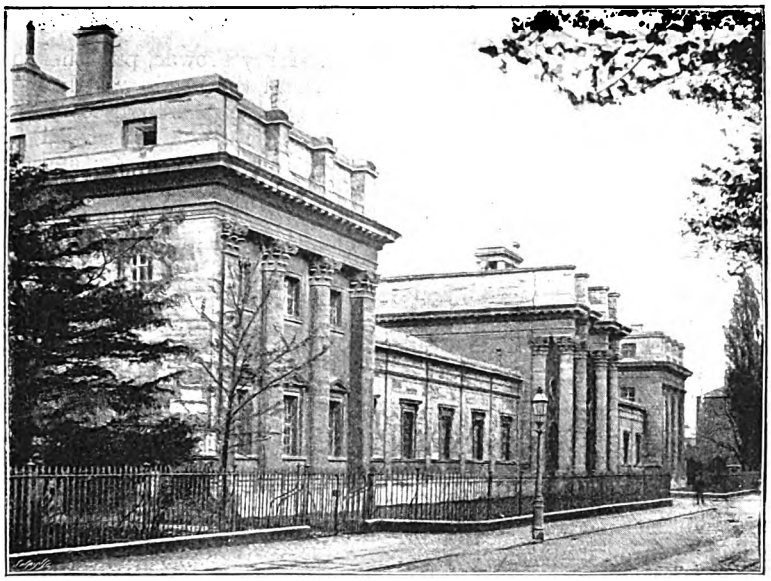

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD.

HOW BIBLES ARE MADE

A VISIT TO THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

How is a Bible made? Lowell probably gave the best working answer to that unanswerable question in his terse and intense way when he wrote—

> Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
> And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
> Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
> Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

But he was speaking of a Bible as literature, while we have to be concerned with the Bible as a book.

To see a beautiful copy of the Bible in the making, one must go to the Oxford University Press. Few more fitting places could be imagined for the reproduction of the literature of many centuries, for Oxford itself is the creation of many a century, each of which has left its trace upon it, even as the Hebrew Scriptures reflect the ages of their creation. It is a curious but most fitting coincidence, that the Bible, which is of all times and ages, should be chiefly printed by the press of a University which is knit into the very life of England, and which belongs to all times, and that the careful and perpetual printing of it should be thus assured. It is most fitting that it should be so; but there was no inevitable reason why it should so have happened.

As one thinks of the unknown first writer of the first phrase in "The Book of Beginnings," one wonders what it was that first received that wondrous phrase, "In the beginning." But whether it was papyrus, clay, or stone, the writer's first task was to find something on which to perpetuate his conception; and so to-day, in considering how a Bible is made, we first have to think of the fabric on which it is to be imprinted.

To see the paper which the Oxford University Press uses for printing its Bibles in the process of making, it is necessary to take a short walk to the outskirts of Oxford, to the quaint and pretty village of Wolvercote, lying on a branch of the Thames, where the Press has an historic mill. It was first established as a corn-mill in the reign of Stephen, and as far back as 1728 Hearne wrote that "some of the best paper made in England is made at Wolvercote Mill." This mill is one of the few surviving mills where paper is made from rags—a process willingly shown; but there is one process at the mill which even a journalist is not allowed to see,—and that is the manufacture of the India paper, which is one of the most beautiful features of the Oxford Bibles. Its beauty, its toughness and strength, its softness of surface, its delicate and agreeable tone, and at the same time its extreme opaqueness, are well known. Two of the illustrations given indicate how great a boon it is in the manufacture of the Bible; for it immensely reduces its bulk, and

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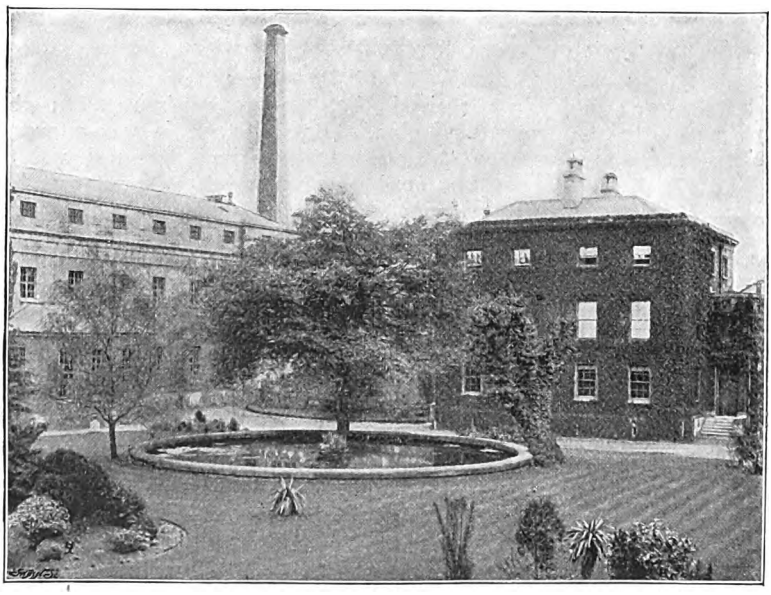
transforms a library into a small single volume, and this even when the most useful Oxford "Helps to the Study of the Bible" are included.

The discovery of this paper has given an enormous impetus to the sale of the Bible, for it makes such beautiful books, and gives the Oxford Press a very great advantage over the other printers of Bibles. The secret of its manufacture is most jealously kept, and it is said that only three persons know it. So profound a secret is it regarded by the workmen, that when Mr. Gladstone once asked one of them the awful question, "How is it made?" he could only gasp for breath and repeat the question.

The story of how the paper was discovered is worth telling. In 1841 an unknown Oxford graduate brought home from the Far East a small quantity of extremely thin paper, which was more opaque and tough for its substance than any known to our mills. There was just enough of the paper to print twenty-four copies of the then smallest Bible.



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD.
(*The Garden Quadrangle and the Controller's House.*)

These were eagerly sought after, and £20 apiece was offered for them. But they were given away to distinguished people—one to the Queen. Attempts were made to trace the paper to its source, but without success, and soon the matter was forgotten. Thirty-three years later one of the little volumes fell into the hands of a gentleman, who showed it to Mr. Henry Frowde, publisher to the University, and the result was that attempts were made at the mills to discover the secret of its composition. After several failures these efforts ended in success, and the first Bible on Oxford India paper was sold in 1875. The paper is now put to many dainty uses—none more dainty than for a beautiful little edition of the poets, which, bound in white vellum, gives an increased charm even to the familiar lines of our sweetest singers.

"You want to know how a Bible is made?" says Mr. Horace Hart, controller of the Clarendon Press, and printer to the University. "Very well, we will keep to that text;" and so we follow him round the Oxford Press, where the Bible is printed. Mr. Hart is an Eastern Counties man, and has been controller of the Press since 1883. The Oxford Press can trace its work back to the time of the introduction of printing into England; and, according to some, can lay claim to printing the first book in England. At the Restoration the University printers exercised their trade in the old house of congregation in St. Mary's Church, and after that on the floor of the Sheldonian Theatre. The present printing-house is a fine massive building, presenting to-day the venerable aspect of one of the old colleges of the city. It is built round a beautiful garden quadrangle, in the midst of which will be noticed two houses. One of these is occupied by Mr. Hart, and the other by one of the editors of Dr. Murray's great Dictionary. The front of the houses is covered with exquisite ivy, which has been immortalised by Mr. Holman Hunt in his famous picture, "The Light of the World,"—a picture which is said to have been commissioned by Mr. Hart's predecessor, Mr. Combe, and presented by his widow to Keble College.

"Now," said Mr. Hart as we commenced

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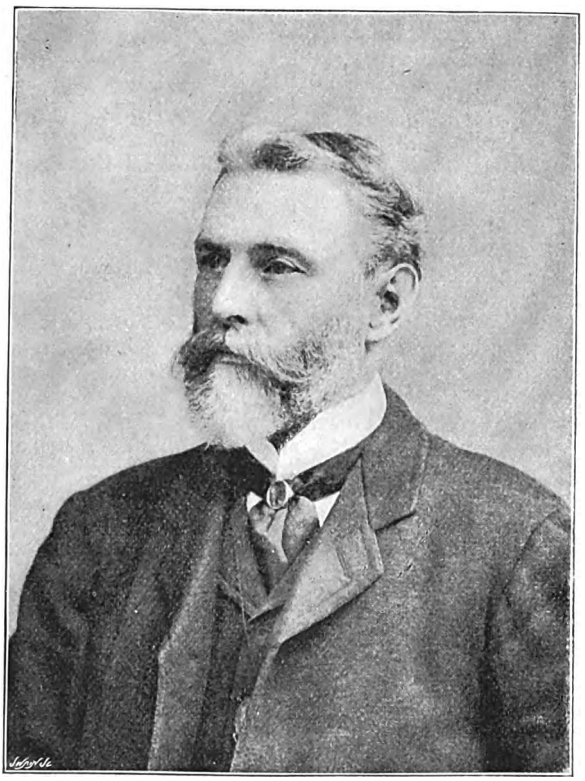
our tour, "we will begin at the very beginning, and the first thing in the printing of a Bible is to cut the letters or punches, from which the die or matrix is made, from which, again, the large quantities of type required are cast." These punches are cut by hand, and the fineness of the work in the small letters may be imagined. In addition to the fineness of the work, it must be remembered that each letter of the alphabet in each fount must bear a family likeness, for evolution is not known within a fount; there must be strict "conformity to type." The die or matrix is made by striking the punch upon a piece of metal with great force. From the matrix so made, type may be cast either by hand or by machine; but if by machine it is not literally "cast," for type-casting pure and simple means this: ladling liquid lead into a small hand mould, at the bottom of which the matrix is fixed, and then instantly casting, or throwing it forth—a complete letter.

Having the type, the next thing is to set it; but the compositors are not left to compose out of their own heads—though they are quite capable of it. The "copy" of the Oxford Bible has to be prepared with great care. It might be supposed that once set there would be no need to re-set a Bible; but, as Mr. Hart says, "there is a fashion in Bibles as in other things, and to meet this demand new editions have to be prepared." For instance, the Oxford Press has just issued three delightful new editions of the Authorised Bible with the references placed in the centre of the page instead of at the sides as usual. The result of this arrangement is to give a larger type in a book of the same size as was hitherto made by the small type. The first step in printing a new edition is to take two common text Bibles and separate them into single sheets, so that each, if necessary, may be given to a different compositor. Each of the three editions just mentioned is in different type, but each edition has to correspond with the others in the arrangement of the text. To ensure this, the whole Bible has to be mapped out page by page to the very letter. The references have to be planned out in the same way. Specially prepared slips of paper are attached to the copy for this purpose, and on these the references are placed with mathematical exactness. There are no linotypes at the Oxford Press. Every letter in a Bible represents a separate movement of the human hand, and the lifting of a little piece of lead from the "case" (in which the type is kept) to the "stick," in which the length of the line is fixed.

When the copy is set up, the proofs are read and corrected. This is done not



MR. HORACE HART,
Controller of the Clarendon Press.

once or twice, but five times before the book is finally passed for the press. Each proof is read by a different reader, and from different models. This indicates what extraordinary care is taken to provide a perfectly accurate text. The cost of setting up and reading a reference Bible is estimated at £1000. If a compositor finds a mistake in his model he is rewarded; and if an outsider discovers an error he receives one guinea. The average payment is about five guineas in one year. Since the Revised Bible was printed, ten errors have been found in it—an average of one a year. The most serious was "overflowing" for "ever-flowing." One of the readers told

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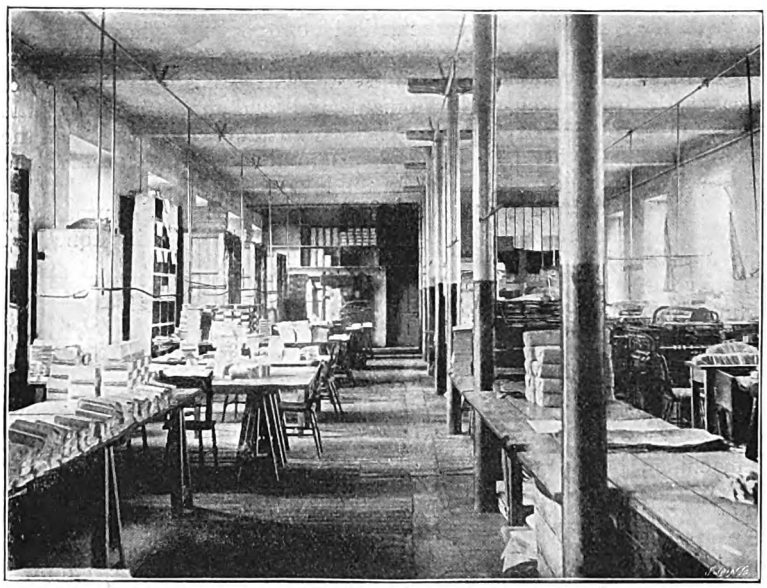
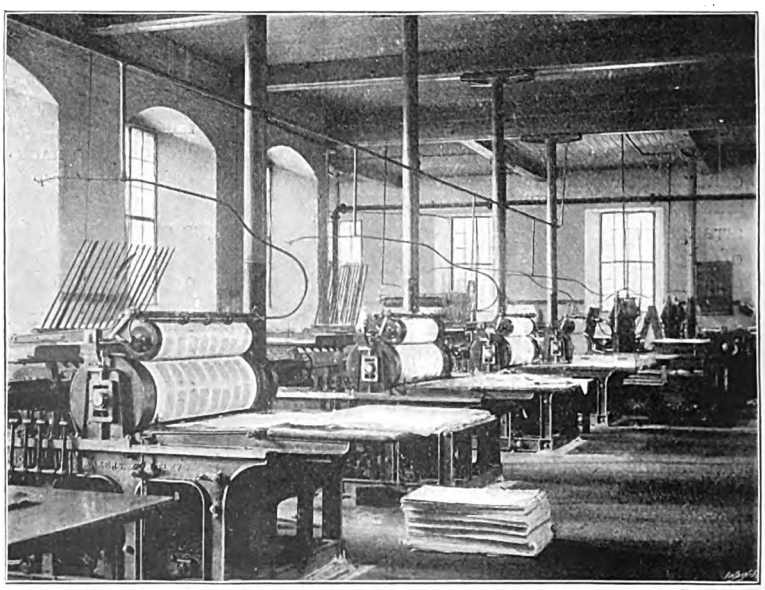


THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD.
(*Stitching Room.*)

me that he could tell almost by the sound of a phrase whether it was biblical and correct; and I ventured to suggest that with such a sensitive ear he must be painfully conscious of the unbiblical character of some of the language he heard!

In former days the Bible was printed direct from type, and I was shown some that had been standing for nearly fifty years. This was the type of a quarto Bible. In the folio Bible, the largest printed at the Press, it is boasted that no error has been found. The whole of the type for the quarto Bible weighs something like thirty tons. The custom now is to take two sets of electros or casts from the type—one to print from, and the other to make fresh casts from when needed. It is interesting to remember that it was the Oxford Press which in 1805 purchased the then secret process of stereotyping from the inventor, Earl Stanhope, for £4000. Both ink and rollers are made on the premises, and made with great care. The ink is made from lampblack and varnish, and the lampblack by burning creosote. The powder thus obtained is put through rollers to crush it to the finest possible minuteness. So small is some of the type used that this is essential, otherwise the letters would indicate a series of orderly blacks. All sorts of tests are applied to ensure the quality of the ink, and I should think that its manufacture is one of the most troublesome in the whole process of producing a Bible.

With paper, type, ink, and rollers the Bible is now ready to go to press, and every day of the year sees Bibles of some sort pouring from the busy presses at Oxford. The



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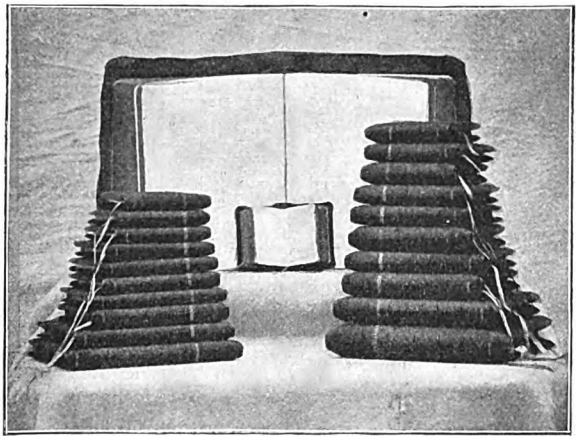
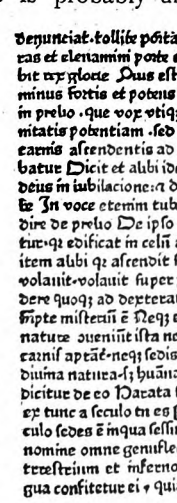
electros are put on the machine, the paper in its place, the word is given, and at once the rollers are rolling ink over the types, the paper comes in contact with them, and is seized by mechanical fliers which carry the printed sheets out of the network in which they have been transformed. The same operation has to be repeated when the second side is printed; and in printing this the great thing is to see that the pages exactly coincide with those on the other side. Mr. Hart casually took up a sheet fresh from the machine and proudly pointed out how perfect was the "register." When printed, the sheets are packed in bales, and sent to London to be bound.



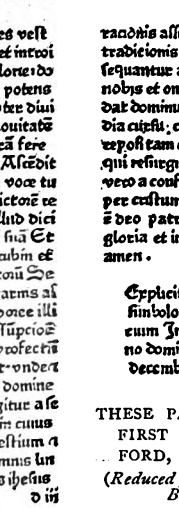
BIBLES ON INDIA AND ORDINARY PAPER.
(*Showing the difference in bulk.*)

The University bindery is in Aldersgate Street, and there I spent two hours watching the various processes in binding a Bible. Mr. R. Upton Jones is in charge of this branch of the work, and he must have peculiar satisfaction with some of the books which he sends out. I was much struck, while watching the binders, by the great amount of what is probably unappreciated work which is put into good binding. There are so many little things which if not done would be missed, but which being done call forth no comment.



Arrived at Aldersgate Street, the next event in the life of the sheets is to be folded. For the best books this is done by hand, to secure exactness, and to make sure that no faulty sheets are used. After folding, the sheets have to be collated, and when a set is complete the marks which have been printed on the sheets for the guidance of the binder should run in a diagonal from left to right on the backs of the folded sections. If a section by accident has been put in its wrong place, the tell-tale marks soon show the fault. After being rolled, the sheets are stitched. The best books are sewn with silk and with great care. Silk sewing is stronger than thread, and makes the book more compact. The rough edges of the book are then cut, the back made solid, and it is ready for gilding. The next process is the rounding of the back, and the corresponding hollowing of the front edge. The cheap books are done by machinery, and the best by means of a flat hammer. On the cheap books the gilding is done before the rounding; but on the best books the gilding is done "in the round," and this accounts for the solid burnished appearance of the gold.

Now follows one portion of what I have called unappreciated work—the making of the little piece of silk braid which is at the top and bottom of the back; this is done by hand on the book purely for appearance. With this the book is practically ready for its cover. In the room in which the leather is stored I was shown beautiful skins of all kinds, the purchase of



THESE PAGES ARE FROM THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN OXFORD, DATED 1468.
(*Reduced from the original in the Bodleian Library.*)

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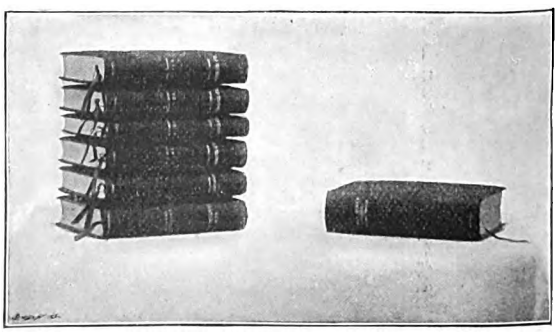
MR. HENRY FROWDE,
Publisher to the University of Oxford.

which is in itself a very important matter. Those who are frightened by what they call the destructive work of the "German scissors" of the German Higher Critics will perhaps be reassured by the fact that the best, strongest, and lustiest binding of the Oxford Bible is done with the skins of *German* goats—morocco, to wit. That surely should equalise matters.

The great art in cutting up a skin is to cut as many covers from it as possible with the least waste. I saw a number of skins cut for the beautiful yapp covers of the Bible. It would be impossible to turn over the edges of these covers if the leather was not thinned there; and this is very carefully done with a hand knife, which is an art that takes some time to acquire. If one of the yapp covers is examined, it is almost impossible to find where the kid with which it is lined is fastened on to the morocco, with such exquisite neatness is the work done. The last stage of all is the lettering. The words "Holy Bible" are put on at one operation. First it is done "in blind"—that is, without gold. The impression thus made is treated with some gummy substance, and covered with a piece of gold leaf. On this the heated letters are placed again, and the gold is forced into the impression already made. The unused gold leaf is carefully wiped off, and as carefully preserved. The Bible is then ready for sale.

Being thus completed, the Bibles are sent to Mr. Frowde at the Oxford warehouse at Amen Corner—which sounds something like the conclusion of the whole matter; and it nearly is so. From Amen Corner the Bibles are distributed throughout the world; for Mr. Frowde is publisher to the delegates of the University Press. He has occupied this unique position ever since 1874, and takes a great delight in the production of beautiful Bibles. He comes from an old Devonshire family, from which Froude the historian also sprang. Even in these days of phenomenal sales the circulation of Mr. Frowde's book is far ahead of any other, for his name appears on a million copies of the same book year in and year out. There is scarcely a spot, even in the uncivilised parts of the world, where the name of Henry Frowde will not be found on one of the many millions of Bibles which he has published since 1874.

As one goes round the show-room at Amen Corner and sees the perfected copies of the Bible, one cannot help being struck with the exquisite beauty of the workmanship which goes to the making of them. They almost seem to be made with invisible hands, so free from blemish are they. This may seem like exaggeration, but when a



REVISED VERSION ON ORDINARY PAPER AND INDIA PAPER.
(*Showing the difference in bulk.*)

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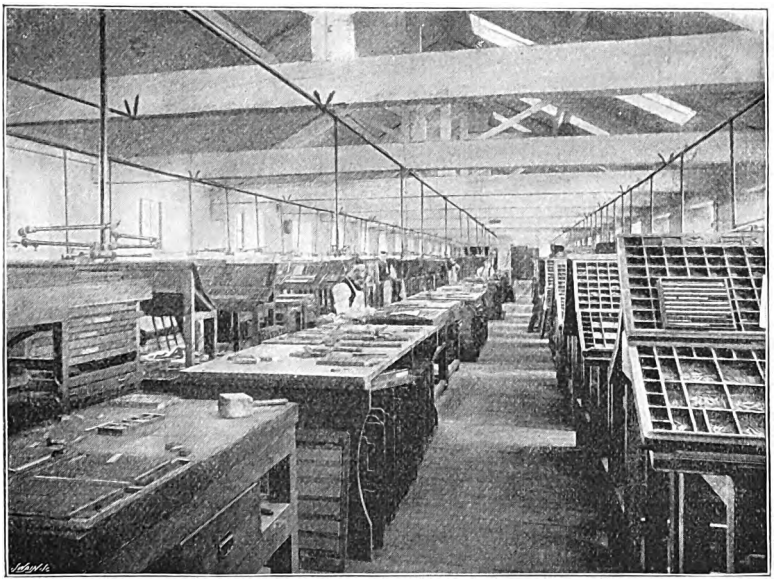
"Quarterly Reviewer" grows enthusiastic over a matter, anything that a lesser light may say on that subject is sure to be within the truth. I make a quotation from an article on the Oxford Bible: "There is nothing in the world, taking it in all its conditions, like the present production of the Bible," it says. "Every improvement which pains and skill can devise is lavished upon it. Type, paper, binding, price, accuracy of text, are all inimitable. It was a problem calling for no little ingenuity in its solution to present the Oriental library which is gathered together under the familiar title of the Bible, was increasing every year, and that the issue of the Revised Version had no effect on the demand for the Authorised Version, which sells in the proportion of ten to one of the Revised Version.

Nothing seems to affect the sale of the old version, with its illogical divisions into chapters and verses. One would have thought that the Bible would be more popular and have an even greater sale if its contents were printed as ordinary books in the ordinary way. But experience has proved that there is no surer way of losing money than by producing Bibles after that



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD.
(*Composing Room.*)

and whose contents exceed those of several average octavos, in a form at once portable and legible for all readers; but the task has been consummately achieved."

The quantity of stock kept at Amen Corner is immense,—and no wonder; for there are no less than 74 editions of the Oxford Bible published: 37 of these are Authorised Versions with references, 26 without references, besides 11 editions of the Revised Version. In 1874 there were only 25 versions published. On all Oxford Bibles sent to the States a duty of 25 per cent. has to be paid, but, notwithstanding that, the sale is very large throughout the continent. Mr. Frowde told me that the sale of the Bible fashion. Mr. Frowde says that even the Revised Bible would have sold better if it had been divided into verses; and Mr. Hart told me that all paragraph Bibles had been a dismal failure. "The love for the English Bible in its present form is in the blood of the English people," said Mr. Hart, "and you cannot expel it. The man whose mother has given him a marked copy of the old Bible does not want any change." It must be admitted that the Oxford Press does nothing to break down that feeling. In fact, its beautiful editions go far to increase it. For on no book does it lavish the art, skill, and workmanship which it lavishes on the making of a Bible.

PERCY L. PARKER

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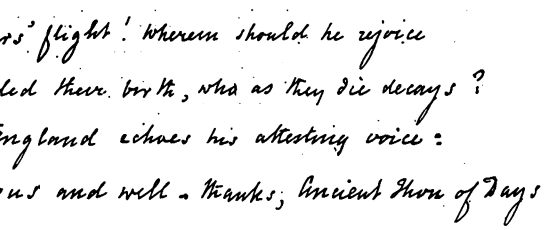

BROWNING'S LINES FOR THE JUBILEE WINDOW IN ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.
(Reproduced from the original MS.)

MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY

II.—ROBERT BROWNING

PROFOUNDLY as I reverenced and loved Lord Tennyson, I had equal regard for the other great poet of our time, Mr. Robert Browning, and esteemed it no less an honour to have known him; to have met him frequently; to have welcomed him often as my own guest; and to have had many a delightful conversation with him. "Give me a great thought that I may live on it," said Herder. How many great thoughts on which we may live—thoughts on the greatest and deepest of all subjects, and expressed in the loveliest and most perfect language—may we derive from the many volumes in which these two leading poets of our age gave us of their best! How much poorer would be the mental equipment of many of us in this generation if these two gifted souls had not so often, for our advantage,

> fed on thoughts which
> voluntarily move
> Harmonious musing.

BROWNING IN 1833.
[*From a Daguerreotype.*]

How great, again, was the gain which we derived from the beauty and simplicity of their lives! How unlike they were to poets like Kit Marlow and Greene, and others, who

> stood around
> The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy but unclean.

How free were their lives from the sordid circumstances which stained the careers of men like George Withers and Edmund Waller; how free from the bitter jealous acrimonies of men like Pope; from the mental cloud which darkened the latter days of Cowper and of Southey; from the "ineffectual angelhood" of Shelley, the laxities of Tom Moore, or the wild passions and premature misery of Byron! Both of them might have derived happiness from the thought which comforted Wordsworth in the days when he was neglected and ridiculed—that they had never written a line which could call a blush on a pure cheek; that their works would co-operate with every beneficent influence upon human nature; that they had ever been on the side of freedom, nobleness, and love; that they had added sunlight to daylight by making the happy happier. In simplicity and dignity, alike in years of struggle—or at best of very modest competence—and in years of abundance, if not of wealth; alike in years of detraction and imperfect recognition, and in years of secure and settled fame, in which they held an acknowledged supremacy among the literary circles of their day, they showed the high example of men who knew that

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead men to sovereign power,

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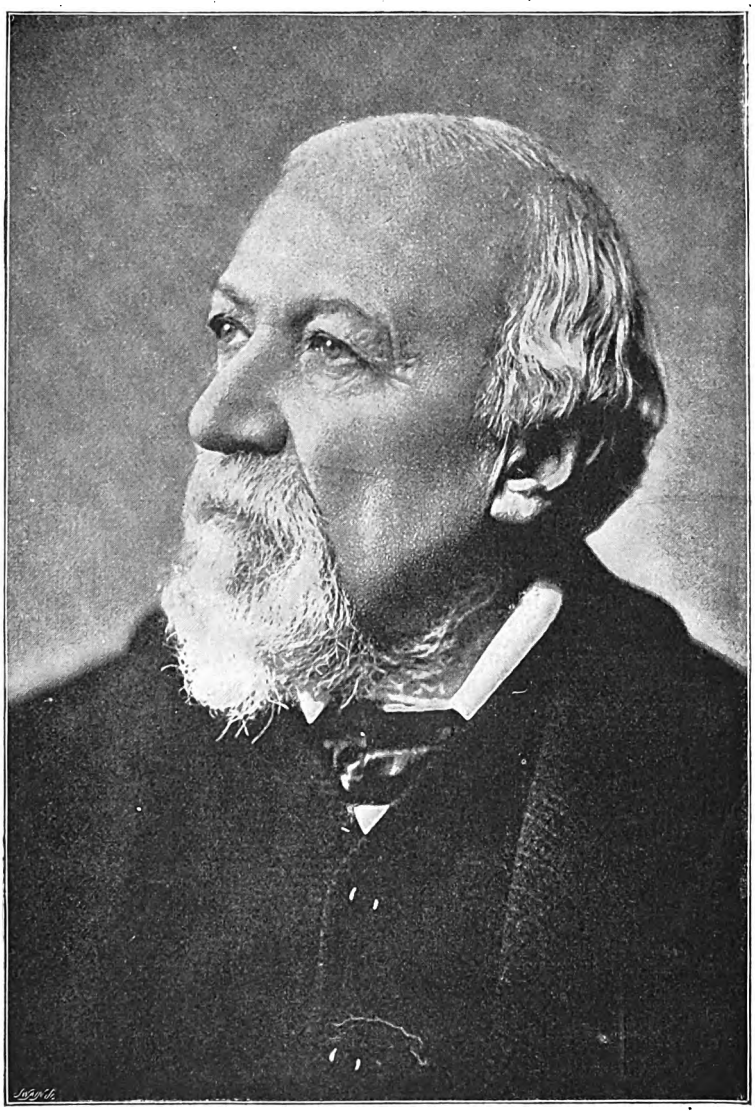
and that the self-possession of simple, righteous, native manhood is the most beautiful of all human attainments.

For my own part, if I were to enumerate the many blessings of my life, among them would certainly be the fact that I had been permitted to hold familiar intercourse with two such poets as Alfred Lord Tennyson and Mr. Robert Browning. Once Lord Tennyson, knowing my reverence for Mr. Browning, on whose teaching I had been delivering a lecture, asked me humorously, "whether I did not consider him almost the only poet of the age?" It was very far from being the case. Their respective spheres and gifts were very distinct; both supplemented, in various ways, the high teaching of the other. Nor was there a particle of rivalry between them. They were the best of friends; and Lord Tennyson dedicated his *Tiresias, and other Poems*, in the words—



ROBERT BROWNING.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* H. H. Hay Cameron, 70 *Mortimer Street, W.*]

To my good Friend
Robert Browning,
Whose genius and geniality
Will best appreciate what may be best,
And make most allowance for what may be worst,
This volume
is
Affectionately dedicated.

I am in no sense pretending to offer the slightest sketch of any biography, but only to record such general reminiscences as can pain or annoy nobody, and may be of passing interest to some.

It was at one of the delightful literary dinners—which at one time used to be given annually on "All Fools Day," by the late publisher, Mr. Macmillan, in his house at Balham—that I first saw Mr. Browning. He was very fond of society and of dining out; so much so that Lord Tennyson, who was very much more of a recluse, used laughingly to say to him that he would die in an evening dress suit. But the reason of Browning's fondness for society was that he used to read in the minds of men as in a book. Human beings of every type were to him like manu-

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scripts of infinite variety, and worth the most careful study. He could never be dull in human company.

Mr. Macmillan's guests met at the railway station, and Mr. Browning was pointed out to me as he was hurrying in to take his ticket. He was dressed, as always, with faultless neatness, and, though his figure was very short, his face was one of the most perfect symmetry, and, it might even be said, of beauty. When you looked at him you felt at once that you were in the presence of no ordinary man.

I still possess the interesting menu cards of some of those dinners, with the facsimile autographs of the guests at the back. One of the cards has been reproduced with this article.

I never again expect to take part in *réunions* so delightful as were some of these parties, and it would indeed be far from easy in these days to assemble a little gathering which could be enriched by such a mingling of genius and geniality as marked the characters of Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Dean Stanley. It may easily be understood that at such gatherings there was no lack of "heart-affluence in discursive talk"; of "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

Unlike Tennyson, Mr. Browning did not usually speak by choice in ordinary society on the deepest subjects of thought. I have, however, heard him do so, especially on one occasion at the Athenæum—where I very often met him—just before his publication of *La Saisiaz*. He told me all the circumstances which had led him to write that poem, and how deeply he had been impressed with the awful suddenness of the death of the lady friend which had led him to the train of thought there expressed. "I have there," he said, "given utterance to some of my deepest convictions about this life and the life to come."

Mr. Browning was an admirable *raconteur*; and when one had heard him tell a story, whether it was serious or whether it was jocose, one never forgot it. Let me give an instance or two of both kinds.

He had been a considerable traveller, and we were talking about the peculiar sensations of sea-sickness. He was himself a good sailor, and did not suffer; but he told me that once at the very beginning of a stormy passage across the Channel, a crowd of ladies and others were gathered around a distinguished foreign physician, who in laborious English was telling them how they might secure *perfect* immunity from this trouble. "To be quite free from the *mal de mer*," he said, just as the vessel was starting, "all that you have to do is to sit perfectly still; you must recline back in your chair on the deck; you must close your eyes; and then"—

Here a sudden rush of the speaker to the side of the vessel, and a violent access of the calamity from which he was promising certain deliverance, cut short his harangue, and disturbed the confidence of his hearers in the promised panacea.

Mr. Browning's sense of humour was quick. I once asked him about *The Steed which brought Good News from Ghent*, and whether the incident had any historic basis; for I told him that a friend of mine had taken very considerable trouble to search various histories and discover whether it was true or not. "No," he said; "the whole poem was purely imaginary. I had had a long voyage in a sailing vessel (I think it was from Messina to Naples), and, being rather tired of the monotony, thought of a good horse of mine, and how much I should enjoy a quick ride. As I could not ride in reality, I thought that I would enjoy a ride in imagination;" and he then and there wrote that most popular of his lyrics.

He told me that during the same voyage he had asked the skipper to awake him when they sighted the island of Capri, if they should happen to pass it very early in the morning before he woke. "Why should you care to be awaked to see Capri?" asked the skipper. In reply, Browning sketched to him some of the facts and legends of the long residence of the Emperor Tiberius in the island, to which his auditor listened in silent astonishment. As they were passing Capri he came and awoke Mr. Browning, and, pointing to the island, said laconically, to the poet's great amusement, "There's where *that Great Mogul* used to live!"

I have heard him narrate two other stories, both of them Eastern legends about King Solomon, which impressed me much. One was as follows:—

I had been telling him the well-known Mohammedan myth,—how Solomon, in his intense pride in the horses and chariots, which were a dubious and half-forbidden innovation among the adjuncts of Jewish royalty, had once been surprised in the midst of his review by the voice of the muezzin (Eastern legends are always perfectly indifferent about anachronisms) and the summons to the evening prayer. Not

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knowing how to attend in time to this religious duty, Solomon magnificently consecrated all his forty thousand horses to Allah and his service. In reward for this sacrifice, Allah presented him with a magic carpet, which would at a wish transport to any distance the person who sat upon it. Once, as Solomon was consulting with his Grand Vizier, Azrael, the Angel of Death, passed by and gazed curiously at the Vizier, who instantly, in alarm, entreated the King to lend him the magic carpet, and bade it transport him to the centre of the desert of Arabia. No sooner had he gone than Azrael said to the King, "I looked at that man so closely, because, having been bidden to summon his soul from the centre of the Great Desert, I saw him, to my surprise, standing here with you."

Mr. Browning agreed that the legend was a magnificent illustration of the two truths, that no man can ever escape his destiny, and that often he fulfils it the more certainly by the very endeavour to escape it. "But," he added, "I have heard the legend in a far finer form. In this version the King and the Vizier were standing together on the topmost pinnacle of the temple, to which they had ascended by a vast flight of steps. As they stood there talking, they saw a man approaching them with his head bent; but as he came to the foot of the steps he cast one glance upwards, and in that one glance both of them recognised the awful lineaments of the Angel of Death. He began slowly to mount the steps, and then the terrified Vizier, borrowing the magic carpet, desired to be transferred to the loftiest summit of Caucasus. The angel ascended the steps and said to the King, "I have come because I was bidden to take the soul of your Vizier from the top of El Brouz, and I saw him here." "Angel," said the King, bowing his head and pointing with his finger, "he awaits thee on the highest peak of Caucasus!"

The other legend was that of the death of King Solomon, which the late Lord Lytton heard from Mr. Browning, and clothed in magnificent verse in his *Chronicles and Characters*. The King had gone into the holy place to worship, and while he stood there, in his jewelled crown, and in all the golden splendour of his royal robes, the finger of Azrael suddenly touched him, and he died where he was—

Leaning upon the ebony staff
Signed with the seal of the Pentegraph.

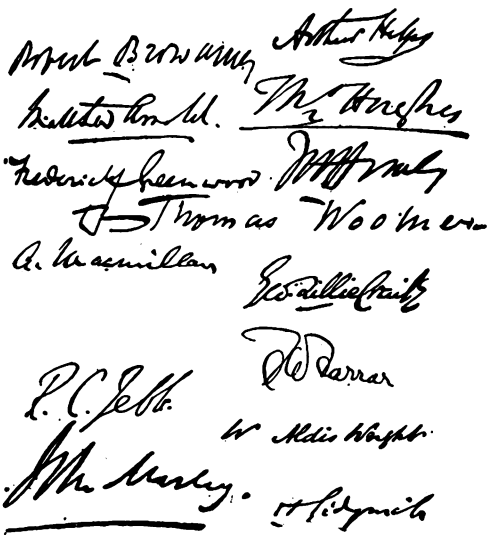
The corpse stood motionless in all its perishing magnificence, but the awe of the great King—

To whom were known, so Agar's offspring tell,
The powerful vigil, and the starry spell,
The midnight call Hell's awful legions dread,
And sounds that break the slumbers of the dead—

kept all men, even the chief priests, from drawing near or touching him, while all the demons also were kept afar by the graven spell. Then forth from the temple wall crept a little brown mouse, too insignificant a creature to feel any reverence. It gnawed away the leather at the bottom of the staff, and lo, suddenly the gorgeous figure fell down flat upon its face, and slipped into ashes, and out of the dust they picked a golden crown!

In his *Mr. Sludge the Medium*, Mr. Browning expressed his contemptuous disbelief of what is called "spiritualism," and poured disdain upon the tricks of which professional "mediums" often availed themselves. But one day, when I was talking to him on this subject, he admitted that there were many apparently curious mysteries of thought - transmission for which he could not readily account. He

Le monde est plein de fous,
Et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se tenir tout seul
Et casser son miroir.



BACK OF THE MENU CARD OF ONE OF MR. MACMILLAN'S DINNERS, WITH AUTOGRAPHS OF THE GUESTS.

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said that once in Italy he met an Italian Count who had the reputation of being able to read thoughts and to tell of occurrences by handling objects connected with them. The Count knew that the poet was entirely sceptical as to his professed powers, and said to him, "Have you anything on your person to which any history is attached?" Mr. Browning said "No"; but a moment after he remembered that he was wearing a pair of sleeve-links to which there was a history. Correcting himself, he said, "Oh yes, these sleeve-links are associated with a remarkable occurrence." Mr. Browning's grandfather had been a resident in the West Indies, and his uncle had there been murdered by slaves, and these sleeve-links which he had been wearing had been taken from his corpse. The Count laid them on the palm of his right hand, and, after looking intently first at them and then at Mr. Browning, exclaimed, "It is a very strange thing, but as I look at these sleeve-links I hear a voice crying in my ears, 'Murder! murder!'" That the Count could not have heard the story beforehand Browning was certain; he thought it possible that he might have made a lucky guess, or have conjectured something from the expression on his face.

From what Eastern source Mr. Browning had derived the legends of Solomon I omitted to ask; but he was the most omnivorous reader I ever met,—far more so than Lord Tennyson,—and he seemed (as indeed the range of his allusions show) to know something about everything. I believe that when he was writing *Sordello* he exhausted every book in the British Museum which touched on the little-known story of the Italian poet. The accuracy with which he mastered even the most recondite allusions to his subjects before he fused them together in the crucible of his imagination was most remarkable. His memory, too, was very retentive. He once repeated to me a great part of the poem of poor George Smart on David, which he regarded as reaching a very high poetic level; but he had read everything from Busbequius to Beddoes—for whom he told me he had a very high admiration, when I had quoted to him some lines from his dramas. This accuracy was extended to the minutest and most apparently insignificant details. In Florence it is possible to identify the *very spot* on which he was standing when he bought for a few pence the old paper copy of the trial of Count Guido, which suggested to him his longest and in some respects most remarkable poem, *The Ring and the Book*. The copy is still preserved by his son, who showed it to me, with other relics of his father, when I dined with him at his Venetian palace, in which I saw the truckle bed and simply-furnished upper room in which his great father had breathed his last.

In later years Mr. Browning was particularly cordial to me, not only because he knew how deep was the debt of gratitude which I owed to him for all that I had learnt from his poems, but also because he was kind enough to believe that I had greatly promoted the sale of his writings in America. When, some ten years ago, I visited America, it had not been at all my original intention to make what is called "a lecturing tour," but only to deliver a theological course on a particular foundation to which I had been invited by the Bishop of Pennsylvania. When, however, I yielded to the strong pressure which induced me to lecture in some of the great cities of the States, I chose "Browning's Poems" as the subject for one of my lectures. The poet's readers and admirers in America could not at that time have been very numerous, for before I gave my lecture at Boston—certainly the most intellectual and literary city in the United States—I was told that not half a dozen copies of his poems had been sold there during the year. The morning after my lecture, every copy which could be procured either in Boston or in the neighbourhood was in immediate demand. Mr. Browning more than once expressed his obligation to me for this service; but I could not claim the smallest gratitude. I am sure that he overestimated the effects of my lectures upon the sale of his works; and, in any case, I was only acting in the spirit of the old sentence, λαμπάδια ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες διαδώσουσιν ἀλλήλοις. I was trying to hand on the torch which had given light to me.

The letter reproduced on page 359 will show how keenly he appreciated the grateful estimate which I had formed of the value of his poems.

It would have been a great temptation to ask Mr. Browning for an explanation of some of the undoubtedly serious difficulties which abound, both as to the point of view in many of his poems, and also as to the meaning of a number of passages which—owing to his peculiar style, his habit of abbreviation, his elliptic forms of grammar, and his passion for amazing rhymes—are undoubtedly very difficult to construe, and have received very different explanations from his admirers. I would not, however, do this, because the poet studiously avoided offering any explanations. There were his poems and his thoughts—the

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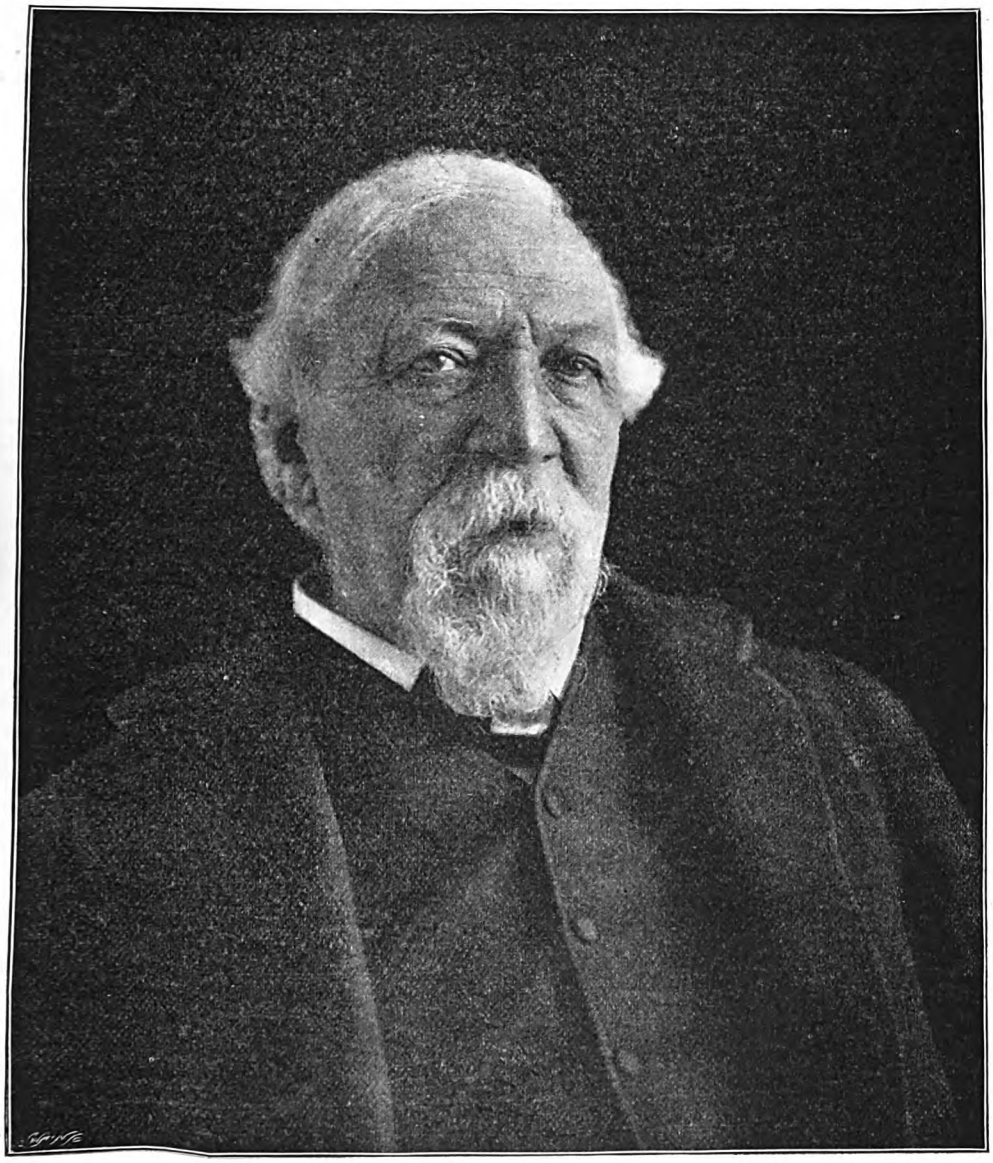

ROBERT BROWNING
[*From a Photo by* MRS. MYERS *of Cambridge.*]

best that he could give. They represented thorough and conscientious effort, the results of what he regarded as his main work in life. You might understand and be enriched by them, or, if you chose, you might fling them aside, as someone is said to have tossed the poems of Persius into a corner with the remark, "*Si non vis intelligi non debes legi*"; or like Douglas Jerrold, who, on trying *Sordello*, declared that it contained only two intelligible lines; the first—

Who will may hear Sordello's story told,

and the last—

Who would has heard Sordello's story told;

and that those two lines contained an absolute falsehood! In the few lines of manly preface to one of the later editions of his poems, while expressing gratitude for the sincere if belated appreciation which had come to him, he said that his friends would believe that he had never given to the world anything which was "wilfully obscure, uncon-

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scientiously careless, or perversely harsh." "I can have little doubt," he wrote to a friend, "that my writing has been in the main too hard for many; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man; so perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts, and something over; not a crowd, but a few I value more." But in his *Pachiarotto* he drew a marked distinction between "Shop"—the works which he published for all men—and "House"—the secrets of a heart which nothing would induce him to wear upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. I feel convinced that for this reason, when he was asked to explain this or that poem, or passage in any of his poems, he deliberately put off the questions with remarks which he did not always intend to be understood too seriously. His task in life was to write poems to the best of his power, and as clearly as his idiosyncrasy permitted—not to comment on them afterwards. He never professed to furnish rubbish which could be as easily understood as a provincial newspaper. He was once questioned about *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*, which is a poem not only absolutely intelligible, but prolific in concentrated lessons of heroic and death-defying fortitude. Yet he would say no more about it than that it was suggested partly by a lonely castle-turret "precipice-encurled" which he had seen "in a gash of the wind-grieved Apennines," and partly by a worn old piece of tapestry, once belonging to his father, on which, among other things, was represented a horse, which looked as gaunt and ghastly as the one which he had described in the poem. The magnificent and inspiring lesson lay enshrined in the poem itself, but if anyone desired to profit by it, he must find it for himself. If he missed it, the poet had no more to say.

I once spent a Sunday at Oxford at the house of Dr. Jowett, the master of Balliol—one of those charming Sundays in which he used to welcome the presence of one or two congenial guests. Mr. Browning was on that Sunday the only other guest staying with Dr. Jowett, and I had a long walk and talk with him that afternoon. The second volume of *The Ring and the Book* had just come out, and something turned our conversation in the direction of his poems, of which he did not often speak voluntarily. He alluded without the least bitterness to the long course of years in which his works were doomed to something like contemporary oblivion, during which very few copies indeed of them were sold, and scarcely one of them attained to a second edition. I said something about the Browning Society, which had then been recently formed, and he said that there were many who professed to laugh at it, but for his part he was grateful for this and every other indication of a dawning recognition, considering the dreary time of neglect and ignorant insult which he had been doomed to undergo. And then he told me the story which he also, I believe, told to others, but which I narrate in the form in which he told it to me that Sunday afternoon. He said that when one of his earlier volumes came out—I think, *Bells and Pomegranates*—a copy fell into the hands of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who was then at the zenith of his fame, and whose literary opinion was accepted as oracular. Mr. J. S. Mill expressed his admiration of the poems, and of the originality of the lessons they contained; and he wrote to the editor of *Tait's Magazine*, then one of the leading literary journals, asking if he might review them in the forthcoming number. The editor wrote back to say that he should always esteem it an honour and an advantage to receive a review from the pen of Mr. J. S. Mill, but unfortunately he could not insert a review of *Bells and Pomegranates*, as it had been reviewed in the last number. Mr. Browning had the curiosity to look at the last number of the magazine, and there read the so-called review. It was as follows: "*Bells and Pomegranates*, by Robert Browning: *Balderdash*." [1]

"It depended, you see," said Mr. Browning, "on what looked like the merest accident, whether the work of a new or as yet almost unknown writer should receive an eulogistic review from the pen of the first literary and philosophic critic of his day,—a review which would have rendered him most powerful help, exactly at the time when it was most needed,—or whether he should only receive one insolent epithet from some nameless nobody. I consider," he added, "that this so-called 'review' retarded any recognition of me by twenty years' delay."

Mr. Browning wrote very little prose, but what he did write was of remarkable quality. He scarcely ever, under any circumstances, or under whatever provocation, wrote to the newspapers or bestowed the smallest notice or complaint upon his detractors; but I shall always remember one occasion on

[1] Such was the poet's recollection; the exact word, however, may not have been "Balderdash," but something equally contemptuous.

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which he did so. He was himself unaware that his letter had appeared in print, until I pointed it out to him in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. An article had occurred in some sapient and, I believe, provincial journal, entitled "Is this Poetry?" It consisted of an attempt by some incompetent and infallible ignoramus to show that Browning was not a poet at all. Wherever there are mosquitoes in the air, some kind friend, as W. S. Landor said, is always on the alert to draw the curtain and point them out. Accordingly, some correspondent cut out this precious article and sent it with a note to Mr. Browning. I saw his quite inimitable reply in the *Pall Mall*; and while I was laughing at it very heartily at the Athenæum, I saw Mr. Browning himself sitting reading not far off in an arm-chair. Still laughing, I went up to him and said, "Mr. Browning, I congratulate you on your admirable little letter." "What letter?" he asked in surprise. "Your letter in the *Pall Mall*." "I have sent no letter to the *Pall Mall*," he said. "Well, come and see it," I said, and took him up to the board on which the journal was hanging. He read it with a broad smile on his face, and said, "My correspondent must have sent it to the press, but I was quite unaware that he meant to do so." The "characteristic and trenchant" reply had been copied by the *Pall Mall* from the *Birmingham Owl*. It was as follows:—

"19 WARWICK CRESCENT, *Feb.* 10, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,—I am quite sure you mean very kindly, but I have had too long an experience of the inability of the human goose to do other than cackle when benevolent, and hiss when malicious; and no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel at what waddles behind it.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

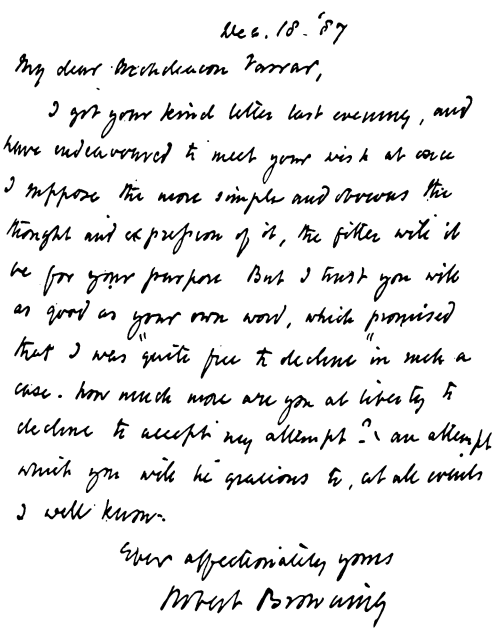
I once asked him what he did in answer to the numerous requests which I felt sure he must receive for autographs. "Oh," he said, "I always send my autograph to those who write to me for it." "What do you do when, as is often the case, the admirer does not even enclose a stamped envelope?" "Oh," he replied, "I always send the autograph all the same; but then I do not prepay the letter, because if he thinks my autograph worth writing for, he will probably not think it dear at twopence!"

When I placed the Jubilee Window of Queen Victoria's reign in St. Margaret's, Westminster, I asked Mr. Browning to write the quatrain under it for me. He did so, and these were the four highly characteristic lines—

Fifty years' flight! wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decay?

This:—England echoes his attesting voice—
Wondrous and well: thanks, Ancient Thou of Days.

The very quaintness of the lines,—their characteristic oddness of collocation, as in "Ancient Thou of Days,"—the fact that they were written in the poet's special style of what his critics called "Browningese,"—made them more interesting to me than if they had been smooth and commonplace. They illustrate the cause which made people call him unintelligible—namely, that his sentences frequently did not "construe," but required some long *subauditur* to show their dependence. Thus, in these lines, the "This" stands so completely isolated and independent that it must be taken for "This (is the reason wherein he should rejoice)"; and the "Wondrous and well" means the highly compressed sentence, "The years have been fifty *wondrous* years, and have passed *well* for England." As it was, however, the lines when published were received with general amusement, and elicited a silly and sanguin-



Dec. 18. '87

My dear Archdeacon Farrar,

I got your kind letter last evening, and have endeavoured to meet your wish at once. I suppose the more simple and obvious the thought and expression of it, the fitter will it be for your purpose. But I trust you will as good as your own word, which promised that I was quite free to decline in such a case. How much more are you at liberty to decline to accept my attempt?—an attempt which you will be gracious to, at all events I well know.

Ever affectionately yours
Robert Browning

LETTER FROM BROWNING REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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ary parody in one of the London newspapers. I do not suppose that he ever saw this parody, nor would he have been vexed about it if he had. Yet so far was he from being careless about the lines, that he took the trouble of a long walk to St. Margaret's to see if they were correctly punctuated on the brass plate underneath the window. He found that the engraver had altered a comma, and requested me to have it at once corrected.

And here let me add that this is the more remarkable because Mr. Browning clearly did not understand the best principles of punctuation as an aid to lucidity. A friend is said to have pointed out that a great deal of *Sordello* would be less difficult of apprehension if it were differently punctuated throughout; and it has been said (but I cannot vouch for the fact) that the poet adopted his friend's punctuation of many passages, and so made the poem more easy to understand. His extraordinary method of ellipse and compression had become the habit of a life. When his *Pauline* came out, some critic had called it "wordy." Being resolute and earnest in all that he undertook, and thinking that there might be some element of truth in the criticism, Mr. Browning set himself to correct the real or imaginary fault; and to this fact is due some at least of the peculiarities of his style

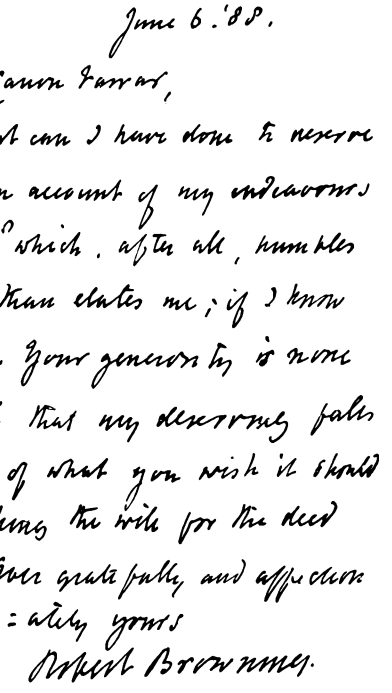
His last and most popular book, *Asolando*—he delighted in odd titles for his books, and generally speaking was specially fond of everything quaint and unusual—came out when he was in Italy. He was lying on what proved, alas! to be his deathbed, after a short illness, when he was informed that already—after a very short time—it had attained to a third edition. This was a most uncommon circumstance in the history of his writings. "How very gratifying!" he exclaimed, with a happy smile, on being informed of it.

Shortly afterwards I received a telegram from his son from the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice, saying that "Mr. Robert Browning died this morning." It was sudden and wholly unexpected, for in the lengthening of the allotted term of life which is become so common in this century, he could not have been called aged. He had always enjoyed excellent health. His eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated; and, so far from showing any signs of intellectual senility or mental deterioration, this last volume contains some of his most vigorous and popular lyrics, especially that forcible one—quite in his own peculiar style—in which he speaks of himself as follows:—

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

What could I do, on receiving such a telegram, except to telegraph back to his son my expression of sincere sorrow and sympathy, and to add exactly what I felt: "The world is poorer for his loss"?



LETTER FROM BROWNING REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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By Adeline Sergeant

"Please, miss, I've brought my Bet. She ain't quite the right age, but she kep' on arskin' to come; so I says, 'Well, you come round to-night, an' I'll speak to the lydies about yer.' You see, miss, she's so tall, you'd never take her for on'y fourteen, would yer?"

It was no anxious mother that addressed us, but a remarkably pretty girl of eighteen, and the sister whom she introduced as "my Bet" was taller than herself. But Polly had blossomed into young womanhood, of the feathered and furbelowed variety, while Bet was a thin scraggy slip of a girl, with elf-locks, a battered hat, a bit of red flannel round her neck, and petticoats up to her knees.

Our Working Girls' Club met three times a week, and no girl under sixteen was allowed to join it; so that our secretary, Miss Dymond, looked dubiously at Mrs. Rushton, the lady-superintendent, and I, as a helper, watched anxiously for the result of Polly's application.

Polly M'Diarmid had nothing Irish about her but her name and the suavity of her tongue. She had been brought up almost entirely in London, and her accent was that of the London streets, but her voice was sweet, and its fluent turns were quite surprising. She was often dramatic: she could always put the case well when she wanted you to agree with her. And she possessed remarkable grace of figure and movement—a far more unusual gift than beauty of feature—a grace which showed itself through the poorest clothes, and which had caused her more than once to be asked to stand as an artist's model. But this Polly had always refused, saying proudly that she wished to "keep herself respectable," though she did not despise another calling which many thought equally dangerous—that of a chorus-girl upon the stage. Just at present she was out of work; but the traces of her profession were visible in her attire, and, I grieve to say, upon her face, for she was most evidently rouged, and wore several gilt ornaments of a theatrical type.

Nevertheless, Polly was on the whole a good hard-working girl, and had behaved like a mother to her sister, whom she affectionately designated "*my* Bet." We could pardon a few eccentricities of dress for the sake of her goodness of heart, though we did think that she looked a little odd when she took off her fawn-coloured jacket (for the night was hot), and displayed herself in a cotton blouse tucked in at the neck so as to show her pretty throat with its blue bead necklace, and rolled up above the elbows for the sake of coolness. With her white arms crossed and her feathers nodding an accompaniment to every word, while her blue eyes gleamed above the painted cheeks, Polly launched herself on a stream of narrative, which produced considerable effect on her listeners.

"You see, miss, I can't leave my Bet all

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to 'erself every night, or else she runs wild, and mother always said to me as I was to look after Bet; and then, if I stays at 'ome with her, we don't do nothink but quarrel, do we, Bet?"—with a gleam of her white teeth,—"and so I says to her last night, I says, 'Bet! *Bet!*' says I, 'make yerself tidy to-morrer night an' I'll take you round to Mrs. Rushton and show her what a big girl you are, an' arsk if you can come too.' And Bet, miss, you'd never believe it, she set to work a-sewing a bit of stuff all round the bottom of her frock, to make it longer, so as you shouldn't think she looked a little girl—my Bet!" And Polly laughed the gleeful laugh which told of—so far—a clear conscience and an untroubled heart.

I looked at Bet, to see whether she was as charming as her sister, and I must say that I was disappointed. Bet had a wide Irish mouth, a rather *retroussé* nose, a long thin neck, and a lanky figure. Her eyes were enormous, much too big for her face, and her "fringe" hung like a mat down to her eyebrows. She had a small head, and she held it consciously on one side, with a curiously shy smile upon her face. She would not sit down; she answered in monosyllables when we spoke to her; she seemed the impersonation of bashful awkwardness. And she was *so* tall! Polly's pleading had its weight, but Bet's height of stature carried the day. It would be ridiculous to bar the entrance of so big a girl, although she was only fourteen.

She was admitted, and withdrew to the outer room, while Polly remained to give us a most amusing account of her latest adventures in search of work. Suddenly we heard a tremendous sound of flying footsteps, and several shrill cat-calls on the stairs, followed by shrieks of laughter in girlish voices. We all felt slightly alarmed.

"It's my Bet," said Polly, beaming all over. "Lor! she *can* make a noise when she likes!"

"You must tell her not to make that noise," said Miss Dymond gravely, and then we all with one accord rose from our chairs and went out into the hall, whence strange noises were proceeding.

Bet was dancing a *pas seul*. She was in the middle of the hall, and twenty or thirty girls surrounded her, encouraging her from time to time by cries of applause. "Go it, Bet!" "Ain't that fine?" "She's a splendid dancer, ain't she?" were some of the remarks that reached our ears. Evidently, Bet was a popular character.

The dance was of a frantic sort. But she stopped it at once when she saw us, and stood like an image of decorum. "I was dancing for j'y, miss," she explained—a remark which was received with a shout of wild laughter by her companions. I think that for the moment we regretted that Bet had been allowed to join the Club.

Our regret was intensified as time went on, although it was tempered by a sneaking fondness for Bet, which grew upon us in spite of ourselves. Polly was a somewhat unreliable person, and took advantage of Bet's growing affection for the Club to stay away herself and go for a walk with the young man to whom she had recently promised herself in marriage; and Bet was left uncontrolled. Not that Polly had much control over her, for she generally did nothing but laugh at Bet's vagaries, or, if irritated, shout shrill rebukes to her over the heads of the other girls. And Bet took not the least notice, but went on her own eccentric way.

Her arrival was generally heralded by some wild cat-calls upon the stairs: she could make the queerest noises of anyone I ever knew. Then she would come mincing into the room, holding out her skirts and performing dancing steps, with her head very much on one side. This performance never failed to bring down the house. Or she would throw herself full length on the floor, and eat the cake and drink the tea provided for her, in an attitude of dreamy indolence. Or she would play practical jokes on the other girls, and drive them mad with fury. Then she would fight. Oh yes, Bet could fight with great strength and skill. She generally won the day. There was no end to Bet's modes of amusing herself and others.

She was really, if I may say it, demoniacally clever. Her ingenuity both in plaguing and pleasing people was simply amazing. And in games she was always first, whenever it was a matter of sharpness of wit or quickness of repartee. She was quite beyond the level of all the other girls in the Club, although they by no means lacked their share of London shrewdness.

And there was a lovable side to Bet, too. If you could get her to yourself, and talk quietly to her, you were astonished at her good sense and amiability. Only, it took such a little to set her off in the old wild way! Still we were fond of her, and wondered sometimes what would be her ultimate fate. We spoke of her to Polly one day—Polly who was going to be married, when Bet was fifteen.

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"Yes, miss, my Bet is a clever one," she answered, with great complacency. "I often wonder how she'll get on without me."

"But—she'll live with you, won't she, Polly?"

"Well, miss, it is this way. Bill Johnson"—Polly always alluded to her future husband in this way, except when she called him "my chap"—"he's very good-natured and all that, but he can't stand Bet in the 'ouse. He says she drives him fair crazy."

"But, Polly—you're not thinking of getting married and turning Bet out into the world to manage for herself?"

Polly reddened. "Many girls at fifteen does do it, you know," she observed, in a tone of intelligent reflection. "I managed both for her and myself afore I was *her* age."

"But I thought you were so fond of Bet," I remarked incautiously.

Polly's anger blazed up in a moment. "Of course I'm fond of her," she said, almost rudely. "'Aven't I done for her all her life, after mother died? It ain't that I don't want 'er, but I must consider Bill Johnson, what's to be my 'usband, mustn't I? He says he won't 'ave Bet, an' I can't go against 'im, when it's so near my weddin'-day. I'm sure, miss,"—in an aggrieved tone,—"it breaks my 'eart to think of not 'aving my Bet along of me any longer, but what can I do?"

"What is to become of Bet?" I inquired, feeling almost conquered by Polly's specious arguments.

Polly's face beamed again. She had left off using paint, and looked all the prettier in consequence. Her dress was plain, but comparatively neat; she seemed on the road to improvement, for hitherto her great fault had been her love of finery and her slatternliness.

"Well, miss, there's a great chance for Bet," she said confidentially. "I 'ope you'll persuade her to take it, miss. We've an uncle and aunt out in South Africa, miss, and they've written to ask Bet to go out to them. They're well off, doing splendid, with a store of their own, somewhere near a place called Cape Town; and they want Bet awful bad."

"Are they likely to be kind to her if she goes?" I asked.

"Oh yes, miss. A very kind woman my aunt is. They've written times without number asking me to go out, and now they 'ear I'm to be married they've asked Bet. I wish you'd talk to her, miss, and tell her she ought to go."

Somebody talked to Bet with good effect, for one day she announced to us all, quite simply, that she had made up her mind to go to South Africa. She did not seem much concerned about it; in fact, it was doubtful whether she had ever realised how far away lay the country to which she had been invited. The length of the voyage, when she was told of it, seemed to surprise her; but I fancy she thought that we exaggerated matters.

Mrs. Rushton had made inquiries, and found that the uncle and aunt were very respectable well-doing people, and that Bet would probably live a much happier life at Cape Town than in a London lodging-house. So we all encouraged the idea of her going, and were glad to hear that the passage-money had been sent, the passage taken, and the date of her departure fixed.

Two or three days beforehand Bet strolled into the club-room in an unconcerned way, with a brown paper parcel under her arm. She nodded to each of us abruptly, and took a chair. It was morning, and we were all busy, but Bet had evidently come on business, and so we let her wait until she felt inclined to expound it.

"It's a long way to Africa, ain't it?" she said at length, her big eyes roving round the room as if she had never seen it before.

"Yes, a good long way," said Mrs. Rushton pleasantly.

Bet swung her leg and grunted. She was a curious-looking young person, with her pale face, her big dark eyes, her torn and shabby frock,—still too short for her,—her buttonless jacket, her battered black hat, where a crushed feather waved, in evident imitation of Polly. She seemed slightly embarrassed.

"Do you want anything, Bet?"

"I suppose," said Bet hesitatingly, "that I shan't get my things *wet* if I carry 'em like this, wropt up in brown paper?"

"What things, Bet?"

"The things I'm going to take with me. Clothes, you know, Mrs. Rushton. I've got them 'ere. People said they'd maybe get wet with the sea, so I wanted to know if I'd done 'em up strong enough."

"You are going all the way with only that parcel of things?"

"Yes, miss. Do you think they'll be safe?"

"No, I don't, Bet. I think you had better go out and buy a little tin box for yourself." And Mrs. Rushton supplied her with money, and with information respecting the shop where she was to buy her box. Bet vanished with the money, leaving us to laugh to our-

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selves over the idea of her going to South Africa with a brown paper parcel!

After a time she returned with a small tin trunk, of which she was immensely proud, judging by her beatified expression. We helped her to pack her scanty stores, supplementing them with a few gifts of our own, into her box, and rather expected her to express gratitude; but Bet never did what one expected. She waited a few minutes in silence, then twirled round on one leg, nodded, said, "Well, good-bye," with more than usual brusqueness, and was off.

She was to sail two days later, and during these two days we saw no more of her.

"I suppose that was her farewell visit," Mrs. Rushton said, and we concluded that she was gone.

Judge of our surprise, then, when at the next meeting of the Club we suddenly heard a well-known whoop upon the stairs, a well-known double-shuffle at the door, and Bet, debonnaire as ever, whisked into our midst, and uttered a shrill cry as appalling as Trilby's memorable call of "Milk, ho!"

The girls shrieked with delight and astonishment.

"Why, Bet, aren't you gone?"

"Back again, Bet, like a bad penny?"

"Didn't the ship sail, Bet?"

"Yes," said Bet, placidly munching bread and butter.

"How was it, Bet? Did you get left behind?" said Mrs. Rushton.

"Yes, 'm," said Bet, with perfect tranquillity. "I went down to the quay, and some friends went with me, and we stood talking, and all of a suddent the ship went off. I hollered to 'em to stop, but they on'y larfed at me, so I come back again."

"THIS PERFORMANCE NEVER FAILED TO BRING DOWN THE HOUSE."

Some of us had a suspicion that Bet had shirked going at the last moment, but if so, she would not acknowledge that her heart had failed her; she only repeated, with emphasis, her statement that she had been "talking," and that the ship had gone without her.

We managed to make an arrangement for her to go by the next steamer, and this time Mrs. Rushton and I saw her off. A very forlorn little white face looked back at us as the great ship moved away; but no grief on earth, I think, would have made Bet "break down."

Polly married, and, radiant with health and happiness, gave us scraps of news of her sister from time to time. Bet was well, happy, sent her love to all friends, and so on. Then there came a gap—Bet was too busy to write, she said, and Polly's baby arrived and took up all her attention. But at last Bet sent her photograph. It was a year since she had left England, and we were prepared for a change. But what was this we saw?

Yes, it was Bet's face, but somehow it had grown prettier. Her head was on one side just as it used to be, and the great eyes did not now look too big for her face. Her hair was turned up and neatly coiled. Her dress was elaborate and fashionable; she wore a brooch and a watch-chain and bangles; last touch of splendour, she had a fan in one hand. Bet had blossomed out into a Colonial young lady.

"She's learning music," Polly announced with pride. "And dancing too—but bless you, she could always dance, my Bet! Quite a lady, ain't she, miss? And that fond of her, they all are; why, Aunt Mary says she's got 'arf a dozen young men already! Just think o' my Bet!"

She dandled her white-faced baby pensively, and I thought she sighed. She did not look quite so prosperous as she had done in days of yore. The old untidiness had come back,

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and with it a look of desolation which I had never seen before. There was something defiant in her air, something sullen and yet fierce. Once she came with a black eye, and then she stayed away for several weeks.

"Bill Johnson, 'e beats 'er," said one of the girls to me; "and they say she's taken to drink too."

What! Polly, our bright charming Irish Polly! Surely this could not be true. But I became afraid that it was only too true when I saw her, not long afterwards, staggering along the pavement with flushed face and bleared eyes, narrowly escaping from being "taken up" by the policeman for drunkenness and disorderliness.

Poor Polly! She was very penitent when she came to herself, and sobbed and cried a great deal; but we could not induce her to become a total abstainer. She "wanted a glass now and then," she said. And Bill would be worse to her than he was now if she did not drink with him. And he brought her home no money, and there were two children, and they were starving. "And I've wrote to Bet," said Polly, with heaving breast and streaming eyes.

"To Bet? For money?"

"No, I wouldn't write to her for money, not if it was ever so," said Polly with indignation. "But I've wrote to her to come 'ome."

"Come back—to England, do you mean?"

"Yes, miss, to stand between me an' Bill. *She* can do it, Bet can: she allers had a strong arm, and never frightened of no one, she was; and I've wrote to 'er to come an' take care o' me an' the little 'uns. I took care of *'er* when *she* was a little 'un, and it's her turn now; for I ain't strong, and I can't defend the children when Bill's 'ad a drop too much, any more than I can defend myself."

"But, Polly, when Bet is doing so well in South Africa, do you think it is right to unsettle her?"

"Why should she do so much better than me?" cried Polly. "We was always share and share alike, in good an' bad. It's bad now: she might come an' take her share for a while. It won't be for long, I daresay,—she's engaged to be married,—but she might come to me a bit first. I've room for her at my place."

I had seen Polly's "place"—dirty, disorderly, overcrowded already: I wondered how Bet would endure the close rooms, the scanty meals, the privations and abuse to which Polly had grown accustomed.

"I think," said Mrs. Rushton, with some severity, "that Bet would be very foolish to give up her prospects in Cape Town in order to come to you, Polly. What use will she be to you? And what is she to live on?"

"She can work like other folks," said Polly sharply. "*She* won't mind—my Bet. She was always fond o' Polly."

"I don't suppose she can be spared," I suggested.

"Spared? She'll have to be spared if she wants to come 'ome. Bet always has her own way. You'll see, miss!"

She went off triumphant. And we wrote letters to Bet, begging her to stay where she was, and to pay no heed to Polly's selfish desire that she should come home in order "to stand between her and Bill."

We received no answer, but one day Polly burst in upon us, flushed, exultant, waving a letter in her hand.

"She's coming—my Bet!" she cried. "She's coming straight away. She's written to say so. I knew she'd stand up for me, and not stop with these fine folks when *I* wanted her. You see, miss, what she says. She's a real, rare, right-down good 'un is my Bet."

I took the scrawl she held out to me and read. Bet's spelling was not yet irreproachable, although she learned music and held a fan.

"DEAR POLLY,"—she wrote,—"I hope this finds you well as it leaves me at present. I am cumming back by the next steemer, and if Bill Jonson strikes you agen, I'll kill him. I sware I will. Dear Polly, my aunt and uncle is very angry with me for saying I will come, but I don't care. They say I needn't never come back again. Mister Cambell, the gentleman I was to have marryed, is allso very angry, but I don't care. The engagement is broke off, becos I would rather come to you and take care of you and the babies than annything, remembering that you took care of me when I was a littel girl.—With best wishes, I am, dear Polly, your dear BET."

A postscript was written below: "I liked Mister Cambell very well, he was a good man, but I don't care."

Poor faithful-hearted Bet! She was giving up a good home, relations, friends, a man she loved, a happy future—and all for what?

"Oh, Polly, Polly!" I cried, "don't you see that the poor girl is sacrificing her happiness for your sake?"

Polly tossed her head. "Indeed, then, miss," she said, "my Bet was always fond

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o' me, and I don't see as it is a sacrifice at all, to come back to her own sister. She'll stick up for me, if no one else does. Bill Johnson 'won't dare to touch me when she's there. 'Kill him,' indeed! I believe she would, miss, if she got the chance."

We held our peace and trembled We wondered what would befall. We thought of Bet's possible degradation, of her gathering disgust when she realised the state of Polly's home and the depths to which Polly herself was sinking; and we feared very greatly for the result. Bet, as we knew her, was utterly undisciplined, utterly without self-control. There might be terrible scenes of violence in Polly's little house. How was it that Bet had been allowed to sacrifice herself in this way?

"THE GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS."

But for what really happened we were not prepared. God's ways are not our ways. While we were grieving over Bet's future and anticipating the worst—just as if she were not God's child, for whom He was shaping things as much as He shapes them for you and me—the great ship in which she voyaged was drawn aside out of its track, and, striking on some hidden reef, went down into the darkness, with all hands on board. And Bet went down too. It was a better end for her than any that we had looked for, after all.

It has borne fruit in Polly's home already—some fruit of sobriety and patience and endeavour. But I do not think it would be possible to convince Polly that she had ever been selfish or unkind to her sister. She still enlarges upon her virtues and accomplishments, and generally winds up with this reflection—

"And nobody can say that I didn't do my best for my Bet!"

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MY FAVOURITE NOVELIST

By C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

It is not her name that appears over my signature in those confession books where the pleasure of naming your favourite novelist is intended to soften the rigour of the requirement to state your age. I have known ladies, indeed, deliberately overlook the latter question, so that their own declarations should never be brought up against them in days to come. Most of those, however, who consent to satisfy in this way an insatiable, not to say impertinent, curiosity, are *very* young, and have too little forethought to image that less happy future when sweet seventeen will be thirty-seven, forty-seven, fifty-seven. If these should ever happen to be confronted in later life by their early confessions, they may be as much ashamed of their favourite novelist as of their age. It was my habit, however, to elude this fate, by writing down such blameless and unexceptionable names as Scott, Thackeray, Jane Austen — just as my humour was. At last, however, I feel it incumbent upon me to tell the truth. And the truth is that neither of these eminences really occupies the first place in my esteem. Far from it. Friends in whose albums I have recorded fictions will kindly accept this (the only) intimation. My favourite novelist must be nameless, unless she choose to tell you her own name; and she is not often in the humour. I may as well say at once that she is young—so young that she is not for the present a writer of fiction, only an inventor of it. She is friendly with me now and then; and when she is in these moods she condescends to be very communicative. I am not her "father" yet; though it may come to that by and by. I am only plain "da-da," at which superior persons smile, though it is to me no mean title. It is in point of fact the only D.D. I ever expect to get, and no academic honour could please me more.

"Are you all alone?" my favourite novelist asked me the other evening.

"Not now you're here," I answered; for I knew it behoved me to be precise.

"Then I'll tell you a story," she said patronisingly.

With that she settled herself on a tiny chair opposite me, so that I could look in her face, and so that she could see to it that the D.D. did not become inattentive, or relapse to his newspaper. But indeed there was little likelihood of that. The ancient mariner never held wedding-guest more securely "with his glittering eye" than my novelist with those large hazel eyes of hers held me. I "could not choose but hear."

"Once upon a time," she began in the true old-world way, "there was a pussy-cat."

"A pussy-cat." I repeated, being expected to agree to the possibility of the opening situation.

"And there came a big big cart along the road, and it went *right* over the pussy-cat."

I gasped. We seemed to have reached the tragedy over soon.

"And it was *all broken*,"—the last words in a whisper of awe.

"Indeed," I said; "the cart?"

"No, the pussy-cat."

I felt the situation was beyond comment.

"The pussy-cat was all broken to little pieces, and it could not get up; it could not go to my home. It was all in little bits. Da-da!"

"Yes?" I said.

"Shall we make the box sing?"

The reference was to a musical-box, and I had tact enough to know that the first volume was evidently concluded, and that a brief interval was desirable before entering upon the second.

"Why not?" I said; and the box was wound up, and sang.

While we sat listening to the box, I reflected on the superiority of my novelist over all others I have known. It is the invariable habit of novelists to knock their heroes about in the first volume. The more those helpless but heroic individuals can be battered and bruised, the greater is the satisfaction of the reader, who knows that they will eventually emerge handsomer than ever. In fact, the true recipe for approved fiction, is it not—"Take a hero of noble appearance and unblemished character; beat him well up for the space of one or two volumes; mix him thoroughly with two or three heroines of prepossessing appearance; and finally turn him out well done, and serve up with any quantity of sauce

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MY FAVOURITE NOVELIST.
[*From a Photo by* RESTA, 4 *Coburg Place, Bayswater Road, W.*]

at a wedding-breakfast"? Am I not right? Is not this what we expect? But no hero was ever reduced to such absolute dilapidation as this one of my novelist's. I put it to you, whether ever novelist was daring enough to break his or her hero into "*little bits*"; to split him up into innumerable sections; to grind him to powder, as it were, and yet leave him at the end of vol. i. with a fixed determination to see him through. No; Mr. Maskelyne may cut off a man's head, and Indian jugglers may run swords through you, and serve you out in steaks and chops to a hungry and delighted audience; but this feat had never been accomplished in any serious novel until my favourite novelist took it in hand.

The interval for musical refreshments being now over, the thread of the story was resumed; and, as is the invariable rule in well-regulated novels, there was a change of *venue* in the second volume. When the curtain rose, so to speak, the scenery was different. This is grateful to the eye.

"So the pussy-cat went to the hospital"—great satisfaction of my novelist with this long word, and much emphasis on the aspirate.

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"To the hospital?" I said in surprise. "How did it manage that?"

"Oh, it *went*"—wholesome disregard of popular expectation of niggling explanations. My novelist believes in stimulating the reader's imagination.

> I do not rhyme to that dull elf
> Who cannot picture for himself.

And so on. "It went." Quite so.

"And it was there all the days, and all the nights. And no one could mend it. And Doctor P—— came, and he couldn't mend it. And it was all in little bits. And it couldn't go to my home. Da-da!"

"Well?" I said.

"Let's make a puzzle."

"The very thing," I said; and we were on the floor in no time. End of vol ii.

Now the opportunity is seasonable for pointing out again the pre-eminence of my novelist among all of her class who ever have been, or shall be. This protracted agony of the hero is entirely in keeping with the best models. No hero is worth his salt who has not been reduced, under stress of innumerable calamities, to the verge of despair. Hope must be abandoned absolutely. The bright dawn must be preceded by the darkest night. Let the reader be able to detect the faintest ray of light, and the novelist has failed. Doubtless, others have done excellently here; but my novelist excels them all. Doctors come and go, but they can do nothing with "little bits." If there were any of the pieces cohering, something might be attempted. But no; the fracture is complete. There does not exist the glue in any pharmacopœia that can avail for this pulverised hero. Let the poor reader ponder over the situation, and then tell me, is there anything to be done, but give it up, and make puzzles? I do not think so.

However, the obscurest puzzle is made in time; and my novelist collects herself and settles down to vol. iii.

"At last there came a man, one day," she went on, and I began to see daylight.

"He was a werry nice man," she said, for "very" is not one of her words yet.

"You know him," she adds quickly, "*my* man."

"Your man?" I said hastily, for indeed it was my own humble ambition to be her man.

"Yes, my man who mends things. He mends tables, and—sofas, and—birds, and—flowers, and—musical boxes, and—pussy-cats."

"Quite the handy man," I said.

"What?"

"Useful man to have about," I explained.

"Yes, he is *my* man, Mr. Jones."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "the carpenter?"

"Yes; and he came to the hospital, and he mended all the bits, and he made the pussy-cat quite well, and the pussy-cat went to my home, and was werry happy, and"—

"Lived happy ever after," I suggested.

"Yes, *ever after*," she said emphatically, "until"—

"Whew!" I exclaimed; "hold on there! You said, *ever* after, you know."

"Yes, *ever* after," she repeated peremptorily, "until one day there came another cart, and it"—

"Time to go to bed," said a decided voice in the rear. It was the nurse. There was no time to hear about that other cart.

But my novelist had daringly given utterance to that which, I venture to say, fills the thoughts of all readers, but which no one has ever had the courage to say before.

We see our heroes brought off from conditions of peril, and certain inevitable destruction. They come up perky and smiling to the altar in the last chapter. Some "Mr. Jones" intervenes at the critical moment, and restores them to the bosom of the weeping but faithful lover. They are married. They pass out of our sight in a carriage drawn by two white horses, and driven by a much-rosetted coachman, with riband on his whip. All is merry as a marriage-bell. It is treason to think that even yet all calamity may not be over. There may be "another cart." But my novelist is true to life; and even in the moment of supreme beatitude, when she has rescued her hero from unparalleled catastrophe, we are allowed to hear the rumbling of approaching wheels. Life is still the same. Sorrow never wholly ceases; disaster is never wholly absent. There is "another cart." But surely I have said enough to show my reasons for repudiating the commonplaces, which, to my sorrow, I have inserted in the albums of confiding friends, and for giving pre-eminence in my affection and admiration to a younger but wiser novelist.

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Where Ignorance is Bliss——?

By Margaret Deland

Author of "John Ward, Preacher"

IV

The conclusion to which the Rev. Mr. West came, was that, if his love for Amy was deep enough and unselfish enough, he would hold his tongue. He believed that he had recognised that confession, apart from reparation, was the refuge of the weak mind.

Having thus decided to bear alone the burden of his secret, he went, early in the morning, and told the woman he loved.

Of course there is no explanation of this vacillation and indifference to his own judgment, except the mere statement that he was in love.

"Amy is trying on her dress," Mrs. Paul said when he was ushered into the library; "so, if you want to see her, you can go home at once. But perhaps you may condescend to talk to me a little while?"

"I must see Amy, please," he said. He had a way of putting people aside so gently and peremptorily, that Mrs. Paul, who was not a yielding person, never dreamed of protesting.

"I'll tell her. But she really can't come down for ten minutes. Do you mind waiting?"

"Very much," he said, smiling. "Tell her to come down just as she is, and let me see her frock."

"Indeed she shan't do anything of the sort," said Mrs. Paul with indignation; but relented to the extent of letting him have the library to himself, and going upstairs to send the girl to him.

Amy came floating in, with a snowy gleam and rustle, and stood before him, bidding him not to dare to touch her; though, indeed, being a mere man, he was far too uncomfortably awed to think of taking this glorious white creature into his poor human arms.

"You are magnificent, but you are not Amy," he said; "do get on some common clothes. I'm afraid of you."

"That is as it should be, sir," she told him. "I shall dress like this every day if it keeps you obedient. If I had had on my wedding dress last night, you would not have dared to refuse to stay to dinner when I—wanted you."

Her look, through the mist of tulle, of soft reproach and challenge, was too much for fear, and he boldly kissed her; which made her protest, and fly from further risk of crush-

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ing the bravery of her wedding day. When she came back again, in a blue cotton gown, trim and pretty, with a bunch of pansies in her belt, there was, fortunately, nothing to be hurt by being crushed.

There was a moment of tender and passionate silence. His errand faded from William West's mind. The reality of life was here! his past was no more to him than the eggshell is to the eagle. So when, later, leaning forward in his chair, holding her hand in his, looking into her pure eyes, he began to speak, it was almost casually. As he faced the great fact of human love, the question of telling her, or not telling her, of that old dead and buried sin was suddenly unimportant—they loved each other.

"Dear," he said, "I've come to tell you something. What you said last night about having no reserves put it into my head. I had forgotten it."

It was characteristic of the man that there was no preamble; his words were simple, and he was perfectly matter-of-fact and unanxious; so much so that Amy laughed a little.

"Were you a year-old criminal? Well, tell me at once! I may reconsider, you know."

There was something in the assurance of her gaiety that jarred a little, and he said seriously—

"It is a wrong-doing of my youth, Amy. I'm not sure that it is not selfish to tell you about it; but I can't bear the feeling of holding anything back from you."

An answering gravity came into the girl's face, but she smiled.

"Tell me anything; I am not afraid to hear!"

Her innocent pride gave him a moment of sharp discomfort; curiously enough, what he had to tell her had not connected itself in his mind with personal embarrassment; it had been too remote from himself. He found himself hesitating for a word, and grasping after that indifference to all but Love, which he had felt but a moment before.

"Perhaps I am a fool to tell you," he began; "it may make you unhappy, and"—

A startled look came into Amy's eyes; then the colour flooded up into her face. She lifted her head with a beautiful imperious gesture, and stopped him with a word.

"I — understand. Don't tell me. I — understand." She bit her lip as she spoke, and her eyelids quivered as though tears had risen suddenly.

"You understand?" he repeated in a puzzled voice; "do you mean you don't want me to tell you?"

"William," she said in a low voice, "I do not think a woman has any business with a good man's life in the past—if—he was not good. I am not a young girl. I am old enough to know that a man's life and a girl's life are sometimes—different; but don't tell me. I—love you. Don't tell me." She trembled as she spoke, and then her eyes sought his, filled with love and grief.

A wave of tenderness made his whole face melt and quiver; he murmured something of his undesert of such love as this. "You are not like other women," he told her, as every lover has told his mistress since the sun first shone on lovers. "*That* sin the mean woman does not forgive. And yet it is so much more pardonable than others! More pardonable, dear, than what I want to tell you."

She drew a quick breath and smiled. "Ah," she said, "I'm glad it is not that!" Her relief was so apparent that he realised how austerely sweet her face had been as she forgave him. It gave the man a sense of the meaning of the divine love coming down to earth for us men and for our salvation. He was abashed before her, and it seemed to him his love was a form of worship.

"Go on and tell me," she said; "I'm not afraid to hear anything now."

"That would have been the hardest thing to forgive?" he asked her. She flashed a look of pride at him.

"Ah!" she said, "the things *I* could not forgive, *you* could not do!"

This made him glow; after all, who would not confess anything, to be met by such confident love as this?

"This happened long ago, Amy. When I was nineteen I forged a cheque for five hundred dollars."

"Forged?" Her lips fell apart; she sat staring at him.

He was holding her hand, lifting it to his lips sometimes, and looking at it as it lay in his. He went on quietly—

"It was when I was at college; I needed money; and, poor, desperate, wicked, silly young man, I forged Professor Wilson's name. I don't know what I supposed would become of me when it was found out. And I don't know what would have happened, but Henry Wilson died before the month was out, and so, by some strange chance, it never was discovered. If it had been—well, you and I would not have been here to-day! Human

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justice would have interposed before Divine Mercy"—

He looked up with a solemn elation which seemed to put self out of his mind. "I might have gone lower and lower! Who can say? It was an easy thing to do, for I was his secretary, and he trusted me. That, of course, was the most horrible part of what I did—the part that now seems to me incomprehensible—the broken trust! Well, of course I made reparation, as I called it, out of the money he left me. I gave away many times the amount I stole; but it was only because I was scared at the risk I had run, and the thought of it harassed me. It was a sort of expedient morality, a sort of bargain with my conscience for peace of mind. Then, about a year afterwards, I met X—. I heard him preach, and life changed. How extraordinary it seems to look back upon it now! *Then*, I repented. Before, I had only reformed. That was when I entered the divinity school. But just think, Amy, just think of the difference! How life might have gone—yet here I am to-day, your lover, your husband! Oh, the mercy of God!"

He was deeply moved. He got up and walked the length of the room. Amy sat silently looking down at her hands in her lap. When he came back his eyes were full of peace.

"That is all, dearest; now we will forget it. You know my life as you do your own."

"*Forget* it?" she repeated, with a sudden sobbing laugh that tore at the man's heart.

"Amy, dearest! have I shocked you so? Remember, it was twenty-three years ago; I was only a boy. Let me tell you how it was. I was madly in love with a woman; at least, it was not love, but I thought it was; she fascinated me, and"—

"Oh, go on, go on!" she interrupted hoarsely. "As if *that* mattered!"

He tried to take her hand, but she made a pretence of arranging the flowers in her belt; her head was turned a little from him.

"Well, I was possessed to marry her. Of course she would not look at me—a penniless charity student. But I strained every nerve to win her. It was the old story; she took my flowers, or theatre tickets, or anything I could give her: curious that the mercenariness of the woman did not revolt me! But I was mad about her. I thought at last that if I had money I could give her some jewels she wanted, and perhaps she would accept me. That was how it came about. She took the diamonds, and

"I AM GOING TO FORGET IT. GOOD-BYE."

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eloped with a married man two days afterwards."

As he told the story, the grossness of it all came over him—the offence to the exquisite delicacy of the girl beside him.

"But I ought not to have told you this," he stammered.

"What?" she said dully. "About the woman? Oh, as if that mattered!" She turned from him sharply, putting the back of her hand against her lips as though to hide their quiver. Then she burst out—

"Oh, why did you tell me? Why? *Why?* Oh, I wish you had not told me!" She shook from head to foot. "But it will make no difference. No, it shall make no difference! I will not let it make any difference. I am going to marry you. Only—*I never knew you.*"

Those most terrible words, those words with which Love destroys itself, came like a blow between the eyes. He grew very pale. She stopped crying suddenly, and stood panting, steadying herself by her hands upon his breast, and staring at him. There was something almost terrifying in this sudden pause and in her burning look.

"It's the one thing," she said, "don't you see—*that lasts.* It isn't like—other things."

"But it was not I," he said mechanically; "not I, the man you—you thought you knew. It was a boy, twenty-three years ago. Amy, Amy! Twenty-three years ago!"

She did not listen; she kept repeating to herself, "It shall make no difference. I will not let it make any difference." Alas! it was not for her to say. The difference was made; the jewel crushed under foot is no more a jewel; the rose thrown into the fire is no more a rose. The stained human soul is no more the innocent human soul.

"But you must listen to me, Amy," he said. "No; I will not speak until you are quite calm. Sit down. Look at me. Now, listen to what I have to say." He forced himself to speak slowly and gently, as one does to a terrified unreasonable child.

"Dear, I had forgotten it. So little is it a part of my life that I had forgotten it. When I remembered it last night, it was with a sense of astonishment, a sense of pity, for the mad boy who did it. I had no personal shame—it seemed to belong to someone else, whom I watched with sorrow and indignation. I do not believe that to-day, more than twenty years afterwards, I have any business to think of it."

"Then why did you tell me?" she said wearily. "Oh, don't talk about it any more. I am going to forget it. Good-bye. I am going upstairs. I have a headache. Good-bye."

She let her hand slip listlessly out of his, and left him standing blankly with lips parted for another protest.

V

As he went out, past the drawing-room door, Mrs. Paul called to him.

"Do come here a moment, Mr. West. (Isn't Amy pretty in her wedding dress?) You really must tell me what to do about something. There is a family—" and she entered upon a puzzling question of relief-work, her forehead gathering into a frown, yet with her kind eyes denying the severe common-sense of her statement, that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat.

"But, you see, we can't let the children go hungry," she ended.

The consideration of other people's weakness and wickedness gave William West time to get his breath. He threw himself into the question with that intelligent sympathy which was characteristic of him. He pointed out this; he suggested that; he cleared the puzzle out of Mrs. Paul's face; and all the time he was half deafened by a clamouring suspicion: "Have I been a fool? She will never forget it! It will always be between us. I've been a cowardly fool."

"Well, that's all settled," said Mrs. Paul with an air of relief. "Now tell me, what day shall I have Amy's things sent to the rectory before you arrive? And shall I take the silver from the Bank the day before? Is it safe to leave it at your house? I hate the responsibility of other people's silver!"

"Oh, certainly, yes," he answered, suddenly absent; all the intelligence and judgment of the previous moment swallowed up by his own bewildering experience.

He hardly knew how he got through the day. There was a service in the afternoon, and there were other people's affairs and sorrows to remember; fortunately, there always is duty for us poor human creatures as a refuge from our thoughts.

Well, the day passed. In spite of a craving to see Amy that was almost agonising, he held on to his common-sense, and left her to herself. His lawyer came in the evening, bringing some papers in regard to certain property which it was the minister's intention to make over to his wife, and the looking these over, and the business talk, was a relief to him. He began to feel that

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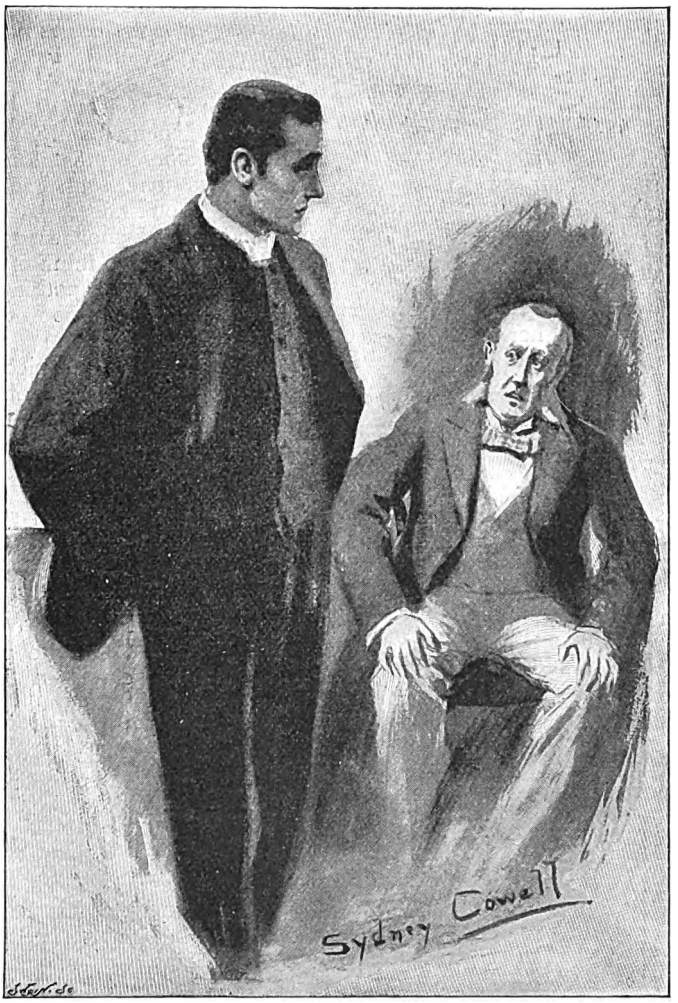
he had taken Amy's perturbation much too seriously; it would be all right; she would see things clearly when the first dismay had passed. He thought, tenderly, that he must not let her feel any regret for having for a moment shown him her pain at what he had told her. Her pain was only part of her exquisite goodness—that goodness which held her, remote and lovely, like some pure and luminous star, so far above the sordid meanness and wickedness of common life that she could not understand them; perhaps, even, she could not pity them. Only the sinless ness which was in all points tempted like as we are, can at once understand and pity; — his thought, chastened and passionate, fled back to his Master for comfort; but there was no reproach of Amy in his mind.



"JOHN PAUL SAT DOWN, HIS MOUTH OPEN, HIS PLUMP HANDS ON HIS KNEES, HIS EYES STARTING FROM HIS HEAD."

It must have been ten as he and Mr. Woodhouse sat before the broad writing-table, with the litter of papers and memoranda before them, that John Paul suddenly burst into the room.

The senior warden's strong kind face was flushed; he was profoundly disturbed and upset.

"West—" he said explosively, and stopped, seeing that they were not alone. "My dear fellow—my dear West," he began again, stammering with agitation, "can I see you a moment? A matter of business, Woodhouse, if you don't mind. Can we go into another room, West?"

But the lawyer protested that he was just about to go home. "I have a wife. You'll see how it is yourself, Billy, pretty soon. Lois allows me twenty minutes leeway of the hour I name to get home, and, if I'm not back then, she threatens to send a policeman after me. Good-night. Good-night, John." And he went off whistling into the night.

The minister had not spoken.

"Look here," John Paul said as the front door banged, "what under the sun is this business? Good Lord, West! Amy's sent you a letter,—Kate told me to break it to you, but I—confound it, man!—go and read it. The girl's crazy. Go and read it. What are we going to do?"

Without a word William West took the letter and read it. ("It looked," John Paul told his wife afterwards, "as though he died, there and then.")

"You were right to tell me,—only please

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—please don't make me marry you. I cannot. I could never forget. If it were anything else—*any*thing else—it would be different—but *theft*—oh, how cruel I am to say that! but I cannot marry you. There's no use talking about forgiveness. I don't want you to forgive me. I want you to hate me; then you will suffer less. Hate me. I'm not worth anything else. I'm going home to-morrow. It can be said I am ill, and the wedding is put off. I *am* ill; it won't be a lie. Please don't ask to see me, I cannot see you.

"Forgive me. A."

William West sat down, folding the letter between his fingers.

"There's nothing to be said." He spoke very quietly. Then he opened the letter again, and looked down at it.

"West, for God's sake," John Paul entreated him, "listen, man! don't take it like that. The girl is out of her mind. Here, pull yourself together! It's a passing whim; you will bring her to her senses as soon as you see her."

"She will not see me," he said.

"She's got to see you!" John Paul said angrily. "What's the matter with her? Is she out of her senses? All I know is what Kate told me. She asked me to bring you the letter. She said Amy had broken her engagement. You could have knocked me over with a straw. She wouldn't give any reasons. But I'm touched by this business. If a woman in my household suddenly forgets honour and common decency, I'm touched by it! Unless you've given her cause?"

He walked up and down, breathing hard, his hands thrust into his pockets, jingling his latchkeys for the mere relief of doing something. William West put the little note into his pocket.

"I've given her cause," he said.

His senior warden stopped in front of him, and looked at him critically. "You're lying to me. I know you! It's a girl's whim, and I'm touched by it, I tell you. She's a member of my family, West! I shall see her (she wouldn't see me before I started here), and straighten this business out. Kate is nearly dead with it. My wife looked like a ghost when she came and told me—and the wedding the day after to-morrow! No; I'm going to straighten this thing out. What I want you to do is to tell me, man to man, what started it."

"Amy is perfectly justified," William West said dully. "I told her this morning that I had committed a forgery."

"A—?" John Paul sat down, his mouth open, his plump hands on his knees, his eyes starting from his head. "You are out of your mind!"

William West laughed shortly.

"I think, perhaps, I was when I told her. Yes; I was a fool. It was twenty-three years ago; I had just about forgotten it. When I remembered, I told her. It was too much for her. She is right to stop now. If she *can* throw me over, thank Heaven she has done so!"

The misery of it burst out in that last sentence. Then, quietly, he told Amy's cousin the story of that long-buried youth. When it was done, John Paul said huskily—

"West, I don't know what to think of your telling her; but I know what to think of *you*. And I know what to think of Amy."

William West said nothing; he took the little note out of his pocket and turned it over and over.

("He seemed to go to pieces there, before my eyes," John Paul told his wife. "I tell you, Kate, I *saw* him lose his moral grip! Poor West,—poor fellow!")

Mr. Paul sat helplessly looking at his clergyman, until he had a sense of indecency in watching the suffering of this silent human creature. Then he said vaguely—

"I suppose you want me to clear out? But just tell me: what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing," said William West.

"But don't you mean to make any effort to bring her to her senses?" burst out the other.

"There's nothing to be done," the lover said. "It's over,—don't you see?"

"It's not over," insisted Amy's cousin. "I shall see her. This thing can't go on. I'll send for you. You are well rid of her. It will be all right!" Storming and protesting and contradicting himself, he went out, scarcely noticing that his host saw him to the door, and let him out, in absolute silence.

Then William West went back and locked himself into his library.

VI

THE senior warden of St. James's was wrong when he said that his minister lost his moral grip. There was, no doubt, a time of upheaval and shock, a staggering under a calamity which seemed to have no moral excuse, to be only a senseless shattering of a human life.

But he got his balance again. He made no effort to see Amy. This was partly to

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spare her, and partly from a sense of the futility of argument: the thing was *done*; if she married him ten times over, it would not be the same. As she said, she had never known him; and perhaps he had never known her. But, for that matter, who of us knows the other? The question is, is it worth while to try to attain or to bestow such knowledge? Gossip, of course, had run riot when it was known that he had been jilted; but gossip, after it reaches a certain point of insult and falsehood, becomes a source of amusement to its victims. West, with his delicate sense of humour, found other people's opinions of his sufferings not without interest. He went away after the first fury of parish excitement was over, and came back in four months, quite brown, with a good appetite, and several very interesting pieces of tapestry, which he had picked up on the other side.

He became, perhaps, a little more of a man's man; a little more impatient with his feminine correspondents; a little more contemptuous of his assistant's extreme Ritualism; a little less polite to the old ladies who thought him less good-looking "since his disappointment." But he took a deep and passionate hold upon affairs; the conditions of labour, the hideous problems of vice, the reformation of the sordid politics of the small city in which he lived,—these things filled his life. Were they enough? Who knows! We make husks into bread when the soul starves.

As for Amy, that is another story.

. . . . .

It was nearly two years after this that John Paul walked home one night with Mr. Woodhouse, who was a fellow-vestryman of St. James's. They had been sitting smoking by William West's fireside, talking over a strike which was on in one of the mills, where it seemed as though the rights lay with the strikers—a fact which these gentlemen believed to be unusual. It was nearly midnight when they left the rectory, and went along the echoing street together.

"It strikes me," said Mr. Paul, "that you hadn't much to say for yourself to-night, Woodhouse; you're the canniest fellow about giving an opinion! Didn't you want to commit yourself?"

"I haven't any opinion yet," said the other man slowly; "and, somehow, I got to thinking. I say, John, after all, what do you make of West's telling Miss Townsend that matter?"

"I'll tell you what Kate says: Kate says if Amy *could* throw him over, she ought to have had the chance to. So she thinks West ought to have told her."

"That's like saying, if there is a chance of breaking your neck by taking some preposterous leap, take it," the lawyer commented. "But as I look back on it now, and see how it has aged Billy, and—well, hardened him a little I think, it seems such an unnecessary calamity; such a blunder! And yet"—

"Kate has views about heredity, and all that sort of thing," Mr. Paul explained; "I suppose that has something to do with her opinion. She says a woman has a right to say her children shan't have a—a shady character for a father. That was too much for me; I don't generally contradict my boss; it isn't peaceful. But that was too much for me! Billy West shady! I gave my wife a piece of my mind. I tell you, Woodhouse, women are hard."

"Well, but there's something in that," the lawyer protested. "A woman has not only a right but a duty to think of her children, and a possible moral taint."

"Moral grandmother!" John Paul broke in. "West is one man in a hundred. I think he's well rid of Amy; I told him so at the time! Why, look here; a man who has not *repented* of his sin has no inclination to confess it. And, having repented, and made reparation, confession becomes a mere matter of expediency. Why, good heavens, Gifford, is there to be no escape from sin? What does all this talk about forgiveness mean, if we've got to rake up the past and agonise over it as long as we live? I don't believe any large mind dwells on its sins, any more than on its virtues! And yet," he ended, suddenly cooling, "I swear it is a difficult question, the telling or not telling the girl you are going to marry."

"If you bring it down to expediency, it's simple enough," Gifford Woodhouse said. "It was obviously inexpedient. The only thing is, perhaps there is something higher than expediency?"

They had reached Mr. Paul's door, and he pitched his cigar into the street and pulled out his keys, shaking them on the end of their chain.

"You mean, does honour demand confession?"

"Yes," said the vestryman. "Was it a duty to speak, or a duty to be silent?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Was West a fool or a saint?" insisted the younger man.

"I'll be hanged if I know," said the senior warden.

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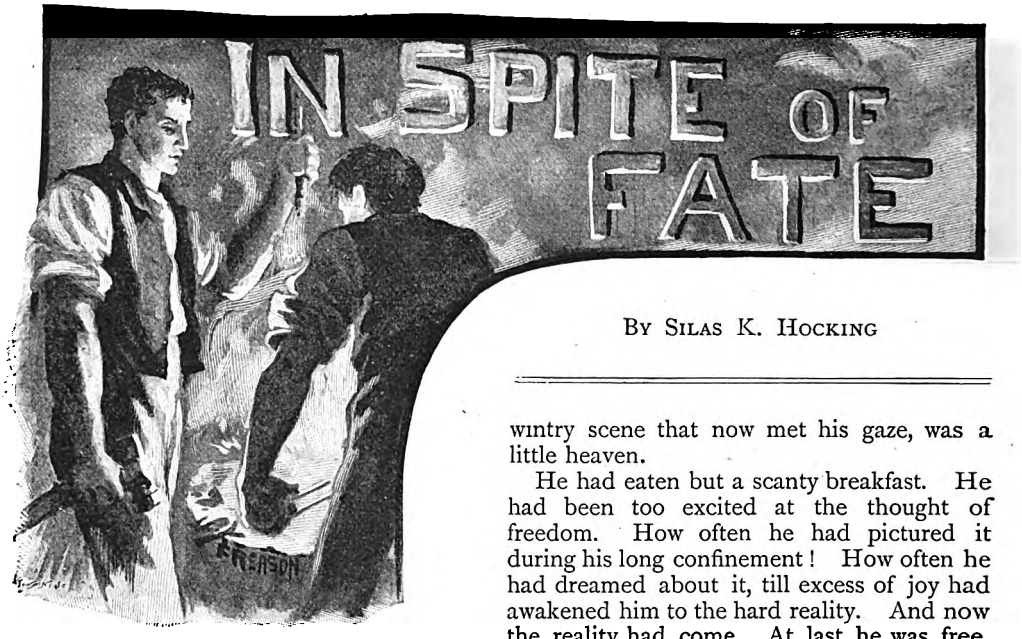

By Silas K. Hocking

Chapter XIII

THREE YEARS LATER

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

Jack was liberated from prison on a raw December morning just as the dawn was struggling with the darkness, and gaining but a doubtful advantage in the encounter. There were three or four others liberated at the same time. These were met outside the gates by a number of relatives and acquaintances, who greeted them with boisterous pleasure, and led the way to the nearest public-house, where provision had been made for making merry over the event. Jack watched them as they hurried away through the murky dawn, and sighed. There was no one to welcome him, no friendly hand stretched out in greeting. He felt more utterly alone than he had ever done before, and, instead of rejoicing in his liberty, he felt almost sorry that the same gates that once debarred him from freedom now debarred him from the only shelter the world had to offer him.

For several minutes he stood stock-still; then his teeth began to chatter with the cold. The raw searching wind seemed to penetrate to his marrow, and almost to freeze his blood. The bare cell he had left was at least warm, and, in comparison with the cheerless and wintry scene that now met his gaze, was a little heaven.

He had eaten but a scanty breakfast. He had been too excited at the thought of freedom. How often he had pictured it during his long confinement! How often he had dreamed about it, till excess of joy had awakened him to the hard reality. And now the reality had come. At last he was free. But how different it was from everything he had imagined! What was he to do with his liberty now he had found it? Where was he to go? What was he to do?

He was without a home, without friends, without a character, and without money. He had served the full term of his imprisonment, and now he was flung adrift upon the world. Nay, worse. He seemed to have been flung over the cliffs into a cold and surging sea, to sink or swim as chance would have it, or strength was his to battle with the flood.

Any position more utterly helpless or hopeless than that of a discharged prisoner, at the time of which we write, it would be impossible to conceive; nor, as far as Government interference is concerned, is there much improvement to-day. The *man* is lost sight of. The creature to be dealt with is simply a prisoner. Officialdom is too self-important to recognise types. Punishment is dealt out by weight and measure. When the rubbish has been pounded in the Government mortar the prescribed length of time it is shot forth as rubbish again into the street, to be trodden under foot, to be washed down into the gutters, to choke the moral and social grids, and generally to make itself a nuisance and a danger.

Jack found himself arrayed in a suit of badly-made and badly-fitting clothes; beyond that he had nothing. His pockets were absolutely empty; he had not been provided even with a cotton pocket-handkerchief.

But a young man of eighteen is never

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without hope. Jack looked at least twenty, and felt at the moment fourscore. To stand still and shiver would be worse than folly; he could at least keep himself warm with exercise. The only course open to him was to go on the tramp, and trust to the chapter of accidents. Something might turn up, and one place was just as good as another. So he started off at a brisk walk. The direction was of no consequence whatever. He might in time stumble across some of the gipsy tracks. By the time he had walked a couple of miles he felt warm, and in much better spirits. The December sun was doing its best to struggle through the gloom, and the sodden country looked less cheerless and depressing. He came to a village at length, consisting of four cottages, two pig-sties, and a cowshed. There was a stone trough outside one of the sties tilted on end, so he sat down to rest and reconnoitre. The houses appeared to be deserted. He sat fully five minutes, but not a soul appeared in sight.

"This is decidedly lively," he said to himself, with a smile, and started on the tramp again. He tried to imagine himself a gentleman of fortune. He had never heard of the Knights of the Round Table, or his imagination might have come further into play. He had heard of Dick Turpin, and in the prison library he had got hold of the story of Don Quixote, but up to the present there was no point of comparison between himself and them. He had neither lance nor steed, nor even a pouch, and the idea of adventures in a country so deserted seemed positively ludicrous.

By noon he began to feel intolerably hungry, while the prospect of food seemed farther away than ever. Hunger is never conducive to optimism. Hope rarely thrives on an empty stomach. He had reached the brow of a hill, and there was no sign of a town or even of a moderately-sized village in any direction. He climbed a gate that he might get a broader survey; but he saw nothing that rewarded him for the effort. Here and there lonely cottages were scattered on the hillsides, and down narrow and deeply-rutted lanes were glimpses of farmsteads; while now and then from lonely and silent fields came the "gee-up" of ploughboys as they drove their teams across the soft and yielding earth, and more rarely the rattle of a cart along some distant road. But these signs of life seemed only to accentuate the general lifelessness of the scene.

Getting down from the gate, he tramped on again with his face still toward the north, and at length seeing a big boulder by the roadside he sat down once more, and wondered—as indeed he had never ceased to do since he commenced the tramp—what would be the upshot of his journey. A tall hedge screened him from the raw east wind, and the sun struggling through a rift in the clouds touched him with friendly warmth. It made him think of those happy days in the country when Pearl was with him, and even wakened memories of an earlier time, when his mother was alive and talked to him about the good providence of God, which, like the sun, though hidden sometimes, was always there.

How far away these days seemed to him! His mother's face was almost like a dream to him; and as for Pearl—well, it seemed ages since he had seen her. It was only three years as the calendars measure time; but calendars take no account of heart-throbs, nor the channels that tears wear in the cheeks, nor the ache and agony of hopes deferred. Three years to one man may be as long as threescore to another. It seemed to Jack three times three years ago since he started out with Bradley and Lockett on that fatal expedition. He wondered what had become of them—if they were still at liberty, still living. And what of Lala and Sam Lazarus? And what of Pearl? His thoughts always came back to Pearl in the long-run. She seemed the one uplifting influence in his life, the one human being that kept his faith alive in angels and in heaven.

Pearl! How the mists of years seemed to glorify her face and surround her with a halo that was brighter than the sunshine! Pearl, the gipsy maiden with skin of alabaster and eyes of heavenly blue. Had she forgotten him, he wondered. The years seemed so many since he saw her last. The prison authorities counted only three, but he fancied they had made a mistake. It seemed incredible that only three summers had come and gone since he had seen the glint of Pearl's sunny hair and the love-light in her eyes. Pearl must be a woman now. Perhaps she had seen her prince, and given her love to him, and was already preparing for the marriage; and in that case she would have forgotten him altogether.

He forgot his hunger in thinking about Pearl, and his face clouded as he reflected on the chances of finding her again. Most probably she had grown out of recognition. If he met her in the road he might not know her; and even if they recognised each other,

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what then? She was to marry a prince, while he was only a jail-bird; and to see her look at him with scorn would be a thousand times worse than never to see her face again.

His reflections were broken in upon at length by the rumble of a farmer's cart along the road he had come. The cart was empty, and appeared to be loose in every joint; for that reason, perhaps, it rattled so. Seated on a plank thrown across it was a freckled youth of some seventeen summers, with a big Cornish "pasty" in one hand, a clasp-knife in the other, and his mouth full of pastry and potatoes. The sight of the pasty made Jack feel hungrier than before. He would have given his coat at that moment for a good dinner.

Waiting till the cart came up, he accosted the occupant.

"How far is it to the nearest town?" he asked.

"What do 'ee zay?" came the reply.

Jack repeated the question.

"Caan't 'ear! Woa, Peggy;" and the horse came to a standstill. "Now then," said the owner of the freckles, "what was 'ee axin'?"

Jack stood up and approached the cart. "Would you mind telling me how far it is to the nearest town?" he repeated.

"Depends which way you be goin'. Ef you be goin' to Bodmin tes 'bout"—

"No, I'm not going there," Jack interrupted.

"Oah, then you be goin' t'other way?"

"Yes."

"Then what town be 'ee agoin' to?"

"I don't know. I'm not at all particular. What town does this road lead to?"

"Oah, heaps ov towns. London, ef you go var enough."

"But I don't want to go to London to-day."

"You waan't git there ef you do. Why, lor, London es thousan's ov miles off."

"Is it?"

"Well, scores an' 'underds, any'ow. I've never bin there, an' doan't never expect to go. But Jim Thewey 've been twice, an' 'ee says 'tes a terrible baisley place, an' noisier'n a drashin'-machine, an' the hosses an' carts be so thick in the streets that there's no gittin' 'bout for 'em."

"Very likely that's so," Jack answered, with a smile. "But what about the next town?"

"Oah, well, that all depends on the turnin' you take."

"But if I keep straight on?"

"Well, you'll git to the say in time."

"I'm not a sailor," Jack answered, hardly knowing whether to be annoyed or amused. As a matter of fact he was both.

"No, you don't look like a sailor," was the reply. "I expect you be a stranger hereabouts?"

"I am."

"Then what be 'ee adoin' here 't all?"

"I'm talking to you at present, but I might as well talk to the cart for any information I can get."

"Oah, but I'm not as bad as I look," was the smiling answer. "I'm on'y a bit playful. I'll give 'ee a ride ef you like."

"Thanks, I'll be very glad;" and the next minute he had climbed into the cart and had taken his seat by the side of the driver.

"'Tain't no cushioned sait," the youth explained, "but it'll sarve jist as well. Now, Peggy, stir yer stumps or we shaan't git 'ome by dark."

"Do you live far from here?" Jack asked when Peggy had got on the move once more.

"Oah iss, we do live down to Blackwater, ef you do know where that is."

"As it happens, I don't know," Jack answered.

"Well, it's in the parish of St. Tudor, an' that, as I do zay to the maaster, is 'leven miles from nowhere."

"Does your master pay you when you give him such valuable information?" Jack asked, with a smile.

"You must be 'ungry, surely," the youth said, with a broad grin.

"What makes you say that?"

"Why, you're so ready to snap at everything."

"Well, I am hungry, an' that's a fact."

"I thowt as much. I'm sorry I ain't got more to offer 'ee; but 'ere's haaf a pasty, ef you don't mind."

"I'll be delighted. But are you sure you're not robbing yourself?"

The youth laughed. "There's plenty more at Blackwater," he answered.

For several minutes there was silence. Jack devoured the pasty ravenously, and thought he had never tasted anything so good in his life.

"Feel better now?" the youth asked when Jack had disposed of the last morsel.

"Lots."

"'Unger's terrible bad for the temper, don't you think so?"

"Not the least doubt of it."

"I'm always snappy myself when mails aren't ready to time."

Jack felt rebuked, but did not reply; and for several minutes conversation flagged.

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"My name's Tom Liddicoat," the youth said at length, by way of reopening the conversation.

"Yes."

"Everybody knaws me 'bout 'ere," he went on. "I've lived down to Blackwater ever since I was twelve."

"Your master must think well of you, no doubt?"

"Ef 'e don't 'e ought. I do sarve 'im well."

"And does he treat you well?"

"Middlin'. I caan't complain. Not that 'tes all fun bein' a farm-servant. But there's wus places nor Blackwater. Be you in a good place?"

"I'm out of a situation at present."

"Stayed long in your last place?"

"Three years."

"Not a very good shop, I reckon?"

"Well, I've known better and I've heard of worse."

"It's a bad time of the year to leave. There's nawthin' doin' 'bout here in the dead of winter. But I reckon you be goin' on to Polwhele. You're a town chap, very likely?"

"Yes, I've lived mostly in towns."

"Thought as much. You ain't no colour in yer chacks sca'ce. I don't like towns. They're terrible noisy places, an' people don't knaw their nex'-door neighbours sca'ce."

"Is Polwhele far from here?"

"A matter of five or six mile or so. May be more. May be seven. It'll be dark long afore you git there."

"Is it a big place?"

"Oah ay, purty middlin'. The Union's there, and the Bank."

"What Union?"

"Why, the paupers' Union, of course. What soart of a Union would 'ee expect?"

"WHAT TOWN DOES THIS ROAD LEAD TO?"

"I beg pardon."

"Oah, you needn't; there ain't nawthin' to beg pardon for. But you'll 'ave to get off when we get to Blackwater lane end."

"I suppose so. You'll let me know when we get there?"

"You never fear. I knaw every yard of this road."

Half an hour later the cart was brought to a standstill, and Jack, feeling half frozen, jumped lightly to the ground. "I'm much obliged to you," he said to his companion. "I hope some day I may be able to do you a good turn."

"Oah, that's all right," said Liddicoat. "The ride ain't cost me nawthin', an' I like

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to be neighbourly. Now you keep straight on for a hour or so, then turn to the left at the fork o' the roads; haaf a mile farder on turn to the right by Joel Knight's blacksmith's shop, then straight up the 'ill to Pollwick downs. There ain't no housen there to inquire at, but keep yer nose to the wind and go straight ahead, and you'll be bound to get to Polwhele some time."

"I'll try to remember your directions," Jack said, with a laugh, and hurried away into the swiftly gathering darkness.

Now, anyone who knows anything about Cornish lanes is well aware of the fact that it is impossible to keep anything approaching a straight course. To the stranger the endless turns and twists soon produce a bewildering effect, particularly as the tall hedges frequently blot out every glimpse of the surrounding country.

Jack did his best to steer a straight course, but the road seemed to get narrower and darker with every step he took. Moreover, there were so many cross roads and junctions that Liddicoat's directions appeared to be of no value whatever.

Now and then he met a stray labourer returning from his work; but he got very little encouragement from them, for if one told him he was on the right road, the next was almost certain to tell him he had better have taken some other way.

Every now and then Jack was fain to lie down by the roadside. He could not conceive of a more hopeless tramp. He had really no object in view. He was going nowhere in particular. And, what was almost worse still, he had no power to formulate any plan. His mind refused to work except in the most sluggish and perfunctory way. If a man wants his intellectual faculties reduced to the level of those of an ox, he could not do better than spend a few years in one of Her Majesty's prisons. They are all conducted on the same principle, and the treatment is warranted to produce imbecility if persevered with.

Jack was vaguely conscious of the intellectual change that had come over him. He remembered how Bradley and Lockett used to compliment him on being quick and alert and far-seeing. In the old days it used to be a pleasure to think and plan and contrive; now it was an effort—an effort that fagged and exhausted him. He had gone into the prison a youth, he had come out a man, but a man only in bulk and stature. He stood five feet eleven in his stockings, and weighed twelve stone; but he was not conscious of any increase of brain power. In prison he had not been expected to think. All the thinking had been done for him. Besides, he found that thinking made him miserable; life was most tolerable when his brain was least active. So his brain had grown stagnant, and, try as he would, he could not now whip it into activity.

He was not, however, more miserable than usual. There was a certain feeling of exhilaration in being free, though he did not know what to do with his liberty. So he stumbled along the ever-darkening road till he reached a bridge spanning a broad and apparently shallow river. Liddicoat had said nothing about any bridge, but he supposed he was all right.

This, however, proved to be a delusion. It happened to be a toll bridge, and a penny was demanded before he could be allowed to cross.

"But I have no penny," he said.

"Then you caan't cross, that's all," said the keeper.

"But what am I to do?" he questioned.

"That ain't no consarn of mine," was the unfeeling answer. "Nobody crosses 'ere without payin'; them's my instructions, and I sticks to 'em."

Jack did not attempt to debate the question further. With something like a sigh, he turned away and began slowly to retrace his steps.

Chapter XIV

TURNING-POINTS

Life hangs upon a thread,
And destiny is poised upon a needle's point.

To be thwarted in one's endeavour is not necessarily a bad thing. Wits are sharpened by opposition. The policy of drift is fatal to mental activity. Jack had spent the whole day in aimless journeying, and he had done so because his sluggish brain had been unable to formulate any plan of action. The only purpose he had in his mind was to reach a town. It did not matter what town, or where situated. What he was to do when he got there he did not know. Perhaps something would turn up. The chances of life were beyond human calculation. In this feeble purpose he was now suddenly and unexpectedly balked. The long lane had not simply taken an unexpected turn; as far as he was

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concerned, it had come to an end. The river was wide; in places it might be deep. The night was dark, the water cold.

"Perhaps I'm just as well off on this side as on the other," he reflected. "Anyhow, I must do something."

But action is the outcome of thought.

Jack thrust his hands into his empty pockets and tried to think.

"I wish I could cross that river, anyhow," he said to himself. It is our nature to desire most the things that are denied us.

Perhaps for the very reason he was unable to think clearly and consecutively, he became firmly convinced that his promised land lay on the other side of the stream. The more he tried to reflect, the more the conviction grew that this side the river was not so desirable a place as the far side.

"I'm bound to get across somehow," he said, knitting his brows. And so the pressing question became—How was it to be accomplished? He never felt before how much might hinge upon a penny; it might be the key by which he would be able to unlock the gates of paradise. Without that penny he would be compelled to wander in the desert houseless, homeless, friendless; but given a penny and he was a free man—free to climb the Delectable Hills and feast on the fruits of Eshcol.

But pennies were not to be picked up in the roads. He could not steal. He was ashamed to beg. What then? He must work and earn. This became a turning-point. He was not conscious of it himself. The crises of our life are hinged on points so fine that we often fail to see them. The needle is deflected so silently and with so little friction that we are unaware of the fact. We think—if we think at all—that it is still pointing in the same direction.

Jack's first purpose was to go somewhere, his second was to do something. The first was governed by a hope that something would turn up; the second by the conviction that he would have to turn up something himself.

So it fell out that in that dark and lonely road, and in the teeth of a searching east wind, he all unconsciously took an important step upward in the scale of manhood.

At the moment he might have laughed at the idea himself. He never felt more helpless or God-forsaken. Nevertheless, the needle on the dial of the moral barometer had moved on from "Wait" to "Work." There was no outward change as yet. Just as the sensitive mercury steadily moves up to fair while the rain is still coming down in torrents, so in Jack's case there was a moral advance when all outward conditions appeared to give it the lie.

A quarter of a mile back he had noticed a road branching off to the right.

"Now, all roads lead somewhere," he reflected. "I'll try my luck in another direction."

It was still comparatively early in the evening, though it had been dark fully two hours. It did not take him long to reach the cross roads, and less than a mile along the lane he stumbled upon a village consisting of about a dozen cottages and a blacksmith's shop.

He hardly noticed the cottages; the cheerful glare of the forge drew him like a magnet. The door stood wide open. The smith was busy making horseshoe nails. Jack did not wait for an invitation to enter. He walked up to the forge with an amount of assurance he did not feel, and began to warm his fingers over the fire.

"It's a raw night, neighbour," he said, turning to the smith, "and upon my conscience I believe it's getting colder."

"You're a stranger hereabouts, I reckon?" the blacksmith answered, eyeing him furtively.

"That's true," was the reply. "I've never been in these parts before, to my knowledge."

"I reckon that's so. I don't often forget a face. An' what might you be after, if it's not too bold a question?"

"Don't apologise," Jack said, with a laugh. "The fact is, I'm anxious to earn a penny to pay toll at the bridge."

"Hard up, eh?"

"Penniless."

"And Jerry wouldn't let 'ee go through on tick?"

"You mean the man at the bridge?"

"Exactly."

"No; he said he had his instructions, and he'd stick to them."

"And how is it that a strong healthy young fellow like you gets stranded in this way?"

"Ah, neighbour, that's too long a story," Jack said, with a laugh.

"Up to mischief, I expect. Might ha' been in jail, by the state of yer hair."

"'Tis a bit of a county crop, isn't it?" Jack said, pulling off his cap and brushing his hand across the stubble. "It's a fad of mine to keep my hair cut close to the skin."

"For sufficient reasons, I expect," the blacksmith answered suspiciously.

Jack winced, and grew red in the face But he quickly recognised the inevitable.

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The penalty inflicted by the law does not end when the prison gates are thrown open. To be convicted of a crime entails lifelong suffering. But, since he had suffered innocently, he felt, in spite of the prison taint, that he could hold his head as high as anyone.

A moment later he turned an honest good-humoured face toward the blacksmith. "I suppose, neighbour, you don't want anybody to blow and strike for you for an hour or two?" he said. "If you do, I'm at your service; and if I don't please you don't give me anything."

"Fairly spoken, stranger," the blacksmith answered, with more cordiality than he had yet shown. "I'm a blunt-spoken cove myself, an' say things sometimes that I oughtn't. The truth is, I do want a dozen horseshoes knocking off; an' if you'll lend me yer strength for an hour you shall be able to pay toll at the bridge."

Jack pulled off his coat and went to the bellows at once, and for the next hour little was heard save the roar of the fire, the tinkle of the blacksmith's small hammer on the anvil, and the thud of Jack's sledge on the red-hot iron.

When the last shoe had been thrown off, Jack wiped his hot forehead on his shirt sleeve, and proceeded to put on his coat.

"You've done very well, and fairly earned yer threepence," the blacksmith said, thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket and drawing therefrom three coppers. "I reckon you've swung a sledge afore to-day?"

"I'm glad you're satisfied," Jack said, ignoring the latter part of his remark. "I shouldn't like to take the money if you thought I hadn't earned it."

"Folks in these parts don't often pay for what they don't get," the blacksmith answered, with a laugh. "I hope the money 'll bring 'ee luck."

"Thanks. Is there a place in the village where I can get something to eat?"

"Ay. Susan Bone, just across the way, sells nearly everythin' in the eatin' line."

"Then I'll order a feast," he said, with a laugh. And with a friendly "good-night" he went forth again into the darkness, and was soon debating with Susan Bone how he should invest two-thirds of his possessions to the best advantage.

"I want to be perfectly frank with you," he said to the little apple-faced woman who stood behind the bench she called her counter, and smiled benignantly up at our hero. "I've just threepence in the world. A penny of it I must lay aside to pay toll at the bridge, the other twopence I'm going to spend in victuals. Now, let me know what's the best you can do for me."

Susan looked him up and down for a moment or two, and smiled.

"I reckon you're hungry?" she said.

"I reckon I am," he replied.

"I reckon sweet cakes ain't much in your line?"

"I reckon they're not," he answered.

"Hungry young men want something solid," she said.

"That's gospel truth," he replied.

"But tuppence don't go very far," she reflected.

"I'm afraid that's so," he said seriously.

"An' very likely you be thirsty as well?"

"Well, I am rather; but I don't mind that. Water is cheap."

"Ay, but cowld watter is terrible addlin' kind of stuff this time of year. A dish of warm tay 'ud be much more refreshin'."

"No doubt that is so," he answered, with a pathetic smile; "but unfortunately my fortune won't run to such luxuries."

"Well, I'll tell 'ee what I'll do," she said after a pause. "You seem a respectable young man, an' fair spoken; an' I feel sure if I was in need an' wanted helpin' over a stile you'd do it."

"I would indeed," he answered impulsively.

"An' if we can be neighbourly it is our duty to be," she went on. "An' as I be just brewin' a dish o' tay for myself, an' I've got a pasty quite ready to come out of the oven, why, I'll let 'ee have the pasty for tuppence, and you can share my tay and welcome."

"It's very kind of you," he said. "It'll be a pleasure to taste a cup of tea again. The truth is, I've been down on my luck lately."

"Oh, well, p'raps yer luck 'll turn now," she answered.

"I think it has turned," he said, with a poor attempt at a laugh. "I'm going to make my fortune on the other side."

"We all hope to do that when we're young," she answered, and led the way into her little sitting-room behind the shop.

Jack followed somewhat hesitatingly—he felt somehow as if he were trespassing on the little woman's good-nature; but the pleasant smell of the browning pasty quickly overcame his scruples, and a few minutes later he found himself sitting at a tiny table spread with a white cloth, and in front of him a steaming meat and potato pasty. At the other end of the small table sat Susan behind a brown-ware teapot and two odd cups and saucers of antiquated shape and pattern.

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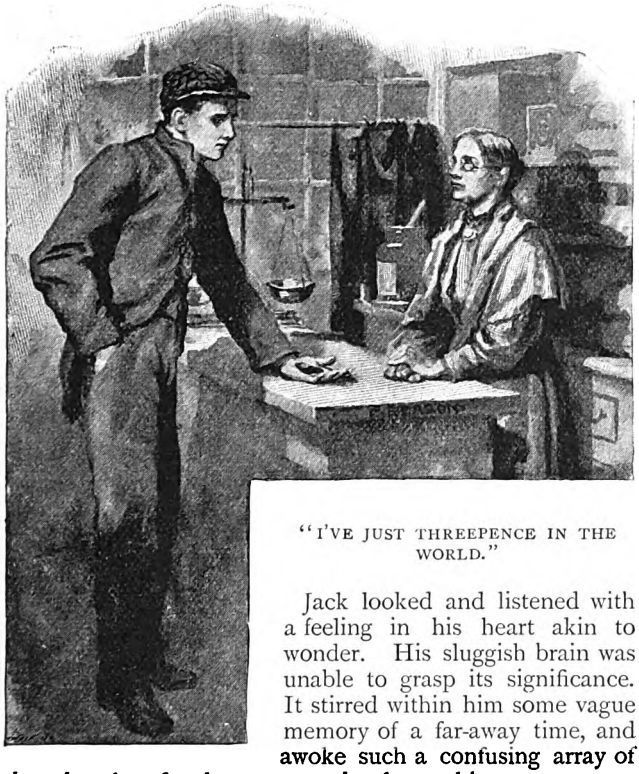
"Will you say the grace?" Susan asked in her simple friendly way, before proceeding to pour out the tea.

"The grace?" he questioned, with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Ah, some people don't never say it," she replied, "but I always do;" and, rising to her feet, she closed her eyes and clasped her hands, and said very slowly and distinctly—

Thou givest us our food, O Lord.
Help us to eat it with thankfulness.
Amen.



"I'VE JUST THREEPENCE IN THE WORLD."

Jack looked and listened with a feeling in his heart akin to wonder. His sluggish brain was unable to grasp its significance. It stirred within him some vague memory of a far-away time, and awoke such a confusing array of thoughts that for the moment he forgot his hunger and seemed oblivious to all his surroundings.

He was brought to himself by the little woman speaking. "Now, if you can ait all the pasty, do it," she said; "an' here's a hot cup of tay for 'ee to mois'en it wi'."

Jack needed no second bidding, and never before did he partake of so royal a feast—at least that was his feeling. The tea was delicious, and the pasty toothsome beyond description. He ate slowly for the mere pleasure of it, and all the while there stole into his heart a sense of the charm and beauty of home. For eleven years he had not known what it was to have a home, and the eight years of gipsy life and the three years he had spent in jail had almost obliterated the memory of these early years in an East End court, so that it seemed to him as if all his life he had been a homeless wanderer. The matter had not troubled him much, it is true. He had never felt that sleeping in a tent or under a caravan was a hardship; indeed, on the whole he liked it, and sometimes had wondered that Pearl should chafe and fret and long for a house, and pine as she did for a fixed place of abode.

But now, as he sat in Susan Bone's cosy little room, and listened to the kettle singing on the stove, and watched the firelight playing on the poker and tongs, and sniffed the fragrance of the pasty, and felt encircling him that sweet restful atmosphere which makes home "*home*," he began to realise how much he had missed during all his life, and how much the future might hold for him if—if—

But he was unable to give the thought definiteness and shape. Hopes, longings, purposes, ambitions floated round him like motes in a sunbeam, without order or sequence. Some day, perhaps, they would fall into shape, and he would be able to see the end of his striving. At present he had no definite end in view, no ambition that he could shape into words.

Outside, the cold east wind moaned fitfully, and swished the dead leaves on the gravel. How pleasant it would be if he were not compelled to go forth again into the night, if he had a little home of his own in which he could dwell without fear, and someone to cook pasties for him when he was hungry, and pour out the tea when he sat at table. A cottage with two rooms would be quite sufficient.

So at length the motes in the sunbeam began to fall into shape. His ambition was beginning to assume a definite form. He saw a tiny cottage, and in place of Susan Bone's homely apple face he pictured the face of Pearl—Pearl, the gipsy maiden, with skin of alabaster and eyes of heavenly blue.

So in his mental and moral life he reached another turning-point, but he did not know it. Susan Bone had unconsciously dropped

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a pebble in the bed of the rivulet, and turned the tiny stream aside. The difference it made in its course was so little as to be imperceptible. Yet what is imperceptible to day is immeasurable in the course of years.

Jack's vision faded as quickly as it came. Susan rose to her feet and returned thanks, and Jack said Amen with real sincerity. He had eaten all the pasty, and felt that he could go forth and conquer giants if needs be.

He picked his cap from the floor and twirled it a moment between his fingers.

"I'm sorry I've only twopence to give you," he said, with half-averted face. "I wish I had a shilling; but some day perhaps I'll be able to repay you."

"Don't mention it," she answered. "Can you read that little tex' over the chimbley-piece?"

He went nearer the stove, and read: "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto Me.*"

"I don't quite understand it," he said reflectively. "But you're a good woman, and I shall always be thankful."

So he went forth into the night followed by Susan's blessing, and with a kindlier feeling in his heart toward the world generally. While such generous folk lived as Tom Liddicoat and Susan Bone, he felt that there was no reason for despair.

Jerry was about to close the bridge for the night when he reached the toll gate. He recognised Jack again, dark as it was.

"So thou'st found a penny, eh?" he questioned.

"No, I've not found it," Jack answered. "I've earned it."

"Well, lad, go on arnin'. Fortins be made that way."

Jack did not reply. He was half-way across the bridge, and a few minutes later he was climbing the steep hill on the opposite side.

"I guess I'm in the promised land now, that the chaplain used to talk so much about," he said to himself, with a smile. But he did not consider that the Philistines might be in it.

The purpose he had formed was to plod steadily on during the night, resting now and then by the way when he reached a sheltered spot; and by morning he fancied he would reach Polwhele or some other town in which he might easily find work, and along with it food and shelter. He found it, however, easier to plan than to execute. For the first mile or so the road was tolerably direct; then he reached a spot known locally as "Five Lane Ends." It was too dark to read the signposts, and, as fate or fortune would have it, he took the wrong road. By midnight, or early in the small hours, he felt he could tramp no farther. To all appearance he had reached the end of the road. It might be the end of the world, for all he knew. He had come out on an open common, hedgeless, treeless, pathless. Every now and then he fancied he saw a road, but it always ended in a brake of furze or a bank of heather.

He stopped at last and sat down on a boulder. "If this is the promised land," he said bitterly, "I'd better have remained in the wilderness."

Chapter XV

Jack Gets a Clue

Fortune is fickle, uncertain, coy,
And frowns upon you while she gives.

As Jack sat on the boulder with his back to the wind and his eyes searching for a path across that dreary upland, a fancy took possession of him, which by and by grew into a conviction, that he had not only been in a similar plight before, but that he had been in the same place. If there was one place on earth that he was not likely to forget, it was Pentarnum Moors; and if there was one experience that would never fade from his memory, it was the experience of that night when his mother died and he got lost on that lonely and rain-sodden upland. It seemed to him ages ago, but the memory of it was as fresh and vivid as if it only happened the previous day. He could not remember very distinctly what his sister was like, and even the picture of his mother was gradually fading from his brain. But the memory of that night was graven too deeply ever to be erased; the unspeakable horror of it followed him even to this day.

"I believe it is the very same place," he said to himself as he strained his eyes through the darkness. "It appears to me now just as it appeared to me then. I've never seen any other place like it, and I've looked everywhere. Oh, if it should be and I should find Eve,"— and he trembled as though shaken by an ague.

"If it should be the same," he went on again, "there'll be a cart-track running across it from east to west. And by the roadside

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there'll be Gideon's Chair, where mother died;" and he brushed his hand swiftly across his eyes and rose to his feet.

"The wind's in the east," he reflected, "and so north will be this way;" and he shifted his face a point or two. "Now, if I keep straight ahead, I shall strike the road some time—that is, if I'm not mistaken;" and he struck off across the moors at a swinging pace, forgetful of his weariness and fatigue.

The minutes seemed very long to him. The dreary moor stretched itself away and away, and lost itself in the darkness. The keen east wind made his ears sing, and the furze pierced his legs till they bled. But the new hope that possessed him banished all sense of pain or weariness. If he could only find his sister, the dream of years would be realised, and he would have something worth living for.

At length, just as he was ready to give up in despair, he struck a cart-track. "Yes, this must be it," he said, with a gasp; and he stood still and gazed wistfully and anxiously, first in one direction and then in the other. "It doesn't look quite as broad as I have pictured it," he went on, "but I shall soon know if it is the same. Gideon's Chair is by the roadside, and there's no mistaking that."

A brisk walk of ten minutes, and then his heart gave a big thump. Out of the darkness loomed suddenly a darker mass, which gradually grew into shape as he approached it. He could hardly repress a cry as he drew near. The familiar outline that he had carried distinct and clear in his memory for so many years was now before him. There was no mistaking that circular clump of stunted trees, with the solid wall of turf between the separate trunks. He almost flew the last few steps, and when he stood within its shelter he was breathing hard and trembling in every limb.

It was too dark to see the seat, but he quickly discovered it, and, leaning his back against the moss and turf, he tried to think out the next move in the problem of his life. But he was unequal to the task.

His brain was in a whirl. Memories of the past came trooping back like seagulls before a storm. A thousand questions that had vexed him for years, but had gradually grown quiet, clamoured again for an answer. What was the mystery that surrounded his mother's movements? Who was she seeking when the swift angel of death overtook her? Why had she been so reticent respecting the purpose of her journey? What was the last card she spoke of playing?

During all the years that had elapsed since that fatal night the conviction had steadily deepened in his mind that the mystery that surrounded his mother's life was worth probing to the bottom. In London they had lived in a poor and dingy court, and often wanted bread; but his mother never seemed a part of the place. She was unlike the other women, who squatted on the door-steps, and occasionally got drunk, and became vulgar and abusive. To his childish imaginings his mother was always a lady—always neat and pretty when poverty pressed them most sorely. Even as a child he had been given to drawing contrasts; but they had not signified anything to him. His mother was different from all the other women in the court because she was his mother — that was all.

But as he got older, and began to look for causes and ask for reasons, he felt that there was something behind. He called to mind the facts that his mother had pretty trinkets and rings that no want or poverty could induce her to part with, and that now and then she received carefully-made-up parcels full of pretty and dainty things, which she would spread out upon their poor bed and cry over until her eyes were red. This had always been a puzzle to him. He used to clap his hands with glee, and fling his cap to the ceiling in sheer delight; but his mother never seemed to rejoice when those parcels came—they always made her sad.

He felt more and more as he got older that there must be a reason for all this. Every incident he could recall only deepened the conviction that she was no common woman. Moreover, she would now and then drop hints respecting her young days, and her home in the country, and the wickedness of somebody who kept her out of her rights, and separated her from her mother; but he was too young in those days to piece the hints together and make a connected story out of them.

It was not till years after, when he knew that she was dead, and could not even find the place where she died, and he had lost nearly all clue to his own identity, that these matters began to trouble him; but even then he put them aside as much as possible. Life was full of mystery, and it was of no use worrying over things that could not be explained. Besides, a new interest came into his life in the shape of Pearl, and, in some strange way, to be with Pearl had meant more to him than all else in the world besides.

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Now, however, the wheel of fortune had taken an unexpected turn. He had found the clue at last that for years had eluded him. How he was to begin to follow it up he did not know. That would have to be thought out. Unfortunately, his prison life had almost deprived him of the power of thinking. He did not despair, however. The fates had all been against him in the past, perhaps they would begin to favour him now; if not, he must gather up his strength and defy them, and win back his own by strength of will and strenuous endeavour.

How long he sat there in the darkness and cold he never knew, but he got up at length and made his way rapidly in the direction of Stamer. He remembered very distinctly that it was the way his mother told him to go. She had said that there was a village beyond the slope of the moor, and outside the village—? No, she had never told him that. That was left for him to find out. But he felt sure he was on the right track at last.

When he reached the edge of the moor he paused and turned round. He was in hopes that the eastern sky would show some glimmer of dawn, but it was too early yet. The night had seemed cruelly long, and he felt intensely eager for the cheerful light of the morning.

"The morning seems a long way off yet," he muttered to himself. "I suppose it will come some time;" and he turned on his heel and hurried down the hill. He quickly found himself between tall hazel-grown hedges, with signs of cultivated ground on either side. He felt very sleepy and exhausted, and was strongly tempted to lie down by the roadside and sleep till daylight. Indeed, the chances are he would have done so had he not espied what looked like a small farmstead less than a field away.

"I'll get among the straw if I can," he reflected; "then I'll be able to keep warm."

When he got near, the farm buildings resolved themselves into a haystack, a large "mow" of corn, and a rick of newly-threshed straw.

"This will suit me to a T," he reflected as he climbed the ladder that leant against the rick, and a few minutes later he had burrowed deeply into the heart of the warm and fragrant straw, and, closing his tired eyes, fell fast asleep.

The morning was well advanced when he woke with a start, and, crawling out of his burrow, he looked curiously round him. He could trace the road down from the moors very distinctly, and, looking in the other direction, a church spire loomed dimly through the bare trees. Away in the middle distance, but deep under the shadow of the moors, was a group of farm buildings, with a thin line of blue smoke ascending straight as a rule from one of the chimneys. Perhaps it was the situation of the place that caught his fancy, perhaps the straight line of smoke interested him, or possibly some undiscovered law was at work. Anyhow, for several minutes he did not lift his eyes from the place. He did not know that it was the home of his sister Eve, that even now she was coming down the lane on her way to Stamer, swinging her music satchel, and singing contentedly to herself. Had he known, how his heart would have throbbed, and with what alacrity he would have run down the ladder and out into the road to look at her!

A moving figure did arrest his attention at last, but it was not Eve's—nothing so sweet and dainty. An ungainly, heavily-built young man of the farm-servant type was running toward him from the opposite side of the field, shouting and gesticulating as he ran.

"I wonder what ails the man!" Jack said to himself, with a smile, as he crawled from his resting-place and began slowly to descend the ladder.

He was soon enlightened, however, on that point. The man was close up to him by the time he reached the ground, and before he had time to speculate on his intentions he found himself seized by the collar of his coat, while a heavy fist was raised to strike him.

Jack managed to parry the blow, and the next moment had swung himself free from the man's grasp.

"Oah, you needn't think you'll 'scape," the man said, white with rage. "I knaw'd I'd catch 'ee some of thuse days. This ain't the fust time"—

But Jack did not hear the sentence out; he had to jump quickly aside to escape another blow that was aimed at him.

"I'm detarmined to pay 'ee out myself," the man said, panting and foaming. "It's no use goin' to law 'bout it. These bloomin' pleece do nawthin', ef you tell 'em. There's nawthin' like takin' the law inter yer own 'ands;" and he struck out again.

"Look here," said Jack, speaking for the first time, "if you don't stop those antics I shall hurt you."

"You 'urt me!" The man laughed scornfully. "You? I on'y wish I'd brought my

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hoss-wup with me, I'd 'a kept 'ee warm till Sunday;" and he lunged at Jack again, grazing his shoulder with his fist.

"Look here," said Jack, his temper rising; "if you do that again you'll regret it."

The man spat scornfully. "You! a —— tramp," — using an adjective we will not quote, — "a jail-bird, very likely—a thievin' poacher! You" — and he struck out blindly.

The next moment he lay flat on his back, stunned and bewildered. Jack had all a gipsy's quickness and skill, and more than an average share of strength. Prison discipline had not allowed him to put on flesh but it had toughened his sinews, and when he struck out the blow was swift and certain.

The man struggled to his feet at length, and began to wipe his nose—which showed some slight sign of damage—in a dirty rag that he pulled from his pocket.

The sight of the crimson sobered him considerably. "Oah, you main fight, do 'ee?" he questioned in crestfallen tones.

"No, I don't mean fight at all," Jack said; "but I mean self-defence."

"But you hit out 'nation swift," the man said humbly; "you maade me zee vire."

"If you wish it particularly I'll repeat the operation," Jack answered.

"Ef I 'ad my hoss-wup 'ere you'd talk different to that," the man answered. "But I'll giv' 'ee in charge of the pleece, that's whot I'll do. You ain't got no bizzns to slaip in other people's straw."

"Then what's a man to do who's got no straw of his own?" Jack answered, with a laugh.

"A CHEERFUL FIRE OF LOGS THREW OUT A GRATEFUL WARMTH."

"Go to the Union, ef he likes. But I tell 'ee whot: I waan't 'ave it—there now."

"I know I was trespassing," Jack answered; "but everybody 'd gone to bed and I was tired and sleepy. I've done no harm to the straw."

"And you main to zay you never slaiped in that straw-rick afore?"

"I do. I was never in the place before in my life."

"Then why dedn' 'ee tell me zo afore?"

"You gave me no time. You were so bent on taking the law into your own hands that I had no chance to speak a word."

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"Well, I was terrible mad, there's no denyin'. But I've been purtly pestered wi' tramps and them sorts, and I ain't bin farmin' long on my oan account, an I caan't afford to 'ave my straw stanked down an' spoiled. But my temper be soon hup and soon hover."

"Oh yes, you seem a good sort," Jack said jocularly. "I'm sorry if I've hurt your nose, but it was your own fault."

"Iss, I knaw; but you be 'nation swift with yer 'ands."

"That's where my advantage came in. But look here, Farmer—what did you say your name was?"

"I never zed my name was nawthin'. But 'tes Cox, ef you want to knaw—John Cox."

"Well, Farmer Cox, I owe you for a night's lodging, and it's only fair I should pay you for it. I've no money, but I can work."

"Well, that's fair spoken. Can 'ee groom hosses?"

"Yes."

"Plough'y?"

"No."

"Harvey?"

"Ay. Anybody can do that."

"Skaid dressin'?"

"I can try."

"That'll do. But you'll want some breakfus afore you begin. Iss, 'tes fair spoken. You bain't no tramp, I reckon. You talk fair; you've 'ad some schoolin', that's plain. An' yer face is honest. You be a stranger in these parts?"

"I'm on the search for information," Jack answered; "but, you see, I've got to earn my living at the same time."

"Well, come along this way," the farmer said as he led the way to a small farmhouse, almost hidden in a hollow a few hundred yards away. "The fact is, my boy Jerry as works for me 'as been took ill wi' maisles or some ruck o' that kind. It'll be a vortnight afore he's vit for anythin' again, they say, so ef you can do his work I'll give 'ee—well—I'll give 'ee zevenpence a day, mait and lodgin'."

"Sevenpence a day?" Jack said musingly. "Seven sevens are forty-nine."

"Oh no, no!" broke in the farmer. "There's on'y six workin' days in a week. Six zevens is vorty-two—that's dree and sixpence. I caan't do no better 'n that."

"Oh, well," said Jack, "I suppose I must take what I can get—for a few days, at anyrate. Have you lived in this neighbourhood long?"

"Oal my life."

"Then you know most of the people about?"

"I knaws everybody."

"And their family histories?"

"You main who their fathers and mothers was, an' where they comed from, and all that?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I reckon I do knaw as much as moast folks."

Jack gave a grunt of satisfaction. Dame Fortune seemed to be favouring him again. At last he seemed to be in the way of getting the information he wanted. He was eager to begin questioning Farmer Cox at once. But their arrival at the house checked his flow of questions. They entered by the back door, and Jack was pointed to a seat in the broad open chimney, where a cheerful fire of logs threw out a grateful warmth.

The farmer followed his wife into an inner room. She was a ruddy buxom young woman, also of the farm-servant type. The door between the two rooms was left ajar, and Jack could not help hearing all that was said.

"John," she exclaimed, "what's the matter wi' yer nose?"

"Been vighting," he answered.

"Fighting?"

"Ay—the young chap I brought wi' me. I tried to lerrick 'im for slaipin' in the strawrick; but, lor' bless 'ee, 'e maade me zee blazes in a minnit. You never see'd nobody so quick wi' his 'ands."

"And yet you brought 'im here?"

"Why not? I must 'ave somebody till Jerry gits better."

"But his 'air looks as if he'd just come out of jail."

"Oh, 'air ain't nothin' to go by. Some folks always go in for the county crop."

"He's good-lookin'," she said reflectively. "But think of employin' a young man as broke yer nose!"

"Oah, I don't think nawthin' the worse of him fur that," the farmer answered, "but rayther the better. But go an' shaw 'n the pump; he'll want a wash afore crowst. It'll be breakfus to 'im."

A few minutes later, Jack, feeling wonderfully better for a good wash, was sitting down to a substantial lunch of bacon and fried potatoes. But it was not until late in the evening that he had an opportunity of plying the farmer with the questions that all the day had been surging like a volcano in his brain.

(*To be continued.*)

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CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

EVEN so, Lord Jesus, come quickly! When Thou art away there is no light in the sky, there is no fragrance in the wind; when Thou art near at hand bread is plentiful and light is abundant. We have all things and abound when we have Jesus Christ, Son of Man, Son of God; we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. Thou art always wise, always good; so tender that our tenderness becomes rough when compared with it; Thine is loving-kindness, Thine is tender mercy. Thou hast kept us all our days, and we have wanted nothing. Sometimes we have thought we were going to want, then it was our infidelity that spake, not our faith: sometimes we said, We shall die to-morrow; and yet on that dreaded morrow we were younger than we ever were before. These are the miracles of God's love, these are the revelations of God's providence; may we accept them, treasure them, enrich ourselves with them, and reflect upon them when the enemy is hard upon our souls. Thou hast shown us great and strange things, yet Thou hast held them all in Thine hand; the tumult has only been towards us, never towards Thee; there is no unrest in God. Thou dost hold the floods in the hollow of Thine hand; the great seas are but a drop of rain before Thee. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Thou has set amid all the tumult of the ages a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. It was but a threadlet, but the water was alive; it was a stream from Siloa's brook that flows fast by the throne of God. Thou art ruling all things to the end of love; Thou art rounding and shaping things, and they will all be complete planets in Thine own time, full of light, full of morning, full of summer; and the sons of God shall sing for joy amid all the moulded radiant host. May we keep our fingers off Thy stars! It is enough that we plunge our fingers into our own morsel of bread: permit us not to handle things that are too great for us. The Lord give us to see that in all the ages there is a moulding hand. If we look back, we see the centuries taking shape; if we look at the present moments, they are all in tumult, all upside down. There is a miserable and tormenting inversion of things: the first is last, and the last is first, and there is no midst; but, centuries after, we shall see that even in this very moment Thou hast been shaping some new pinnacle in Thy temple, Thou hast been moulding some new star in Thy skies; Thou hast been doing all things well. Give us the larger view, save us from all things that are provincial, parochial, small, local, miserable; give us views from the great spaces; let us see things in their roundness and wholeness: then we shall sing on the day of peril as on the day of wedding, saying, He hath done all things well. Lead us through all changes of life, all its scenery and business and family relationships, and show us that all these things are in God's hand and not in ours; and may we know that the universe is Thine, not man's, and that Thou art making heaven wide as infinity! The Lord rebuke us not with His great wind, or we shall be carried away into the wilderness and be lost; speak to us whisperingly when Thou dost deliver Thy rebukes to our souls, lest we be cast down and withered up. Make our way for us in life. Many are now at a stubborn gate; it will not open, the key is lost, it would be wrong to climb over it: help us on this side of the perplexing gate to fall down and pray; then when we arise the gate will be wide open. Direct us in all our business affairs. We think we are clever when we are only insane. The Lord show us that all buying and selling, and coming and going, are in His own hands; it is His to make rich and to make poor: may we be faithful, industrious, praying always for the sagacity that is just, and for the justice that is rich with mercy! Be with our dear ones on the sea, with our loved ones far away in the colonies, and in foreign lands, and in strange places. Thou canst make it home wherever they are; Thou canst so fill them with hope and light and sweet expectancy, that they shall forget all time and distance and separation and accident, and unite in holy sympathy with us at this moment. We pray for those who are farther off still—prodigals who dare not pray; they may not, they think, lift their debauched lips towards heaven; they have worn us out, they have killed their father and their mother, and made all other life within their reach a shadow and a pain. Yet the prodigals are still Thine; they have taken a long way round, but even yet Thou wilt bring them all home. We bless Thee for the dead who have died in the Lord: the fight is over, the crown is won, the heaven is entered. Sometimes we say, Would God we too were dead and crowned, that the devil might have no more part or lot in our vexed lives! Bind us to Thy cross, Thou Saviour of men. Amen.

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THE DANGERS OF MONOTONY

Because they have no changes, therefore fear they not God.—Ps. lv. 19.

WHAT does this mean? Of course it means that the people have no changes; one day is like another, so much so as to be practically indistinguishable from it; and therefore, because of life's monotony, life itself becomes practically atheistic, without God. You see that the text means that, and can mean nothing else; you have never doubted it. That is unfortunate for you, because the text does not mean that. You should not have so readily committed yourself to a definition of the terms. It means exactly the contrary. The primary reference is to the unchangeableness of God: He has no changes; He is not characterised by precariousness, fickleness, mutableness, and the like—one thing one day, and another thing to-morrow: He is the unchangeable God, and because of the monotony that is in Him the people have forgotten Him. If He were always performing some conjuring trick on the battlements of heaven, the attention of the universe might be called to Him. The universe likes conjuring. It is a poor universe, a baby-creation, an infantile mockery of a thing. There is no sense in it yet; it is only some million ages old: when it is five hundred thousand million ages old it will begin to know words of one syllable. We are parts of a whole: no one stave is the barrel, no one pebble is the seashore, no one star is the gallery or the galaxy of night. Why do we speak at all? We do but make fools of ourselves, especially in our ablest inspirations.

Yet the text has a human aspect, and may be considered in that light with religious edification and rich profitableness. It is still true, outside of this text and as a counterpart of it, that where there are no changes things are apt to sink into atheistic monotony. It is so everywhere. It is so in nature: if the seasons only came now and then, how differently we should feel regarding them! But seed-time and summer and autumn and winter have demonstrated by procession so long, that we permit the procession now to go along any thoroughfare it pleases, and we take no notice of it except as a marketable item. If the east wind has chilled the blossoms, then we take notice of that spring because we shall have no pears in the autumn; but if the seasons could come with their lapful of pears regularly and throw them into our lap, we should take no further notice of them. If we had no changes we should have no prayers. Who cares about the sunrise? Not two men amongst all my readers saw the sun rise this morning. If the sun rose once in the century we might look at it, perhaps we might write a short paragraph about it,—that would depend on other circumstances; but every morning in God's eastern sky there is a sight that might dazzle the universe and call angels up to matins; and we never look at it.

What is true in nature is true in our social circumstances. A woeful thing it is to any man to have continuous prosperity. A most sad lot is his. He does not know it, because he is little, and half blind, and wholly deaf. See a man who for the last half-century has done nothing but win, and you do not see the most chastened, spiritually-refined, sympathetic soul that can be found. He does not understand how it is that you do not succeed, and he does not want to hear any of your complaint or supplication. He says, You should have done as I have done: why did you not? I do not understand this man whose hands are both left; men should do as I do, and then we should have no complaining in the street. That is not piety; that is atheism—rankest, foulest, most pestilential atheism. The law applies even in the matter of uniformity of health. The man who is always healthy has no sympathy with people who are ailing. He says so; he rather boasts of it. He does not understand those puling, whining, ailing creatures: he is up regularly in the morning, he has four good meals a day, he never knew one single fit of indigestion, biliousness he thinks is a word derived from some unknown tongue with an unknown meaning, and if people only did as he does they would be as fresh as rhododendrons at their best. You tell him of your headache: he never had one, he does not believe you have one; he calls you mentally a hypocrite or a hypochondriac, or anything else you please indicative of almost insincerity. Go to the man who has had affliction if you want sympathy; see the soul on which has been rained the very judgments of God if you want to hear a voice that can pray and can sing well too.

What ministers so much to vanity as uniform success? Man cannot bear it: man is little, man is young, man is but of yesterday; he

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has had no experience yet. It would be tempting him too much to give him uniformity of health, and success, and prosperity, and honour, and influence. We are built up by being broken down. God governs, as it were, by paradox. He does by undoing. We should get into the divine scheme and economy of things, and live within it; we should swing with the stars. Why do you want to make a little swinging machine of your own when all the stars are going in one direction? You turn your screw astronomically: why do you not move your lives in the same way? Why have a little economy of your own when God says, Behold the chariot of the heavens, the uncounted steeds plunging along and through the fields of space! Why not join this mighty movement and come home by the way of God? It is a difficult universe if you go dead against it: it is a sweet place, a holy sanctuary, if you accept it on God's lines and work in it in God's spirit. Every great city is much the same. If you once get wrong in London it will take you a long time to get right. Everything is nearly square and right as to the economic movement even of the Metropolis; and if you can consult the lines and times and means, you may proceed with some smoothness and certainty. But if you once become entangled, London cares nothing for you, and would as soon crush you to powder as not. London is an infinite heartlessness; so is every great city. Yet there is a key to even these great cities and civic mysteries and economies, and if we can once get the key we wonder that anybody ever makes any mistake about it. What we want is the key of God's providence, the open-sesame of God: that is the only key we want. Change is part of the divine ministry. God goes back that He may get forward. This is another of the divine paradoxes. There are waves that are refluent, back-flowing, but they only go away that they may come again in fuller force. Refluence may be an aspect of progress. But we take our statistics at given times, and think they are right. Statistics are hardly ever correct. We must take the statistics of ten thousand ages before we know the exact value of to-day. To-day is nothing by itself; to-day should be the reservoir into which all other days pour their experience, their suggestions, their sentiments, their educational ministries and successes. Thus we take our statistics on a hot day, on a wet day, on a snowy day, on a day that is broken up by a thousand other attractions; and therefore we get false statistics. In reality, statistics do not belong to any one day in the week, or to any one week in the year; only those statistics are rightly taken that begin at the beginning and come right up to the last hour the church-bell struck. So, when you look at your own lives, do not look at the day when you were struck down with fever, and at the day when you lost your dearest friend, and at the day when your whole soul was eclipsed in one unutterable disappointment, or at the day when all the air quivered and vibrated with wedding metal: put all the days together, see what a pageant they make, how they move, how they change colour, how they fall into new relations, how kaleidoscopic, how dismembered, shattered, disorganised, and yet suddenly united, geometric in form, celestial in colour, suggestive in aspect. God is only to be judged by great breadths of time. He takes a thousand years for one page: turn over a thousand pages at once before you begin to know anything about God. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,"—work, work, work, and all things work together, in and out, and through and through, and back and forward, and redoubling, and returning, and advancing, intermingling, working together; in apparent tumult and entanglement and perplexity and involution, yet, when the great web is looked at in a thousand years' cutting, behold there is the beginning of a shape, a pattern, a suggestion of sovereignty, a signal of heaven.

What are the uses of this change? The uses of this change are many. First of all, it suggests questions. Why this tumult? Why this alteration? Why this breach of uniformity? There is a science that speaks about the continuity of things, the uniformity of nature. It is a pity we do not use words that are exactly the size of our own mouths. We know nothing about nature. You want ten hundred thousand mouths if you are going to use that word with even an approach to its initial meaning and suggestiveness. We must ask God's judgment about the monotony, regularity, or continuity of nature. We do not know what changes He is making. We have already a microscope that can read so much, but we want that other microscope that can see farther — that perceiving, penetrating microscope than sees what changes God is working millions upon millions of miles away, and that will never come to the surface until the lapse of unnumbered ages. Change helps to show that though details are continually altering, yet there may be an organic

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and dominant central line. We are puzzled by details. We think everything has changed because a fleck has been removed from the outside. The universe is not an outside. The universe is but an oyster-shell; the pearl is the purpose of God. "Through all the ages one increasing purpose runs." That is poetry when it is out of the Bible, but it is revelation when it is in the Bible, and there is nothing out of the Bible that is true that is not first in the Bible. Herein is the inspiration of the Book, that every other book that is true is cut out of it. We do not see the purpose in ten years, we do not see the purpose of our own life in ten days. At the time everything was wrong, now we see that everything was right; it was very hard at the time, simply because we required hard training. God has certain work for us to do, and we could not be brought to do it on confectionery, on feather beds, and on velvet lawns. We had to have our knuckles hardened before we could deal some blows. It was bitter at the time to have no home, no bread, no friend; it was very hard to be foiled in that purpose for which we had been training seven years: we went out in the morning to collect a prize, and we brought home at night but a handful of darkness, and we said, God hath forgotten to be gracious; to what purpose is it that we serve the Almighty, and to what end is this multitude of prayers? Yet now, twenty, thirty, or fifty years afterwards, we say, Lo, God was there and we knew it not; our poor little life was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. We must view all life from heavenly heights before we know really what God was meaning by it. We have sometimes called God cruel: one day we will withdraw that word; we will ask Him to allow us to substitute kind for cruel, gracious for pitiless, and we will tell Him that we were among the very worst infidels that were ever trained in the little earth-school. We shall see our life from the true altitude; then we shall know what it is and what it meant, and we shall say, God hath done all things well. Nothing looks right close at hand. You do not know the size or the importance of anything when it is in your hand or when it is ten feet away. Things look so important when they are close at hand. London is the most important place any man was ever in, and yet you can get behind a thorn-hedge and not see it. It is an infinite place when it has a whole map to itself, but it is nothing on the map of England, and England is nothing on the map of Europe, and Europe is nothing on the map of the globe, and the globe is nothing on the map of the solar system: men have to hunt for it, and to say to the next-door neighbour, "Have you seen anything of the globe? I cannot see it: can you give me the faintest indication of where this globe is—'the great globe itself'?" Why do we not take in more field? Why do we not judge things by the meridian of the universe? Why have that two-foot rule? It has made atheists of some of you.

And yet, if we go back to the primary meaning of the text, that is just as suggestive as the secondary meaning. God is unchanging in character, in purpose, in sovereignty. The Lord reigneth. It is an infinite comfort, on these grounds. And yet the text is an infinite terror; for wickedness cannot elude Him, concealment cannot exclude Him, money cannot bribe Him. He is righteous and holy, true and just altogether. We build all our hopes upon the unchangeableness of God. When we say, "Is the world ever going to be saved?" if we answer ourselves, we shall answer in the negative; but if we answer from God's point of view we shall answer in the positive: "As I live, saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Impossible! Yet certain.

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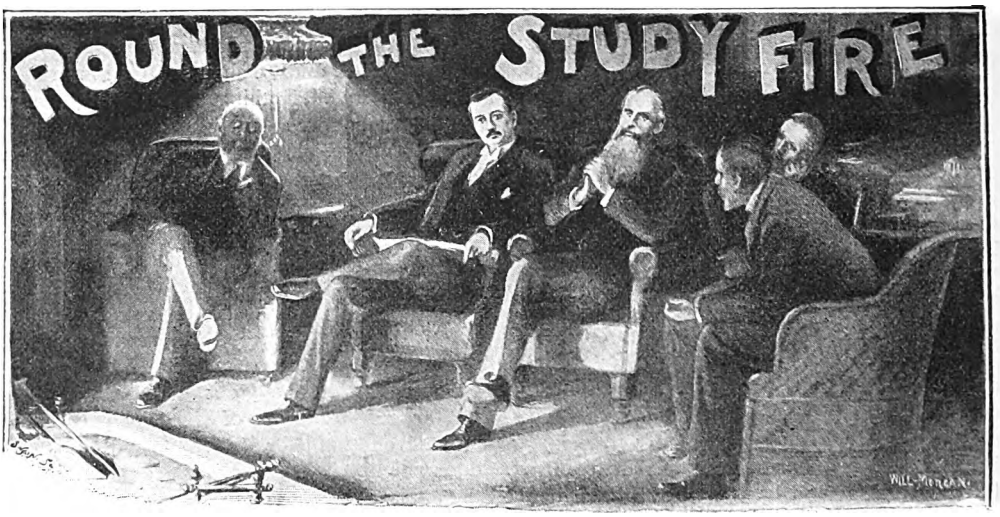

By Silas K. Hocking

The conversation turned the other evening on the alleged decay of cheerfulness. It had been a miserable day, with a dull leaden sky and a biting wind from the nor'-east, that penetrated to one's marrow. Also, for some reason or other, the study fire wouldn't draw, but sulked and sputtered, and looked black, in spite of all our coaxing. We missed, too, the Doctor's genial presence. He had been called away to see a patient, and did not expect to return till late. Wilson, as usual, sat in his corner and scowled at the fire,—such as there was of it,—which returned the compliment, and scowled back at him. "Well, I must say, we are a cheerful company," he remarked at length. "I don't think ten words have been spoken during the last ten minutes." "People cannot be always talking," someone replied. "And after the roar and clamour of the city, it is a relief to be quiet. One's tongue wants rest sometimes as well as one's hands and feet." Notwithstanding this "back-hander," as Wilson characterised it, conversation began to flow freely, and after a while we found ourselves discussing with considerable animation the question of cheerfulness.

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I am not going to repeat all that was said, for that would be wearisome, and a good deal of it unprofitable. But there seemed to be a consensus of opinion that cheerfulness was not a conspicuous virtue in these times, and that laughter was in danger of becoming a lost art. Personally, I have often been struck with the very serious aspect presented by any large gathering of people. An ordinary congregation, say on a Sunday morning, when viewed from the pulpit, is not, generally speaking, an exhilarating sight. Many people appear to compose their faces into a sort of go-to-meeting expression, which is never relaxed till after the benediction has been pronounced. I know a great many very excellent people who would think it quite unbecoming to smile in church, and who maintain a most funereal aspect during the whole of—what should be—the brightest day in the week. They don't object to a little mild laughter on the other six days—though, in truth, it must be very mild. But on Sunday, oh no. The cold joint, the best broadcloth, and the go-to-meeting expression must go together.

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I am inclined to think that this has contributed more than anything else to the notion that is so prevalent among young people, that religion is a painfully melancholy thing. Little girls are deprived of their dolls on the Sunday, and little boys of their bricks; and if they see a picture-book at all, it is generally some crudely illustrated volume of Bible stories. And here the funny aspect of the question comes in. I have known parents who would let their little boys have bricks on the Sunday if they would consent to build only sacred edifices, such as temples and towers and tombs, but on no account were they to build bridges or market-houses or mills. If they attempted to build anything so secular as a drinking fountain, for instance, the bricks would be taken away, unless they could persuade the fond parent that it was not a drinking fountain at all, but the Tomb of Rachael or the

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Tower of Siloam. In the same way, the "Noah's Ark" has been allowed to come out, but on the strict condition that only Bible scenes were to be depicted. The wooden sheep were to represent the flocks of Midian, and the speckled cows the herds of Jacob, and the camels and dromedaries the retinue of the Queen of Sheba; and so with all the other toys. But no modern farmyard was to be depicted under any circumstances. It is not to be wondered at that children, reared in such an atmosphere, grow up with a conception of Christianity as narrow as it is misleading.

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Nor is this the worst of it. The depressing influence of this doleful Sabbath is allowed to flow over and swamp the other days of the week. Faculties perish through lack of use. A man who *won't* walk will discover in time that he *can't* walk. If the fountain of laughter is dried up in childhood, it is not likely to flow freely in after years. Whether cheerfulness is decaying or not I cannot say, but this I am certain of, that there are very few of us who might not cultivate the grace with advantage. Laughter is one of the medicines that God has provided for the healing of the nations. And yet many worthy folk speak and act as though it were the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual depravity, a remnant of the old Adam that ought to be plucked out root and branch. It is pitiful to watch the efforts such people make to suppress a good hearty laugh. They might be going to yawn, or, worse still, to sneeze; they pull such faces and make such frantic efforts to keep their sphincter muscle from relaxing. And if in the end they fail, their laugh is such a melancholy snigger that you feel sorry you ever heard it or saw it.

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Carlyle—morose old curmudgeon as he was—has placed on record his opinion "that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad"; while a greater than Carlyle has said in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life." Unfortunately, we live so strenuously in these days—at such enormously high pressure—that even with the best intentions we have little opportunity for cultivating the gift of cheerfulness. If we do not take our pleasures sadly, as we have been so often told, there can be little doubt that we take them very seriously. If anyone has any misgivings on that point, let him watch the faces of a group of young people going out to enjoy themselves on their bicycles. Their set faces, bent shoulders, and anxious staring eyes convey to the onlooker no very exalted idea of enjoyment. Of course they do enjoy themselves. Anyone who has disported himself on the festive wheel knows that a good spin along a well-kept country road with the wind at your back is a very exhilarating performance—or ought I to say experience? But there is no denying the fact that we are apt to take our "bike" and ourselves much too seriously. The whole tendency of modern life and custom is to make us stiff and stilted and unnatural. We are no longer allowed to sneeze in public, or to yawn before company, or to laugh in any open free-hearted fashion. It is quite possible, if society develops on its present lines, that in a generation or two the man who laughs publicly will have to apologise for doing so, or else be treated as a heathen man and a publican.

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We want, in literature at least, a new race of humorists. The man who can awaken pure hearty laughter is a public benefactor. But where are these humorists to come from? I am afraid England will not produce them. Our civilisation is too far advanced, our life too artificial. Even if a humorist does arise in our midst, he begins to take himself seriously directly he is found out, and starts writing pathetic stories, or develops a sudden mania for tragedy. I wonder if anyone can account for this curious perversity of literary men. There is no man living who can write detective stories like Conan Doyle; but he appears to have become disgusted with the whole business, and turns a deaf ear to all the clamour for the resuscitation of the immortal Sherlock Holmes, and refuses to gratify an appetite which he helped to create. Jerome K. Jerome flashed upon the world a few years ago as a humorist, and a very pretty and delicate humour he displayed. But, alas! Jerome no longer writes humorous books. He appears almost to resent being regarded as a humorist, and writes to-day in a most serious and solemn vein. Coulson Kernahan, who has a finely-developed poetic sense, and is withal a mystic and a dreamer, has won fame by writing on religious topics. But he tells us in the preface to his last book that it is the last of its kind, and I have heard a rumour that he is actually writing a series of detective stories; and even Rider Haggard, who for a while had Africa almost to himself, has made one or two excursions into the region of domestic fiction, as though he had grown weary of the tribe of Umslopogas and the uncanny ways of the children of Equatorial Africa and America.

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The Scotsmen, however, on the other hand, remain true to their first love. Barrie seems quite unable to tear himself away from Thrums; Ian Maclaren in his last book, contrary to expectation, returned again to Drumtochty; while Crockett, the most virile and versatile of them all, is distinctly loyal to his beloved Galloway. But to return to the humorists. For a generation or two past we have drawn our chief supply from America. Our cousins across the water were supposed to be several degrees nearer nature, consequently the vein of humour was not so shrivelled and dry. But, alas! the Americans have nearly caught us up. They are almost as much civilised as we are. Consequently, we cannot look for much more humour from that quarter. Mark Twain seems almost the last of his race. Max Adeler edits a financial paper, and has not written a humorous line for years. Worse still, he regards with serious misgivings the humorous books he has written. Perhaps in time Africa will come to our rescue, and save us from becoming mirthless mummies, with never a thought above £ s. d. At anyrate, there is a fortune awaiting any genuine humorist whenever he likes to appear.

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From humour to imagination is by no means a far cry. A lady correspondent writes to me as follows:—"Is it that women generally are simply lacking in imagination, or is it that they are inherently cruel? They can be no longer ignorant of what the vicious practice of wearing aigrettes means to the poor birds, and yet they go on wearing them all the same. The newspaper press has commented freely and almost universally on this inhuman form of cruelty, and the agitation has been so widespread that every woman who reads or makes any claim to intelligence must know that nothing more barbarous has been brought to light than the way herons are shot, stripped of their plumage before they are dead, thrown together in festering heaps, while their young are left uncared for to die of starvation. And yet this hideous cruelty might never have been brought to light. The demand for aigrettes is almost greater than ever. Again I ask, is it that women are cruel, or do they simply lack imagination?"

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I confess I never was good at conundrums, and this one is altogether beyond me. I have, however, been making some inquiries lately, and in quarters where I thought I was likely to get information first-hand. Two facts appear to be beyond dispute. The first is, that the demand for aigrettes continues unabated; so much so, that the real thing has become very scarce, and artificial ones are being manufactured in large numbers and with so much success that only experts can distinguish them from the genuine article. The second is, that a great many ladies resolutely refuse to wear them, and do all they can to discourage the sale. Among these, I am told, is the Princess of Wales, who, having both heart and imagination, has set her face against this particular form of cruelty, and in doing this has set a good example to the fashionable world generally.

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The truth is, it is not easy to generalise on such questions. Women, like men, have to be divided into classes. Some are imaginative enough, and others have no imagination at all. Some are kind and tender-hearted, and others appear to be absolutely heartless. Some shrink instinctively from the idea of giving pain; while others—well, they are not so sensitive on the point. Hence any general statement is sure to be misleading. Moreover, as we all know, fashion is the worst of all tyrants, and its demands are not easily set aside. Young people especially like to be up to date; and if a thing is fashionable, they are not disposed generally to ask many questions. Perhaps it is true of all of us that we like to go with the crowd. It is an instinct that we have not yet outgrown. It is nevertheless a thousand pities that fashion takes such absurd and detestable freaks, that it is so utterly defiant of art and beauty, and that it even descends to the low levels of vulgarity and cruelty. That the beautiful-plumaged birds of the world are being decimated to adorn the head-gear of thoughtless women, there can be no doubt whatever; and if the craze for bright-hued feathers continues much longer, there will not be a "bird of paradise" left alive, and most of our song-birds will be sacrificed on the same altar.

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The inconveniences of fashion are felt in many ways. Some few weeks ago I occupied a seat on the platform at a public meeting. The hall was crowded, and one or two of the speakers were of considerable note. At an early stage my attention was arrested by a pale eager face looking out from under the brim of a lady's hat. The owner of the face sat behind the hat, but, in order to see the platform, he had to stoop and lean forward. The owner of the hat was evidently not interested. She fidgeted most of the time, and leaned her head first on one side and then on

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the other. Perhaps her hat inconvenienced her. It was a monstrous affair—a sort of three-decker, with a hearse arrangement on the top. At anyrate, it inconvenienced half a dozen people who sat behind. The way they had to dodge was quite funny, but with all their dodging that hat was too many for them. The little man with the white face kept low. He never got out of the shadow of the hat, and occasionally it extinguished him altogether. I am quite certain if women of this particular type had a little more imagination, they would refrain from wearing such mountainous head-gear in churches and at public meetings.

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E. T. S. (Bristol) raises once more the question of reverence at public worship. "In our chapel," he says, "there is very little of it. People come tramping in ten minutes and a quarter of an hour late. They lounge about during prayer in the most unseemly manner; and before the benediction is pronounced, they have their hats and umbrellas in readiness, prepared to make a bolt." I should hope *E. T. S.* has described a very extreme case, though I am quite prepared to admit that the present generation is by no means overdone with reverence. The stampede for the door, to be witnessed in some places almost before the Amen is out of the minister's mouth, awakens reflections that are not altogether pleasant. I am bound to admit, however, speaking from my own experience, that there has been a very marked improvement in this respect of late years. Even in the most out-of-the-way places worship is conducted with a decorum, and an outward semblance of reverence at anyrate, that were quite unknown a few years ago. Still there is yet considerable room for improvement, and the public ventilation of the question may do something toward securing the desired result.

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The question of *lateness*, raised by *E. T. S.* and by two or three other correspondents, is a very old grievance. In some instances the ministers are undoubtedly to blame. An unpunctual minister will make an unpunctual congregation. A man in business who makes an appointment would not think of being five or seven minutes late, and yet the same individual is not at all particular when Sunday morning comes, his excuse being, "Oh, our minister is never particular to three or four minutes." Sometimes the deacons encourage this kind of thing. "Give the people a few minutes' grace," they say; and so it becomes an established thing for the service to begin five minutes after time.

I have known several instances where the service has been changed, say, from 10.30 to 10.45 for the benefit of the habitually late comers, but it has never, so far as I am aware, made the smallest difference. They were just as many minutes late after the change as before. And the worst of it is, such people often expect their pews to be kept empty for them, however late they may be, or however crowded the church. Other people must be at church early to reserve places for them. I do not think such people can be cured. They also lack imagination.

* * *

Delta. Yes, you are quite right. A good many people care more for quantity than for quality. They judge the value of a thing by its size. A *great* book, in their judgment, must be a *big* book. They cannot distinguish between literature and mere padding. Such people, however, are becoming less numerous every day. Education is making itself felt in all parts of the land, and in time, no doubt, the persistent clamour for mere bulk will cease, and merit alone will be the attraction.—*M. E. L.* I see no reason why you should not get married. I am not a believer myself in long-drawn-out engagements. Moreover, if you have grit in you, you will be none the worse for roughing it together at the start. It is a mistake to suppose that a big house and unlimited cash are the essential factors in the happiness of married life. Be content to begin in a humble way. If you have love and faith, courage and good health, you need not fear anything.

* * *

Robert J. We did not ask for criticism. The prize we offered was for an idea. Judging by your letter, you were evidently born to put the world straight—editors, authors, artists, printers, and publishers included. You know so much that you ought to have made a sensation in the magazine world long since.—*P. W.* I do not think you will make a name in poetry just yet. You will have to learn to spell first.—*X. X.* Thanks for your kind letter. Any stationer or bookseller will get the magazine for you if you give the order.—*T. S. and others.* So many MSS. have been received, that if I were to print all the criticisms here there would be very little room for anything else. As far as time, therefore, will permit, criticisms will be sent direct to the authors.—*M. V.* I am not a bookseller. The task of writing books is quite enough for me.—*W. W.* Your question is not one of general interest.—*J. B.* Have patience. It is said that Rome was not built in a day, and I can quite believe it.

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THE SERVANT PROBLEM AND HOW TO SOLVE IT

BY
MRS. BOYD CARPENTER
MRS. JOSEPH PARKER
MRS. S. A. TOOLEY
AND
MRS. H. R. HAWEIS

THAT a difficulty exists in the supply of satisfactory domestic servants is probably more the fault of modern progress than of individuals. Times have changed, and with the change new rights are claimed by every class—by domestic servants no less than by workwomen in other walks of life.

Mrs. Boyd Carpenter advocates "Lady Helps."

The remedy will not be found in persistently shutting one's eyes to this fact, but in recognising it and adapting our requirements to the new condition of affairs. Probably it will not be long before such an adjustment occurs, but meanwhile the writer takes the opportunity of making a suggestion which may solve the difficulty, and at the same time confer a lasting benefit upon some who find the battle of life a bitter and hopeless struggle.

Why should we not revert to the customs of our ancestors? Why should not the household duties be undertaken by ladies?

It is a fact too well known to need demonstration, that there are thousands of poor gentlewomen who are forced to make their own living—often without the slightest training—and who accept salaries such as servants in large houses would scoff at. Indeed many are glad to go as nursery governesses, without any salary, to secure their food and lodging.

One class is finding many avenues of work open to them; the other seeks, often vainly, for any path that will lead to the barest sufficiency. Why should not the openings forsaken by the one be accepted by the other? Such a suggestion will no doubt raise an outcry. Some will say that ladies could not do the work; others, that they could not submit to be served by ladies, or, which is the more serious objection, that they could not afford a sufficient salary to offer to a lady, nor, in the case of small households, could they banish her from their society, or sacrifice their privacy by allowing her to share it. None of these are really serious, or will stand the test of experience. "Lady helps," if we may judge from advertisements, are already popular in small households. Both they and the nursery governess associate with the wife without objection. In fact, if there would be any difficulty on such a ground, it would be chiefly felt in the larger households; and here it would be quite possible—nay, wise and necessary—that the domestic staff should have their own suite of rooms—the servants' hall their dining-room, the housekeeper's room their drawing-room.

The question of a sufficient wage is a more serious difficulty, for it must be remembered that a time will come when they can no longer work, and therefore it is desirable that their earnings should be such as will cover some provision for old age. In large establishments this might readily be managed by adding to the salary a payment on behalf of the lady domestic into an annuity fund. Most of our large insurance companies have established "Deferred Annuities," which exactly meet the case. The premiums are not heavy if begun early enough, and could be continued in direct payments by the employer, or, if preferred, be met from the salary received.

That mistresses of smaller establishments could not afford a high salary need be no bar to such a scheme, for we have already alluded to the sad fact that many ladies (daughters of our professional men most frequently) are ready

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to give their services for nothing but their bed and board. If to this were added the commencement of an annuity on their behalf, however small, they would be distinct gainers.

That "ladies could not do the work" is a chimerical idea. In many households no servants are kept, the daughters undertaking all the duties. Schools for training in domestic economy are already established in England, and on the Continent are still more common. At a School of Housewifery in Vienna quite an army of women are trained as cooks, laundresses, house-maids, nurses, parlour-maids, sewing-maids, lady's-maids, and are now earning a satisfactory wage,—being eagerly sought after.

If someone were bold enough to try the experiment in their own household, its feasibility would be demonstrated.

* * *

TO compress the "Servant Problem" into a brief paragraph is indeed a difficult matter. Its proper elucidation would require us to begin at the Fall of Adam and to conclude our investigation at the Judgment Day. To our thinking, the "Servant Problem" is but another name for the human-nature problem. Incapacity and inefficiency are rampant in the world, but they are not confined to any one class. Possibly, when thoroughly capable, large-minded, large-hearted mistresses arise, servants of a like type will follow. In the meantime, it would be well not to expect superhuman ability combined with an angelic disposition in return for a modest remuneration. If servants are not to be had, I know of no way out of the difficulty but to do without them. It is the rule in all lines of life: things that cannot be obtained have to be dispensed with. I have seen and heard of some experiments in the lady-help direction that were not encouraging, and that confirm me in the conviction that incapacity and inefficiency are not confined to any one class, but that they form a large part of the stock-in-trade of humanity. Incapacity and inefficiency in conjunction with an objection to any work that can be regarded as "menial" are doubly objectionable. On the other hand, I have heard of ladies who have undertaken domestic work with conspicuous success. "'Tis a mad world, my masters," and things are strangely mixed, doubtless for the training of our souls. Capable mistresses are burdened with incapable subordinates, capable servants are oppressed by thoughtless and inconsiderate mistresses, and occasionally incapable mistresses and incapable servants are conjoined,—and when this happens, the rest is chaos! I repeat that the "Servant Problem" is the human problem, and that we must wait with patience the perfecting of humanity, and in the meantime elicit all the music that we can from the broken instruments at our command.

Mrs. Joseph Parker says we must not expect too much.

* * *

TO be asked to suggest a solution of a problem which is steadily becoming more intricate is a little bewildering. It is so easy to advance theories; but, alas! for getting them to work in practice. If "Jeames" and Mary were to assemble in solemn conclave and give their views regarding the "parties" upstairs, and suggest the reforms which in their opinion would make life downstairs worth living, they would render material assistance to this discussion. It is only by seeing ourselves as "ithers see us" that we can adjust the proportions of a question which affects two classes between whom there is at present much tension.

Mrs. Tooley thinks much depends on the way Servants are treated.

The servant of olden times, who cherished the family honour and welfare as she did her own, is becoming extinct; so also is the mistress who spent hours each day between the kitchen and the storeroom, and to whom her maids appealed as to an authority whose culinary knowledge was unquestioned and whose will was law. A less exclusively domestic life is now the order of the day for mistresses, and greater responsibility devolves upon servants. Perhaps the best way to make servants rise equal to that responsibility is to treat them more as persons of trust and less as automatons. I have found that a servant who was sullen, careless, and stupid when control was severe, became a household treasure when it was relaxed and she was more implicitly trusted. To be confided in has an elevating tendency in all but the basest natures. We sometimes forget, too, how large a part the emotional element plays in the lives of the so-called lower classes. Servants are most susceptible to friendliness when they feel it to be genuine and devoid of patronage, and they esteem it a privilege to be allowed to offer their sympathy to their employers when there is trouble or sickness in the house, and will do much from spontaneous kindness which they would think irksome if forced upon them as a service demanded. They crave to be thought "somebody," and it is not an ignoble ambition; a wise mistress will play upon it.

The Editor's kind invitation to join in this discussion reached me when I was staying in the centre of the cotton industry, and as I stood in one of the great mills amidst the deafening whir and clatter of nine hundred looms, and looked down the rows of pale-faced millworkers, I asked my guide, "Why do these girls prefer

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the mill to domestic service?" "Because," he replied, "at half-past five their work is done, and they have their evenings free." The desire for greater personal freedom, and an ambition to be recognised as individuals, are perhaps the two chief demands to be considered in solving the "Servant Problem." It must be left to each mistress to regulate her household so that these demands can be fairly met. To draw up a code of rules which would serve for all would baffle Solomon.

* * *

Mrs. Haweis finds that Servants are as good as their Mistresses—and sometimes better!

I never abuse servants. I never have any particular trouble with servants. I do not think people often do if they are really considerate, and, I hasten to add, of regular habits. Servants seem to me a singularly good and reliable class of people, as a class, considering what temptations they have — how much is in their power. I have never found they wanted treating as enemies, and I have found them often good and staunch friends. No doubt they do as little work as they need—so does everybody, perhaps. No doubt they will take liberties if you let them — so will your relations. No doubt they occasionally peculate, abstract, annex—so may the own familiar friend —so may the confidential clerk—so may the loving and attentive husband or wife or son who privately changes your diamonds for paste. I heard of a gentleman of good social and scientific status, going to a foreign museum, getting his wife to distract the curator's attention, and then abstracting a coveted curio from the shelf. He made no secret of his "cleverness," and is perhaps still "in society." I have often heard that if you drop a diamond pin or brooch in a ballroom it is seldom found, even amongst the most select and "awfully nice" guests. Many things are done in big rambling country houses, not by servants, which if the servants did them would be ruin of character, livelihood, life. Thus servants with all their sins are no worse than others, and frequently better—on the whole, distinctly better. The young man constantly restores the sovereign, and does not drink the wine, though neither would be missed; and the girl does what few of her "betters" dream of doing —supports herself, and helps substantially the failing old folks at home. How many smart girls and boys regard their old folks as anything but machines, to wait on them and to pay their bills? *Verbum sap.*

Servants are an excellent class of people; but the increased cry for more liberty has invaded their ranks too, and the time will come when we will have to give them still higher wages and off-hours. Then we shall not employ so many of them, of course; and we shall not have to provide them with so many beds and meals. One trusted servant will sleep in the house, or several by turn—and quite enough too. What use is a flock of them when the protected burglar strolls comfortably in? They will be engaged for regular hours, they will keep those hours, and do the duties therein occurring with more strictness than now, and no one will be a whit the worse served. The time has not come, but it is coming, when the domestic clerk will be on a level with the warehouse young man, and the relations between employer and employed will be sounder, partly because the mistress herself, who is the rightful head of the home, will know, and use, her power more nearly like the chief of a great warehouse—for which command she will be trained, as *he* is. Only when the average woman understands better—insists on understanding—what her true responsibilities are as the guardian of property, the director of the main expenditure, and an integral part of the civil system,—only then, if ever, will she have a right to mis-say and asperse an entire and indispensable class of people, who often do their duty to the State better than she does hers. Never shall I sympathise with the young scatterbrain who chatters across bankers' counters, in drapers' shops, at garden parties, and particularly after dinner, about her "horrid servants, the worry of my life." Reverse the medal, and imagine a man having the control and direction of a throng of clerks, juniors, journeymen, etc., spending hours of the day in teaching them that he does not know his own mind, and hours of the evening reviling their capacities and their characters, and giggling over their enormities as a joke. What a very odd chief that would be!

Servants enter service, partly to make an honest living, partly to make new friends and wider interests for themselves, just as our ancestresses of rank did in neighbouring "good houses." They choose a situation for their own purposes, leave it for reasons they don't confide to us, and after a while marry or set up in business for themselves. What could possibly be more sensible? We regard servants far too much as a race created for our convenience, and are indignant if they feel the same about the race who employ them. But ties of affection are still formed between the classes, and the association is often pleasant; and much may be, and is, done one for the other that wages cannot pay for. As to how to treat them, the problem is mutual understanding, and the solution is justice. Without pampering, petting, bribing,—regular habits and fair play on both sides, supervision without Paul-Prying, no fuss, and certainly no indulgence towards lazy habits and slack or bad work, go a long way to make an *entente cordiale*; and if I do not suffer from bad servants (and hosts of mistresses do not), I attribute it to a little initial care in organising, strictness in fulfilling my part of the contract, and, for the rest, giving everyone in the house liberty to follow his or her own tastes when the duties are over. Servants have a right to know approximately what they have daily to do and when their work is done. When they won't do it, decide quickly and part friends, *and give an exact and fearless character.* On the whole, this system works well, and the removes are rare.

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ber, however, that it is not every housekeeper who possesses weights and scales and certified measures, and those who have them do not always care to use them. The average cook likes to use a measure that is close to her hand, and that gives her no trouble. It is marvellous how many cooks dislike using recipes where exact weights and measures are given. Then, too, is it not generally understood that a cupful means half a pint? A gill (a quarter of a pint) consists of four tablespoonfuls liquid, and a tablespoonful is four teaspoonfuls. It is very hard for recipe writers if, when following recipes, cooks do not try to use their common-sense a little. A person who, when told to take a cupful of anything, would use either a large breakfast cup or a tiny Japanese cup, must know very little of cookery.

The Proper Place for Marking Linen.

A. B., to whom some time ago a method of marking linen was given, would now be glad to know on what part of the linen names and initials ought "rightly" to be placed.—Does not this depend very much upon the taste and fancy of the marker? I once knew a gentleman named Oliver who used to have a large round O put just in the centre of his pocket handkerchiefs, and his method was a source of much joy to him. But a great many people think that in matters of this kind what is usual is right. Following this rule, we may say we believe it to be usual for sheets to be marked on the middle fold, about two inches from the top hem; pillow cases at the end, an inch or two from the top; tablecloths at the middle of the end fold below the hem; serviettes across the corner; pocket handkerchiefs in one corner, so that when folded and ironed the lettering can be at once seen.

French Mustard.

Epicure wishes to be told how the French or Flavoured Mustard sold by grocers ready mixed in jars is made.—I do not know how the mustard sold by grocers is made; but very excellent flavoured mustard can be made at home by moistening the powder with shalot, tarragon, or garlic, vinegar instead of water, and adding a little salt. Tarragon and Chili vinegar mixed make a vinegar that is much approved. The vinegar should be added gradually until the mustard is as thick as good cream, and the preparation should be rubbed with the back of a spoon till quite smooth.

How to get rid of Fleas.

Mrs. H. J., of Newcastle, wishes to know how she can free the house of fleas. She says: "I have tried every remedy that has been recommended, but so far without effect. In spite of cleanliness, no sooner does the cold begin to give way than the various members of my family begin to suffer from the attacks of the creature. I suppose my children are unusually susceptible to its poison, for no one would believe what they endure. Can I not do anything to keep fleas away before the warm days are upon us?"—Unquestionably you can: and this is the way to deal with the pests. Before the warm weather is upon us, look after the condition of your floors. Fleas always seek the floor when they lay their eggs, and they love the crevices between boards. First sweep your floors, therefore, and burn the refuse; afterwards have them well scrubbed, first with water and carbolic soap, afterwards with strong salt and water. Do this every other day for a week, and in all probability you will have vanquished your foe. Fleas are very difficult to exterminate when once they have established themselves in boards. Many housekeepers are of opinion that even the Pyrethrum or Persian powder, which destroys so many household pests, leaves them as active as ever. Anyone who intends to get rid of fleas must imitate the activity of the tormentor.

To prevent the Feet aching after a Hard Day's Work.

Martha writes: "I am one of the great majority,—my own cook, my own housemaid, and my own waitress. I used to wear easy loose shoes all day long, and sometimes when my day's work was done my feet ached badly. Following the advice of a friend, I put aside the easy slippers until rest-time came, and when up and down the house I now wear good boots with low heels, firm but not heavy. The relief thus obtained has been astonishing. If any of your readers are situated as I am, pray beg them to do as I have done."—Thank you, friend, for the hint. It is a very valuable one.

The Shawl once more.

A Knitter wishes to know whether two balls of different coloured wool knitted *together* would have a pretty effect.—To my mind, a shawl made thus would not be nearly as pretty as cream-coloured fingering used alone. But this is simply my opinion. Perhaps my friend would not agree with me. Will *A Knitter* take note of the "Brief Replies"?

How to boil Plum-Puddings.

The same lady also asks to be advised how to boil plum-puddings. She says: "If the mixture is put into moulds, only a few can be boiled at once. If in pudding cloths, much of the goodness of the puddings seems to boil into the water. Will you tell me your plan?"—There is no doubt that puddings boiled in moulds look much more inviting than do puddings boiled in cloths; also, the goodness is kept in better thus. Having said so much, I have to confess that my own plan is to boil the pudding in a cloth. This is simply because it is the old-fashioned way and we are accustomed to it. I cannot defend my practice. But if our friend wants to boil two or three puddings in cloths at once, she would doubtless use the copper. Then she might put a stout stick across the top of the copper, and fasten a loop of strong string to the puddings, and sling them over the stick. This would keep the puddings a nice shape, as well as prevent their settling at the bottom of the copper. Of course there would have to be plenty of boiling water in readiness to keep up the required supply. For the rest, I would rather boil puddings in moulds than put a buttered paper inside a cloth.

BRIEF REPLIES.—*F. V.* You should try the Blickensderfer Typewriter. It only costs £7, 10s., and gives remarkably good value for the money.—*H. S.*, of Birmingham, is thanked very much for the recipes. They shall be put in as opportunity offers, but the space at our command is very limited.—*C. J.* is asked to note that the recipe for the "Hug-me-tight" in No. 3 of this magazine was not mine; it was kindly sent by a correspondent. Perhaps *A Knitter* will oblige by sending further instructions, saying exactly *how* the increase for the back was made.

Two or three of our correspondents request that answers to their questions may appear in the *next* number of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE. This is impossible. The magazine is prepared and printed some time before it is published; besides which, questions must, as far as possible, be answered in the order in which they are received.

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"THE TEMPLE" FOR MARCH.

OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL HAVE MANY ATTRACTIVE FEATURES. WE HAVE ONLY SPACE HERE TO MENTION A FEW OF THE MOST IMPORTANT:—

A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY is not only an "old Parliamentary hand," he is also a brilliant novelist and historian, and consequently this Article is a very interesting piece of work. It will be Illustrated with clever drawings of the Interior and Exterior of the House of Commons, Sketches of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain addressing the House, etc. etc.

THE WINNING OF A NECK.

New Story by ROBERT BARR.

This is one of Mr. BARR's cleverest and most exciting stories, and it is splendidly Illustrated by **Harold Copping.**

THE LIFE STORY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

By SARAH A. TOOLEY.

We have no hesitation in saying that this is the fullest, most accurate, and most attractive Sketch of **Florence Nightingale** ever written. Mrs. TOOLEY has gathered much interesting information from private sources; and the Article is fully Illustrated with a series of beautiful Pictures by **A. Twidle.** No trouble or expense has been spared in the preparation of this Article.

MY REMINISCENCES OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By DEAN FARRAR.

A deeply interesting Article. Illustrated with Copyright Photographs, Facsimile Reproductions of Letters, etc.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.

In view of the great gathering of the Free Church Councils in London during March, we have prepared a fully Illustrated Sketch of **DR. MONRO GIBSON,** the new President. There is an interesting Article on Dr. GIBSON, besides a Sketch of his Work, Photos of the Exterior and Interior of his Church, a Portrait of Dr. GIBSON in his Study, etc. etc.

HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

Thousands of People want to know this, so we have secured brief Contributions on the subject from

ROBERT BARR. **HAROLD FREDERIC.** **ARTHUR MORRISON.**
WALTER RAYMOND. **JANE BARLOW.** **GUY BOOTHBY.**
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In addition to Mr. Barr's Story referred to above, we shall have
Stories by KATHARINE TYNAN, ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, and SILAS K. HOCKING. Illustrated by
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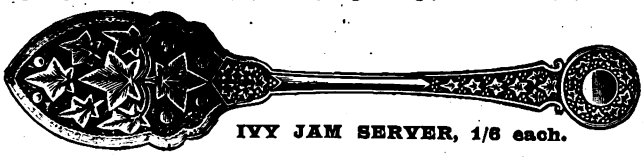

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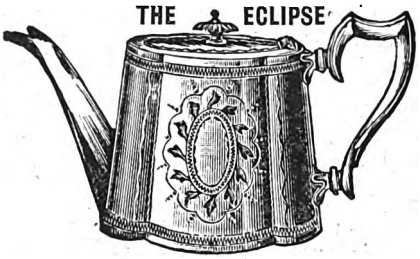

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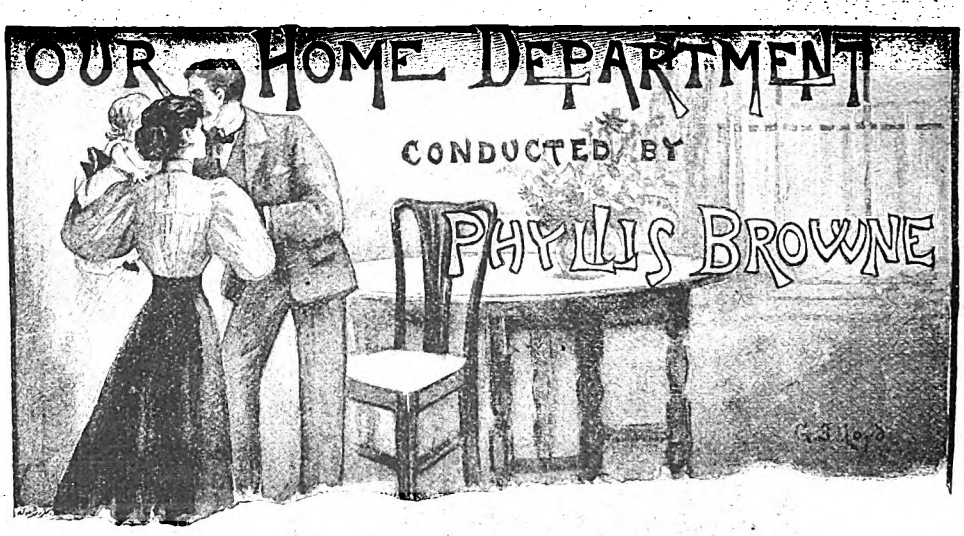

DIFFERENT SORTS OF HOUSEKEEPERS

SOME time ago an exceedingly clever lady, addressing a number of women, uttered a severe condemnation of the model housekeeper of the past generation. In the opinion of the speaker this much-lauded individual was a wicked person. She had laid burdens grievous to be borne on her successors. The outcome of her life's work was that her daughters and followers never attempt to explain or justify their methods of work. They do only what "mother did" before them. They are the foes of progress; they are heedless of reason; they have a scorn for new-fangled aids. Their chief aim is to keep steadily in the well-worn groove of household management which has been trodden before them by so many thousands of weary feet; but they never stop to ask whether they are directing their energies wisely, or whether the results of their untiring industry are worth having.

Housekeepers of the sort considered may be labelled "Traditional Housekeepers," for tradition is their guide and rule. Brightly polished surfaces and steel ranges are their pride. They rejoice in carpets that "fit all over," in long, handsome, heavy curtains "that keep out draughts," in weighty coverings and close, stuffy, "warm" rooms. They have a very poor opinion of sunshine and fresh air. When the sun puts forth his beams they draw down the blind at once, fearing the harm he may do the carpets. Indeed, these housekeepers have their blinds down most of the time; it is one of the signs by which we may know them. They are always uneasy when the windows are open; they smile when they hear of the dangers that lurk in impure water, in imperfect drainage and ill-ventilated rooms. Ideas of mischief that may arise from these and similar sources they look upon as fads. Moreover, they have the courage of their opinions. Having taken up their position, they are as difficult to move from it as heavy blocks of marble would be.

Traditional housekeepers are in the wrong; they sin against intelligence, and they refuse to be shown a more excellent way. We blame them, and pity them; but we have no right to speak hardly of the good housekeeper of the past whom they are supposed to follow. The leader did the best she knew; she lived according to her light, and she never spared herself in promoting what she believed to be good. She did virtuously, and she excelled nobly. Her most worthy disciples are those who act as she did, who live in the light, and do the best they know and can learn. These we name Sanitary Housekeepers. They believe in simple methods and ready ways. They are the foes of dirt in the house wherever it occurs; they fight against it, not because it is untidy or unseemly, but because it is the parent of disease, the destroyer of comfort, peace, and refinement, and because its tendency is demoralising; while cleanliness promotes heath and sound living, and is akin to godliness.

The Sanitary Housekeeper is an enlightened person. Her standards of household management are based on knowledge, and she is quite as antagonistic to the dirt which is hidden in corners and under carpets as to that which can be seen by all. She regards sunshine and fresh air as the most valuable of disinfectants, and realises that they destroy the germs of disease. She has an open mind also, and is ready to welcome new ideas. Altogether, she is a most satisfactory person, and we rejoice that she has come amongst us. We have high hopes of the good that she will be able to accomplish in the homes of the land.

THE SPRING CLEAN MADE EASY

This is the time of year when housekeepers begin to make preparation for the Spring Clean; and there is no doubt that the majority of women deplore its necessity, and will be heartily glad when it is over. Of course we know that it is not unusual for housekeepers who are wealthy enough to do so, to employ a sufficient number of helpers,

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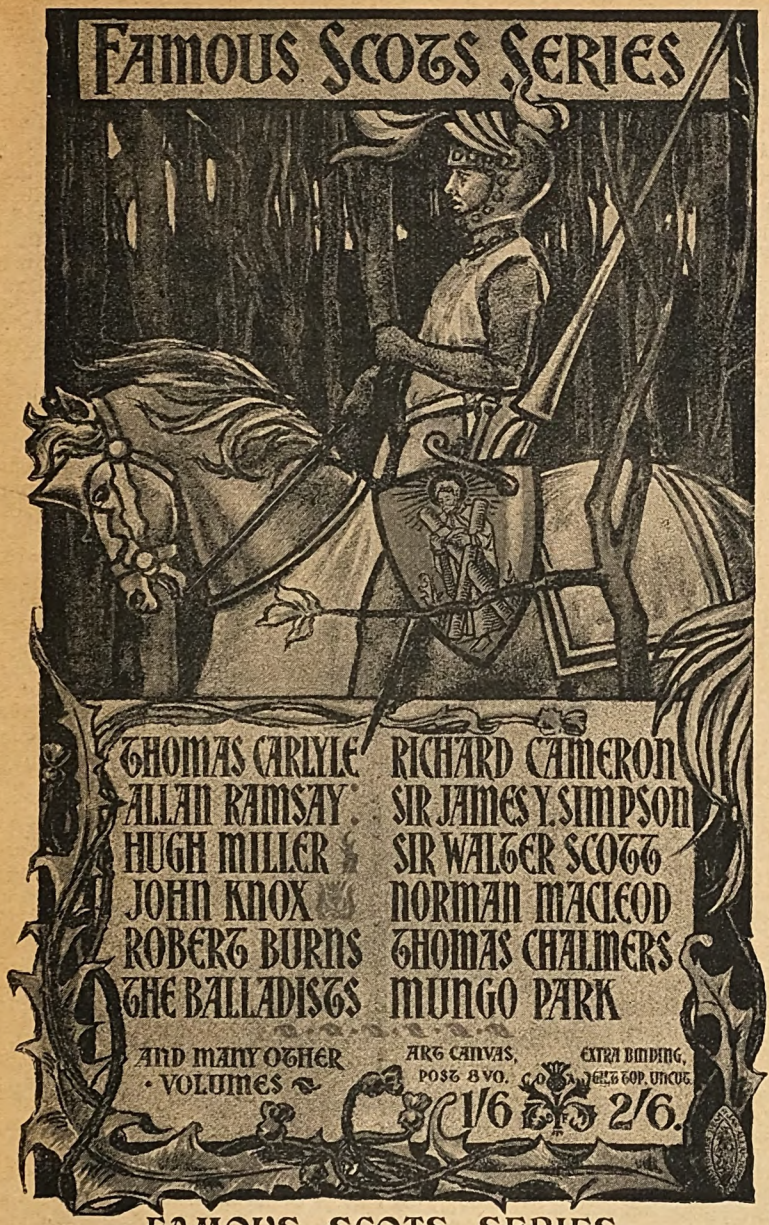

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or to have the work done while they are enjoying themselves in the country. The great majority of housekeepers, however, cannot act thus. They have to take the anxiety of the Spring Clean upon their own shoulders. Even if they do not actually put their hands to the work, they must superintend it, and many have to undertake it while the family remain at home, and while the routine of daily life goes on according to custom. Under these circumstances the Spring Clean cannot fail to be a trying experience, no matter how it is managed. The consequence is that when the Spring Clean is accomplished, the over-burdened housekeeper is "knocked up." Undue fatigue has degenerated into nervous irritability, and it is a long time before she recovers from her unwise effort to do too much in a short time.

If, by arrangement, the difficulty which is associated with the Spring Clean could be lessened even a little, what a relief it would be! Let us see whether such an arrangement is not possible.

According to the orthodox way of ordering a Spring Clean, the stair carpets are first taken up, beaten, and laid away; then the workers begin to clean at the top of the house, taking the rooms in rotation, and they proceed to the bottom, carrying dust and dirt before them. The advantages belonging to this plan are that it is quick, and, where conscientiously done, it is thorough; its disadvantages are, that so long as it lasts everyone in the house is made miserable; it demoralises the servants (in the stress of extra exertion, they are tempted to lay aside the small niceties belonging to their duty); and too frequently, as already said, it causes the collapse for a time of the mistress of the house. Hurry and worry prove to be too much for her; she suffers because she has been energetic beyond her strength.

This year let the energetic woman aforesaid proceed as follows. Abandon all idea of having the cleaning finished by a given date; determine to take time over it. Quietly and very gradually begin by turning out all drawers, closets, cupboards, and boxes, etc., get rid entirely of all articles that are not wanted, and classify the remainder, putting a label on each bundle describing its contents fully. Determinedly proceed in a leisurely way. Cease work at once as soon as fatigue is felt, and before nervous irritability sets in. Never try to do too much in one day; do not attempt to do anything at all on days when visitors are expected, or when extra duty is required. Also make a point of keeping the house comfortable and in order. It is wonderful how much more easily the Spring Clean can be got through if these preliminary preparations have been made beforehand.

Up to this point the actual Spring Clean is not supposed to have begun. Now rest a while, and afterwards take one bedroom at a time. Never mind the order; study convenience. Do not attempt to deal with rooms where fires are burnt constantly, until fires are no longer needed; leave these rooms till the last. Having finished one room and put it quite straight, let there be a week's interval before disturbing another. Excepting on the special day given to the special room in hand, try not to let the routine of household work be disturbed, and thus keep the house in order throughout. This will be a great triumph. When the house is cleaned throughout without an interval, the rooms which are first done become dirty again before the rest of the house is finished. Then there has to be a clean after a clean, to make everything as it should be. But if the house is *kept* right, one room will not be allowed to become exceptionally dirty because another has been made exceptionally clean.

Many housekeepers have a notion (and it is one which must commend itself to persons of experience) that if houses of moderate size are to be maintained in good condition, at least one room should be entirely renewed, as far as papering and painting are concerned, each year. Truth compels us to acknowledge that when the time arrives for this part of the work to be done, it will scarcely be possible to keep the unavoidable annoyances of the occasion in the background. Then they should be faced boldly. Now for a short time the business in hand may be made evident. All available hands should be pressed into the service, and energy and industry should be encouraged. By means of "a spurt" at this point, wonders may be effected.

The importance and worth of cleanliness can hardly be exaggerated. To maintain it, daily doing is necessary; and periodical extra cleanings are quite as necessary. Nevertheless, people are of more value than things, and if by a little management we can secure the cleanliness without interfering with the well-being of the people of the house, we ought to be very glad to do so.

THE FEEDING OF INFANTS

So far as we can judge, the first six months of a human being's life are more important than all the rest in deciding what his constitution and his future are to be. An infant who is fairly healthy when born, and who is judiciously fed, gets a good start. He is set on the right road; he is not liable to "catch" whatever disease there is going; if he falls ill, he seems to have a capacity for throwing off small ailments; his sleep is easily regulated, and he is a good and happy baby. But if he is wrongly fed, there is the opposite of these conditions. No after-care which love and devotion can give during the long years of childhood, manhood, and old age, ever entirely makes up for neglect or mistake during the fateful first six months of life.

It is not, however, at all easy to feed a baby properly. Even when the natural milk is abundant, mistakes are frequently made as to the times of feeding and the quantity given. Great ignorance has prevailed on the subject; even clever men have known very little about it. During the last thirty years, however, careful and anxious attention has been given to the matter, and it is probable that it is better understood now than ever it was.

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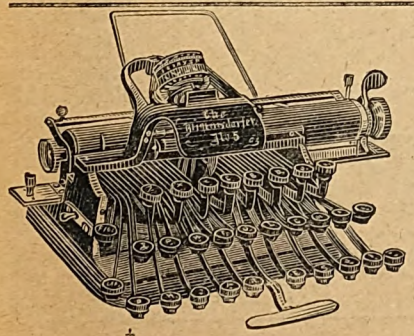

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at one of them is supplied here. It would be well for children if mothers would follow it.

From the rules that have thus been laid down, we learn that the best food for an infant until it reaches the age of nine months is the mother's milk. No preparation of cow's milk, whether fresh or condensed, is nearly as good.

On no account should a child be put to the breast whenever it cries. It must be given the breast only at regular intervals, and *if asleep when the time for feeding comes round it must be awakened.* (Mothers will most likely think this advice slightly mad. But it is all right. Babies fed with scrupulous care at regular intervals form the habit of waking at the right time. Their sleep can be regulated with comparative ease.) If the infant wakes and cries during the night, or in the intervals between the feeds, a teaspoonful or two of hot water may be given. Such crying is usually due to indigestion or colic, and will be relieved by anything hot. Food will relieve it for a few moments only, and then the child will be worse than ever. Care must be taken to give the breast slowly : too rapid sucking is likely to cause vomiting or indigestion. Each feeding must extend over fifteen to twenty minutes by the clock.

During the first month the breast must be given at intervals of two hours ; during the second month at intervals of two and a half hours ; and after the age of two months at intervals of three hours. These intervals should be fixed by the clock. Mothers should never permit themselves to say "it is *about* the time for feeding." This is a case where exactness is required. If from the beginning infants are fed at the exact time that the meal is due, it is wonderful how they get into the way of wanting it at that time and no other. Thus much of the difficulty associated with nursing is avoided.

PRACTICAL RECIPES

This is the time of year for making Orange Marmalade. There are many recipes for the preparation of this favourite relish, and some of them are very tedious, though the product may be excellent. The following is the simplest and easiest recipe I know for making really good marmalade. It can be done at leisure. The work may be spread over two or even three days without harm.

Orange Marmalade.—Slice six Seville oranges as thinly as possible ; take out all the pips, and throw the rest into three quarts of water. Leave for twenty-four hours. Pour all into a preserving-pan, and simmer for two hours. At the end of the time add five pounds of white sugar, and keep on the fire for one hour, or longer, as may be required, stirring all the time after the sugar is put in. The marmalade should be quite clear when done, and the time will vary slightly with the quality of the oranges. *The thing is to boil it long enough.*

Orange Jelly is preferred to marmalade by some. It furnishes a pleasant change. Take three pounds Seville oranges, three pounds of sweet oranges, and six lemons. To every pound of fruit allow three pints of water. Cut the fruit into round slices, and boil pips and all until the liquor is reduced to one half. Strain through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of juice put one and a half pounds of loaf sugar. Boil until the juice jellies—about an hour.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

Sonice wishes to know how to make a lather for washing flannels.—In making a lather, the amount of soap used must be determined, of course, by the dirtiness or quality of the articles to be washed. Very dirty things want a much stronger lather than dainty things. Besides this, soaps differ in strength. However, let us try to give quantities roughly.

Soap for Lather.

It is to be remembered that it is much easier and more economical to make a lather out of soap jelly than out of soap. To make soap jelly, carefully collect all the little pieces of soap that are found in the bedrooms or in the kitchen soap-box. If there are no pieces, take about half a square, or, say, two ounces of best yellow soap, and shred finely. Put these into a jar with four or five times its bulk in water (a three-pound marmalade jar will do), set it on the hob or in a cool oven, and let it gently stew down till the soap is entirely melted. It may be left for hours; it will do itself, and requires no attention. When cold, this melted soap will be a strong jelly, and it will have been reduced in quantity. Always keep a supply of this jelly on hand. It is very extravagant and futile to make lather with fresh soap. Supposing that in a tub there are two and a half gallons of water: about three-quarters of a pound, or a small basinful, of the jelly stirred briskly into it will make a very good lather. If the jelly were to be used with anything not flannel, a little soda might be melted with the soap. But soap made into jelly makes a much better lather than the same weight of soap would do if used fresh.

Joan of Salisbury wishes to know what are the best garters she can wear.—Garters as ordinarily worn are very injurious. If they are loose they feel uncomfortable, and if they are tight they impede circulation through pressure, and cause cold feet. Dress reformers usually advise that suspenders should be worn. A suspender is a shaped band going round the waist, to which elastic straps are attached at each side, and the elastics are buttoned to the stockings. A simpler way of meeting the difficulty is to have a piece of broad elastic, six or eight inches long, with a buttonhole at each end, a button on the band, and a buttonhole on the top of the stocking. The buttons are easily slipped into the buttonholes, and if the elastic is of the right length—that is, if it is just straight without stretching when the wearer is still, but easy enough to give when the wearer moves—the stocking will keep up perfectly, and be quite comfortable and tidy. There are people, however, who cannot "fancy" suspenders; they must have the old-fashioned garters. They are advised to give up elastic, and get two skeins of black wool, cut the wool through at one end, and tie cotton or wool at intervals of two inches along the length of the doubled skein, to keep the material straight. Use this strip instead of elastic, slipping the cut end through the doubled end of the wool, and passing it underneath the strip backwards, to keep it in place, and thus avoid tying the wool, which would make a lump and cause pressure.

Garters.

Ailing would be glad to have "a very old recipe" called "Strengthening Eggs," to be taken about an hour before rising every morning.—Probably the following recipe is the

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one asked for. It is very old, and indeed is one of the prescriptions believed in by our great-grandmothers. I express no opinion as to its value. Personally I should be a little afraid of the rum that enters into it. "Take eight new-laid eggs, put them in a glass dish or jug, whole, and squeeze over them the juice of sixteen lemons (that is, about a pint of lemon juice). Leave them for a day or two, till the eggs, shells and all, are a pulp; then draw away the skins of the eggs, and add a pint of the very oldest rum that can be obtained, and a pound of loaf sugar. Shake and mix well, then bottle the mixture, and cork securely. About half a wine-glassful is the dose to be taken every morning. The bottle to be well shaken before using.

Thorough.—If you wish to preserve your furs from the ravages of moths during the coming summer, be careful how you put them away. A little time and trouble given now will save annoyance next autumn, when the furs are wanted. Pack the furs early in the season; do not defer dealing with them until other winter garments are discarded. Moths often get into furs quite early, and garments are laid aside with the eggs in them. Before packing them, beat them with a thin cane, and hang them in the air—if possible, in the sunshine—for some hours, shake them well, then wrap them up firmly with whatever preservative is chosen. (Any strongly smelling substance is believed to drive away moths; many housekeepers, therefore, put camphor, pieces of Russian leather, cedar wood, cloves, turpentine, etc., in places where they are likely to come.) Now sew them in sheets, and finally paste them in brown paper. If treated thus, before the moths have got at them, woollens and furs can be kept for years. It is to be remembered that moths prefer articles that are full of dust, therefore furs and woollens should be well brushed and cleansed before being packed away. Also they have a dislike to newspaper, or to any strong unbroken paper. A careful paper wrapping is therefore effective in keeping them away; but to do any good the paper must be whole, and the openings must be securely pasted, for a slight tear or break in the paper may admit the hungry creatures to our treasures. It is not enough to line boxes and trunks with paper. The articles to be guarded should be pasted up in unbroken paper, and made air-tight.

Moths.

Mary Anne.—The most obvious way of preventing the objectionable odour which you dislike so much is to be particular to have the saucepan in which the cabbage is boiled perfectly clean, and to avoid pouring cabbage water down the kitchen sink. If, when these conditions have been secured, the annoyance still makes itself felt, put a piece of crumb of bread in white rag and boil it with the cabbage. By this means the smell will at any rate be lessened. Are you careful not to let the cabbage water boil over?

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

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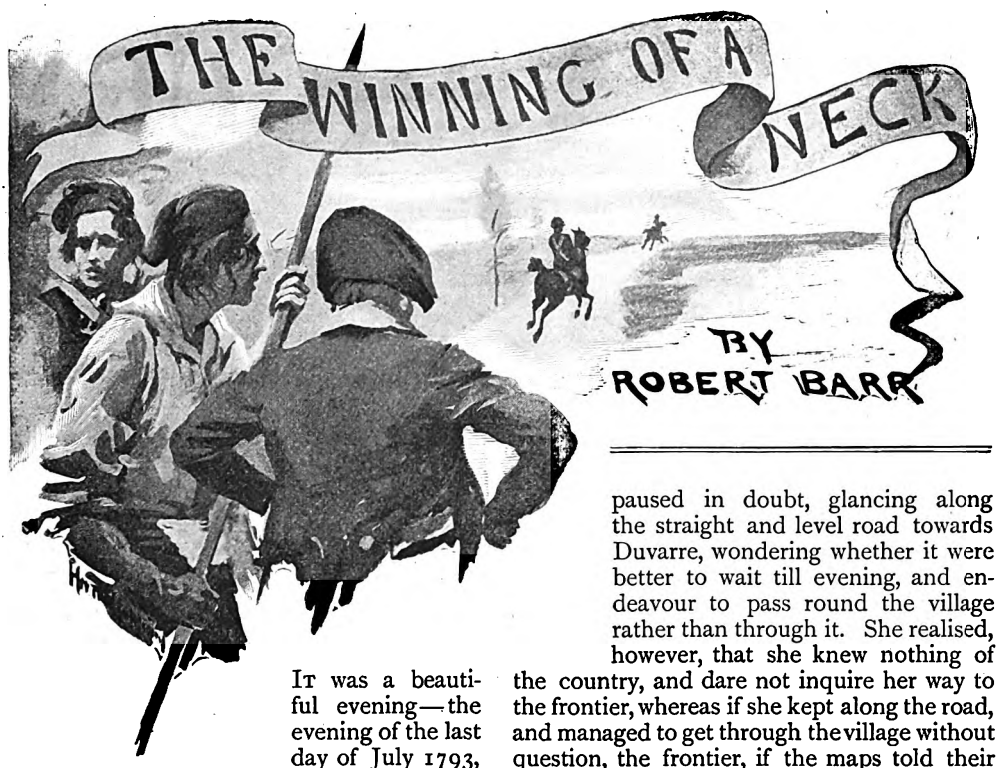

It was a beautiful evening—the evening of the last day of July 1793, and the summer sun was barely half an hour high over the wide plains of France, to the west.

The young and beautiful Countess de la Touche sat in her saddle for a few moments regarding the small hamlet of Duvarre lying before her, reddened by the level rays of the setting sun. Although the Countess had come from Lille, her horse was fresh, for she had not dared to ride as fast as her fears had prompted her; for that, to the suspicious peasantry, might have had the appearance of flight. Her passport permitted her to travel only as far as Lille, and she had been in that walled city something more than a week, riding out each day as if for exercise, always returning; questioned at first, but allowed to pass the gates unchallenged these last two days. To-day she had ridden slowly until the city sank in the horizon, resolving, if she saw evidence of pursuit, to return again towards Lille, saying, when questioned, that she had merely ridden farther afield than she had intended when her ride began.

As the day wore on the belief in her heart grew stronger and stronger that she had not been missed, and now only the small village of Duvarre lay between her and the frontier. The Countess was entirely alone, for these were not the times when one could safely travel with a servant following. She now paused in doubt, glancing along the straight and level road towards Duvarre, wondering whether it were better to wait till evening, and endeavour to pass round the village rather than through it. She realised, however, that she knew nothing of the country, and dare not inquire her way to the frontier, whereas if she kept along the road, and managed to get through the village without question, the frontier, if the maps told their story rightly, was but a short distance farther on. There was also a possibility that Duvarre, being so small a place, might not be so vigilant as the larger towns, and again there was a chance that the authorities there might be so ignorant that they could not distinguish between a passport good only as far as Lille, and one which would carry its possessor over the frontier. An illiterate Maire might therefore allow it to pass rather than expose his own ignorance. There was also this to be said—most of the nobility had made their escape to Coblentz on the Rhine, and doubtless few had come by way of Lille, and possibly none by way of Duvarre, so, lightly touching her horse with the riding-whip that hung at her wrist, the Countess, with beating heart, made her way into the village. She had almost passed through the one street of the place, riding slowly and trying to look unconcerned, for the inhabitants, sitting at their doors after their day's work was done, looked at her menacingly, when, just as her hopes mounted high that she was to reach the open country unchallenged, where, even if she were called to halt, she might trust to the fleetness of her untired steed, two men, with tricolor sashes tied round their waists and pikes in their hands, stepped into the middle of the road and crossed their lances before her.

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"Where are you going, citizeness?" asked one of the men sternly.

"I have the right to pass through the village of Duvarre," said the Countess as calmly as her agitation would permit. "I have a passport."

"Have you so?" answered the man. "Then it would be well to show it to the Maire. He likes to see the passports of those who go this way, and he sometimes persuades one to stop at his inn."

The two men laughed at this, and he who had not spoken shouted, "Gaspard! Gaspard! Here is a passport for your inspection."

By this time the whole of the village was round the heels of the horse, some of the citizens having entered their houses and come out with muskets or pikes in their hands. They formed a dangerous, determined-looking mob, and the heart of the Countess sank within her as she gazed down upon them. The men were mostly silent, apparently awaiting the decision of the Maire; but the women on the outskirts of the crowd kept up a constant chatter, making comments none too flattering on the fair horsewoman before them. One of the men and most of the children of the place had run off to the inn, and they presently returned, accompanied by a thick-set, red-faced individual, evidently the innkeeper, wiping his hands on his apron, the crowd shouting—

"Here comes the Maire! *Now* we shall see!"

The ever-thickening throng made way for the honourable gentleman, who progressed slowly, as became the dignity of his office. He accosted the Countess more politely than the pikemen had done.

"Madame," he said, "may I have the honour of examining your passport?"

The crowd nodded to one another, as who would say, "She will find this politeness of little avail if she is really an aristocrat;" for they knew well the opinion Gaspard Duval held regarding the latter, he having painted out the head of Louis on his tavern sign and put in its place the red cap of liberty.

The Countess, unable to speak, fumbled in her pocket for some time, and at last handed out the document the Maire demanded. He adjusted his spectacles, unfolded the parchment slowly and carefully, as if it might break in his hands, while the crowd looked on with breathless interest. There was a long pause during which the Maire scrutinised the document, and the Countess began to hope he was indeed as illiterate as he seemed; then her anticipations were suddenly dashed to the ground by Gaspard looking up at her and saying—

"Madame, this passport reads only to Lille. Why are you here in Duvarre?"

"To Lille?" echoed the Countess, in feigned astonishment and real despair. "There must be some mistake. It was to have read through Lille and to the frontier. Look again, monsieur, I beg of you."

The innkeeper sullenly shook his head. "It reads to Lille," he said, "and no farther. Why have you overridden your passport?"

"I assure you, sir," cried the Countess, "there is some mistake."

"I admit that, madame," replied the innkeeper; "but I doubt if it is on the part of the authorities. You must return to Lille and explain the mistake to the Commandant there."

"But," cried the wretched woman, "it will soon be dark. I cannot return to Lille to-night."

"Have no fears, madame," returned the Maire; "I shall send an escort with you. My son has a horse, and I am expecting him every moment along the Lille road. He will accompany you, and you will be as safe with him as if I myself were to guide you."

It was a fearful thing to be thus trapped with the frontier in sight. "Oh, do not send me back to Lille!" cried the poor Countess, as the full horror of the situation forced itself upon her.

"To Lille! to Lille!" cried the crowd. "Back to Lille!"

The Maire raised his right arm warningly. "Peace, citizens!" he said. "The law takes its course slowly but with certainty;" and he himself, taking the bridle rein in his hand, turned the horse's head towards Lille, while the now noisy procession escorted the doomed lady out of the village. "I think," said the innkeeper, "I see my son coming now. You will not be long detained, madame."

The procession had halted outside of the village, and the Countess, casting her eye down the long road, saw a horseman rapidly galloping towards her. As he came nearer the mob cried out that it was not the innkeeper's son. The horseman momentarily checked his speed on seeing ahead of him so large a collection of people, then he advanced at a gallop once more, and speedily came up with them. The Countess looked anxiously toward the new-comer when she heard it was not the innkeeper's son. As he drew nearer and she saw he wore the uniform of

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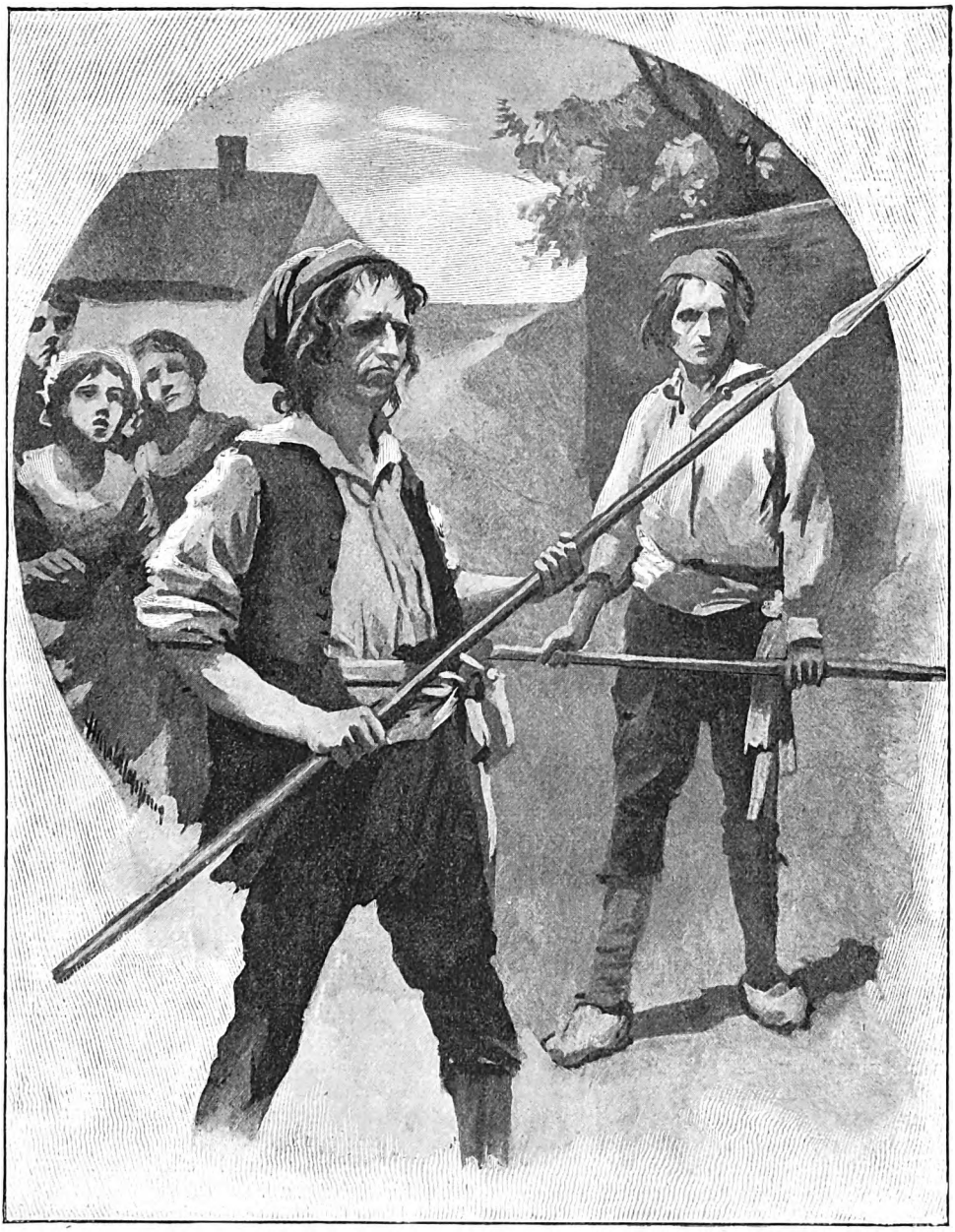

"TWO MEN STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND CROSSED THEIR LANCES BEFORE HER."

the National Guard, she realised that here at last was the pursuit from Lille which she had feared, although it now made little difference to her. The crowd cheered the uniform.

The officer was a fine-looking young fellow, with an air of command about him that won the instant respect of the mob.

"Who have you here?" he cried, reining in his horse.

"A lady," replied the Maire, "who has, through inadvertence, overridden her passport."

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"Ah! I thought as much," said the officer. "Will you allow me to look at the document for a moment?"

The Maire handed the paper up to him.

The Countess on hearing the young man's voice gazed eagerly at him, with a catch in her breath. In spite of the transformation the uniform had wrought, she at once recognised him as Monsieur de Beaurevard, whom she had known in happier times; but the uniform of the National Guard struck a chill to her heart. She knew that, having regard to their safety, many of her class had joined the forces of the Revolution; and even if the young man recognised her, she was well aware that he might have neither the power nor the inclination to befriend her.

The first words of the officer, after having examined the paper the Maire had presented to him, more than confirmed her worst fears. "Ah!" he said. "So she masquerades as a countess, does she? Monsieur le Maire, you have made a notable capture. Your name will ring through France. You will receive the thanks of the nation. This woman is no countess. She is the assassin who has murdered that friend of the people, Marat. Her name is Charlotte Corday."

A cry of horror rose from the crowd, in which the voice of the Countess joined.

"You are mistaken, monsieur!" she cried. "What you declare is an atrocious slander on an innocent woman."

The officer darted at her a glance so fierce that the last words died on the Countess's lips, and the onlookers took that as a certain sign of her guilt. The innkeeper knitted his brow and scratched his head.

"But I thought," he said in bewildered tones, "that Charlotte Corday was executed on the nineteenth?"

"So we all thought," rejoined the officer; "but it was not so. This woman is the assassin, and had it not been for your vigilance, monsieur, she would have been across the frontier. She is not a Frenchwoman at all. I will speak to her and question her in her own language, and then we will see if she has the temerity to deny the charge."

The officer spoke to the woman in what seemed to be German. All strained their ears to catch some import of the words, but no one succeeded. The officer questioned sternly, and the woman answered with more and more of a falter in her voice, and at last her head drooped, and every one saw at once that she was a confessed culprit.

"It is enough!" cried the officer in French. "She does not deny it, seeing that it is useless. What were you about to do with her, Monsieur le Maire?"

"I was going to send her under escort to Lille."

"Ah! we must not risk that; there might be an attempt made at rescue. My troop will soon be here; I have outridden them. Is there a prison in Duvarre?"

"No; but she can be kept in a strong room at my house until your company arrive."

"Very good," answered the officer. "Where is your house?"

"At the other end of the village."

"Then I will escort her there. Come, madame," he said, "it is useless to resist;" and he took her bridle rein.

As the procession with the young man leading the horse of the Countess approached the tavern of the Red Cap, the officer turned in his saddle and said—

"Monsieur le Maire, you must allow me to put your name in my book, so that your conduct may be reported to the authorities in Paris. I doubt not that you will speedily hear from them, and that the hearing will be extremely to your liking. May I beg of you to give me your name?" And the young man, releasing the bridle rein, took a notebook from his pocket.

"My name is"— said the proud official. But the Maire's remark was interrupted by a cry from those behind him.

The Countess, gathering up her bridle rein when the young man dropped it, suddenly smote her horse on the hip, and the astonished animal sprang forward and broke into a gallop. Half a dozen muskets were instantly levelled.

"Hold! hold!" cried the young officer. "She must be taken alive to Paris. I can soon overtake her. Give the command not to fire, Monsieur le Maire."

"Lower your guns!" cried the Maire, raising his right hand.

"How far is it to the frontier?" asked the officer.

"Barely a league," replied the excited official.

"I shall overtake her in half the distance. When my troop arrive, monsieur, see that they and their horses are well cared for. I shall not grumble at the bill."

With that the young officer struck spur to his horse and followed the flying Countess.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Maire, "she is a third of the distance already."

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"LOOK AGAIN, MONSIEUR, I BEG OF YOU."

"He is overtaking her," said one of the crowd; "but I think it would have been safer if we had been allowed to fire."

"You could not fire," replied the Maire, "when a captain of the National Guard commanded otherwise."

The crowd watched the life-and-death race with eager interest. The officer was evidently overtaking the assassin.

"See," said one, "if she has not a pistol and turns and shoots him before he comes up with her."

"Never fear," cried the Maire; "that officer understands his business."

The figures of the two grew less and less in the distance, but still the officer had not come up with the woman.

"Bon Dieu!" cried the Maire, "I think she is over the frontier now; but I warrant that officer will bring her back, frontier or no frontier."

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"I doubt that," said another. "A foreign army is camped a short mile on the other side, and will take him prisoner, if he is not careful, for crossing the frontier in uniform."

The retreating figures had now disappeared, and so absorbed were the crowd in watching the last glimpse of them, that not until the clatter of hoofs resounded on the stone-paved street did they look round and behold entering by the Lille road a score or more of the mounted National Guard, and were astonished to see they were not captainless, as they had expected them to be. An officer rode at their head.

"Where is the Maire?" he gruffly asked.

"I am the Maire," replied Gaspard, advancing.

"Has anyone passed you without a passport?" demanded the officer.

"One attempted to pass on a passport good only to Lille."

"You did not allow him to reach the frontier, I hope?" said the officer sternly.

"It was a woman, monsieur."

"Oh, a woman! We are not after women," said the officer impatiently. "But," he added, "you sent her back, I suppose?"

"We are about to do so with an officer of the National Guard, but"—

"Ah! that is he. A young man of about twenty-five, with dark moustache, mounted on a roan horse?"

"The same, captain, without doubt. He rode into Duvarre about half an hour since."

"That is the man we are after," said the captain. "We have been searching for him more than a week, since his escape from Paris. This morning he murdered a captain of the National Guard, dressed himself in his clothes, and stole his horse. We have traced him thus far. Where is he?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Maire, aghast. "He has followed the Countess across the frontier. I thought"—

"Thought?" cried the officer. "Who requires you to think? What are your orders? Are you not commanded to allow no one to approach the frontier without showing a proper passport? You have no right to allow Danton himself to cross the line without showing his credentials. Has he had time to reach the frontier yet?"

"I am afraid he has," murmured the panic-stricken official. "You see, he was in the uniform of the National Guard, and my respect for that"—

"*Your* respect!" cried the irate captain; then turning to his troop, he commanded—

"Here, seize this man! We shall at least not return to Lille empty-handed."

[*Drawn by* SCOTT RANKIN.]

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By Justin McCarthy, M.P.

Author of "The History of Our Own Times"

The first public business in the House of Commons is the asking and the answering of questions. These questions, as everybody knows, are addressed to Secretaries of State and Under Secretaries, to the heads of all departments represented in the House, to the law advisers of the Crown, and to everybody, in fact, who speaks for any of the offices in charge of the Administration. It is needless to say that they range over a vast variety of grievances—for questions generally relate to grievances—and apply to the manner in which the Administration has dealt with a Colonial governor, or with an Indian official, or with a village postmistress. The question system in the House of Commons has again and again been made the subject of unsparing ridicule. You cannot, it is said, often expect to get great declarations of domestic or foreign policy out of a Government by putting a question, and why should the time of the House be taken up with an interrogation and a reply as to the manner in which some provincial or village office-holder was treated by the department to which his service was attached? Now just look at the different views taken by different minds. I quite admit the temptation to ridicule which is offered by a question put in the House of Commons concerning the wrong done to the village postmistress who was transferred to some uncongenial district. The very dullest among us could, one might think, make fun out of that. Fancy the attention of the great Imperial Parliament being wasted over petty trivialities of that kind! Yes, but I may be allowed to say for myself that I hope there may never be any serious attempt made to restrict the privilege of members to question a Government as to the alleged grievances inflicted on the poorest and the meanest of Her Majesty's subjects. I do not think the Representative Chamber ever looks to better advantage than when it thus shows that its protection can be evoked for the occupant of a pauper's bed in a workhouse, or even for the occupant of a felon's cell, if it can be shown that any wrong has been done in either case which it is in the power of the Government to put right.

Some members of Parliament, of course, have a perfect craze about questions. They live for the putting of questions. They make a name—"Phœbus! what a name!" as Milton says—for the putting of questions. A friend of mine, an English Liberal member of the House, long since dead, used to repeat with great good-humour a story which told

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against himself. During the course of a recess he was delivering an address to his constituents, and in order to impress them with a due sense of his public services he emphasised the fact that in the last session he had put to Ministers more than three hundred questions. He paused to study the effect of his statement, and a voice from the farthest part of the gallery called out, "Why, what a hignorant bloke you must be!"

There has been some waste of time during late years about the answering of questions. Of course an interrogated Minister must be allowed to go into some detail; but we hardly ever now hear the direct and simple "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," which used to be very common when Lord Palmerston had to make a reply. The questions average fifty or sixty a day — there are sometimes fewer, sometimes a great many more. When the questions are disposed of, the real and regular business of the House sets in. Now, as I am describing a night in the House of Commons, I may describe a night of my own choosing: let it even be a sort of characteristic and composite night—made characteristic all the more by being composite. A great debate is going on, let us suppose—a debate that involves the fall of a Government and the present fate of a policy. We have come to the closing night of this great debate. By arrangement between the rival parties it is made certain that the division will be taken before this night's sitting comes to an end. The member who was allowed — for all this sort of thing is a matter of arrangement — to move the adjournment of the debate at the end of the former sitting has now the right to be called by the Speaker, and to resume the discussion. Now, it may be that he is a man who, although honoured for his gravity and his political worth, is not exactly one whom the majority of the members are passionately anxious to hear. Men sit in their places up to the last moment, thinking that possibly something may prevent him from using his privilege, and that he may not speak after all, and they feel interested in knowing who in such a case would take up his relinquished position; but the moment he gets up, and the doom is pronounced, there is a sudden rush and flight of members out of the House. Unfamiliar strangers in the Gallery—everyone in the public galleries is a stranger, although he should have spent half the nights of every session in listening to the debates — are sometimes led to fancy that the building is on fire, and are inclined to precipitate themselves from their seats, and to make the best struggle they can for dear life. But it is soon evident that nothing is going on of any more serious character than the impulse of members to escape from a speech which they do not care to hear. There is no regard whatever for the feelings of the orator who has just begun his speech. The House of Commons is not by any means the most disorderly parliamentary assembly to whose debates I have listened, but in the matter of mere lack of politeness to speakers whom the majority do not care to hear it surpasses any such assemblage of

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ADDRESSING THE HOUSE.

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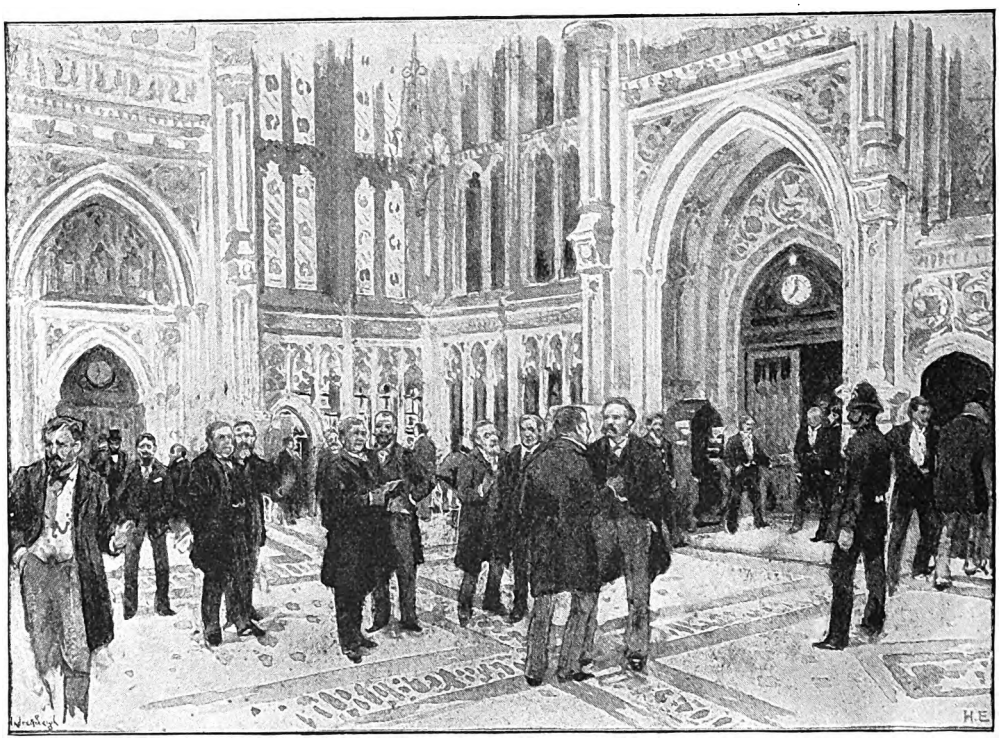

THE MEMBERS' LOBBY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

which I happen to have any knowledge. Members directly insult and even menace their political enemies in other representative chambers, but I think the House of Commons beats all its rivals in its total disregard for the feelings of everyone whom it does not care to hear, and who may, nevertheless, be rather liked as a man by everybody who knows him. There is, in any case, a great temptation to leave the debating chamber just about that time in the evening. Members have letters to write, and the post goes out shortly after seven o'clock. If a really attractive speaker is on his feet, most members will stay to listen to him even at the risk of losing the post. But if he is not an attractive speaker, why, then, clearly the sooner members who have letters to write can escape out of the House the better for them.

Meanwhile, the member in possession goes on with his speech, and he is sure to be cheered by a few of his friends and of those who are on his side of the present question. At last his work is done, and he is no doubt very glad of it. Perhaps he is a modest man of quiet ways, who was "put up," as parliamentary phrase goes, to speak on this occasion, and who now resumes his seat, content to have done what was asked of him, and caring nothing for fame or the wreath of the orator. Then very possibly he is followed by a really crack speaker on the other side, and the rumour goes about the House that this crack speaker is up, and forthwith the men in the library, or in the tea-room, or in the smoking-rooms, come trooping back again to hear the speech. For it is a peculiarity of the House of Commons that though you may have heard a brilliant debater fifty times, you are none the less eager to hear him for the fifty-first time. Never mind the fifty former speeches—what we want to hear now is just what he is going to say on this particular question.

The first orator, we may suppose, began his speech about half-past five o'clock. His successor begins a little before half-past six, and the House is crowded while he is satirising and denouncing the Government, or satirising and denouncing the Opposition, as the case may be. He drops into his seat about half-past seven amid what the French papers call "movements diverse" along the benches, expressions of rapturous admiration and indignant denial; and in two minutes the House is almost absolutely empty. The

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dinner hour is on, and during the dinner hour Demosthenes himself could not hold the House of Commons, and if he were alive and were a member of the House, we may be quite sure that he would make no attempt to hold it.

There is a pretty poem of Longfellow's which is called "The Children's Hour"; I do not know whether my old friend Longfellow could have made a pretty poem out of the diners' hour in the House of Commons, but it is at all events a distinct and recognised institution. It might itself be called, in a certain sense, "the children's hour," because it is the hour when younger speakers in the House are trotted out and allowed to make their early experiments in debate. By this time the House is reduced in number to some half a dozen members, most of whom are waiting for their chance to speak, and only wonder when the orator in possession will conclude his hopeless harangue. Shortly after eight o'clock, if the first orator has been concise in his remarks and sits down, and two or three members rise together, then the Speaker calls some one of them by name, and adds the magic words, "Order, order," and forthwith quits the chair for his own modest dinner interval of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. The member who is called just before the Speaker leaves the chair has a right to resume the debate when the Speaker returns. Poor man! he will have a discouraging time of it. The few members who were waiting in the hope of getting a chance to speak will now rush off to devour a morsel of dinner, knowing that they need not return immediately after the Speaker gets into the chair again, because the man who has been called will be sure to talk for some little time at all events. Then when the Speaker returns to the chair and calls on Mr. Wishy, to adopt the name of one of Disraeli's typical politicians, Mr. Wishy rises and begins his speech, and forthwith Mr. Washy goes round behind the Speaker's chair and murmurs in the Speaker's ear that there are not forty members present. The Speaker arises, calls, "Order, order," and rings his bell, and the House has to be counted. If, after the lapse of three minutes, there are not forty members present, the business of the House is at an end for that night.

But, of course, upon the occasion of a great debate there is not the remotest chance of the House being counted, and Washy's attempt is only made out of an impulse of envy towards Wishy, who has been called, out of what I heard an Irishman once describe as "pure divilment, your Honour." Some members think it a highly diverting and humorous freak thus to have the House counted to no purpose, and to bring members rushing in from the middle of their dinner. Wishy goes on with his speech when the required number has proved its presence, and later on somebody else moves a count again. The Speaker, it need hardly be said,

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ADDRESSING THE HOUSE.

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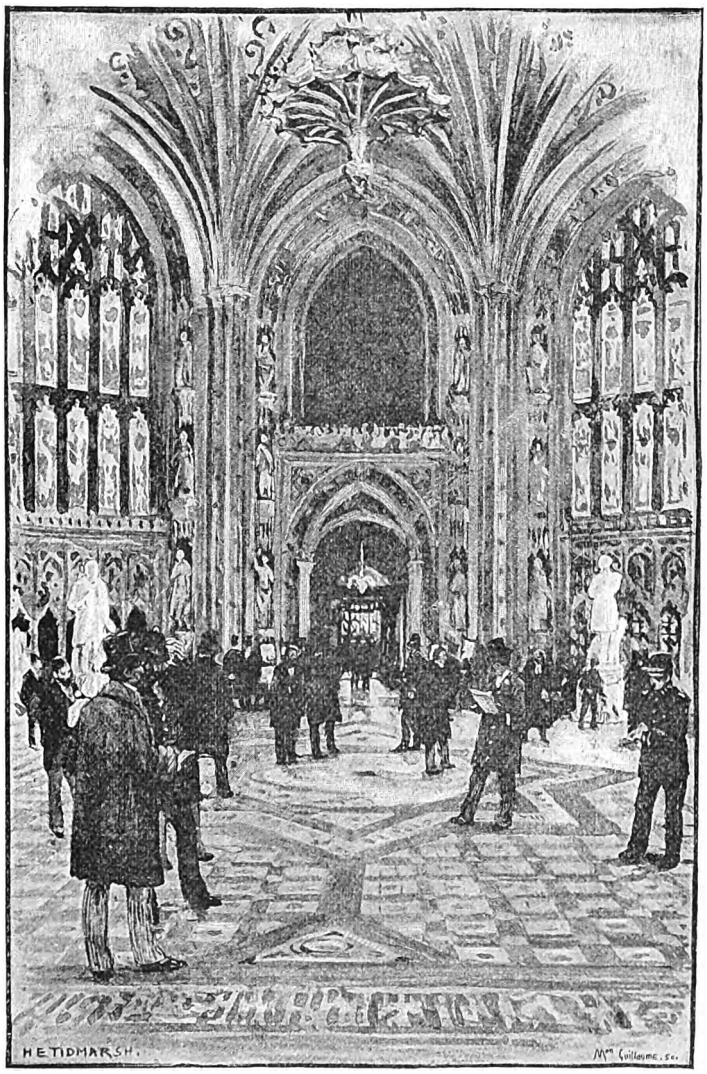

CENTRAL HALL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

will never take notice of the absence of a sufficient number of members to form a quorum unless his attention is called to the fact, and then he has no alternative. So there is another count, and perhaps another, and all this wastes the time, and cuts sadly into "the children's hour." Poor Washy has been waiting for his turn with nervous anxiety, and not without many half-audible groanings and grumblings. Some tiresome person who *would* talk sits down at last, and Washy sees his chance and springs to his feet. Alas! just as he rose a man also arose from the Treasury Bench or the front Opposition Bench. The Speaker calls this man. It may have been Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; it may have been Mr. Asquith; but whoever it was, it is all over with poor Washy just the same. In other words, "the children's hour" is past and done with, and the rest of the night's debate will be carried on by big men on either side of the House. In the old days the closing speaker in every such great debate was either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli. Now it would be either Mr. Arthur Balfour or Sir William Harcourt. But Washy has no more chance of intervening in that debate than he would have a chance of being suddenly invited to occupy the Speaker's chair.

And now the debate begins to flame up with eager interest. The members have all dined and come back to settle down in their places, to cheer their leaders with all their strength of lungs, and to interrupt and try to disconcert the leaders of their opponents. It is not easy to disconcert a practised party-leader in the House of Commons. He can guess at many interruptions in advance, and is prepared to flash back his reply the moment the interruption has been uttered. Sometimes he has deliberately and dexterously laid a trap for the interruption in order that he might capture it and make mockery of it. All this is splendid sport for the listeners on both sides, and the nearer the debate draws to its close, the more heated become the passion and the joy of the strife. By this time even Washy has almost forgotten that he was cut off from his chance of addressing the House.

And now at last the debate is over. The leader of the Government or the leader of the

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Opposition, as it may be, has delivered his final sentence, and the House is echoing with tumultuous applause on the one side and equally tumultuous defiance on the other. The shrill-sounding bell summons all members to the division lobby. On a night like this, and at the close of the debate, the members have not to be rung up from library and smoking-rooms and tea-rooms. All of them who can possibly find sitting-room or standing-room in the Chamber itself, or in the two great galleries that look across it, are sure to be there. Now, the excitement of a division does not altogether depend upon the importance of the question at issue. For example, there may be an occasion when the fate of a great Ministry and the fate of a great policy depend for the moment on the result of the division. But then it may be well known in advance that the division is certain to go this way or that way. In such a case, while there must be naturally great excitement about the fall of one Administration and the immediate rise of another, yet if everybody knows in advance how the division is going to end it is not difficult to brace one's nerves up and face the music with comparative composure. But it is quite a different thing when the result of the division is wholly uncertain, when the whips of the two parties shake their heads and decline to form any confident calculation, and when the general opinion is that there must be only a small majority either way. Then, indeed, the excitement becomes intense, and the strain on the nerves is almost too much for endurance.

But at last the moment has come. The four tellers—two representing each party—come in from behind the Speaker's chair and hand in their record of votes to the clerk at the table, and then fall back from the table in quiet expectancy. The clerk looks at the record, and hands it back to the senior teller of the party which has won. This mere fact indicates, of course, where the victory rests, and a wild shout of triumph breaks out along the benches of those who are victorious. But then there are such things as barren victories. There are such things as victories which are only one degree better than absolute defeat. It has sometimes happened that after the winners have roared themselves hoarse in triumph over the assumed success, the announcement of the actual numbers tells that the success was obtained by a majority of five or of three. Success of that kind amounts to virtual defeat, has often been accepted as genuine defeat, and followed by the resignation of the Government. In such

MR. BALFOUR ADDRESSING THE HOUSE.

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a case, on the announcement of the numbers, the tumult of cheering suddenly goes up from the Opposition, and the followers of the Government are for a moment cowed and hushed, and then burst out in a wild cheer of defiance and desperation.

I do not know how there can be in ordinary civil affairs a sense of keener excitement than is brought up by one of those thrilling divisions in the House of Commons. All personal feeling is lost and drowned in it. One's only thought, one's only feeling, is for even the momentary success of the cause he has at heart. Life seems to have been worth living if only to be a part of that great scene of struggle and of passion. Such a moment seems really in the words of Othello to "make ambition virtue." For the ambition of the vast majority of the members has nothing personal in it. Most of us have not the slightest expectation of being invited to become members of a new Government, and never had any possibility of a place in the old Government. Therefore the ambition is for the moment entirely pure and manly and wholesome. It is an ambition for the success of the party, the measure, the policy, the cause to which one is attached. The excitement caused by a great division never wears out. The emotion caused by a great division in March does not in the least degree discount the excitement of a critical division in June. It is one of the few experiences in life which can be renewed time after time without palling on those who are privileged to take part in it.

On this particular night that we are describing let us assume that the Government have been actually defeated by numbers, or have only obtained that nominal and barren victory which means defeat under another name, and in every practical sense is defeat itself. The Opposition keep on cheering and cheering moment after moment, as if they were a lot of unbridled schoolboys suddenly inflamed with a passion for shouting, yelling, and waving their hands. I remember seeing Robert Lowe on one such occasion whirling his hat round his white head with the furious and incessant energy of some piece of machinery set in motion. I remember seeing Lord Randolph Churchill leap on to the green bench where he had been sitting, and dance and jump there, swinging his hat all the time round his head and shouting like a madman. I remember, too, having observed Disraeli on the occasion when some great and critical division had gone against him, and I remember well that he slightly shrugged his shoulders, and placidly looked at the wild scene of passion which was raging all over the House.

The shouting and the waving of hats comes to an end, however, some time. A wise and judicious Speaker always lets it take its course. He knows that it must have its way, and he makes no futile effort to stop its outbursts too soon. When he sees it has raged its course, he calls out, "Order, order!" and the members subside into their places. Then the Prime Minister arises, and quietly says, that after the result of the division it will be necessary for his colleagues and himself to consider their course of action, and he therefore moves that the House at its rising do adjourn to some specified day. Everyone knows perfectly well what this announcement means. It means that the Ministers are about to tender their resignation to the Queen, and that their political opponents are to come into power.

The motion is agreed to as a matter of course, and the members in general rush out into the lobby and make for Palace Yard. The "orders of the day," as they are called—that is, the names of Bills set down on the paper which cannot be disposed of that night—are quickly run through, and the adjournment of the House itself is formally carried, and the officials of the inner lobby shout the time-honoured question, "Who goes home?" This question, which greatly interests all strangers, dates from an early period of our parliamentary history. At one time Westminster was a place apart from London, and the roads were bad, and the footpads and highway robbers were numerous, and members were accustomed to make up parties to go home together when their paths lay in the same direction. The House of Commons has kept up the same old formula, just as if Colonel Blood were still hanging about Lincoln's Inn Fields, or Claude Duval and his merry men were coming full trot along Piccadilly. To me there is something picturesque and fascinating in this keeping up of the old customs which holds us, to that extent at least, within touch of the past. So we all go home in any way we please, by carriage, or cab, or on foot, or, if it be not too late, by the prosaic Underground Railway, of which Claude Duval never dreamed. The Ministers go home with one feeling, the leaders of Opposition with the other. Victory animates the one set of men; defeat has to be endured by their opponents. But, as Socrates said to his judges, "Which of the two hath the better part, only the high gods can decide."

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Yet I envy you, spite of your bitter pain;
Because, through earth's hubbub that grates and jars
You are listening still to the far-off strain
Which is sung on high by the morning stars.
You never could turn your eyes to the ground
From the Heaven-sent vision they once had seen;
So ready and waiting will you be found
When the angels bring you your might-have-been.

Verses Grave and Gay.

LADY HEADLY is, without any exception, the most detestable woman in London. The moment she enters a room the veneer of civilisation peels off from me, and I become in intention a scalp-collecting, tomahawking savage. And yet she is a handsome woman, in so far as regular features and good colouring constitute beauty; and she is an extremely clever woman, if an instinctive knowledge of what subjects ought to be avoided, and an indefatigable persistence in confining her conversation exclusively to those subjects, constitute cleverness. Her quickness in discovering the secret sore places in the hearts of her friends and acquaintances is almost more than human; and her ingenuity in rubbing these places on the raw, and thereby causing excruciating pain, is certainly less than divine. The way in which Lady Headly is treated at dinner-parties is a source of great amusement to me. In the first place, there is invariably a lady of higher rank present, as no living man could be capable of such superfluous, self-inflicted tortureas taking Lady Headly down to dinner in his own house. But even the most selfish of mortals are not devoid of compunction when they afflict a fellow-man; and the deprecating timidity wherewith the host pronounces the extreme sentence on the poor wretch foreordained to fall to Lady Headly's share, is delightful to the on-lookers; while the expression of hopeless misery on the face of the selected victim when he has learnt his fate, is nothing more than delicious to anyone with a sense of humour. And if all the men who have to take Lady Headly in to dinner shrink from the ordeal as much as my husband does, I can only say that I pity their wives during their respective drives home.

Sir Robert Headly, on the contrary, is quite a nice man, as well as (or ought I to say in spite of?) being a fabulously rich one. Although cursed in his youth with the inheritance to so large a fortune as to make work unnecessary to him, he so far forgot himself as to work like a galley-slave, or a second

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son; and in consequence is already a rising member of Parliament, and one of the most successful barristers of the day; and—were it not for her ladyship—would be a much-to-be-envied lawgiver. They say he will be a judge one of these days; anyhow he was no judge when he married Anastasia Le Blanc, as all London will agree. Anastasia is Lady Headly's Christian name, which my husband and his friends have abbreviated to *Nasty*—a diminutive whereof they, as the inventors, are not a little proud.

"Maud," said my husband to me one day towards the close of the season, "Bob Headly wants to know if there is any chance of our visiting them this year while we are in Scotland."

My face fell. "Oh, Harry, it would be rather horrid, don't you think?"

"Of course it would, little woman, especially if Nasty were in a bad temper—and I see no reason why she should make the exception of a lifetime on our account, and be in a good one."

"It would be specially vile for me, you see," I continued. "You would go out and shoot things without hating them, while I should stay in, and hate without shooting, which isn't half so nice. One can't very well shoot one's hostess, you see. Autumn visiting-time is not the season for hostess-shooting."

"I think it would be permissible to shoot Nasty at any season of the year; there is no close time for vermin, you know," said Harry.

I laughed. "What do you want to do?" I asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Maud, I rather want to go. The Headlys have invited us so many times, and we have always refused. Not that we were to be blamed for refusing—the instinct of self-preservation is one of humanity's safeguards, and even the bravest of men would rather be the butt of armies or the prey of wild beasts than the guest of Anastasia Headly. Nevertheless one's pocket must be considered as well as one's prejudices, and I am a poor and struggling barrister, while Headly is a rich and successful one; therefore it is of the utmost importance for me to keep in with him, and not offend him in any way, especially as he has often been extremely kind to me."

"In that case perhaps it would be wise for us to accept. If men can fight battles and go down coal-pits in the way of duty, surely we likewise can spend a week with Lady Headly."

"The oracle has spoken," cried Harry, "and the Christians shall be thrown to the lions; which, being interpreted, means that you and I will sojourn for a week under Anastasia's detested roof."

"Very well, my dear boy," I said, "so be it. But I shall never cease to wonder what induced a sensible man like Sir Robert to marry that awful woman."

"There comes a time in every man's life, my dear Maud, when he feels he must appoint somebody to take out the horrid little red marks which the laundress leaves in his pocket-handkerchiefs. Therefore he marries. I presume this crisis had arrived in Headly's life when he met the fair Anastasia."

"Many marriages are very perplexing," I remarked; "I often think of writing to ask half my married friends whatever induced them to marry the other half."

"It will be useless to put R.S.V.P. on your inquiry, my good child, for it is what most married people are asking themselves, and can't make out; and it becomes distinctly unpleasant when they cease to ask themselves, and begin to ask each other. Headly, however, would probably remind you that his wife is an extremely handsome woman."

"I don't see that beauty alone is a reason for marrying a woman."

"Perhaps not: but it is an excuse for having married her," replied my husband drily.

So it came to pass—as it generally does come to pass when one vows one will never do a thing—that Harry and I spent a week at the Headlys' place in Scotland. And a terrible week it was. I had always known that Lady Headly was detestable; but "the trivial round, the common task," justified their reputation in the furnishing department by supplying her ladyship with opportunities for making herself disagreeable, undreamed of in the philosophy of those ignorant and blissful mortals who had only seen her under the restraining influence of society. She began by flatly contradicting everything that everybody said, regardless of the respective truth of the statements; but she did not end here—far from it. The day we arrived at Wullicarden there was a fire in the hall, the weather being cold for the time of year; and my husband unwisely remarked how comfortable it looked; consequently we never saw another live coal from that hour till the time of our departure. One day I so far forgot myself as to mention what a trouble it was

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"MAKING LIFE HIDEOUS TO HER TWO WRETCHED LITTLE GIRLS AND THEIR GOVERNESS."

to me that I was not tall: and after that an hour rarely passed without my hostess's pointing out that short women were a blot upon the face of creation. She spent what time she could spare from the torture of her guests to making life hideous to her two wretched, mother-ridden little girls and their governess—a meek, sensitive creature, who looked as if she would have welcomed the Neronian persecution or the Spanish Inquisition as a light holiday-task, after a course of Lady Headly. But I pitied our host the most of all; in her attitude towards him his wife "out Nastied-Nasty," as my husband used to say. Sir Robert did not lose his temper with her, aggravated she never so wisely; but he always seemed supremely bored by her and by everything and everybody else, as if for him life had lost its savour. Harry was once congratulating him upon his success in everything he undertook.

"If the men who fail are as miserable as those who succeed, Heaven help them!" he replied.

One day when my husband, our host, and myself were together, Satan having found some mischief for her ladyship's idle hands elsewhere, Sir Robert said—

"By the way, Leslie, you once asked me if I could help some curate friend of yours; do you remember? I quite forget his name."

"Certainly I remember," replied Harry; "his name is Heatherington, and he is one of the best fellows that ever lived. He has a widowed mother and three sisters to support, and how he does it is a marvel to me."

"What type of man is he?" asked Sir Robert.

"Oh!" replied Harry, "he combines the physique of a Greek god with the faith of a Christian child. He began life with the decision that he would become an archbishop, and would turn the world upside down, or rather right-side-up: but since then he has compromised with fate, and become

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the second curate in a wretchedly poor East-end parish instead."

"Poor fellow! Compromises with fate are always rather sickening, don't you think?"

"Mr. Heatherington does not think so," I piped in: "he possesses the enviable artistic faculty of seeing things exactly as they are not; and to persons thus endowed a compromise is just as good as a conquest."

"Well, what I was going to say about him is," continued Sir Robert, "that I asked the Secretary of State to remember me the next time he had an Indian chaplaincy to fill up; and I have just heard from him that a vacancy has occurred. So I will recommend your friend Heatherington to him at once, if you think he would care for the post. The pay is good, you know, and there is a pension at the end."

"I know he would like it above all things," cried Harry; "and it was awfully good of you, Headly, to bear my request in mind."

"I was only too glad to do anything in my power for a friend of yours, Leslie; your friendship alone is a guarantee of a man's suitability for promotion."

"It was very nice of you to get the chaplaincy for Mr. Heatherington," I said; "but it is still nicer to speak of Harry in that way."

"I speak so, my dear lady, because I think so," replied Sir Robert kindly. "Pearls, as you know, are sometimes cast before those who are incapable of appreciating them; but I have never undervalued the friendship of such men as your husband; and it is to such friendships that I owe whatever I possess of that commodity we call happiness. But," he continued in rather a hesitating manner, "perhaps it will be as well not—to—er—mention this little matter in the presence of my lady. I don't know why, but it always annoys her when I—er—do anything for people who are not exactly well-off."

"Of course, of course," said Harry quickly; "I should not think of mentioning it to anyone but Heatherington himself, and I will keep your name out of the matter altogether if you would prefer it."

"Thank you, my dear fellow; I should be very much obliged if you would: not that Lady Headly has probably ever heard of anyone so obscure as an East-end curate," he added bitterly; "her ladyship's ears being only open to the music of higher spheres: still it is always as well not to give the enemy —or one's wife — occasion to blaspheme, when such blasphemy can be conveniently avoided."

When we had drained the cup of Lady Headly's unpleasantness to the dregs, Harry and I returned to London; and shortly after that, Mr. Heatherington sailed for India. He was full of delight at the prospect, looking at his new life through a golden haze; and was full of plans for his mother's coming out to join him as soon as he was settled, though everyone else could see that the poor old lady would never get as far as Tottenham Court Road again—much less India. But Arthur Heatherington is so buoyantly hopeful that nothing will ever damp his ardour, or teach him to take sensible views of life. His childlike impracticability makes him delightfully lovable, at the same time as it foredooms him to failure, as men count failure; but to be annoyed with Arthur for not being a success (falsely so called), would be as absurd as to quarrel with an organ for not making itself of use as a cooking range. He has no idea that he is handsome—which he certainly is; but he is imbued with the conviction that his sisters are beautiful—which they distinctly are not. He builds pathetically grotesque castles in the air for them (though none for himself), wherein they mount the steps of Anglo-Indian society, over the prostrate and adoring forms of Viceroys and commanding officers; while, as a matter of fact, they are the sort of women that no one would sit next to at a sewing-party if one could help it.

One evening—just before he left England —Mr. Heatherington called when Harry was out. I gave him a sketch of Lady Headly, which amused him a good deal, and then he added seriously, "You know, Mrs. Leslie, joking apart, it is awfully rough on a fellow to have a wife like that. Not only is his daily life made hideous, which is bad; but his ideals are dragged in the dust, which is worse."

"You are quite right," I said.

"Of course," he continued, waxing eloquent upon the subject, "it is a man's own fault, in a measure, for having fallen in love with an inferior sort of woman. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it;' and if we deliberately love the lower, our error cannot fail to bring its own reward. In love (as in higher things) if we choose darkness rather than light, the fulfilment of our wishes is their punishment. Good and evil are set before us; and if we take the evil, God Himself cannot make it good. We clutch at the Sodomite apples and find them ashes in our mouths; and men call that success. We worship the stars, but cannot reach them;

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and men call that failure. But I do not agree with men,

> for I know
> How far high failure overleaps the bounds
> Of low successes."

"Then you think it better to aim high and miss, than to aim low and hit?" I said.

"Certainly. Take your late host, for instance, about whom you have been telling me. He asked evidently for riches and honour and a handsome, worldly wife: he has got his heart's desire, and leanness into his soul withal. I, on the other hand, asked for nothing less than the salvation of London, and the love of the best and loveliest woman that ever lived. Sin still abounds in London, and the woman I loved is married to a richer (and doubtless a better) man: yet I would not exchange your friend's sleek success for my 'diviner failure,' for

> more it is than ease,
> Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
> To have seen white Presences upon the hills,
> To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods."

"Then you, too, fell in love like other men?" I said softly.

"Yes; more deeply than most men fall, I fancy; though I suppose every lover thinks that of himself. But I will never acknowledge that other men have had such an object for their worship as was vouchsafed to

"PERHAPS IT WILL BE AS WELL NOT TO MENTION THIS LITTLE MATTER IN THE PRESENCE OF MY LADY."

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me," replied Arthur, his beautiful eyes glistening with emotion.

"Then why didn't you marry her?"

"I was far too poor to think of marrying anybody then," he replied, "especially a girl who had always 'fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.' I never even dared to tell her of my love, she was so far above me in every way; but I shall be a better man all my life for having loved her, though she never knew of it."

"What was she like?" I asked.

"Very beautiful, with most elegant manners and carriage; and I feel sure that her soul was even more lovely than her face."

"Where is she now, Mr. Heatherington?"

"I do not know. For a time I worshipped my 'bright, particular star' from a distance; then she passed out of my orbit, and I saw her no more. I heard she had made a brilliant marriage; but what are her local habitation and her name now, I haven't the slightest idea."

"It is rather a sad, unfinished little story, don't you think?"

"It is not altogether sad to me, as I have felt ennobled ever since, by the love I bore her. You know when I left school I meant to go to the university, and make a stir in the world; but my father died just then, and my air-castles consequently fell about my ears. I scrambled through a theological college and took Holy Orders; but of course, not being a university man, high preferment has never been open to me. As soon as I got a curacy, I had to make a home for my dear mother and sisters, so marriage was out of the question for me."

"Perhaps you will win a nice wife now, to make up for all you have missed," I said soothingly.

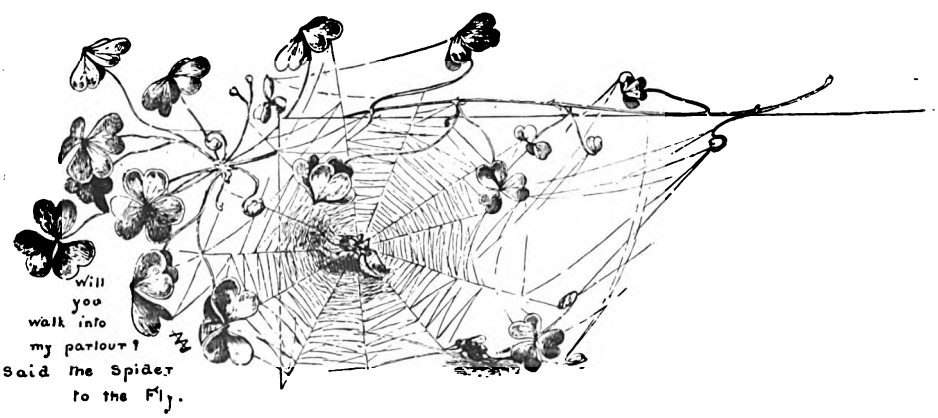
"Never; after loving such a woman as I did, do you think that a wife who would 'go cheap' could content me? I think wives are like diamonds; it is better to do without them altogether than to go in for an inferior article; and as I can't have the best sort, I'll have none."

"I believe you are happier than Sir Robert after all," I remarked.

"Of course I am; I would not exchange my dear dream-woman for his handsome virago, nor my heavenly visions for all his earthly success. But good-night, Mrs. Leslie; I must have bored you awfully with all this long rigmarole about my uninteresting self."

"Good-night, Mr. Heatherington; and you know perfectly well that you haven't bored me at all, nor couldn't if you tried. Is it permitted to ask the name of the ideal woman, whom you once loved so well?" I asked.

And his voice was like a caress as he answered, "Anastasia Le Blanc."



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By Sarah A. Tooley

In the Nightingale Home, in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, for the training of nurses, is a unique piece of statuary. It represents a lady of quiet, thoughtful mien standing in a simple dress and holding in her hand a tiny lamp. To the uninitiated it might stand for a representation of a vestal virgin, but we know it to have a nobler prototype than the ideal of womanly perfection sacred to the Romans. That statue represents not the blameless priestess of Vesta, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," but a woman who sacrificed ease, health, and the charmed atmosphere of a beautiful home that she might go forth into the outer world to do and suffer, if by so doing she might ease the pain of others. The name of Florence Nightingale will descend through the ages as an example of good, heroic womanhood, and will remain a household word long after the generals who led the Allied Armies in the Crimea have passed into oblivion; because she came to succour and to save. It required a more indomitable spirit, a nobler courage, to work in the pestilential hospital at Scutari; to walk for twenty hours at a time the miles of fetid and overcrowded corridors, wherein lay the sick, the wounded, and the dying, than in the heat of battle to go "down into the jaws of death," as did the noble "Six Hundred." Monarchs have honoured the "lady with the lamp," a grateful nation has laid its offering at her feet, poets have wafted her fame abroad, and the poor have loved her.

"Do not write of me until I am gone," is Miss Nightingale's injunction; but we feel impelled to join the transgressors who have already ignored similar injunctions, because it is of such noble spirits that life stories are best worth the writing. We do not seek to carry the reader into the privacy of that quiet Buckinghamshire home, where surrounded by loved relatives and faithful attendants the heroine of the Crimea spends her declining years, nor to intrude into the sick-chamber where she now lies.

For the birthplace of Miss Nightingale we must seek the sunny South. She was born,

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May 1820, in the "City of Flowers," where her parents were sojourning during a tour in Italy, and her mother named her "Florence," after the city of her birth. She was the younger daughter, and became co-heiress with her sister (the late Lady Verney) of Mr. William Shore Nightingale of Embley Park, Hampshire, and of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. It was only a year or two before her birth that her father, one of the Shores of Tapton, an ancient Derbyshire family, assumed by letters patent the arms and surname of "Nightingale," in pursuance of the will of his grand-uncle, Mr. Peter Nightingale, whose property he had inherited. Thus a conjunction of circumstances gave the subject of this sketch the charming name of Florence Nightingale—a song bird from the land of flowers. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. W. Smith, M.P. for Norwich, a well-known Abolitionist, and a man of wide sympathies, so that the philanthropic spirit was Miss Nightingale's natural inheritance. Soon after her birth her parents returned to the family property of Lea Hurst, which henceforth became her chief home.

For many years now this old Elizabethan manor-house has been a place of pilgrimage. The old people in the surrounding hamlets will tell you of the many wayfarers who came thither after the close of the Crimean War hoping to catch a glimpse of the lady whose name had become a household word, and tourists in the Matlock district still make Lea Hurst a place of resort, for not only is it indelibly associated with the name of Florence Nightingale, but it is a place of ideal loveliness. It stands in an extensive park, upon a plateau overlooking "Dove's romantic Dale," and in the distance are lovely views of the Peak country. The Hall is built in the form of a cross with gables at the extremities and sides. It is approached by an imposing gateway with massive posts surmounted by globes of stone; a smooth-shaven lawn lies peacefully about it; and gardens, avenues, and shrubberies lend their charm to the picture. On this breezy site, above the picturesquely winding Derwent, Lea Hurst stands, with its Gothic turrets and many gables, like some old Hall of feudal times. Large bay windows jutting out into the grounds render the low rooms bright and cheerful. It was indeed a fair and fitting home in which the youthful spirit of Florence Nightingale was nurtured to such high purpose.

She and her sister were educated at home by private governesses, and their studies were of a more advanced order than was usual even for girls of the affluent classes. Mr. Nightingale was a highly-cultured, scholarly man himself, and evidently in favour of the advanced education of girls, for before his famous daughter had reached her seventeenth birthday she was skilled in science, classics, and mathematics, had a wide acquaintance with standard literature, was a fair artist, a good musician, and an excellent linguist, speaking French, German, and Italian with equal fluency. But mathematics and other abstruse studies had not altogether displaced the sampler; for upon the walls of Lea Hurst hung many specimens of needlework, which had been demurely stitched in the schoolroom by the sisters, after the manner of the young ladies of the period; and their water-colour and crayon sketches also hung beside them. They lived the freest of outdoor lives, walking in the lovely country around their home, and scampering over the hillsides on their ponies. Florence was particularly fond of all animals, whether the household pets or the birds and squirrels which made merry in the woods. The beech avenue was her favourite retreat as a child, and there she held imaginary conversations with the merry brown squirrels as they leaped from bough to bough, and even fearlessly paused in her path; but nothing drew forth her interest like some animal in pain or distress, and it was the dog of an old shepherd that the "queen of nurses" had for her first patient. She was riding one day over the hills with her friend the vicar, who frequently took her with him to visit his poor parishioners, knowing the child's intense interest in suffering people, when she encountered Roger, an old Scotch shepherd, attempting the almost hopeless task of collecting his sheep without a dog.

"What has become of your dog?" asked the vicar, as he rode up to the old man.

"The boys have been throwing stones at him, sir," was the reply, "and I am thinking of putting him out of his misery to-night; for his leg is broken, and he will never be any good any more."

"Poor Cap's leg broken!" said a girlish voice at the clergyman's side. "Oh, Roger, how could you leave poor old Cap alone in his pain? Do tell me where he is."

"You can't do any good, missy," said the old shepherd sorrowfully. "I'll just bring a cord to him to-night, poor old fellow, and that will be the best way to ease his pain. He's lying in the shed over yonder."

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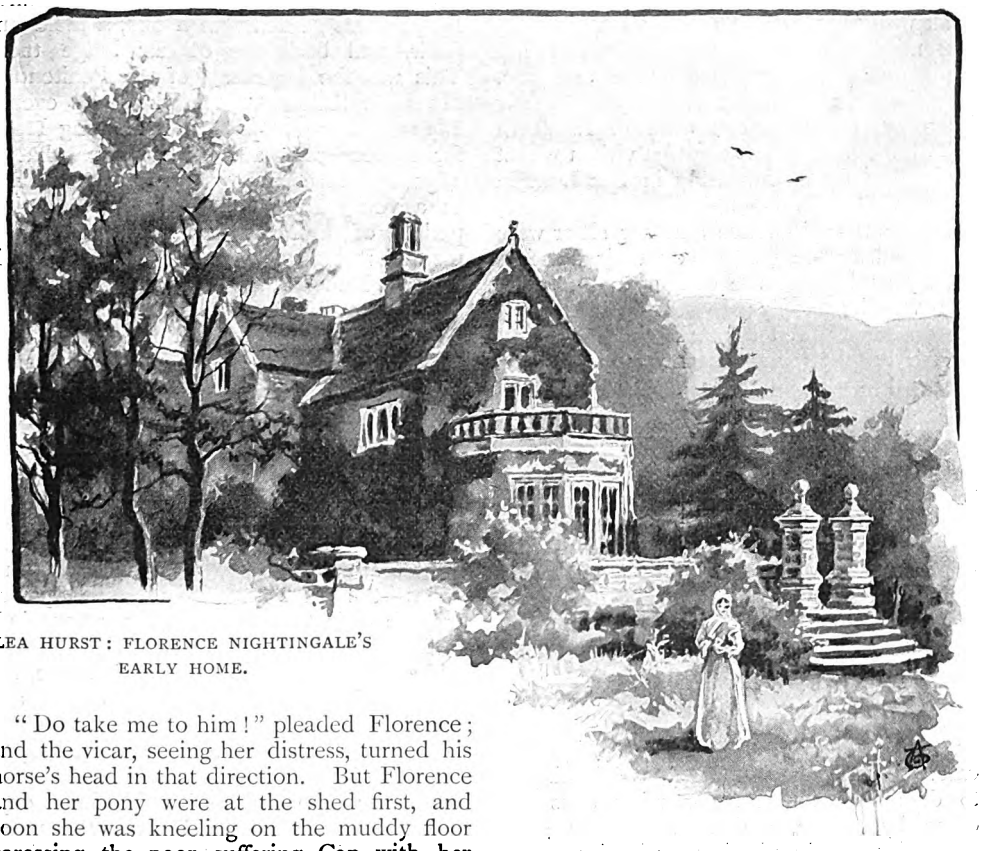

LEA HURST: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S EARLY HOME.

"Do take me to him!" pleaded Florence; and the vicar, seeing her distress, turned his horse's head in that direction. But Florence and her pony were at the shed first, and soon she was kneeling on the muddy floor caressing the poor suffering Cap with her soft hand, until the honest brown eyes looked up into her face with a pitiful, thankful look, such as she was destined later to see on the faces of thousands of suffering men. The vicar was somewhat of a leech himself, and he soon found that the dog's leg was not broken, only swollen and hurt, and that what it needed was hot fomentation. The embryo nurse having received her instructions, ran off to the shepherd's cottage, drew Jimmy, his grandson, into the service, and quickly made a fire with sticks and had the kettle boiling. But, alas! where was the linen for fomentation? A sick-nurse is nothing if not resourceful, and seeing one of the shepherd's "smocks" hanging behind the door, Florence tore the garment into the required pieces, mentally resolving that her parents should replace it when the present emergency was over. Under the vicar's direction she made her first compress, and stayed for some hours fomenting and tending her first patient, who made such a rapid recovery that when the old shepherd arrived with the fatal cord he found Cap approaching convalescence, and the youthful nurse fondly committed him to his master's care, with strict injunctions to continue the compresses. We can readily imagine that in the days which followed the patient was the happy recipient of many caresses from his preserver, and the cottage folk had wonderful stories to tell of the skill and kindness of the young lady from the Hall.

It now became an established custom when anyone had a cut or a bruise or a sick animal to send for "Miss Florence," and she might indeed have been termed the Good Angel of Derwent Vale. Her parents were themselves very benevolent people, living up to the best traditions of English country gentry, ever ready to succour and help their poorer neighbours, and they did not seek to thwart the bent of their youngest daughter's inclinations. During her girlhood she was chief almoner to all the cottages around her home, and nursed all illnesses within her reach under the advice of her mother and of the vicar, who in his youth had studied medicine.

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Her favourite books were those which dealt with the alleviation of human suffering and misery, and it seemed as though her whole nature was impelled in that direction. She became while still a girl greatly interested in the prison work of Elizabeth Fry, and paid a memorable visit to that veteran friend of humanity in her London home.

In due time Florence and her sister were presented at Court, and took their place in society as became the daughters of an old and wealthy family; but during her first season she showed a much greater interest in the hospitals and charitable institutions of London than in the gaieties of its social life, from which she shortly withdrew altogether. The next few years were spent in a systematic examination of the hospitals of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh; and when she compared them with those in leading Continental cities she found that they lacked trained women nurses. Those were the days when a "Sairey Gamp" flourished in every village, and any old woman who could put on a clean apron, make a curtsey to the doctor, and look superlatively wise, was deemed a proper person to nurse the sick in our hospitals, or to attend at the most critical private case. It was reserved for Miss Nightingale to demonstrate that sick-nursing does not come by nature, and that however great woman's natural aptitude may be, it requires systematic training. She saw that Protestant England was behind France and Italy, which had their nursing sisterhoods. There was, however, at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, a unique Protestant institution for the training of deaconesses, or nursing sisters, and to that remote little community Florence Nightingale journeyed in the year of the Great Exhibition, when other people were giving themselves up to festivity.

The institution was founded by Pastor Fliedner, who did for the prisons of Germany what Howard had done for those of England. Like many another reformer, he had been faced by the problem of finding homes and employment for the women and girls when they were discharged from prison. It was useless to say "Go and sin no more," when every respectable door was closed against them. This had been borne in upon him one evening, as he found a discharged Magdalene standing on the prison steps and sorrowfully asking, "Where can I go?" "Come with me," replied Pastor Fliedner, and with the help of his wife and daughters he fitted up the summer-house in his garden with a bed, a table, and chair, and bade the outcast lodge there. This was the beginning of the Penitentiary Home at Kaiserwerth, to which was eventually added an Hospital and Training Home for Deaconesses, and here it was that in 1851 Florence Nightingale enrolled herself as a voluntary nurse, and went through a period of training. She further supplemented it by studying at the Hospital in Paris. Delicate health obliged her after her return to England to live quietly at her beloved home of Lea Hurst; but her mind was not idle, and she was formulating a scheme by which she could put into practice her recently acquired knowledge. There was at 47 Harley Street, London, an institution for sick and aged governesses which at this time was languishing for need of funds and management, and Miss Nightingale resolved to place herself at the head of it. The miseries of these destitute ladies—the "blushing poor," as a Spanish proverb calls them—appealed very specially to Miss Nightingale's heart, and putting aside the comforts of her lovely home, she took up her abode in Harley Street, and devoted all her energies to re-organising that institution, which remains to-day a tribute to her methods.

A lady who visited her in those days speaks of her untiring labour. "She was to be found," she says, "in the midst of the various duties of an hospital—for the Home was largely a sanatorium—organising the nurses, attending to the correspondence, prescriptions, and accounts; in short, performing all the duties of a hard-working matron as well as largely financing the institution." The strain became too much, and she had again to seek rest at Lea Hurst.

It was then that the supreme call of her life came, and she was summoned to that great work for which a special Providence had been preparing her from childhood. The most sanguinary war of modern times was raging in the Crimea, and reports were reaching home daily of brave men literally dying by hundreds in the hospitals for want of ordinary human attention. Public indignation reached its highest pitch when Sir Robert Peel disclosed in the *Times* the frightful suffering from neglect of the wounded soldiers after the great battle of Alma. Then it was that the women literally rose in the land demanding that they should break through custom, precedent, and the

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cumbrous knots of red tape, and go out to comfort and tend the sick and the dying. Hitherto women nurses had not been permitted to attend in military hospitals, and the suggestion filled many excellent people with dismay. The usual "bogey" cry of women being unsexed and their morals injured was raised, but happily there was at the head of the War Department that enlightened man, Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, and to him belongs the honour of welcoming women into this field of public service. So great was the enthusiasm amongst ladies in all parts of the country that the War Minister was bewildered by the numerous offers of help which he received; but there was a lack of organisation, and no leader. Mr. Sidney Herbert knew of Miss Nightingale's interest in and knowledge of sick-nursing, and felt that she was the "one woman" in England fitted to take the responsible command of the novel expedition, and he wrote and asked her to accept it. The same day that he penned his memorable letter, that "one woman," pale, fragile, and thoughtful, was pacing the beech avenue at Lea Hurst, and before the afternoon sunshine had faded on the golden brown leaves she had made her great resolve, and wrote to the War Minister

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT THE TIME OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

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offering her services in the cause of the suffering soldiers in the hospital at Scutari. Thus by a singular coincidence the letters crossed. Next morning Miss Nightingale received Mr. Herbert's letter asking her to organise and take command of a nursing expedition, and to leave for the East in eight days.

Everyone now began to ask, "Who is Mrs. Nightingale?" It was not thought possible that an unmarried lady would undertake such a delicate and responsible post. The question was answered first in the *Examiner*, and afterwards in the *Times*. The letter ran: "We reply that *Mrs.* Nightingale is *Miss* Nightingale, or rather Miss Florence Nightingale, the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father, William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She is, moreover, a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages and of the higher branches of the mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract. Young, graceful, feminine, rich and popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintances are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents."

This eulogist in his anxiety to endow Miss Nightingale with all the correct feminine graces omitted to mention the most powerful of her characteristics, and the one which made it possible for her to carry her work to a successful issue — her organising and administrative ability, a quality which the late Dean Stanley aptly described as "commanding genius."

Short as was the notice given for preparation, Miss Nightingale had everything ready by the time appointed, and started, October 21st, 1854, accompanied by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, of Atherstone Hall, Warwickshire, and taking with her a band of thirty-eight nurses, part of them volunteers, and part belonging to nursing institutions, and an equipment of things necessary for the work. They crossed to Boulogne, and travelled thence to Constantinople. There was little demonstration in London when this band of "angel women," as Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, beautifully describes them, started; but at Boulogne the fisherwomen came out in crowds to the vessel to meet them, and hoisting their baggage on their strong backs, insisted on carrying it to the railway as a labour of love. The proprietor of the Hôtel des Bains provided them with a sumptuous repast, and desired that the ladies should accept the hospitality of his roof as a token of his good wishes for their enterprise; not even the waiters or the chambermaids would accept gratuities; while the French journals commented upon the charming appearance of Miss Nightingale, who was described as looking as "elegant as a *Parisienne*"—praise could go no farther!

When accounts of these demonstrations in Catholic France were wafted back across the Channel, a report became current that Miss Nightingale was herself a Roman Catholic, and much capital was made, by those opposed to her mission, out of the fact that she had taken ten Roman Catholic nuns among her nurses. It was forgotten how large a proportion of the wounded soldiers of the Allied Army were French, and it was for them that the ministrations of the Sisters of Mercy were specially reserved; there was, indeed, a strict rule forbidding them to attend upon any but those of their own faith. Miss Nightingale was a devout member of the Church of England, belonging to that section known as Evangelical; but one of the best definitions regarding her faith was given by a clergyman in Ireland. He was asked one day if he knew to what sect Miss Nightingale belonged.

"She belongs," he replied, "to a sect unfortunately very rare—that of the Good Samaritans."

It was on 5th November 1854 that Miss Nightingale and her party reached Constantinople, and immediately took up their quarters at the great Barrack Hospital at Scutari. Miss Nightingale's rooms were in the south-east angle of the building, and communicated with the long corridors where the wounded lay on their palliasses on the floor in double rows as thick as they could lie. Indescribably horrible was the state of things which the Lady-in-Chief, as Miss Nightingale was officially called, found on her first tour of inspection. Sanitary arrangements there were none. In addition to being terribly overcrowded, the suffering men were tormented by vermin, and rats attacked the limbs of the wounded as they lay helpless in their pain. The beds were reeking with infection;

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and "the sheets," says Miss Nightingale, "were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men begged to be left in their blankets. It was indeed impossible to put men in such a state of emaciation into those sheets. There was no bedroom furniture of *any kind*, and only empty beer or wine bottles for candlesticks." There was no proper provision for washing the clothes of the men, and no kitchens or culinary arrangements, and meals were served in the roughest manner. Outside, the hospital was a veritable hotbed of pestilence; Miss Nightingale counted six dogs lying in a state of decomposition under the hospital windows. Add to this that there was a scarcity of food, coverings, and the commonest necessaries of life, and some days the mortality was so great that she passed the whole time going from one dying bed to another. Each night, when all the medical officers had retired, she would issue forth in the silence and darkness, and carrying a little lamp in her hand, make her solitary round of the miles of prostrate sick. Small wonder that dying men turned to kiss her shadow as it fell! "To see her pass was happiness," said one poor soldier. "As she passed down the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again, content." And another poor fellow, when he was carried in wounded and found the nurses ready to tend him, burst

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN HER CARRIAGE AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

conception will be formed of the Augean stable which the Lady-in-Chief and her nurses had to cleanse, and the chaos out of which order was to be brought.

The day after her arrival Miss Nightingale received the sufferers from the glorious charge at Balaclava, then came the wounded from Inkerman, and in a few months she had ten thousand sick and wounded under her care in the hospitals on the Bosphorus. She was known to stand for twenty hours at a time, on the arrival of fresh detachments of the wounded, appointing quarters, distributing stores, directing nurses, assisting at operations, and soothing cholera and fever patients. Wherever there was the greatest danger and need, there her slight form was to be seen bending over the patient and ministering comfort. Some into tears, exclaiming, "I can't help it—I can't indeed—when I see them. Only think of English ladies coming out here to nurse us! It is so homelike and comfortable."

One who knew her during that awful winter at Scutari thus described her: "Miss Nightingale is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten—pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination in every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous.

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In conversation she speaks on matters of business with grave earnestness, which one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian. She throws herself into the work—as its head—as she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order."

The vigour of the Lady-in-Chief made itself felt in every department of the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, and gradually broke down the opposition and prejudice which had at first been shown by the medical staff and the officials. To the indomitable will of Miss Nightingale was due the re-organisation of the entire military hospital system. The reports which she sent home to the War Office received the most respectful attention, and her recommendations were invariably carried out. "It was not only under her reign," says Mr. Kinglake, "but by force of her actual sway, that Order sprang out of Chaos; that the Hell she had found when she came knew at last the blessing of cleanliness; that the administration of our Levantine hospitals began to seem almost perfect. . . . She brought to her self-imposed task that forethought, that agile brain-power, that organising and governing faculty of which our country had need. The males at that time in England were already giving proofs of a lameness in the use of brain-power which afterwards became more distinct. . . . They proved slow, strangely slow, to see and to meet the fresh exigencies occasioned by war, and apparently, in the hospital problem, they must have gone on failing and failing indefinitely, if they had not undergone the propulsion of the quicker—the woman's—brain to set them going in time."

It seemed, indeed, that at the call of Florence Nightingale all England rose to aid her work. Women throughout the land, from the Queen to the humblest peasant, were making warm garments and preparing lint and bandages for the soldiers. The Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widows and orphans rose by leaps and bounds until within a year it amounted to a million pounds. Money poured into the *Times* fund started by Mr. Macdonald, which was placed by him directly at Miss Nightingale's disposal; and that brilliant young favourite of society, Mr. Stafford, went out to Scutari to help in its administration, and to "fag" for the Lady-in-Chief, toiling for months to carry out her wishes, and obeying her slightest command. His devotion had something of the romance of chivalry about it.

At the end of six months the hospital arrangements had been brought into such order as to satisfy even Miss Nightingale. Kitchens and laundries had been established, the sick and wounded had the comforts and necessaries of life, and not one of the dreadful things prophesied by the "croakers" at home had happened to the heroic women who had gone to the rescue with their lives and their honour in their hands. "The real dignity of a gentlewoman," Miss Nightingale once said, "is a very high and unassailable thing, which silently encompasses her from her birth to her grave." The roughest of the soldiers recognised this, and she bears this tribute to their conduct: "Never came from any of them one word nor one look which a gentleman would not have used; and while paying this humble tribute to humble courtesy, the tears come into my eyes as I think how amidst scenes of . . . loathsome disease and death, there arose above it all the innate dignity, gentleness, and chivalry of the men (for never surely was chivalry so strikingly exemplified), shining in the midst of what must be considered as the lowest sinks of human misery, and preventing instinctively the use of one expression which could distress a gentlewoman."

In May 1855, having accomplished her organising work at Scutari, Miss Nightingale went on a tour of inspection to the hospitals in the Crimea. One day while about this work she had occasion to go under fire, and when the men of the 93rd Regiment recognised in the slight lady clad in a black dress, walking with one of the officers, the "soldier's friend," they sent up cheer after cheer, until the sound echoed in the caves of Inkerman, and startled the Russians in Sebastopol. Not long afterwards that same slight figure was carried on an ambulance by sad-eyed men up to the hut hospitals on the heights above Balaclava, and for many days Florence Nightingale lay between life and death, stricken down by the Crimean fever. As soon as she was convalescent, instead of returning home for change and rest, she insisted upon resuming her work at Scutari. She subsequently returned twice to the Crimea to carry through reforms in the hospitals there.

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When at length, in 1856, peace was declared, and the troops withdrawn from the Crimea, there seemed to be but one thought in England, how could the country show its gratitude to Miss Nightingale on her home-coming; but while everybody was busy discussing a suitable testimonial, the Lady-in-Chief, having arranged for the return of her brave nurses,— several, alas! had been laid to rest in the cemetery on the shores of the Bosphorus,— embarked under an assumed name, accompanied by a lady friend, made the journey to England without being recognised, and reached her beloved home at Lea Hurst before her family knew that she had left Scutari.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN 1864.

The Queen had already sent Miss Nightingale an autograph letter of appreciation and thanks, with a jewelled cross of St. George inscribed in letters of gold with the legend, "Blessed are the Merciful," and she now summoned her to Balmoral. The favourable impression made by Miss Nightingale on the Royal circle is recorded in the letters of the Prince Consort; and one can imagine that the humble folk at Deeside felt something akin to worship when they saw her sweet pale face in the Royal pew at Crathie Church, and thought of the many brave sons of Scotland whose pains she had soothed and whose dying lips had blessed her. One can imagine, too, the noble enthusiasm stirred in the breasts of the young Crown Princess and Princess Alice, who, it is said, had pleaded to be allowed to go to Scutari and help Miss Nightingale. Both were destined to know the pang of the soldier's wife whose husband is to the forefront of the battle, and both nobly followed the example of Florence Nightingale in organising hospital and ambulance work in the Franco-German War.

The heroine of the Crimean War refused all public ovation after her return; and the fifty thousand pounds which was presented to her as a testimonial by the nation and the army was, by her request, devoted to the formation of a training home for nurses in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital. It is fittingly called the Nightingale Home, and has a reputation worthy of its founder. In the dining-room of the Home may be seen an interesting collection of portraits of Miss Nightingale, one showing her when

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a young lady of twenty or so, sitting at a table reading, and another in later life surrounded by her nurses. Eloquent tributes were paid to Miss Nightingale's work in both Houses of Parliament, and the universal esteem in which she was held was testified by the following incident. At a dinner given by Lord Stafford to the military and naval officers who had served in the Crimean War it was suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the late campaign would be longest remembered by posterity. When the papers were examined, each bore the same name—"Florence Nightingale."

Since her return from the East in 1856 Miss Nightingale has lived in enforced seclusion, by reason of ill-health brought on by the great physical strain which she underwent during those two years at Scutari and the Crimea. She went out when she was in a weak state of health, and so anxious was she on her return to effect an entire re-organisation of the army hospital system that she neglected to take the rest which she so greatly needed, her constitution having been thoroughly weakened by the Crimean fever. But for forty years now her brain, in spite of bodily infirmity, has been active in formulating schemes for the furtherance of the nursing system in all directions, and her advice has been constantly sought by the War Office with regard to the medical and sanitary departments of the army. Scarcely a nursing institution on the Continent or in America and the Colonies has been started without the promoters seeking the advice of Florence Nightingale.

Immediately after the close of the Crimean War she worked laboriously to supply the Commission appointed to examine into the regulations of our military hospitals and the sanitary condition of the army with statistics and recommendations. In view of the fact that she was consulted on all points privately, it seems strange that she did not sit upon the Commission. She also prepared a voluminous report upon the Army Medical Department in the Crimea for the War Office. In 1859 she published *Notes on Hospitals*, an exhaustive work on the sanitary arrangements and construction of these buildings, valuable alike to architect, engineer, and medical officer. This was followed by *Notes on Nursing*, of which 100,000 copies were quickly sold, and which still remains an unrivalled manual of clear, common-sense advice for home-nursing. It deals with such subjects as "Health of Houses," "Variety," "What Food?" "Observation of the Sick," and reveals a world of human feeling and insight, as well as much racy humour; for Miss Nightingale has nothing of the blue-stocking about her. She puts aside formulas, and drives right home to the needs of the sick. She has been frequently termed the "soldier's friend," and one may add that she is above all the patient's friend. How many a weary invalid will thank her for granting them the too-oft-condemned cup of tea! "A great deal too much against tea is said by wise people," she writes. "When you see the natural and almost universal craving in English sick for their 'tea,' you cannot but feel that Nature knows what she is about. I should be very glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient after a sleepless night instead of tea. It is the almost universal testimony of English men and women who have undergone great fatigue, such as riding long journeys without stopping, or sitting up for several nights in succession, that they could do it best upon an occasional cup of tea—and nothing else. Let experience, not theory, decide upon this as upon all other things."

The beautiful sympathy with the patient which the "queen of nurses" ever displays is illustrated by the following:—"I have seen in fevers," she says, "the most acute suffering produced from the patient in a hut not being able to see out of window; . . . and I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-coloured flowers. I remember in my own case a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid. . . . People say it is the effect on the patient's mind. It is no such thing; the effect is on the body too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, by colour and light, we do know this, that they have an actual physical effect. Volumes are now written and spoken upon the effect of the mind upon the body. Much of it is true. But I wish more was thought of the effect of the body on the mind." Miss Nightingale goes on to relate one of those stories of self-sacrifice to the welfare of the patient which abound in the annals of the nursing sisterhood. A poor man in one of our hospitals was suffering from spinal accident, and expressed an intense longing just to have one look out of the window. The nurse, moved with a beautiful compassion for the poor fellow, raised him on her back so that he might look upon the

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outside world once again. His joy was unspeakable, but the effort cost the nurse a long and serious illness.

In writing upon the need for giving sick-nurses technical training, Miss Nightingale gives some amusing instances of "the dangers of physicking by amateur females," and tells of a lady who having procured a prescription for blue pill which she found suited to her needs during one indisposition, proceeded religiously to dose herself and her family with it for all complaints upon all occasions.

Miss Nightingale concludes her *Notes on Nursing* with some condensed wisdom regarding the vexed question as to whether women are fitted for the medical and other professions. She urges women to keep clear of the jargon that impels a woman on one hand to do things simply to imitate men, and on the other to refrain from doing what she has the power to accomplish simply because it has hitherto been considered man's work. "Surely," she says, "woman should bring the best she has, *whatever* that is, to the work of God's world, without attending to either cries; for what are they but listening to the 'what people will say opinion,' to the 'voices from without'? No one has ever done anything great or useful by listening to the voices from without."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

Miss Nightingale has shown great sympathy with the condition of the army in India, and in 1863 she contributed some valuable "Observations" upon the Report of the Commission on the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India. A paper by her, entitled "Life or Death in India," was read at the National Science Association at Norwich in 1873. During recent times she has laboured to better the condition not only of the soldiers, but of the rural population in India, who are the victims of the insanitary conditions of the native villages, and through her recommendations to the Government many of the evils have been remedied.

In 1876, Miss Nightingale made an eloquent plea for the founding of "A Metropolitan and National Nursing Association for providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor." With her keen insight into the working of things, she saw the need of a Home for Nurses, if they were to be free for the proper performance of their duties. "If you give nurses a bad home, or no home at all," she pleads, "you will have only nurses who will live in a bad home, or no home at all;" and she emphasises the fact that the district nurse must have a knowledge of how to "nurse the home as well as the patient," and for that reason should live in some place of comfort herself, where she is free from the cares of housekeeping or the discomforts of private lodgings. The first Home for Nurses in London was opened at 37 Bloomsbury Square, under the able management of Miss Lees; and to-day it has an excellent superin-

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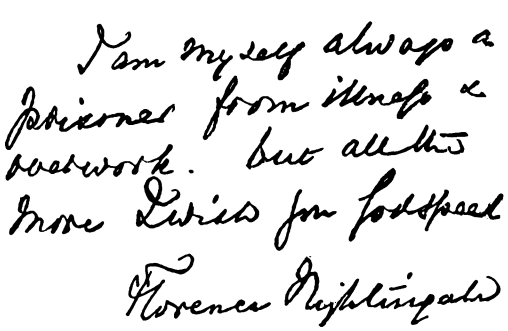
tendent in Miss Gray. Miss Nightingale took the greatest interest in hearing of the cases which came under the care of the district nurses, and of the success they met in their efforts to reform the habits and homes of the poor, and was fond of telling the story of a little puny slum boy, who was being subjected to a severe tubbing at the hands of Miss Lees. "Willie don't like to be bathed; 'oo may bath de debil, if 'oo like!" he roared in desperation. This implication of being able to wash black white Miss Nightingale regards as the finest compliment ever paid to a district nurse.

Among the many papers which Miss Nightingale has at various times written, either for periodicals, or to be read before Societies and Conferences, mention may be made of her article on "Hospitals" for *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, "Health Teaching in Towns and Villages," read at the Conference of Women Workers held at Leeds, November 1893, and of the letters which she has more recently addressed to the Bucks Town Council upon the advisability of appointing a Sanitary Committee to deal with the homes of the rural population in the county. She has succeeded in starting a very brisk health crusade among the villagers of Buckinghamshire, and a plan has been formulated for sending teachers, called missioners, to instruct the poor women on matters of sanitation and health in their own homes. The beautiful letter which Miss Nightingale herself addressed to the village mothers, asking them to receive kindly the visits of the lady missioners, must have gone straight to their hearts, and could not fail to subdue any irritable feeling that their homes were to be invaded by instructors whom they did not require. Miss Nightingale has always impressed upon district nurses, and all visitors to the poor, the need not only of knowing how to give advice but how to carry it out. They must be able to show how a home is to be cleaned; and she is fond of quoting the story of the Bishop who cleansed the pigsties of the Normal Training School, of which he was master, as an example,—"perhaps one of the most episcopal acts ever done," says Miss Nightingale. Doubtless this latest movement, to which she has given her untiring energies, will result in a complete system of hygienic teaching being established by County Councils throughout all the villages in the country.

Miss Nightingale now passes her time between Claydon, the beautiful Buckinghamshire home of her sister, the late Lady Verney, and now in the possession of her nephew, Sir Edmund Verney, and her London home. She sees only her nearest relatives and friends, and has scarcely strength to pen a letter; but the anniversary of a Crimean victory is never overlooked, and the veterans who remain are sure of a message from the "soldier's friend." At Christmas, too, she always remembers the nursing institutions with which she has been specially associated, and sends kind words to cheer the noble workers in their labour of love. When the workmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne sent a touching address to Miss Nightingale in 1856, she replied: "'She hath done what she could.' These words I inscribed on the tomb of one of my best helpers when I left Scutari. It has been my endeavour, in the sight of God, to do as she has done." How well this aim has been carried out all the world knows, and when at length the heroine of the Crimea shall have passed away from earth, a grateful country will doubtless desire to see her body laid to rest in the venerable Abbey or in St. Paul's along with the national heroes who, like her, have given themselves for their country.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S AUTOGRAPH.

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An Adopted Son

"Isn't he a darling?"

By Katharine Tynan

When Mary Daly took to her heart the young child of the woman who lay dying in the Mercy Hospital she was only seventeen. A little mother if ever there was one, with her calm, wise little face, and the large eyes, maternally kind, under the wide brows and softly banded hair. She had been nursing an invalid little sister before that, and when the child died Mary had been inconsolable. She had pined and peaked herself nearly into an illness, and her kind elder brother John, who was getting on so well in his profession as a medical man, had been really anxious about her. The two were now alone in the world since Effie was gone, for the parents were dead some years. It grieved the brother every day to come home and find his remaining little sister with the wide, dry eyes of bereavement and the dull, listless manner. He had been giving her tonics, but they seemed to do her no good. He had suggested her going away for a change, but the very thought of separation from him had seemed so intolerable to Mary that he had given it up for the time.

One evening he came home from the Hospital with a rather worried look. He kissed Mary tenderly as he sat down to his dinner. There was so strong a sympathy between them that she detected at once that there was something the matter.

"What has happened, John?" she asked.

"Something very strange and sad," he said. "Did you ever hear me speak of Susan O'Connell?"

"You mean our cousin Susan, who was married when I was a little girl to a man out of the North?"

"Yes. She took him against everyone's advice. There were others she might have had who'd have thought the world of her." The look of pain on his face deepened. "I lost sight of her after she was married. For a long time I have not heard her name mentioned. She was brought into the Hospital to-day, dying."

"Dying? Oh, John!"

"Yes, my dear. You see there are sadder things in the world than our Effie going to heaven. She had a child with her, a beautiful boy of two. She was past telling me anything, though I think, I hope, she knew me. There was such an appeal in her eyes

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as she looked at me before they closed in unconsciousness. She will probably die without recovering consciousness."

"And what of the little child, John?"

"That is for you to say, my child. I left him in charge of a kind woman for the night. To-morrow you must see him."

"John, do you think Effie sent him to comfort me?"

"You are rash, Mary, and you are very young. If you take charge of a child of that age, it means losing a great deal of your liberty, and you are but a child yourself. Don't decide too hastily. I will have the child taken good care of if we decide that he is not to come here."

"You know nothing about the father?"

"Nothing." The kind face darkened a shade. "There was nothing found on Susy to give us any kind of clue about her, and she will not speak again. If Robert Waldron wants his child, let him find him. As for us, we will think of the child as his mother's child, not as his father's."

The next day Mary saw the boy, a beautiful, healthy little child, who ran to her the minute he saw her with a trust that went straight to her heart.

John had left her with the child for a while, thinking the decision would be a more deliberate one if he were not present. When he opened the door after half an hour's absence, a smile broke through the gloom of his face. Mary was sitting in the matron's low chair with the boy asleep on her lap. She put her finger to her lip as her brother entered, quite unconscious that she was recalling the charming gesture of the beautiful young mother in Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture. She looked quite happy again for the first time since Effie's death.

"Well?" whispered the brother, coming tiptoe to her side.

"Isn't he a darling?" she said, looking up at him with the radiant pride of motherhood.

He smiled back at her.

"I have discovered an excellent woman who will mother him."

She gathered the sleeping head to her with sharp alarm, seeing which the man touched her cheek with a reassuring finger.

"There, my child, it was a stupid jest. I hoped your wishes would go with mine. He is an orphan, Mary. His poor little mother is gone."

People thought Dr. Daly rather mad when they heard that he had adopted a child whose mother had died in hospital, and shook their wise heads over Mary's passion for the child.

"Let her marry, and have children of her own, and she'll soon forget him," they said; while others suggested that in a few months Mary would be taken up with the pleasant varieties that attracted other girls, and the child would be left to servants.

Dr. Daly had let it be known that the child was a very distant relative, and only one or two people guessed that the child's mother had been the one love of his life. She had called her child after him, with perhaps a late understanding of what she had given up for Robert Waldron's showy worthlessness.

As the years passed, neither the doctor nor his sister showed the least sign of marrying. Mary had grown into a nobly handsome woman, older than her years, said people, while she was yet quite young, but with such a beauty of spirit and heart as keeps a face young when its contemporaries are old.

Mary had had many suitors. She was looked up to, so to speak, by the people of her native town, and outside her beauty and her goodness she had the name of being a girl who would make a good wife; she had ruled her brother's house well and wisely all those years. But she sent away the suitors heartlessly. She had never yet seen a man like her brother, she used to declare to him privately; and as for children, where was there a boy like Jacky, so handsome, so clever, so warm-hearted, and so good at heart despite his thousand and one escapades?

Jacky was about twelve years old when Dr. Daly died. He caught the fever in a bad time of epidemic nursing the poor fever patients in the rough hospital sheds on the quay. In the first panic he had to be nurse and doctor and all. Where many were heroic, his heroism, simple and unconscious, stood out bravely. He fought the enemy with more than human courage and devotion. Then, as the epidemic was abating, the fever seized on the doctor, and being enfeebled by late hours and fatigue as well as by ceaseless anxiety and sympathy for the suffering people, his frame had no power of resistance left. He died a hero and a martyr, people said; and when Mary, her hand tightly clasped in her boy's, followed him to the grave, her sad heart was lifted up by the sight of the love and sorrow of the people.

He had given with both hands up to the day he had given them his life. His will did not take long in the reading. There was a sum set apart to give Jacky his profession as a doctor; there was a legacy to old Nannie, who had served them faithfully

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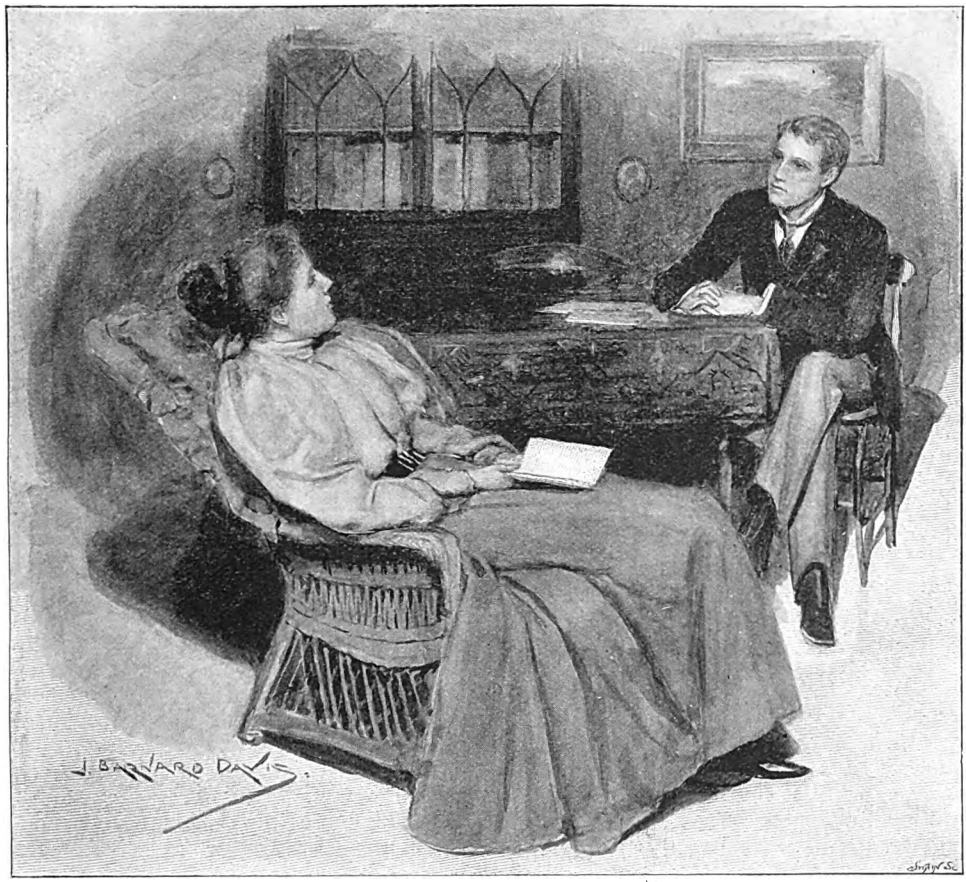

"HE TALKED OF A WIDER LIFE AND A WIDER THOUGHT."

for so many years; the rest was left to his sister.

The rest was far less than what Dr. Daly, dying in his prime, had anticipated. With the most extreme care it would bring in an annuity upon which Mary and the boy might live for the few years till the boy was earning for himself. Mary decided with tears that Nannie must go, while she herself took on the simple housework of the cottage to which they must remove.

But she reckoned without Nannie. That excellent woman said she would pitch th' ould money in the say if Miss Mary liked, but lave her an' the child she had helped to rear she would not, not if Miss Mary got all the polismen in the place to remove her an' run her in for obstruction.

She wanted the money to go into the common fund, but since Mary would not hear of this, she took out of it a certain sum to bury her when her time came, and having deposited it with Father Cahill, put the rest in a stocking in her mattress, to be drawn upon to keep her as need arose.

Despite the poverty they were a happy little household till the day came to part from Jacky. He had grown tall and manly by the time he had finished his medical course at the Queen's College. His real mother could have been no prouder and fonder of him than Mary. As the years passed and the boy grew to be a man, the old feeling changed. The two became more equal. Indeed, it was now Mary who looked for her boy's advice and took it, or who listened with eager interest while he talked of a wider life and a wider thought than she had known.

But the blow came when, soon after he was qualified, he was offered, through the interest of one of his professors, a place in New Zealand. The position had many advantages, and what was there for him if he did not accept it? He had no money to buy a

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practice, or to keep him while he made one. Besides, from the time he came to manhood he had suffered from knowing that he was a strain upon Mary's slender means.

As for her, she had set all her love on him, and the thought of his going was like death. She could not realise that she must live without him, yet she never thought of trying to keep him. When his choice had to be made, she threw all her influence into the scale of his going. He seemed to dread the parting as much as she did, yet she knew that it is not the same to the man whose courage bids him take the world by storm as it is to the woman who sits at home quietly putting up her fears and hopes for him to God.

"I will come back, Mary," he said, lifting her face to look into the depths of her eyes, and the gesture was like a lover's,—"I will come back, or you will come to me."

"Yes, yes," she said; "we will only think of meeting again." But in her heart she said, "There will be a woman somewhere to take you from me, so that you will never need me again."

For three years she wrote to him by every mail, and heard from him nearly as often. She kept a diary for him, filling it every night with the record of her thoughts as well as of the few little happenings of her quiet days. She did not know herself the beauty of character those intimate letters revealed.

The woman who was to take her boy from her had as yet made no appearance in his letters. She would not acknowledge to herself how much she dreaded that stranger woman. Her jealousy was more than maternal, and though every night she forced herself to pray that he might have all human happiness, there was a silent ecstasy of relief after each of those letters in which he proved to her that all his thoughts were hers.

The third year had not passed over when the letter came that changed the currents of her peaceful life.

"I wish I had not to say this to you from so great a distance," he wrote. "I thought of postponing it till I could come to you, but for the present that is impossible. I love you, Mary, with all the love a man has to give a woman. I wonder you never seemed to guess how my love was changing from the love for my benefactress, my little mother, to the love a man gives his wife. I have seen many women since we parted, but never one who approached you. I am a man grown, and I love you with the one love of my life. I need you more than I could ever tell you. Come to me, Mary; do not keep me waiting. You will not tell me, as a more timid woman would, that there is disparity of age between us. Age matters nothing in the face of the love I have for you. It will always be the same."

He was so sure of her coming that he had enclosed her passage-money and old Nannie's.

"Everything will be ready for you," he wrote, "and we shall be married when you land. Don't keep me waiting. I have waited too long. Come by the next steamer that sails."

Perhaps he wanted to save her the nine days' wonder. Anyhow, she obeyed him. Without telling anyone she was going to be married, she made her few arrangements, and said good-bye to her few friends. To most of them it seemed a very natural arrangement that she should join the lad she had reared. Only one old friend, a Mrs. Scanlan, made a half-laughing objection.

"You're too handsome, my woman—a sight too handsome to go living in the house with a young man even if he was once your baby. Forty! You don't look it, and no one will believe it; and the lad will be ruined as a family doctor. That's all about it."

A minx of a girl expressed her opinion of Mary to a friend of her own.

"Well, Emily, my dear, if being good and gentle and kind can ensure us a complexion and eyes and figure like Miss Daly's at forty, don't you think we ought to mend our ways?"

Mary Daly sailed the happiest woman in the world. Old Nannie, who went with her, knew her secret and approved.

"A finer and a better woman couldn't put her comether on him," she said; "an' as for beauty, there isn't your like walks Patrick Street of a morning."

Certainly in those days a strange beauty had come to Mary Daly. She was an object of extreme interest and admiration to her fellow-passengers. She was gentle and courteous to all of them, but it was plain that she liked her own company and her own thoughts best. She used to sit for hours looking out over the water with that light of love and joy on her face, and quite unconscious of the many looks directed her way. Sometimes she listened while Nannie talked of her lover, smiling happily at the old woman's odd memories and imaginations. The days and the nights went fast, but not fast enough for the bride of forty and her eager bridegroom waiting for her at the other end of the voyage.

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They were not many days from land when a terrible thing happened. In the middle of the night the ship caught fire. There were boats enough for all, and everyone got away from the ship. The boats kept together as long as they could, but the second night after the fire the boat in which Mary Daly and old Nannie were together parted company with the others.

They drifted about all day in the burning sun, watching vainly for the sight of a sail or the smoke of a steamer. The next day it was the same, and the next. The third day a child died in the boat.

The fourth day the water came to an end. Mary lay with her head in old Nannie's lap talking half deliriously of her boy who was waiting for her. Towards evening she fell into a stupor. The others looked at her with lack-lustre eyes. It was better than going mad, which would be the lot of some of them very soon.

The fifth day they were picked up by a passing steamer. Before that, one man had sprung overboard, and another lay dead in the bottom of the boat.

Mary's stupor had passed into something that looked like death, so like it that the doctor who came with the rescuing party declared her dead. It was old Nannie's angry contradiction that made him reconsider his verdict. The old woman looked terrible enough after the starvation and the thirst.

"No, no," she said vehemently. "She is alive, I tell you."

The doctor in half-pitying sympathy returned to his efforts to resuscitate her, and after a time she began to show signs of life. She recovered more quickly than he had dared to hope. The rescuing ship was on her way to Australia. Before any of the other shipwrecked people were about, Mary was able to come on deck, where she sat all day smiling at the distant horizon. It was Nannie who first found out what had happened. Mary's memory was gone.

"YOU ARE RIGHT, NANNIE; SHE WANTS PERFECT REST."

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The news of the rescue had gone before them, and following close on the arrival of some of the other survivors, had raised John Waldron to a half-incredulous height of joy and relief. He was among the excited people who flocked to meet the *Mary Morrison* with the rescued party on board.

Mary met him as if they had parted yesterday. She had always been quiet, and at the first sight her quietness hardly surprised him.

"Is it Jacky?" she said, using the old childish name, and with no more apparent excitement in her tender voice than when he had come in from school and flung the satchel of school-books on the round table in the little parlour at home.

"My poor darling, what you have suffered!" he cried, in the first moment.

"Yes, Jacky," she said, looking at him in a gentle bewilderment, as if she had not quite caught the sense of his words and was struck with something unusual in his appearance.

"Miss Mary's very tired, sir," said the old nurse, coming forward. "She's had to bear a lot."

He held his bride at arm's-length and looked at her with the keen eye of the doctor.

"You are right, Nannie," he said. "She wants perfect rest, and you and I must see that she gets it."

He left her lying down at the hotel, and drove madly to the house of a distinguished specialist, under whom he had been studying, and told him the facts of the case, as he had gathered them from old Nannie.

"I believe, sir," he said, "that it is only a temporary cloud, and I pray to God that you may be able to ratify my opinion. I want you to see her. If you could come this evening after dinner, and talk quietly with us, you could observe her at your leisure."

"I will come, my lad," said the great doctor. "And I too trust that it is only the result of her great shock and suffering, which time will remove."

"Another word, sir, before you have seen her. We are to be married to-morrow at eleven at St. Mary's."

The elder man dropped his glasses and stared.

"Are you right to do that, Waldron? How if she never recovers?"

"She will be Mary all the same. But she will recover. I have thought about the matter, sir, and have decided to take her home. I believe it will be her best chance.

"You think she is fit to go through the marriage ceremony?"

"I defy you, sir, to know, if I had not told you, that there was anything the matter with her. Except that she seems to remember nothing, she is just her old, sweet, reasonable self. I will take passages by the *Orient*, which sails next week. Till then, except for the marriage, I shall keep her perfectly quiet. She will see no one but old Nannie and me, and you this evening."

"You are a good fellow, Waldron," said the specialist. "I am sure your love and care will restore your wife, if anything on earth can."

The great specialist told his wife afterwards that when he spoke of John Waldron's wife the young fellow had lifted his head with an air of radiant pride.

"It is the strangest, oddest affair I have ever come across, Miriam," he said. "A woman of forty, and the lad her adopted son; and now with this shadow on her brain, which may or may not pass away."

"It seems very wild, Humphrey."

"It does, my dear; but less so to me, since I have seen the woman. She looks like a Raffaelle Madonna, a most sweet and tender creature. And then Jack Waldron knows his own mind."

His verdict had been hopeful on seeing Mary. He had quite approved of his pupil's plan of taking her home at once.

"Frankly, my lad," he said, "I would rather the voyage were taken before she begins to recover. I wish I could say that I hoped you would come back here; but I think your wife will never take another sea-voyage. Her experience was too terrible."

They were married, and went home. In a little country cottage, far inland, Jack Waldron set up his first home. There, little by little, he won Mary back to perfect health. He did well, as he deserved, good fellow, and is now a distinguished specialist. They have two beautiful boys, and no one would ever imagine to look at their charming mother the gap of years which lies between her and their father. I do not think Jack Waldron will ever find out that his wife is an old woman. He is one of the faithful sort, and Mary is always his ideal woman. As for her, the light in her eyes when she looks at him is most touching and beautiful. They never talk of Australia, and Mary seldom goes within even sight of the sea. "There shall be no sea there" is in her thoughts of heaven.

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MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

III.—MATTHEW ARNOLD

There are many men of eminence whom it has been my good fortune to meet, who, quite apart from the genius which enabled them to enforce upon their generation the great lessons of science, of morality, or of religion, were men whom it would have been delightful to know because of the charm and geniality of their bearing. Genius has been defined as "the heart of childhood taken up and matured in the powers of manhood"; and this childlike or boyish element has been a marked characteristic of some of our distinguished contemporaries. One saw it in Lord Tennyson, when his shyness with strangers wore off; its winning freshness was very noticeable in the animated bearing of Dean Stanley during his happier hours; and a boyish frankness and spirit of fun added a constant charm to the gaiety of Mr. Matthew Arnold, when he could throw off all reserve, and knew himself to be among friends. If he were in the midst of a society which he disliked he naturally did not care to unbend, and then he might have been described, by those who knew nothing of him, as supercilious and unattractive. But among those who knew and loved him, and among whom he could move with ease, all the "sweetness and light" which he regarded as the ideal of demeanour, came out; and the success of any party of which he was a member was assured. There were times when his fun became almost boisterous; and very often the quaint and unexpected turns of a wit which was enhanced by his delightful personality would rouse a whole company to hearty mirth.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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I remember one day when a guest at a dinner-party asked whether Mr. X., a very refined and gentle Harrow master, was not a Conservative.

"X. a Conservative!" he exclaimed,—"X. a Conservative! Why, he would strangle the last king in the bowels of the last priest!"

To those who knew the very quiet-mannered master there was something indescribably amusing in such a characterisation.

In a home where his presence was as a perpetual sunbeam, the fact that his affections were ever "true to the kindred points of heaven and home" was a constant source of animation and happiness. The quaint and playful raillery with which he would address members of his family, telling them that they "had all his sweetness and none of his conceit," or "all his graces and none of his airs," illustrated the *abandon* of his home affections, and all the more because he would awaken their extreme mirth by the gravity of countenance—which he vainly endeavoured to retain—with which he assured them that, like the wife of the famous French duke, "they had embittered his existence, and would precipitate his end." I never knew a man whose heart was more absorbed by home affections. His children were devoted to him, and they were not in the least afraid to repay him with banter similar to his own. One day, after gazing at him, as he helped himself to some delicacy, a child exclaimed to him, "Quelle coch*er*onnerie!" He was highly amused at the apostrophe, and said that though the word had no existence, it was so good that it certainly *ought* to have!

I knew him for many years in two of his homes—Byron House at Harrow, where he lived for some years while his boys were at the great school; and Pain's Hill Cottage, on the river Moule, not far from Cobham. At both homes the pets whom his muse rendered so famous were prominent members of the household, and were known to all his guests—the cat "Atossa," the dachs-hund "Geist," who grew to extreme old age; and the canary "Matthias," beside whose cage I have seen "Atossa" reclining just as the poet describes the scene in *Poor Matthias*. "Atossa" was a very beautiful, but far from amiable Persian cat. When I first made advances of friendship at a dinner-party at Byron House she rewarded me by a snarl and a scratch—for which I thought her fond and distinguished master was too impenitent.

Byron House was so called because Byron lived there for a time when he was a Harrow boy. It had a pleasant garden, and Mr. Arnold and his family enjoyed their residence there in the midst of the brightness and movement of a great public school and its surroundings. It was when he contemplated settling for a time at Harrow, for purposes of education, that I first corresponded with him. He had just lost one dear child; but he had three boys and two girls. Two of the boys were my pupils—the eldest, named Thomas, and the youngest, Richard, who survives him. Thomas, named after his famous grandfather, Dr. Arnold, had inherited the weakness of heart known as *cyanosis*—which doomed him to an early grave. He was a boy of the most sweet and charming character, over whose boyhood played the menace of death, with no other effect than to solemnise him without in the least quenching his natural cheerfulness. It was a somewhat perilous experiment to send him to a great public school, for if any boy had but "bonneted" him—as boys sometimes do in fun—or given him any sudden shock, it might have caused very speedy death. To the great credit of the Harrow boys be it said that, knowing his weakness, they kept him as safe among them as he would have been in his own home, in spite of the fact that he took, and sometimes expressed, a more serious view of daily obligations than boys usually do. Tommy had a very beautiful voice, and very shortly before his death he sang at the annual school concert the pretty song, "Little black things, good-night, good-night!" in a way which charmed all who heard him. He went to Fox Howe for his holiday, had a fall from his pony, which disturbed his heart, and came back to Harrow, only to die at the age of sixteen, to the deep grief of his loving parents. The letter is lying before me in which Mr. Arnold invited me to go and see him as he lay in the sweet beauty and peacefulness of early death.

The second boy—Trevennen—a very fine, handsome lad, also died rather suddenly, and most unexpectedly, at Harrow, probably from suppressed erysipelas, caused (it was believed) by running a race in his stockings on the damp ground.

It was a great pleasure to Mr. Arnold and his family that, for some years, at Harrow, a young Italian prince—the Duke of Genoa—was an inmate of their house. He was sent to Harrow about the age of fifteen, and was also in my pupil room. He was, I believe, the first "prince of the blood"—being a grandson of John, King of Saxony, and nephew of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy—who was

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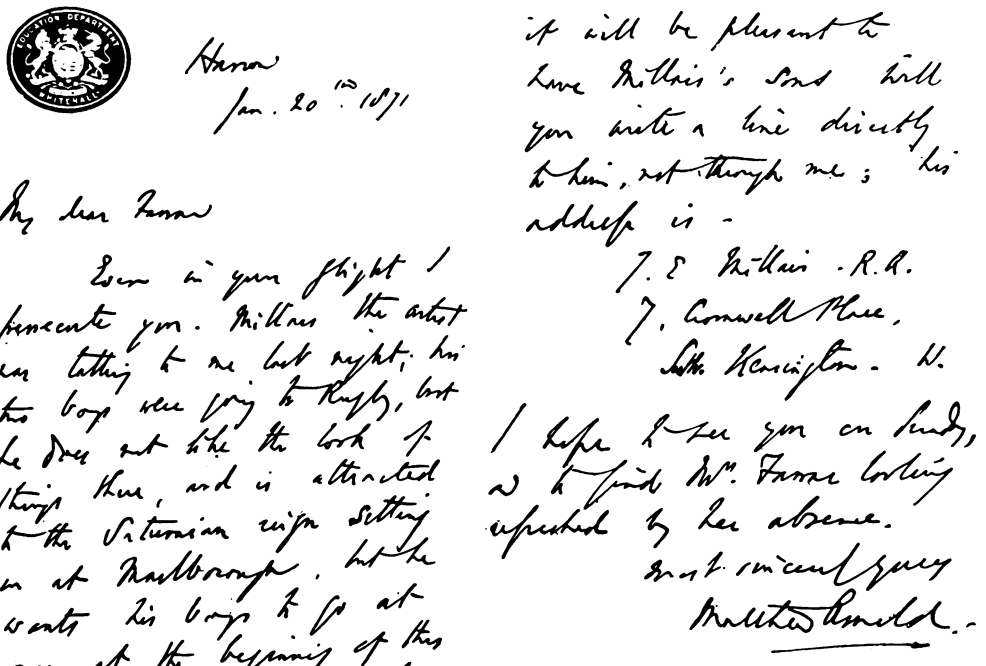

A LETTER FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

ever sent to an English public school. When he first came he knew very little English, and used to make the boys laugh good-humouredly—for he was very popular among them — by his quaint expressions. Until he came he had been surrounded by all the

Pomp, entourage, worldly circumstance

of Royalty, with servants in constant attendance. At Harrow not the slightest difference was made between him and any other boy, and when he left he was an eager football player, and was in one of the second elevens. He was a boy of fine and generous character, and the Arnolds were deeply attached to him. During a great part of the time when he was in my pupil room he was King of Spain. The crown was offered him, and though he was most averse to accepting it, he did so (I believe) at the wish of his grandfather, his mother the Princess Elizabeth of Saxony, and his uncle, King Victor Emmanuel. He could not act for himself, for he was only fifteen or sixteen; but as soon as he reached the age of eighteen, and while he was still a Harrow boy, he resigned the offer, because then he came legally of age, and had a right to choose for himself. The crown was accepted by his first cousin, the Duke of Aosta, who, after a brief and not too happy experience of Spanish Royalty, was glad to "abdicate." I still possess Mr. Arnold's letter in which he mentions the warm satisfaction felt by the Italian Royal Family for all that Harrow had done for this young prince, who was much attached to the Arnolds, and now occupies one of the most distinguished posts in the Italian Navy.

From the time that I became intimate with Mr. Matthew Arnold at Harrow, I constantly saw him, both at his house, or my own, and at the Athenæum Club, where he was one of the most popular and best-known members. When I was Headmaster at Marlborough he paid us a visit with some of his family. Dean Stanley was our guest at the same time. Both of them spoke delightfully at Marlborough at a great supper, and wrote most kindly about it afterwards in letters which are now in print among their memorials. I have a bundle of Mr. Arnold's letters, all of which overflow with kindness; but most of them are of too private and personal a character to print.

Valuable as were Matthew Arnold's contributions to literature, high as his rank

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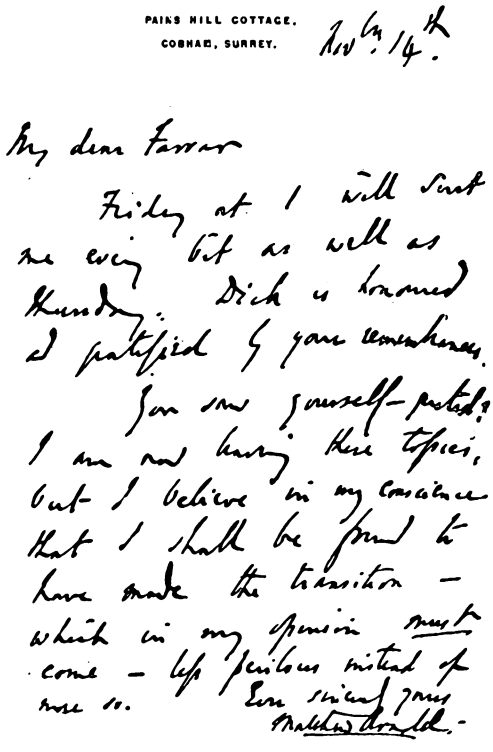
will always be among English poets, exquisite as was both his prose and verse, he, like Mr. Browning, was for many years so far unrecognised that his contributions to literature added little or nothing to his income. When he was at Harrow he was surcharged on the Income-tax, and appealed to the Commissioners, who were mostly local tradesmen and others. He told them that they had added to the income which he returned, which was not more than the £1000 a year which was all he ever received from his post of Inspector of Schools. "Oh, but, Mr. Arnold, you are a writer," said the Commissioners. "Gentlemen," he said, in his amusing tone, "you see before you that unfortunate being, an unpopular author! My books, so far, have not added to my income." It was not till later years that his writings materially increased his somewhat narrow resources. Like Mr. Browning, he had long to wait, and his prose writings were more remunerative than his poems.

Besides the permanent fame which Mr. Arnold has won as an exquisite poet, he rendered great services both to literature and education. Many must have felt that it was hardly creditable to England that one of her illustrious sons, in spite of his permanently valuable Reports on Foreign Educational Systems, received little or no official promotion of any kind—no title, no distinction, no public literary recognition from the Government, though their rewards were bestowed on far inferior men. When I was Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, he was Inspector of my National Schools. It was always delightful to see and hear him as he examined the little children—many of them among the poorest of the poor—in grammar or arithmetic; or looked critically at the work done by the little Annes and Mary Janes of the back streets. He manifested a true dignity by the uncomplaining faithfulness and regularity with which, for many long years, he discharged the comparatively humble routine duties of an Inspector, which must have often seemed very uncongenial, and from which he ought to have been exempted by promotion, or some form of national gratitude. He used sometimes to say, at gatherings where he was received with the loudest applause, "Gentlemen, you see before you a humble Inspector of Schools." But though he can hardly have failed to feel at times that he was in the position of a racehorse set to draw a market-cart, he continued to discharge the humble requirements of his position with undiminished dignity and conscientious cheerfulness. His genuine kindness and considerateness, both to teacher and pupils, made him one of the most beloved of Inspectors; and when, at last, his term of service was ended, he received the expression of hearty and unanimous gratitude from the whole body of masters and mistresses with whom he had had to do. The buoyant freshness and vivacity of his earlier prose writings show how little he allowed any natural disappointment to weigh upon his spirits; and meanwhile he received, from every literary and high social circle in which he moved, the recognition which had not come to him in any large measure from his official superiors.


PAINS HILL COTTAGE.
COBHAM, SURREY.

Nov^ber 14th.

My dear Farrar

Friday at 1 will suit me every bit as well as Thursday. Dick is honoured and gratified by your remembrances.

You saw yourself—quoted? I am now leaving these topics, but I believe in my conscience that I shall be found to have made the transition — which in my opinion must come — less perilous instead of more so.

Ever sincerely yours
Matthew Arnold.

A LETTER FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

Some of the views in his writings upon religious subjects were startling to orthodox Churchmen; but in spite of this he remained on terms of cordial friendship with many of the bishops and leading clergy, as well as with the most eminent Nonconformists. Whatever may have been their doctrinal divergences from his opinions, they saw that he wrote (with one unfortunate exception, in which, however, his apparent flippancy had

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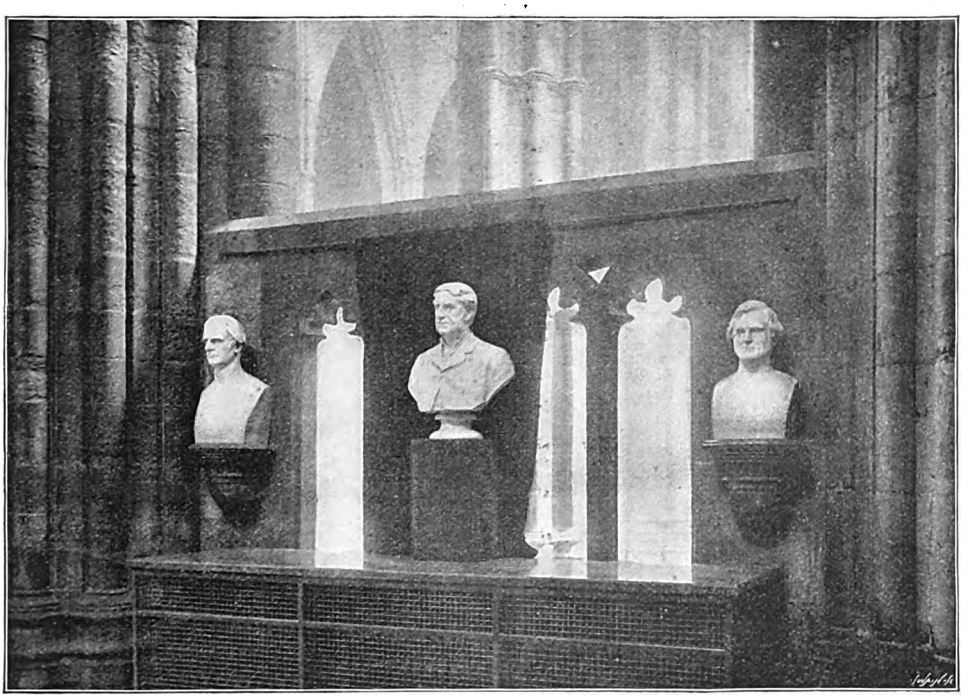
not been intentional) in a serious, sincere, and deeply reverent spirit. There was much to learn even from his writings on sacred subjects, and to the last he remained a regular and reverent attendant at church, and at the Holy Communion.

He called on us almost immediately after his return from his American tour, and made us laugh heartily at his experiences. He was induced to visit the United States, partly by the great popularity of his writings in the Western world, and by the fact that he had many warm friends across the Atlantic, but dotes. His first lecture was delivered at New York, and many had paid large fees for good places. But before he had spoken long he was met by cries of "Speak up, Mr. Arnold!" "We cannot hear you, Mr. Arnold!" and many (as is not uncommon in America) left the hall while he was speaking. "Next morning," he said, "a Professor of Elocution called on me, and remarked, 'This will never do, Mr. Arnold. People buy tickets to come and hear you, but you are very inaudible. Let me give you a lesson.' I gratefully accepted the kind offer and we



THE BUSTS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY, MATTHEW ARNOLD, AND F. D. MAURICE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
[*From a Photo by* RUSSELL & SONS, 17 *Baker Street, W.*]

also because his income left but a very narrow margin for his necessary expenses, and it became a matter of importance to him that he should raise a certain sum by lectures. I think that on the whole he enjoyed his American tour, but it required his genial joyousness to endure some of the very free criticisms passed upon him by the American journalists. Beautiful as was the substance of his lectures, his delivery—never telling—was but little suited to a nation in which every boy in the schools is trained for years in rhetorical delivery and the principles of elocution. I will mention some of his anec- went to the hall before the delivery of the second lecture. The Elocution Professor gave me some excellent hints, and I was much better heard at subsequent lectures. At the hall I saw a sort of music-stand, which was just the right height for me, and as the sight of one of my eyes is stronger than the other, I used to place it at my right, read a sentence, and then raise my head as I delivered it. Next morning there appeared in a New York paper a criticism in which was the remark, '*As for Mr. Arnold's manner, it reminds us of an elderly parrot pecking at a trellis!*'"

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Harrow 2d May 23. 1871.

My dear Farrar

Your book reached me just as I was launched on the first month of the new Education Act - a very busy time I have twice turned over the leaves from the beginning to the end, and have read a good deal here and there - but I have not yet read the book steadily through as

PAGE 2.

I hope to do. The subject is most interesting, and even a glance at the foot notes suffices to show the fresh and illustrative way in which you have treated it. I wish I could have heard you preach the Sermons; but then I console myself with thinking that if I had heard the Sermons preached I could not have had, as I have now, these notes with them

PAGE 3.

You could have been interested in all the circumstances that attended the Prince's departure, - when I see you I will tell you some of them, - and Dalton the last day or two I have had a charming letter from his mother, to express her sense of what the fields Harrow has done for him. To the end of his stay here he never ceased to mention you and your pupil room with pleasure and gratitude.

With kindest regards to dear Mrs. Farrar from both of us, and

PAGE 4.

to you from Mrs Arnold I am always, my dear Farrar,

Most sincerely yours,

Matthew Arnold.

These, and all similar criticisms, however frank, he took with absolutely imperturbable good humour. He used to travel about the United States to deliver his lectures, with Mrs. Arnold, his two daughters, and the agent whom he elegantly called his "*Impresario.*" They usually had free railway tickets presented to them, and when the ticket-collector in the train was told this, he remarked, in a condescending tone, "Oh, the Arnold *troupe*, I suppose!"--"Just as if we were a travelling circus!" said Mr. Arnold, with a hearty laugh.

Among other places, he visited Chicago. The next morning there was an article in one of the newspapers beginning, "We have seen him; he is an elderly gentleman, who parts

A LETTER FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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his hair in the middle, with supercilious manners, and ill-fitting clothes"! Many might have been annoyed by such liberties. To Mr. Arnold they only caused extreme amusement, as he narrated them to his friends.

He also told me, with much relish, the story of a trick played by a New York paper on a Chicago paper, which (it was said) sometimes copied, without acknowledgment, its foreign telegrams. The New York paper inserted a clever letter, purporting to have been written by Mr. Arnold, and commenting not quite favourably on the city of Chicago. It began: "At Chicago my host was *an artist in desiccated pork*"! The Chicago papers took the letter for genuine, and exploded into vehement vituperation, which was perhaps excusable, for they had received Mr. Arnold with the customary warmth and hospitality of our Transatlantic brethren. Directly Mr. Arnold heard it, he telegraphed to Chicago to say that the letter was a forgery from beginning to end. It was then, however, too late to unsay the uncivil remarks which they had heaped on the unoffending head of their distinguished guest; and when I visited Chicago the next year I found a certain soreness still remaining which made him less popular there than he was in many of the American cities.

Almost the last—if not quite the last—public appearance of Mr. Arnold was made at my request. My friend, and *his* friend, Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, had, with his invariable munificence, presented me with a splendid memorial window in honour of John Milton in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Milton was more closely connected with St. Margaret's than any other church, as he resided near it for many years. His banns are recorded in its register, which also retain entries of the burial of his best-loved wife, Catherine Woodcock,—"my late-espoused saint,"—and of the infant daughter at whose birth she died. When this window was unveiled, I asked Mr. Arnold to come and read a paper on Milton in the vestry, in the presence of a small but distinguished gathering of literary men, among whom were Lord Lytton, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Lecky. As an inducement, I told him that, as I knew him to be, like myself, a devoted admirer of Milton, he could not fail to write something valuable and interesting, and he might send it to some American magazine. He consented, with his invariable kindness, and wrote the charming paper on Milton which has since been published. It was, I believe, the last thing he did write. Not long after I met him at the Athenæum, and after asking me with assumed despair, "What on earth am I to do with that demon ——?" (mentioning one of the too numerous strangers who worried him, as they worry all public men, with their obtrusiveness), he rubbed his hands in the highest spirits, and asked, "What *do* you think the American editor sent me for that little paper which I read for you at St. Margaret's? They gave me no less than fifty pounds!"

The next day he went with Mrs. Arnold to meet his beloved daughter Mrs. Whitridge, who had married an American gentleman living in New York, and who was on her way home with her child, on her annual visit to England. On that very evening, I believe, he took the little jump over a hedge which, though at the moment it did not seem to have done him much harm, disturbed the weak action of his heart. The next morning, to the grief of all who knew him and of all who love the purest and most refined forms of English literature, he was dead.

I attended his funeral in the sweet country churchyard of Laleham, where he had desired to be buried with his beloved ones; and I read at the service that noble chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, which stands, as it were, as a Magna Charta of man's hopes of immortality. I could not but think, as I went sadly home, that never again could I know so intimately a writer so brilliant and so distinguished, or a man who won deeper affection from those who really recognised the high and lovely characteristics of his great gifts and his unique personality. He was an admirable specimen of a perfect English gentleman—a man of fine genius, of delightful bearing, of stainless integrity, and of a genuinely kind and loving heart.

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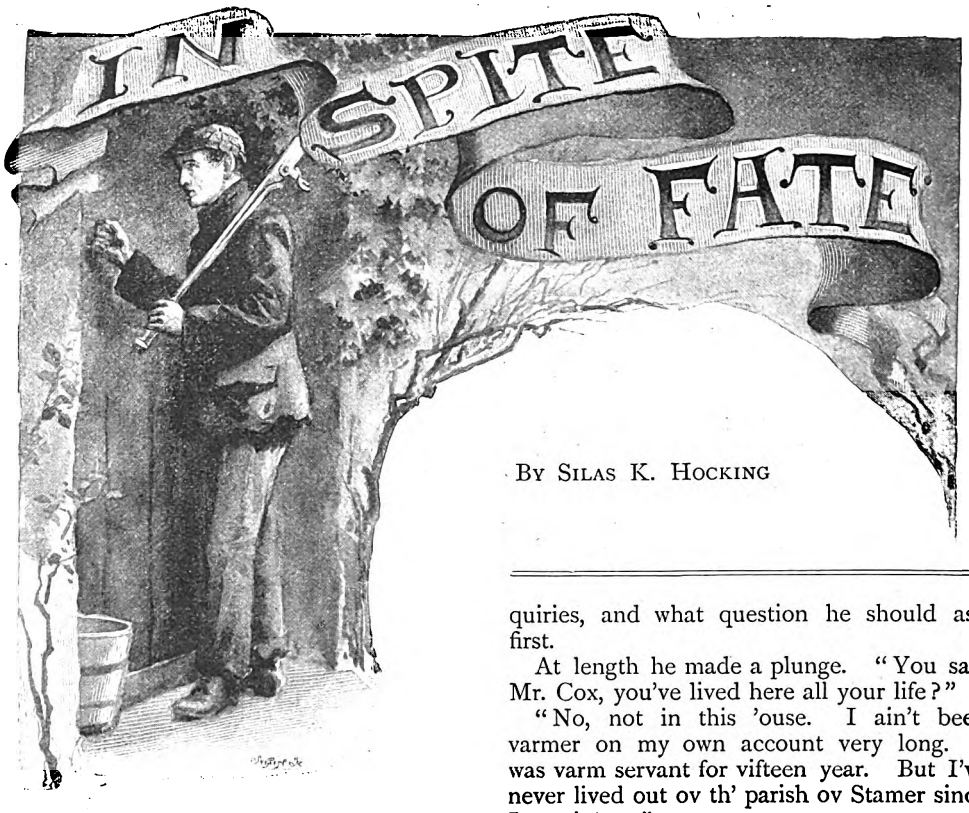

By Silas K. Hocking

Chapter XVI

THE FIRST STEP

If one could find the bottom rock,
How soon the walls would rise!

Cox sat in the far corner of the broad open chimney, with a short clay pipe between his teeth. Jack drew up a wooden chair in front of the fire, for the air was raw and penetrating, and his prison life had rendered him sensitive to the cold. For several minutes no word passed between them. Jack would have fallen asleep but for his intense eagerness to glean some tidings of his long-lost sister. Cox was meditating on the events of the day, and on the whole was well satisfied with himself and the world generally. His nose was a little sensitive still, but he did not mind that; he was not a revengeful man. He had great admiration for strength and skill, and he had to own to himself that "he had never seen nobody before so 'nation quick wi' their 'ands." Moreover, he had secured a good workman for a very small wage just in the very nick of time. Hence the balance of advantage was certainly his.

Jack thought of none of these things. He was wondering how he should begin his inquiries, and what question he should ask first.

At length he made a plunge. "You say, Mr. Cox, you've lived here all your life?"

"No, not in this 'ouse. I ain't been varmer on my own account very long. I was varm servant for vifteen year. But I've never lived out ov th' parish ov Stamer since I was boorn."

Jack did not speak again for several seconds. The word Stamer touched his brain like an echo of a long-forgotten song. Where had he heard it before, and when? Then suddenly it came back to him. It was the name of the place his mother had mentioned. "There are houses in the valley," she had said. "And just outside Stamer"— But she never said what lay outside. That was one of the things he would have to discover.

"Is there a 'town' of Stamer as well as a parish?" he asked at length.

"Oah ay. Stamer es purty middlin' ov a town, considerin' 'tes a terrible long way from any railway station."

"Is the road from the station across a moor?"

"Well, some people do come round Mervyn way. 'Tes less lonesomer. Pentarnum Moor es a terrible wisht place in winter weather, pertickler after dark."

"Do you remember hearing of a woman dying on the moor about eleven years ago?"

"Ay, as well as ef 'twas yesterday. Why, bless 'ee, 'twas oal the talk fur long enough. Nobody could never make out who she was. Though, for that matter, I don't knaw that nobody ever took no trouble ovver it."

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Jack's heart began to beat very fast, and he put the next question with a little gasp.

"She had a little girl with her, hadn't she?"

"Oah no," was the quick reply; "she was oal alone. She dedn't 'ave nobody with 'er."

Jack's heart seemed to stop. Would his search end in failure, after all?

"You are quite sure she was all alone?" he asked feebly.

"As sartin as you be a-settin' there. Why, I knaw'd Jos Trelivick an' Aaron Pinch, as found 'er and took 'er to Polwhele. They dedn' knaw, poor thing, that she was dead, or they'd been skeer'd out ov their wits. But she was dead 'nough. She never spoke nor moved no more."

"I heard she'd a little girl with her," Jack said, with a sigh. "Perhaps I'm thinking of someone else."

"She's the only one that's died on Pentarnum Moor since Powell," the farmer persisted, "an' Powell was gibbeted vifty year agone now. So you caan't be thinkin' of nobody else."

"Then the little girl must have strayed away and got lost," Jack said; "for she had a little girl with her."

Farmer Cox looked at Jack curiously. "You be sure of that?" he questioned.

"Certain."

"Then you do knaw somethin' 'bout 'er?"

"Yes, I know a few things," he said hesitatingly; "but, as I told you before, I have come here to get information."

"What age might the little girl be?"

"Well, she would be about three then. If she's living she will be fourteen now."

"You don't knaw 'er name, likely?"

"Yes; her name was Eve."

Farmer Cox took the pipe out of his mouth and spat into the fire. "Well, I'm blowed!" he ejaculated.

"Then you do know something about her?" Jack questioned eagerly.

"Well, I reckon I do. But blame me if that ed'n a caution. But they Downderrys be always terrible close. An' Charley es jest as bad as the rest of 'em."

"What are you referring to?" Jack asked impatiently.

"Referrin' to? Blow me, ef 'tain't as plain as a pikestaff. 'Twas always a puzzle what relations the Downderrys 'ad as wanted to get rid ov their little girl. Now it's oal comed out. Well, I'm—I'm blowed!"

"I wish you would explain yourself," Jack said eagerly. "Who are the Downderrys? What is it that's so plain?"

"Well, as fur that, the Downderrys be very respectable folk. Very! Nobody ain't got nothin' to say agin 'em, though they do keep their own affairs to theirselves. But 'tes this way. The Downderrys ain't got no childern ov their own, do 'ee understand? Well, 'bout 'leven years ago they 'dopted a little maid to bring up as their own—a little maid called Eve, an' as purty a little thing as you ever see. Nobody knaw'd nawthin' 'bout 'er, but it was took for granted she was a relation of some sort—a niece, or somethin'."

"And is she living with them still?" Jack asked excitedly.

"Oah, bless 'ee, iss. I see'd 'er this mornin' as I was comin' 'cross the field when I catched you. She was coming down Crantock lane, on 'er way to Stamer. Oah, I can tell 'ee the Downderrys be bringin' 'er up like a lady—taichin' 'er music an' oal the rest ov it."

"But perhaps she is a niece of theirs," Jack said.

"P'raps iss and p'raps no. Now I come to remember 'twas 'bout the very time that poor woman was found. They'd been to Polwhele market, an' brought the cheeld 'ome with 'em. Bless my soul an' body, 'tes as clear as mud. They found the cheeld astrayin' on the moors, no doubt. Well, 'twas very kind ov 'em. They might ha' took'd 'er to the Union."

"And you say her name is Eve?"

"Oah ay. Everybody calls 'er Miss Eve Downderry now. She's a remarkable fine maid for 'er age, good-looking; an' they do dress 'er up to the nine. Jasper's terrible proud ov 'er, there's no doubt 'bout that. Ef she were 'is oan flesh an' blood he couldn't be no fonder ov 'er."

"And where do they live?"

"Only just ovver to Crantock, 'bout a mile from 'ere more or less. The Crantock fields do come close out agin the Stamer road. An' what be 'er real name, did 'ee zay?"

"I didn't say what her real name was," Jack answered. "I shall have to make some further inquiries first."

"Oah, you needn't be 'fraid ov trustin' me," the farmer said in a tone of reproach. "I ain't the sort to blab."

"Well, you'd better say nothing for the present," Jack answered. "It's no use jumping to conclusions without the clearest proof."

"Exactly. But to my mind one don't want nawthin' clearer."

At this point Mrs. Cox came into the room, and Jack intimated to the farmer that he would like to go to bed.

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"Well, you look slaipy," was the reply; and he led the way out of the house across a yard and up a flight of stone steps. "It's a paart ov the 'ouse," he explained, "but there ain't no doorway through; so we shall lock 'ee out for the night."

"Not a bad idea, when you don't know who you're entertaining," Jack said, with a laugh.

"Jist so. But 'ere's matches an' candle, an' we 'ave breakfus at six. 'Ope you'll slaip well;" and, pulling the door after him with a bang, he disappeared.

Jack's head had scarcely touched the pillow when he fell fast asleep, and when he opened his eyes again the farmer was hammering at his door and shouting to him to get up. For several seconds he was unable to determine where he was, or what had happened. The room was in absolute darkness, and when he reached out his hand he missed the smooth wall of his cell, with which he had grown so familiar. Then, with a rush, the memory of the past two days swept over him, and he sprang quickly out of bed.

"All right!" he shouted to the farmer. "I'll be down in a minute." And then, strangely enough, for the first time since his release the real joy of freedom surged in his heart. All his old optimism awoke to life again. Nothing seemed impossible to him save failure. The world was at last fairly before him. He was starting unencumbered, for no one knew who he was, or was likely to know. If he had no advantages, he had—from his point of view—no obvious disadvantages. He was beginning at the bottom, and so there was no chance of falling. Any movement at all must be in an upward direction, and with the natural hopefulness of healthy youth he saw no reason in the world why, with energy and determination, he should not reach the top.

His first desire now was to see his sister. Whether he would make himself known to her was matter for further consideration.

He did not see her, however, that day, nor indeed for several days. The farmer kept him too busy to allow of any excursion to Crantock, or even into Stamer road, and Jack was too anxious to earn a little ready cash to run any risks of dismissal.

On the fifth morning, however, between half-past eight and nine, he happened to be crossing a field that adjoined the Stamer road not far from Crantock lane end, when he espied a girlish figure, warmly clad, swinging what might be a music satchel in her hand, and evidently making for the village over the brow of the hill.

"Perhaps it's Eve," he said to himself, with a strange flutter at his heart. "Oh, I wonder if it is!" And he hurried quickly to a stile, and waited till she should come by.

She came tripping along at length, and glanced shyly at him as she passed; but he had not the courage to speak to her. To begin with, he did not feel certain that she was Eve. The bonnie rosy-cheeked maiden bore little, if any, resemblance to the pale, diminutive child. And besides, she seemed to belong to a totally different world from his. The contrast between her well-made, well-fitting dress and his own badly-made, badly-fitting, shoddy, and travel-stained clothes sent quite a shock of pain through him.

He watched her eagerly as she hurried along in the direction of Stamer, watched her till she disappeared over the brow of the hill, then with a sigh he turned away and began slowly to retrace his steps.

"I reckon it's Eve," he reflected. "And I ought to feel very happy. She's very bonnie, and she's well cared for; but she's out of my reach. I'd better let her be. It would only make her miserable if I were to let her know. I'd better wait till I've got on a bit, and she wouldn't feel ashamed of me."

This thought haunted him during the rest of the day. He had found his long-lost sister, but he had found her under circumstances that made it undesirable for him to make himself known. If she were poor and forsaken, and in need of his help and protection, it would be different; but since she was well cared for, and appeared quite happy, and he had nothing to offer, and the knowledge of his presence might be a grief to her, it seemed the wisest thing and the kindest thing to keep in the background and let his identity remain hidden.

Of course there was another side to the question. It might be possible to use his sister as an aid to his own advancement. The Downderrys—from all he could gather—were thrifty, well-to-do people, and if he proved to them that he was Eve's brother they might be disposed to give him some temporary help. Indeed, if they were proud people, they might do something handsome, and send him out of the country.

But the thought no sooner suggested itself than he put it resolutely aside. Whatever virtues he might lack, there was no meanness in his nature. If he could not be

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a help to his sister, he certainly would not be a drag upon her.

"I'll wait till I can show up respectable," he said, "or I'll not show up at all."

And yet, as fate would have it, three days later he was unexpectedly thrown into direct contact with her and with her friends the Downderrys.

It came about in this way. Cox had borrowed a steelyard of Jasper Downderry, and, as is usual with borrowers, had forgotten to return it. On the day in question, however, the two men had met in Stamer Market House, and Jasper mildly suggested to Cox that as he was having a pig-killing performance on the following day, he would be glad if he (Cox) would send round the steelyard he had borrowed.

"Ain't I returned they stilyers yet?" said Cox in tones of pretended surprise. "Well, I ax yer pardon, neighbour. It clain slipped out ov my head, an' that's a fact. But it's oal right. I'll send round my new man weth 'n this ev'nin'."

"You won't forget, now?" questioned Jasper mildly.

"Not ef I knaw it, I won't," said Cox. "But look 'ere, Maaster Downderry; you tie this piece ov string round my thumb. I've got a mem'ry like a riddle, an' that's a fact."

"Well, it's very necessary I should have the steelyard back," Jasper replied, and proceeded to knot the string round Cox's thumb.

"I'm not likely to forgit 'n now, Maaster Downderry—be I, now?" Cox questioned, as he eyed the whipcord critically.

"Well, I should hope not," Jasper said, with a smile.

"No, I'll be sartin to remember, an' you'll 'ave a chance of weighin' up my new man."

"Didn't know you had a new man," Jasper said sententiously.

"Had 'n goin' on a vortnight now. Jerry was took ill with maisles or some ruck ov that kind, so I 'ad to engage a new 'un till Jerry got better; but I'll keep 'n for good ef he'll stay. He's as strong as a steer, an' terrible 'andy."

"HE WATCHED HER EAGERLY."

"Glad to hear it. But here's Farmer Veal beckonin' to me. You'll not forget the steelyard, will 'ee, now?" and without waiting for Cox to reply, Jasper walked away.

That evening, as Cox sat in his favourite corner smoking, he started suddenly to his feet and called to his wife.

"'Tilda!" he shouted, "come 'ere a minute, will 'ee?"

"Well, what's up now?" she asked, coming through from the next room.

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"Do 'ee knaw whot this 'ere piece ov string es tied round my thumb for?"

"No, I don't knaw," she snapped. "How should I knaw?"

"Well, I'm—I'm—blow'd ef I can make out whot 'tes for," he said, looking at his not too delicate thumb with an air of bewilderment. "You're sartin sure you dedn' put it there?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Then I've forgot somethin' at Stamer market to-day. I must ha' put it there to remember somethin' pertickler, an' I ain't remembered nothin'."

"Just like 'ee," she said; "you've got a head like a butter-strainer. But be 'ee sure 'twasn't to remember something when you got back?"

"Zounds! 'Tilda, you be right again," he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "What a headpiece you 'ave, to be sure! It's they stilyers of Downderry's I 'ad to remember."

"Ain't they been returned yet?" she said in a tone of regret. "Well, it's too bad. You'll never have the face to borrow 'em again."

"Not till next time," he answered. "But you git an' wipe the dust off 'em, an' I'll call Jack."

A few minutes later, Jack, with the steelyard across his shoulder, was marching away in the direction of Crantock, little recking of what was in store for him, or in what way that simple errand would affect his future life.

His one thought was, "Possibly I shall see Eve." He had caught one or two glimpses of her since that first occasion, and he was now fully convinced that she was his long-lost sister. But his heart hungered for a closer view. He wanted to see her without her hat and jacket, to look steadily into her clear blue eyes, to listen to the tones of her voice. He had quite made up his mind that he would not reveal himself. The time was not ripe for that. But he would use his eyes to the full, and he would get all the information possible.

His heart was beating very fast by the time the lights of Crantock came into view, and when, in response to his knock, Eve opened the door, he felt so excited that he could hardly articulate a word.

Chapter XVII

FACE TO FACE

A stranger he: and yet with power
To move my heart at will.

Eve was quick to notice Jack's embarrassment, though she was very far from guessing the true cause of it. He did not look like an ordinary farm servant. He was tall and well shaped. Moreover, his face was pale, as though he had lived in cities rather than in the open fields; nor were his clothes of the material usually worn on Cornish farms.

All this Eve noticed in a moment, and being naturally imaginative she jumped readily to the conclusion that he was not exactly what he pretended to be. On the whole, she was rather drawn to him. He had kind eyes and a frank, open face, though there were lines about his mouth that indicated suffering, or it might be discontent.

"You have brought the steelyard from Mr. Cox?" she said, seeing his hesitation.

"I have, miss," he answered. "And will you tell Mr. Downderry that my master is very much obliged for the loan of it, and is sorry he kept it so long?"

This little speech confirmed Eve in her suspicions. There was no trace of the Cornish vernacular in what he said. Moreover, his voice was low and refined. Evidently he had not been in the habit of shouting across windy fields and from one hilltop to another.

"My uncle is in the barn," she said. "He will be in in a few minutes. You had better come inside and wait."

"I think I had better return," he said hesitatingly, though in his heart he wanted to stay; now that he was face to face with his sister, he was anxious to feast his eyes upon her as long as possible.

But Eve was not to be baulked. Her curiosity had been aroused. This pretended farm servant might be another of her knights in disguise.

"It is most likely my uncle will have some message to return," she said, speaking a little hurriedly, "and he would be vexed if you went back without seeing him."

"In that case I will wait," he answered, only too glad to have a reasonable excuse for staying.

Eve led the way into a large stone-flagged kitchen, with a wide open chimney at one end, in which played a cheerful fire of logs.

"My aunt is tired, and has gone to bed

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early," she explained, as she pulled a chair a little nearer the fire. "Going to market always tires her."

"I suppose it is tiring," he said, feeling very embarrassed, and not knowing exactly what to say.

"And being in the open air all the day makes one very sleepy. Don't you think so?" she questioned, with a little laugh that touched his heart like a strain of music.

"I am quite sure of it," he answered. "I can hardly keep my eyes open sometimes when evening comes."

"Very likely you are not used to outdoor work?" she questioned, drawing the bow at a venture.

"That is quite true," he answered, colouring slightly. "During the last few years my work has been entirely indoors."

"I knew in a moment you were not a native," she said, with a mischievous glance at him.

"I was born in London," he answered quietly.

"How funny!" she answered, raising her eyebrows. "I believe I was born in London, but I do not remember much about it. I came here when I was only three years old, and I've lived here ever since."

"Then you have no father or mother?" he questioned, anxious to discover if possible how much she knew of her antecedents.

"No; they are both dead," she replied slowly.

"And have you no brothers or sisters?"

"I had one brother," she answered, after a pause; "but I don't know if he's living. I'm afraid he isn't."

"What makes you say that?" he asked, his heart beating very fast.

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you," she said, with childish candour. "I never talk about it now. I don't think uncle cares for me to talk about it, you see. But I think a lot, all the same. I keep fancying that Jack will turn up some day, though at other times I think he must be dead. Oh, wouldn't it be jolly if he were to come some day, dressed like a gentleman, and looking handsome and grand?"

"It would be very nice," he said pathetically. "Perhaps he will. I shouldn't be at all surprised."

"You wouldn't? Oh, well, I don't know. It's a very long time now. He got lost somehow when mother was bringing us here. Mother never knew he got lost, uncle says; for, you see, she died herself; but he was never heard of again."

Jack remained silent, for he did not know what reply to make. Moreover, his heart was so deeply stirred that he hardly dared to trust himself to speak. At one moment he was half resolved to tell her everything, the next he felt that in his present circumstances it would be a cruel thing to do; so he wavered for a while, and then he began to compromise.

Eve having found a sympathetic listener, continued to talk. "Uncle says it's foolish to think he is alive," she went on. "He says when folks are not heard of for a very long time it's certain they are dead. But somehow I keep hoping, all the same. It's nice to hope, you know."

"Did you say your brother's name was Jack?" he questioned suddenly.

"His name was John, but he always got called Jack."

"And had he a sister called Eve?"

"Why, yes, of course; I'm Eve."

"Oh yes. Then I knew your brother." The words were out almost before he was aware.

"You knew him?" Eve cried eagerly. "Oh, then he is living, after all? Where is he? Oh, do tell me."

"Well, it was this way," he said evasively. "I knew a lad several years ago who had got lost when he was about seven years of age. His mother had fallen ill by the roadside, and she sent him to get help; but it grew dark, and he lost his way, and I believe he hurt himself or something. He was found by some gipsies unconscious; they were very kind to him, and nursed him till he got well, which was a long time after. Then he wanted to go in search of his mother, but they told him she was dead, and that his little sister had been adopted by some rich people who were bringing her up as their own."

"And did he tell you his sister's name was Eve?"

"Yes, I'm quite certain that was the name."

"But why did he not come in search of me?"

"Well, he was on the look-out for you then, but you see he had no clue at all. He did not know either the name of the place or the people, and the gipsies would tell him nothing, though they were very kind to him."

"And is he with the gipsies still?"

"I don't think so. I'm talking of a time going on four years ago. He was fourteen then, and big for his age. And he meant to

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leave the gipsies at the first opportunity, and fight the world for himself, and work hard, and get rich, and when he had got heaps of money he was going to search the country over until he had found you."

"Oh, how nice!" and Eve clapped her hands, while her eyes sparkled with excitement. "Why, he may be coming any day," she said.

"Not if he waits till he's rich," he replied, with a pathetic look in his eyes. "Money isn't to be picked up in the roads, and the world's terribly hard on those who have nothing to start with."

Eve's face fell, and a far-away look came into her eyes. "Oh, then, I hope he won't wait till he's rich," she said slowly. "Will you please tell him so when you see him again? Tell him you've seen me, and that I want him to come at once."

"But if he came to you poor and ragged, and not very clean?" he questioned.

"He would still be Jack," she said,—"my brother Jack. Oh, I wouldn't mind his clothes if he would only come."

It was a trying moment for Jack. His first impulse was to take the sweet, sunny-haired girl in his arms and tell her everything. He literally ached to press her to his heart and cover her face with kisses. For years he had longed with unutterable longing for such a meeting as this. Since Pearl was lost to him, he had pined all the more for his sister. Another moment, and the secret in all probability would have been out, and Eve for good or ill would have discovered her long-lost brother; but in that moment the door was opened, and Jasper Downderry stood before them.

Jack rose suddenly to his feet, and for several seconds the two men stood staring at each other in dumb silence. The recognition in each case was instantaneous and complete. Jack was the first to recover himself. "I've brought the steelyard from Mr. Cox," he stammered. "And—and—your—daughter thought you might have a message for him."

"That is all right," Jasper answered stiffly, then turning to Eve, he said, "Will 'ee run up to your aunt, lovey, and see how she is?"

Instantly Eve left the room, and Jasper bolted the door behind her. Then turning quickly, and facing Jack, he said, "We have met before, young man."

"We have," Jack answered.

"It seems a short three years to me," Jasper said uneasily; "it only looks like yesterday."

"To me it seems a lifetime," Jack answered.

"Ah, my dear young man, I hope it'll be a warnin' to 'ee," Jasper said seriously.

"A warning?" Jack questioned. "Well, it'll be a remembrance, in any case."

"Iss iss," said Jasper, lapsing into vernacular, "but do 'ee main to start honest now you be free once more? I was main sorry for 'ee when I set on the jury. I was indeed — terrible sorry. Ef you 'adn't admitted so much yerself I shouldn't scarcely 'ave believed it of 'ee, — no, I shouldn't. Oh, 'tes terrible wisht to see a young man goin' wrong."

"I never admitted being dishonest," Jack answered, colouring slightly. "I never wronged any man. I went to jail because I thought it was better to lose my liberty for a few years than lose my life."

"That's fine talk, young man, but I doan't see through ut. Do you main to stand 'ere in my 'ouse and tell me to my face that you be a honest young man?"

"I want to make no boast," Jack answered. "I'm no better than I ought to be, nor yet as good by a long chalk. But, all the same, he who says I'm a rogue lies."

"I be glad to 'ear 'ee say that word," Jasper said pathetically. "You spaik like a honest man; an' when I set on the jury I was very much took with yer face. But what be 'ee a-doin' of 'ere weth John Cox? You baan't a farm sarvent, an' he caan't give 'ee no wages worth nothin'. How did 'ee come down this way 't all?"

"I came this way by chance. I knew no one—had no place to go. I just left Bodmin behind me and came straight on, and after a tramp of a day and a night Farmer Cox found me in his straw rick."

"An' wasn't he purty mad?"

"He was rather. He started to give me a thrashing, and ended by giving me employment."

"An' did 'ee thrash you?"

"No, not exactly. He thought better of it."

"And be you goin' to settle down as a farm sarvent?"

"Not if I know it. I want to get money enough to buy some clothes, and then I must try my fortune somewhere else."

"He don't know that you've been in—in"—

"No, he knows nothing about me," Jack interposed.

"Oh, well, I waan't tell 'im, young man. I'd rather help 'ee a bit ef I cud. I'd like

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"THE DOOR WAS OPENED AND JASPER DOWNDERRY STOOD BEFORE THEM."

to see 'ee git on. You seem to 'ave good stuff in 'ee, ef it on'y cud git a chance. An' they tell me it's a hard world this for them as is down. We folks here who live comfortable and work hard, and do very little thinkin', don't knaw much about the struggle some folks 'ave. Now, would 'ee mind tellin' me what 'tes like in a prison?"

"No, I couldn't tell you," Jack answered, after a pause. "No words could tell it. It doesn't seem bad at first. And you have books, and get preached to by the chaplain, and a visitor looking in upon us might say it wasn't at all bad. But—well—it can't be told. It's slow torture; it grows and grows the longer you stay; it eats into your heart. It's lonely, and cold, and cruel. You pine for sympathy, for a friendly word, for a fresh scene. Oh, it depresses and crushes! Please don't ask me to talk about it. It's like a horrible dream I've come out of, and I want to forget it."

Jasper did not reply. He fell to dreaming, as was his wont. Jack had stirred his imagination, which from his wife's point of view was the worst thing that could happen to him.

Jack looked at the farmer for a few minutes as he stood there with bowed head and a dreamy look in his eyes, and his heart went out to him in a strange affection. He had been drawn to him when he stood in the dock at the Bodmin Assizes more than three years ago. He felt even then that this quaintly-dressed man, with his long, pathetic face, was his friend. But now he could have knelt on the floor before him. For eleven years he had cared for his sister, had fed and clothed and educated her, and was prepared to do so still; while in his own case there was no shrinking or rebuke, but only kind words and a manifest desire to help.

The silence lasted for many seconds; then Jack made a movement to go. Jasper started as though he had been suddenly awaked.

"Yes," he said, as if speaking to himself, "the world is hard on those who be down." Then raising his eyes quickly, he went on: "I'd lend 'ee a pound or two ef 'twould be any 'elp to 'ee, like. You cud pay it back

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again when you'd got on a bit, don't 'ee see?"

"You mean—?" Jack questioned, staring at him in astonishment.

"I main what I do say," Jasper answered, with a smile. "Ef two or dree pounds would 'elp 'ee to a start"—

"But I might have no luck, and never be able to repay you," Jack interrupted.

"I take my chance of that," Jasper answered, taking three sovereigns out of his purse and holding them out in his palm.

"I don't think I can," Jack answered, while the tears came into his eyes.

"Why not?" said Jasper. "Ef you was in a big way of business you might borra a thousan' pound of a bank and nobody would think the wuss ov 'ee for't."

"I don't know anything about that," Jack answered. "But—but"—

"You'd better take it, and be quick; I 'ear Eve comin' down the stairs, bless 'er. She's the purtiest little maid in the parish ov Stamer." And the next moment the money had passed into Jack's hands, and Eve was knocking at the door.

Jack waited to have another look at his sister.

She came beaming into the room, her eyes full of the light of joy.

"Why, uncle," she said gaily, "why did you bolt the door?"

"My dear, I do funny things sometimes; don't I?"

"Were you dreaming again?" she queried, the merry dimples coming into her cheeks.

"I b'leeve I 'ave been a trifle along that road," he answered.

"And have you been talking about my brother Jack? Oh, isn't it jolly to think he is living, after all? Do you think you'll be seeing him soon?" she questioned, turning to Jack.

"Ah, miss," he answered, with a smile that was full of pathos, "this is a big world, and there's a lot of people in it."

"But you could find out if he's with the gipsies still; and if he's gone, they would very likely be able to tell you where he is."

"I'll do my best," he said. "No doubt I shall be tumbling across him soon. But don't be impatient. Everything in good time."

"I don't understand what all this is 'bout," Jasper said, staring at them in bewilderment.

"She will tell you everything," Jack replied. "You shall hear from me again some time. Good-night and good-bye;" and with another hungering look at Eve, he went out into the darkness.

When he had got beyond the lights of the house he stood still and rubbed his eyes. Then he felt in his waistcoat pocket, and heaved a little sigh of relief as he did so. Then he set his shoulders back, and raised his face to the stars. Finally, he marched forward, with a buoyancy of step and a hopefulness of heart such as he had not known for many a long day.

"I'm glad I didn't tell her," he reflected. "She mustn't know yet that I've been in jail. No, no, I must work and win. I don't know how, but I think I've got a start. Oh, he's a good sort. And Eve is very happy."

Jack slept very little that night. His brain was full of schemes and projects—none of which, however, seemed altogether to satisfy him. Slowly the power to think was coming back to him; but even yet his thoughts ran from one subject to another in a way that was decidedly disconcerting. Amid the general confusion, however, one or two things stood out fairly clear and distinct. In the first place, he would have to get away from Stamer. He might spend a lifetime as a farm servant and be no better off at the end than at the start. Hence, if he was to improve his worldly fortunes, he must get somewhere where the current of life moved less sluggishly. In the second place, before he left Stamer, he must find out, if possible, something about his mother. Stamer was evidently her destination when eleven years ago she sank by the roadside and died. But whom had she come to seek? What object had she in view?

He had inquired of John Cox, and there were no Milwards in Stamer. He had never heard of anyone bearing that name.

"If I could only find out what her name was before she married my father," he reflected, "I should have some foundation to build upon." But in that lay the whole difficulty.

His two points seemed to lead him very little farther, after all. It was easy to say he must get out of Stamer. But where was he to go? He might get out of the frying-pan and fall into the fire. With respect to his resolve to find out something about his mother, how was he to do it?—where was he to begin?—at what point was his inquiry to start? So he racked his brain until he was weary; and when morning came he looked and felt as though he had not been to bed at all.

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Chapter XVIII

SURMISES

These doubts play havoc with my rest,
And spike my sleep with dreams.

Jasper Downderry was perplexed. Eve's story "exercised his mind" greatly, and kept him awake many hours when he ought to have been asleep. He was pleased to see Eve so happy, so full of pleasurable excitement and anticipation; but, on the other hand, he was afraid lest the discovery that her brother was alive should in the end yield more pain than satisfaction. Jealous of the love of his adopted child, he could not bear the thought of anyone coming between them, particularly anyone who might wield an influence over her that should not be for her good. For eleven years the life of Crantock Farm had been that of almost unbroken peace. On the whole, they had been the happiest years of Jasper's life, the most satisfying and the most productive — not in worldly gear, but in those moral qualities which are, after all, life's only real possessions. Jasper would have liked this state of things to continue. He dreaded the prospect of change, for he could not conceive of any change that would be for the better. Change at Crantock would mean break-up and disintegration and loss. At present the life of Crantock was almost ideal in its beauty and simplicity. Eve had grown into joyous girlhood, fulfilling all his desire. Once he had longed to keep her always a child. He was afraid that time would spoil her. But hitherto time had dealt graciously with her; she was more winsome at fourteen than she was at four.

Yet Jasper was anxious still. It was his nature, and so he could not very well help it. He mistrusted all innovations, shrank from all untried projects, and earnestly prayed that things might continue as they were. Hence the news that Eve's brother was living awoke in his heart a considerable measure of anxiety. If he found his way to Crantock it might mean a complete break-up of the old life. He might turn away her heart from her old love, and fill her with a passion for the great outside world that might lead to her moral and spiritual undoing.

The more Jasper thought about the matter, the more convinced he became that wherever this brother might be, he was no fit companion for Eve. A young man who had spent the most impressionable part of his life among the gipsies was not likely to be a desirable character.

"I don't want no young men a-coming about here," he said to himself, "neither her brother nor nobody else's brother. They've lived apart all these years, an' I don't see any good now that could come of their meetin'."

Jasper said nothing of this, however, to Eve; nor did he let his wife suspect the state of mental unrest he had got into.

Leah—being destitute of imagination—heard the news with perfect indifference.

"We'll talk about him," she said, "when he turns up. Young men as a rule don't care to be burdened with their sisters. And if he knows that Eve is well cared for, he ain't goin' to trouble."

This piece of worldly wisdom set Jasper's mind working along a fresh track; and that afternoon, having been sent by his wife to Stamer to fetch some "groceries," he forgot all about it, and two hours later he was found by Charley leaning over a gate not five hundred yards from the house, his eyes staring into vacancy, the empty basket lying on the ground by his side.

"Why, maaster, what be 'ee a-doin' of there?" Charley questioned. "Have 'ee got the tay an' sugar and them things that the missus is awaitin' for?"

"Got what?" Jasper said, pulling himself up with a sudden movement.

"Why, ain't 'ee been to Stamer, arter oal?" Charley asked, looking at the empty basket.

"Charley," said Jasper, with dignity, "there be matters more important than sugar and tay and such things."

"I'll be bound the missus waan't think so, any road," Charley laughed.

"Well, then, Charley, you go an' fetch 'em, and I'll get in the hay and groom the hosses, an' help Susan wi' the milkin'."

Charley entered into this arrangement with alacrity, and soon after was slouching along the Stamer road at a swinging pace, whistling cheerfully as he went.

Charley was intensely loyal to his master, and lost no time over the errand. "He'll git his 'air combed ef I doan't make haste," he reflected. "But I wonder what's a-botherin' 'im again. He do think a terrible lot when the fit's on 'im."

Jasper, however, had learned by experience the wisdom of keeping his thoughts to himself, and as he was by no means a rapid thinker it frequently happened that many days passed before he reached anything approaching a definite conclusion.

It was fully a week after Jack's visit to

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Crantock Farm that Jasper started out early one morning, and directed his steps towards the homestead of John Cox. Not that he wanted to see the farmer. He wanted to see his hired man. He had a number of questions he wanted to ask, a number of surmises he was anxious to verify. Leah's chance remark had at last borne fruit. It was very possible that Eve's brother had discovered her whereabouts, and finding she was comfortably off, had not disturbed her. Why should he? Young men were proverbially selfish. Eve's brother, doubtless, like other young men, would prefer to be without any kind of encumbrance or responsibility, or if he was interested in a sister at all, it would most likely be the sister of somebody else.

Perhaps—perhaps—? But no, he would not harbour such a thought. It was preposterous, absurd, impossible. But it would come back, spite of every effort to drive it away. He could not resist the conviction that there was a certain likeness between the two. He had wondered at Bodmin Assizes whom or what it was the young man in the dock reminded him of. Then, too, there was a certain tone or inflexion in their voices that seemed to correspond. And—well, there were several other things he could not shape into words that seemed to give colour to his suspicion. No one knew but himself the mental struggle he waged during the next four or five days. When the idea had once taken root he found it impossible to put it from him. Indeed, the more he tried to dig it out, the more tenaciously it grew.

At length he started off to interview Jack himself. Certainty, however painful, is better than suspense. He would get at the truth, if possible. If Eve's brother had spent three years in jail, he might as well know it first as last. Eve need not know. He could keep the truth from her. But for himself he felt he could not bear the suspense any longer.

John Cox opened the door in response to his knock. "Oah, Varmer Downderry," he said, "you be stirrin' airly this mornin'. 'Ow be 'ee, then? I'm very glad to see 'ee."

"I'm all right, thank 'ee," Jasper answered rather stiffly. "But, to tell 'ee the truth, Farmer Cox, I called to see that young man of yours."

"Aw, well, then, I'm sorry to zay you're too late."

"You doan't mean to say he's left?"

"Iss. I couldn't kip 'n. I tried—offered 'n more wages; but 'twas no use. He stayed 'is vortnight out, and then he cleared off."

"You don't knaw where he's gone, I s'pose?"

"No, I don't knaw nawthin'. He was always very cloas 'bout himself. He would never tell 'ee no more'n he 'ad a mind to."

"Did you find out what his name was?"

"Nawthin' more'n 'Jack.' He said that was name enough for he."

Jasper looked perplexed and troubled. His mental strife and travail seemed doomed to end in failure, after all.

"You say he wouldn't talk about himself?" he questioned at length. "Did he ax many questions 'bout other folk?"

"Ay, that was jist the very thing he did. He was always a-axin' questions whenever he 'ad the chance. He might ha' been a lawyer, he was that pryin'."

"He dedn' ax anything 'bout me, very likely, — that is, mother, an' Eve, and Charley?"

"Dedn' 'ee, then? Why, bless 'ee, 'e knaw'd everything 'bout 'ee the first day 'e was 'ere."

"You towld 'im?"

"I ded; fur I couldn' zay nawthin' but good 'bout 'ee, Varmer Downderry, an' I'm always glad to spaik well ov my neighbours."

"It's very kind of 'ee," Jasper reflected. "But I wonder what object he could 'ave in makin' so many inquiries?"

"Well, now,"—and Cox put on a most mysterious air,—"between you an' me an' the gate-post, there's somethin' behind it oal. He axed me to zay nawthin' 'bout it; but laws, I dedn' promise nawthin', an' I baan't bound to keep my mouth shet to plaise 'im. He zed he comed 'ere to get hinformation. He knaw'd a lot 'bout that woman as died on Pentarnum Moor 'leven years ago. You mind it, Varmer Downderry?"

"I mind it very well," Jasper said, with a little gasp.

"Well, 'e zed he knaw'd fur a fact as she had a boay an' a maid wi' her. The little maid was 'bout dree, an' the boay 'bout zeven."

"Yes?" Jasper questioned eagerly.

"Well, of course I zed he was mistook, fur I knaw'd the chaps as vound 'er an' they zed as there weren't a cheeld near."

"An' what did 'ee say further?" Jasper asked, after a pause.

"Well, I don't jist remember oal I zed," Cox answered, colouring slightly.

"You dedn' say nawthin' 'bout me, I reckon?"

"Well, Varmer Downderry," said Cox, shuffling about uneasily, "to tell 'ee the

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truth, I did jist zay as 'twere funny like that you should 'ave brought 'ome a little maid called Eve 'bout that very time. You'll 'gree yerself as 'twas curious like, waan't you, now?"

"Iss, iss," Jasper said slowly. "I've never denied it. I found the little maid. Leastways, Leah and me found her as we was returning from Polwhele. The poor mother was dead, you see, an' nobody claimed her, and so we've took care of her as well as we could."

"I zay you've been terrible kind, an' there's no denyin' it," Cox said earnestly.

"But doan't 'ee go talkin' 'bout it. The maid is very happy with me, an' I doan't want her mind disturbed. If anything comes of this young man's inquiries it'll be time enough then."

"You may trust me, Varmer Downderry," said Cox, with unction. "I baan't the sort to talk 'bout other people's affairs."

"THE LAWYER LISTENED."

It was nearly noon when Jasper reached Crantock Farm. He fell to dreaming directly he left Cox, and he dreamed with scarcely any intermission till his own dwelling came into sight. He was rather surprised to find that the day was so far spent, for he had not kept count of the time he had spent leaning over gates staring into vacancy.

He had not got all the evidence he desired, but he had got enough to convince him that his surmise was correct; and on the whole he was not dissatisfied with the turn of events. It was evident Eve's brother did not intend to reveal his identity until he could come to her without making her feel ashamed. This was to his credit. Of course, on the other side was the fact that he had been convicted of housebreaking and had spent three years in jail. But there were evidently two sides to that matter. There was no denying the fact that he was a handsome, well-spoken young man, that he had an honest face and a fearless eye, and that if appearances went for anything he might be trusted to fight the battle of life with energy and success.

"Well, I'm glad I lent him that money, anyhow," Jasper reflected. "If he's the right sort he'll return it, an' I'll be glad to see him; an' if he ain't the right sort he'll not turn up again, an' we shaan't be troubled with 'n. So in a sense it'll be right any road." And with this piece of logic Jasper smoothed out the wrinkles from his forehead and went quietly about his work.

Meanwhile Jack had discovered that the fates were still against him, and that the world had a strong objection to being conquered. When he left John Cox he was in a very hopeful frame of mind, and had very little doubt of ultimate success; but it did not take many days to chill his enthusiasm and to reduce him to a position bordering on despair.

His first halting-place was Stamer, where he purchased some very necessary articles of attire, and made preparations for a long tramp. He did not commence the tramp, however, as soon as he anticipated. The cause of the delay was a sudden thought that struck him. The thought was originated by a brass plate on a door. REGINALD TREMAYNE, *Solicitor, Commissioner for Oaths*, were the words engraved on the plate.

Jack stood still and reflected. "Solicitor," he said to himself, "that's a lawyer. I don't

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know what 'Commisioner for Oaths' means. But lawyers are the people who find out things. I wonder if he could find out anything about my mother."

To think with Jack was frequently to act, and a minute later he was knocking at the lawyer's office door.

"Your master in?" he questioned of a small boy who greeted him.

"Yes, sir. What name shall I say, sir?"

"Never mind name," Jack answered. "Tell him a man wants to see him."

The boy was back again in a few seconds. "This way, please, sir," he said; and he led the way to an inner office. It was a moderately sized room, with a large writing-table in the centre, behind which sat a good-looking, athletic young fellow of five or six and twenty.

The lawyer looked at his visitor with evident curiosity. Reginald Tremayne rather prided himself on his ability to read men, but he had to own to himself that the case before him was off the beaten track, and that it would be unsafe to jump to hasty conclusions. Jack's dress favoured the idea that he was a country swain. His manner revealed an alertness not usually associated with that particular class.

When Jack spoke, the lawyer gave a little start, and pushed back his chair an inch or two. Jack's early training had not been lost, whilst his quick ear for sounds and a passion he had developed for books enabled him to keep his idiom remarkably pure for one circumstanced as he had been.

Reginald Tremayne rubbed his chin reflectively. His first impression would have to be modified, possibly reversed.

Jack told his story straightforwardly, and without any waste of words. The lawyer listened with almost strained attention, and once or twice seemed on the point of speaking, but suddenly checked himself. He allowed Jack to finish his story without interruption.

Jack thought it strange that his first question should relate to his sister Eve.

"You say that the young lady known as Miss Eve Downderry is your sister?"

"There is not a doubt of it."

"She is not aware of the fact?"

"No. I'm no credit to her at present, or to anyone else. But some day"—

"And her real name is Milward?"

"Yes. But you understand my point is to get to know who my mother was. Why did she leave London to come here, bringing Eve and myself with her? Whom was she seeking? She evidently knew this place. She had some purpose in coming here. Of course there may be nothing at the back of it; but, you understand, I feel curious."

"Naturally. Anyone would in your place. But have you any suspicions—any grounds for supposing there may be something at the back, as you say? Did your mother ever hint at anything?"

"My mother was very reticent about the past," Jack answered thoughtfully. "Besides, a lad of six or seven doesn't take much notice of things—I mean such things as we are now talking about. But piecing such bits together as I can remember, I have an idea that she was once well off, that somebody wronged her, or robbed her, or something. You see, she was a lady, though we were always poor."

"I understand. You have no idea what her maiden name was?"

"Not the remotest."

"Your father, you say, was an artist?"

"Yes. But he was not successful. We saw very little of him. He was a tall man, I remember that; and for some reason he spent nearly all his time away from home."

Reginald Tremayne bit the end of his paper-knife and looked thoughtful. He was only a young man, and knew comparatively little of the family histories of Stamer, or he would have seen much farther into the heart of Jack's story than he did.

"I don't know if my story is worth ferreting into," Jack went on, after a pause. "Besides, I can't afford to pay you anything now. But if you should happen to unearth anything of value, you shall be rewarded. You can take your own time over it. I've given you all the facts as far as I know them. When I come this way again I'll call and see what you've done."

"In any case I will make inquiries," the lawyer said. He was not overburdened with work; there were certain features in the case that interested him. "Yes, I will make inquiries. Call again when you are passing."

"I don't know when that will be," Jack said, with a laugh. "However, there's no hurry; you can take your own time over it."

"Could you let me have your address?" the lawyer asked.

"I have no address," was the reply, "but I'll call when I'm this way again. Good-morning;" and a minute later he was in the street.

"Now I go to make my fortune," he reflected; but he little recked of the difficulties that lay in his path.

(*To be continued.*)

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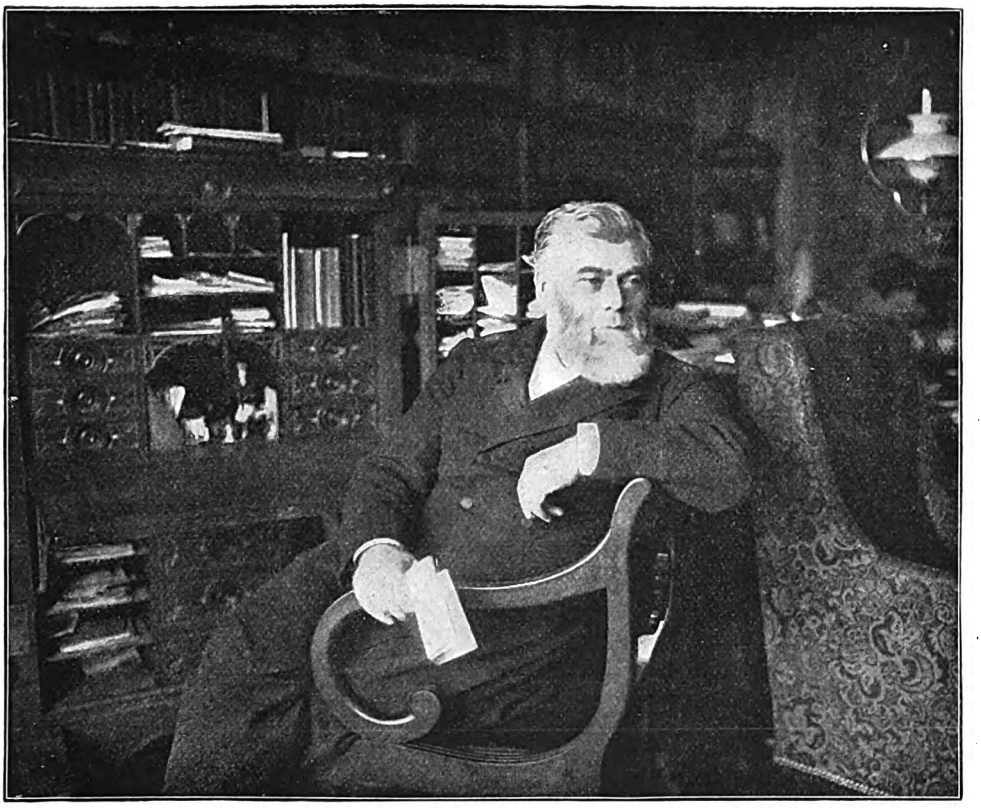

DR. MONRO GIBSON IN HIS STUDY.

[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE *by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, *Regent Street, W.*]

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FREE CHURCH COUNCIL

DR. MONRO GIBSON AND HIS CHURCH

DR. JOHN MONRO GIBSON, President of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, is a Scotsman by birth, a Canadian by education, and an Englishman by adoption. In the sixteen years which have elapsed since he settled in England he has won a prominent place among Presbyterians and a high position among the leaders of Nonconformity. Six years ago the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England elected him as its Moderator—the highest honour the denomination can confer upon a man; last year Dr. Gibson was nominated and unanimously elected President of the Free Church Council—the greatest mark of distinction the National Federation of Nonconformists has in its power to bestow. When the turn came—as it came at Nottingham last spring—to elect a Presbyterian to the Council's presidency, Dr. Monro Gibson's nomination became almost a matter of course. Apart from his denominational prominence, Dr. Gibson had been an active champion of the federation of Nonconformity. When the idea of a Free Church Congress was first ventilated, it found an assiduous supporter in Dr. Gibson, and from that time he has been one of the foremost figures in the movement for consolidating the forces of Nonconformity.

The evolution of the federation has been an abnormally rapid process. The embryo from which sprang the highly-organised Nonconformist Parliament which meets in London this month first took shape in November 1892, when a Congress consisting of members acting in a strictly personal capacity met in Manchester and devoted four days to deliberations on Nonconformist matters. Dr. Monro Gibson was prominent

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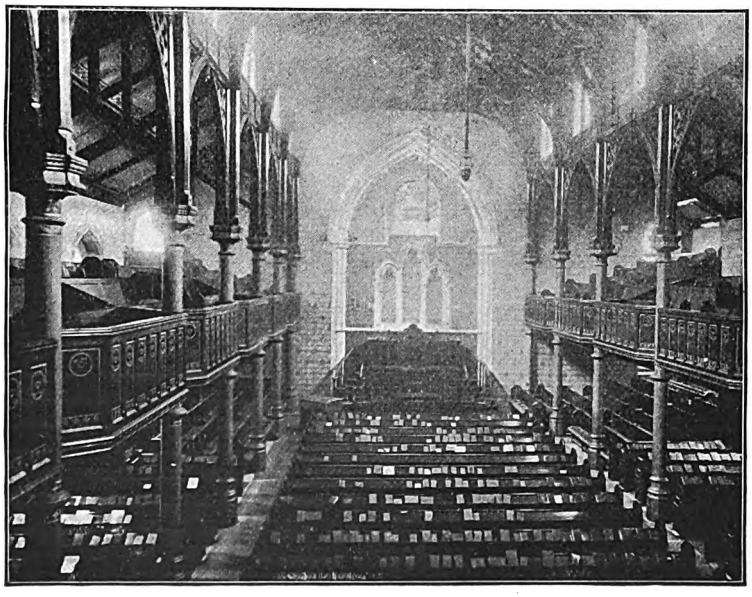
at that first session, and in addressing a great public meeting in the Free Trade Hall expressed his firm belief in the future of the movement. His most sanguine hopes have, however, he confessed to me a week or two ago, been completely surpassed. In four years the federation movement has discarded the personal and assumed a representative character, and has literally covered the country with Free Church parish, district, and county councils, all culminating in the National Council representing over eight thousand churches. Through this organisation, Nonconformity, which had always pre sented a vulnerable heterogeneity, has been transformed into a homogeneous force aiming at religious progress and moral advancement. When Dr. Gibson enters upon his presidency on the 9th inst. he will face a Congress representative of a more highly-organised and consolidated Nonconformity than has ever before existed.

Dr. Gibson's earliest bent was towards the ministry. His father was a Secession minister in the little out-of-the-way town of Whithorn in Wigtownshire, so that throughout his life he has breathed the atmosphere of the manse. After young Gibson had had one session at Glasgow University, his father was sent out to Owen Sound on Lake Huron by the Colonial Committee of the United Presbyterian Church, and for two years John Monro Gibson held the post of Principal of a grammar school. Then came the opportunity for studying at Toronto University. His Arts course was brilliant, and having secured two gold medals and the Prince's prize awarded annually to the best all-round student, Mr. Gibson entered on a theological course, first at the United Presbyterian Hall and then at Knox College, Toronto. Nine years' work as a co-pastor in Montreal was followed by six years as minister of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago. His removal from America to England was almost accidental—his people at St. John's Wood would probably prefer to call it providential. While making a holiday visit, Dr. Gibson—for by this time the University of Chicago had conferred an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree upon the distinguished Presbyterian—was suddenly called up to preach at Willesden for Professor Elmslie, who had broken down in health. That single sermon opened a new epoch in his career, for it was the occasion of his becoming known to the Presbyterian Church at St. John's Wood, which had just lost its minister, Dr. R. S. Drummond, and which later on sought his services as their pastor. The informal overtures were declined by Dr. Gibson, who returned to America only to be pursued by a pressing invitation to St. John's Wood. The call was accepted, to the delight of the North London Presbyterians, but to the dismay of Dr. Gibson's Chicago congregation, amongst whom he was extremely popular and deeply esteemed. So, in June 1880, Dr. Monro Gibson entered on his ministry at St. John's Wood—a ministry which has been one continuous period of unbroken harmony and singular prosperity.



THE INTERIOR OF DR. MONRO GIBSON'S CHURCH.
[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE *by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

It is not an uncommon idea that the Presbyterian polity makes for formality, and by

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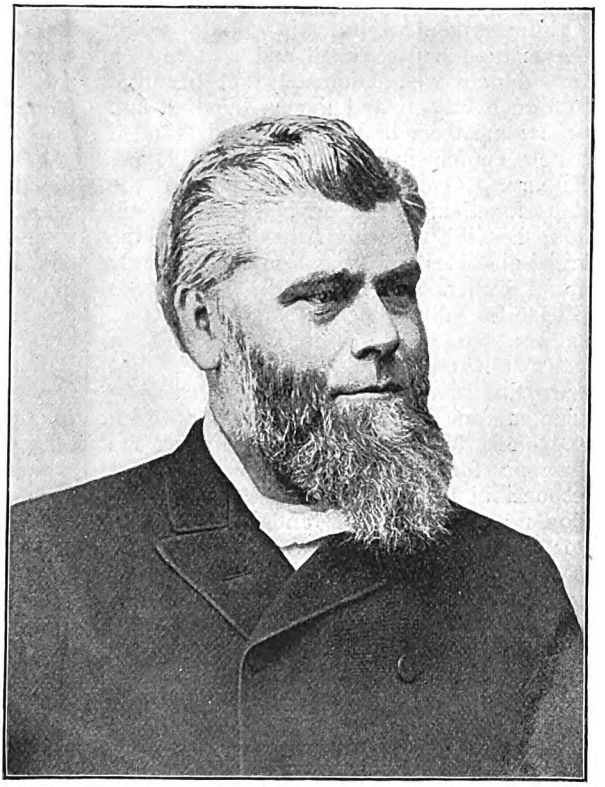
its rigidity destroys elasticity. To that notion St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church supplies a flat contradiction. Almost every form of philanthropic and religious agency is included in its auxiliaries. The first Boys' Brigade organised in London was formed in connection with this church. Four Sunday schools exist under its ægis, the Christian Endeavour movement has a flourishing branch in connection with the church, and an excellent Literary and Artistic Society meets weekly under its roof. Foreign missions are generously supported, and home missions have always received the church's liberal help. District visitation is conducted in a most systematic way, the vicinity being divided into parishes, in some of which visitors, superintended by an elder, work loyally and regularly. A glance at the Manual provides ample evidence of the church's unselfishness. As an instance of its altruistic spirit, it is noteworthy that of a total income of £6336, the amount spent on the congregation and its organisations in 1895 was less than £2000. Thus considerably over £4000 was raised and devoted to purely external objects. It is doubtful if any other church of any denomination can show a better record. "We are supposed to be a rich church," observed Dr. Monro Gibson to me, when I asked how they did it; "but that is because our people have been trained to liberality, and because systematic beneficence has been developed from the beginning of its existence." Dr. Roberts—now Professor Roberts of St. Andrews—and Dr. Drummond, the earlier pastors at St. John's Wood, gave the church this characteristic, and Dr. Gibson has consistently followed their example. He has always emphasised the necessity for considering others before themselves, and has made it a guiding maxim that "the church that would save its life shall lose it." Some years ago both the church at St. John's Wood and the mission at Kilburn, for which it is responsible, were so crowded that structural extensions and enlargements were required at both places. The question arose as to which extension should be made first, and the mission was given the preference. As a result, the St. John's Wood Church was kept waiting for nearly two years until the poor people were accommodated at the mission. The decision involved heavy outlay and no income, whereas the extension of the church itself would have brought an immediate increase of income. This is just an illustration of the spirit of the church.

Throughout Dr. Monro Gibson's pastorate



DR. MONRO GIBSON.
[*From a Photo by* DISDERI, *Brook St., W.*]

the demand for sittings in the St. John's Wood Church has exceeded the supply, and proposals have several times been made that a larger church should be built on a new site. But that idea has never been favoured by either minister or congregation, whose policy has always been to foster the establishment of new churches around the neighbourhood rather than to gather a large congregation of people drawn from a distance. Ten years ago, acting on this principle, a new church was formed by a nucleus of members of St. John's Wood Church living in Brondesbury. The wisdom of the course was soon seen in the result, for that church is St. George's Presbyterian Church, Brondesbury, which

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now flourishes under the ministry of Rev. R. Ethol Welsh, and which has itself undertaken valuable mission work in its own neighbourhood. The same chivalrous spirit has always been manifest in the church's relations with its mission at Kilburn, which was opened in 1879—just before Dr. Monro Gibson settled at St. John's Wood. For several years this mission was uphill work; but the difficulties were overcome by patience and perseverance, and the workers had the satisfaction of seeing the mission hall enlarged and overcrowded several times over. Ultimately it was resolved to form a church, and then a hundred and twenty members branched off and founded a new church in Salusbury Road, Upper Kilburn. Once more events justified the step, for though the original mission still flourishes, the new church has overcome the initial obstacles and started on an apparently useful career. In November, Dr. Monro Gibson formally opened a handsome lecture hall erected at the back of the site on which the church is to be reared. But even this does not exhaust the category of home missionary enterprises for which St. John's Wood Church has supplied the dynamic force and undertaken financial responsibility. A mission for railway employés at Cricklewood and a mission in Portland Town have for some time been manned by members of Dr. Gibson's congregation, and liberally supported by the St. John's Wood Church. Denominational movements, and especially the Sustentation Fund, which exists to secure a "living wage" for all Presbyterian ministers, are generously helped, while many general undenominational organisations, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London City Mission, are the recipients of handsome donations from the St. John's Wood Presbyterians.

Dr. Monro Gibson has many of the characteristics from which spring popularity. There is a fascinating *bonhomie* about his personality which makes him a *persona grata* with his ministerial *confrères* and colleagues in public work. His geniality never fails to attract strangers, just as his ready wit invariably captivates an audience. His speeches are racy, animated, and entertaining, though when occasion arises he can command attention by his fine oratorical gifts. His preaching is forcible, argumentative, with flashes of impassioned rhetoric. He makes it a practice to address a sermonette to the children in his congregation, and few preachers possess the faculty for gripping the child-mind as he does. He is a natural *raconteur*, and can engage the attention of the children with an effective story from which gleams the moral he wishes to emphasise. His rapid delivery is the one defect of his pulpit style. One of his Montreal hearers once laughingly remarked that he was like a race-horse, and that it required an agile mind to follow him close enough to see more than "the dust of his heels." That is an exaggeration, but a modicum of truth underlies it. Dr. Gibson's sermons are candid, outspoken utterances. He never "trims" his words to suit his hearers, but frankly expresses his opinions and conceptions. He measures responsibility by the gauge of opportunity.

"Service," he tells his congregation, "is the ideal of life;" and he insists that those who have any special privileges or advantages, such as ability, education, position, wealth, and leisure, are morally bound to render more important service than others less favourably circumstanced. "Everyone," I heard him say in a sermon at St. John's Wood,—"everyone will be judged according to his position, advantages, and opportunities, whether these are great or small, plus or minus. Every privilege has its corresponding responsibility, and every gift its corresponding debt." The liberality of his congregation may easily be traced to such emphatic utterances.

The service at St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church is bright and attractive. The hymns and psalms — the old phrasing of the Psalter is used — are heartily sung by the congregation, led by a large voluntary choir whose musical ability is well above the average of Nonconformist choirs. The organist, Mr. F. G. Edwards, is a perfect master of his instrument, and a musician and author of some distinction. The church is large, and though externally unimposing, has a handsome interior. St. John's Wood is a fashionable suburb, and the favourite residential quarter of literary and artistic people, many of whom have attached themselves to Dr. Gibson's church, and join whole-heartedly in its efforts. It was a cold, damp, cheerless December morning when I last heard Dr. Gibson preach, but the church was crowded notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Dr. Gibson's sermon was characteristic of the preacher. He emphasised as a divine law the growth of the spiritual out of the natural, urging that while the natural was man's starting-point, the spiritual should be his goal. "The natural is my base, the spiritual my goal." "From Adam to Christ is the line of our promotion." "It is a

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familiar antithesis — the carnal and the spiritual, but this law casts no reflection on the natural." "When speaking of the natural we are speaking not of man the sinner, but merely of man as man, and if man neglects that which is natural, he prevents himself attaining to the spiritual." These are a few of Dr. Gibson's phrases, wrested from their context perhaps, but indicative, nevertheless, of the drift and purpose of his discourse, which was delivered with remarkable energy and vitality.

These are the qualities—as a minister and as a leader of men—that have brought Dr. Monro Gibson prominently before the Free Churches of England, and it is as a recognition of his zeal and energy as a Christian minister and his generous sympathy and devoted loyalty as a man that the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches selected Dr. Monro Gibson to preside at its first assembly in London.

ARTHUR PORRITT.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM, AND HOW TO SOLVE IT[1]

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS

TAKE away the stigma that attaches, or is supposed to attach, to the position of domestic servant, and this "awful problem," which is terrifying both English and American housewives, will have gone a long way in the direction of solution. Writing this, as I am, from the United States, where we are supposed to believe that all men, and women too, are born free and equal, I cannot refrain from referring to the "problem" as it presents itself to my own countrywomen. As everybody knows, we have no "American servants." Our servants come from the Irish, the Germans, the Norwegians, the Swedes, and lastly, but not least, the negroes, descendants of the one-time Southern slaves. The Irish servants are dirty and drunken, the Germans, Norwegians, and Swedes are clean and frugal, and quick to learn—and, when they have "learned," are utterly conscienceless in leaving the mistress who has taught them all they know in order to "better themselves." The negroes are good servants and tender-hearted, but are impudent and independent, and in the northern part of the United States are insisting upon being called "helps" instead of servants, and are refusing to wear caps.

Now, English housewives may not be troubled with all the particular phases of the servant problem which vex their American cousins, but, taking everything into consideration, their trials are just as great as are those of my own countrywomen. The English servants are more polite, outwardly, than are those of America, but, taking the English servant girl from a general point of view, she is not the superior of the American "help."

After having studied the servant problem in both countries from two points of view—that is, as a member of the household and a member of the servants' staff—I have formed the opinion that the servant difficulty is bound to remain a difficulty until domestic work is taken out of the hands of the lower and ignorant classes and put into the hands of the higher and educated classes. Let well-bred and well-educated English and American girls get over their ridiculous notion that it is "beneath them" to become domestic servants. I am not advocating the "lady-help" as she is at present to be found in England. She will sweep the drawing-room, but insists upon sitting in it when it is swept; and she will cook the food, but demands to take her place at the table as "one of the family." The educated domestic worker must attend to her duties in the same business-like way as the educated bookkeeper, who is employed to keep books and not to hob-nob with her employer.

In conclusion, I will say that as far as I, myself personally, am concerned, if the time ever comes when editors "prove unkind," and I cannot earn a living in journalism, I intend to advertise for a situation with a nice family, in a conveniently arranged house, where, donning a cap and apron, I shall for a second time become a servant—not for the purpose of investigating and "writing it up," as I did before, but to earn a living, honest and dignified!

[1] In our last number we printed several communications on this subject from well-known ladies. Miss Banks' contribution arrived from America too late to be included in that number, and we therefore print it here.—EDITOR.

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THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

O THOU Gentle One, give us some hint of Thy nearness. Thou knowest what we can best receive, and Thou wilt not withhold it. This sign Thou wilt work in our hearts, for they wait for Thee. We do not want the token for our eyes, we want the sign for our souls. Let some vision pass before our spirits, some new light, some hitherto unseen glory; or let some whisper beguile the heart out of its despair, and answer all its waiting and expectancy with great satisfaction. May not our hearts burn within us whilst we commune at Thine altar; may we not know that a sudden access of life has flooded all the channels of our being; may we not experience the uplifting which means heaven in its last issue? Why may we not see somewhat of the angels? are they not all ministering spirits, servants of Thine and servants of ours? Help our life towards immortality; may we not hear something in the soul we have never heard with the outward ear, music too exquisite to be heard by the body? In Thine own way bring the sign; after Thine own measure grant the blessing. Yet may everyone know that God is at hand, and not afar off, and that the cross is the nearest object to the vision of the heart. Wonderful is that cross of Thine, Son of Mary, Son of Man, Son of God; deeper than all our sin, higher than all our thought, wider than all our desire. We would live within the circle of the cross. It means forgiveness, thorough, absolute, everlasting pardon, cleansing through precious blood; the greatest mystery of righteousness and love to be found in all Thy universe. May we live near the cross, and love the cross, and serve the cross! Then the bitterness of death will be past, and we shall already be in the company of those who are clothed in white, and in whose heart there is no pain. Amen.

LOVING-KINDNESS AND TRUTH

I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth from the great congregation.—Ps. xl. 10.

THIS Psalm seems to be one specially calling for the exercise and enjoyment of what may be called publicity. Herein the Psalmist will have no secrets. He relates his own experience, he expatiates upon it, he turns it into song, and into speech, and all the earth shall hear what this delivered man has to say. It is very comely is this thankfulness; and as rare as it is comely. The Psalmist said he missed God. There was nothing in the sky but a great cloud; there was no door in the cloud; there was no upward way to the lights that cannot be put out. So saith the Psalmist, "I waited patiently for the Lord": I almost tired Him out with patience; I importuned Him with silence: I have learned, saith the Psalmist in effect, that there is a way of battering upon heaven's door as with violence and repercussion and urgency; that way I knew well: but in this case I waited patiently for the Lord, I sat as it were on His doorsill with folded hands, saying to my soul, He will come presently; the longer He delays the greater will be the blessing He will bring with Him: I will therefore now find my strength in sitting still: I will wait, I will not wait noisily and petulantly or complainingly, but I will wait with that kind of silence which will make God almost wonder. Silence is the child of faith; silence is the music of faith. "I waited patiently": I know that the pit was very much filled up with miry clay; I know that my feet had no standing-place; I was so situated at that time that I dare scarcely look round lest I should fall off what little foothold I had. It was a sad strait, it was an agony of the soul; and yet some voice, not man's, some voice of angel or of spirit, said to me, Let patience have her perfect work: and not only did God set my feet upon a rock and establish my goings, so that I walked upon a solid broad thoroughfare right up to heaven, but as I began to walk I began to sing; it was a new song, I never heard the like before; I knew it without learning it, it came to me as an inspiration from heaven; it came to me in some measure as a reward for that long-continued silent patience. Trained patience, disciplined waiting, may break into surprising and gladdening song.

What then will he do? He will preach. What now will he do? He will make up for that silence. If he were silent before God he will not be silent before man. He cannot keep all these things even in his heart. He says, These blessings were not given to me to be hidden, God is not making a mere storehouse of me for His own convenience, so that He can come and open the door and look in upon His treasures, and make audit of the same, and certify that they are still where He left them:

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every mercy I have received is to be turned back again into a song, into a sermon, into an appeal, into an argument. Thus the life of the Christian, could he but get rid of the dumb devil, would be the most eloquent testimony that could be borne respecting the grace and energy of the cross. It is very marvellous that this religion, rooted in Judaism, blossoming in Christianity, beginning in the Old Testament, and rising into its greatest Pentecostal power in the New, will not allow its recipients and believers to be dumb. Dumbness is blasphemy; dumbness is heterodoxy. To have had the heart wholly filled with good things from heaven and never to mention the fact—when you are hunting for heresy, stop at your own dumbness, and convict yourselves of the greatest heresy known to the heart.

Nor does this suggestion of speech end in mere utterance. The religion of the Old Testament began to be restless; the religion of the New Testament never has a moment, so to say, in which to sit down. Why this energy? why this rush? why this quest of new spheres? You find the reason in the religion itself. Love cannot rest until that one vacant chair is filled up. Love cannot be satisfied until the last child has come home. Love cannot be quite easy until the last lost sheep has been recovered to the fold. Other religions can stay at home and be quiet; other religions muse and dream and contemplate; they can see themselves best in a cloud of smoke; when the eyes are glazed over, and when the head is incapable of energetic thinking, then the religion now referred to seems to float in the air—very beautiful, very exquisite, almost artistic, and requiring almost genius itself to spell out any word of all its meaning. Christianity is otherwise. Its feet are on the earth; it goes from nation to nation, learns every language as if by right; its great battle-word and its great love-word is not Israel but Man. Is there any greater word than Man—except the solitary word God?—and God created man in His own image and likeness, and made room for him on His throne. Pity will not allow its real believers to be dumb, inert, self-felicitating, and self-satisfying; it is restless, impetuous, urgent, resurgent; it will set its feet on every yellow shore, it will grow the fruits of God in every wilderness. Perhaps this is the enthusiastic view: without enthusiasm we can have no living faith. If your faith is only in your head it is useless; it may be an aggravation of the guilt with which you are chargeable. Faith must get right down into the heart, into the furnace part of your being, where the fire flames and glows, and there it must enter into the very quality of that fire, and come up again in glory, in the glory of beneficence and heroic endurance and suffering.

The Psalmist had a great text. All Christ's texts are great. The least text He ever spoke stretched itself from horizon to horizon. It might be in words so little that a child could carry it to its mother, and babble it at her knee; but as to its meaning, poetry, suggestion, issue, every word of Christ fills infinity. The Psalmist had a great subject, what was it? It was twofold: "Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth." Why, there is nothing else. He has taken all the subjects in one great text; he has brought all the flowers and all the fruits back to the first little seed or root, and there he stands, the great preacher of the great kingdom of the great double truth. Every succeeding preacher must go to the Psalmist and say, Lend me one of your texts; there is no other: "loving-kindness" fills the sky, "truth" bears up that sky on eternal pillars. We may often know a man by his subjects; we may know where the heart has been by the talk of the tongue: "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This man says he will speak of loving-kindness and of truth; he will sing a song of mercy and of judgment; he will hide nothing; everything shall be coloured by his own personal experience of its reality. That is preaching — great texts passed through a great experience, uttered in a great passion and thankfulness.

What will this man of music do? What has he done?—"I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, Thou knowest. I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation: I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth from the great congregation": Thou hast delivered me, and I have spoken of nothing else since the time; Lord, I have had but one subject: I have not called in abstract argument, and metaphysical bewilderment; I have told everybody, the single man, and the congregation a thousand strong, that I was in a pit, and I was lifted up, sinking in the mire and was delivered; and I have ascribed all the redemption to Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth, and while life or breath or being lasts, or immortality endures, I can never change that theme. These words will make an impression upon the world; enthusiasm of this range and quality cannot be lost. There is a passion that

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kills itself; there is a suicidal energy. But with such a theme, such an experience, such a man, such a manner of speech and of song, this man David will be the sweet singer of the ages, and no enemy can strike from his skilled fingers the harp on which he re-reveals the living God. The Church has lost her harp; she has now settled into prose. Any odd words which the marketplace has done with are quite sufficient for the Church now. She takes up the leavings of other speakers; she imagines that by doing so she has got rid of all the "old puritanic cant" and is now talking the language of the times. She likes to speak in the accent of the day; the holy twang she has lost, the old way of uttering God's truth she has abandoned; all her ancient customs have fallen into desuetude, and she herself has lost her backbone and her brain and her knee-joint, and the poor old decrepit cripple can hardly stand; and the enemy is laughing at her. He has wrought great wonders in her vocabulary. He has taken out most of her keywords, and having held them up, he has said to the Church, You would not think of using this again; this is archaic, this is quite old-fashioned, I think this word had better be thrown away: and so the enemy has taken up all her keywords and all her characteristic sentences and teachers, and burned them, and having burned the last he says, Now we may go forth and speak the language of the day. Amos would not have listened to him; Joel would have burned him in his oven; Hosea would have made him ashamed of himself by the exquisiteness of prophetic spiritual refinement: but we meaner men, fallen sons of immortal sires, are willing to take out all such words as loving-kindness and tender mercy and compassion, and to take up with words that are so shallow no man can drink out of them to the quenching of his soul's thirst.

What will the Psalmist speak? "Loving-kindness" and "truth." Then he must have known them. He cannot speak of these things unless he have had experience. No sermon can be really preached that is not sincere. By sermon in this sentence I mean speech of the heart, speech about God in the spirit of God. No man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the spirit. He can say "Lord," but all the music will be gone. He can use religious phrases, but the religious atmosphere is dead, and we are largely dependent upon atmosphere for the very deepest and best effect. The word is not enough; we must hear the tone, we must know on what level the voice travelled, we must measure the degree of heart that was in the vocable. No man can preach of loving-kindness and truth deeply, sweetly, effectively, who has not companied with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. You can have polysyllables enough; you can have theories, inventions, suggestions, hypotheses by the thousand: but real, direct, vital, redeeming, saving, glorifying truth you can only receive from lips that have been bathed in the fire of God. The Psalmist did not say he would endeavour to speak of these things. Preaching is not an effort. It is not something that the soul has brought forth with great pain; it is the utterance of the soul's experience. It is not afraid of the paltry charge of egotism. The Psalmist was not afraid or ashamed of the first personal pronoun. Said he: I am the man, I was in the miry pit, I was in the shrinking clay, my feet had almost gone and slipped, I was brought low. A little more personality in our religious testimony might subject us to a charge of egotism by those who do not know what egotism is, but it would add immensely to the fervour, the piquancy, and the effectiveness of our declaration. If we can be the illustration as well as the argument, what can stand before our revelation of the truth of God?

What was the authority of the Psalmist's ministry? His experience. There is no other authority. No man can give me authority to preach. If I am so filled with the presence of God and the goodness of God to me that I must speak, my experience is my authority. No other man could speak for me as I could speak for myself. Every heart has its own eloquence, every man his own individuality of testimony. Be faithful to your experience of the loving-kindness and truth of God, and in that faithfulness find your highest authority.

How complete was his theme! He says, "I will speak of loving-kindness." Mark the history of preaching, declaration, and testimony. Every ministry goes down that is not charged with pathos. Metaphysics die: Pity lives as long as Misery. The academician gives up the ghost: the Apostle tarries till the last wound is stanched and the last relief is administered. You cannot find the people in their multitudinousness waiting upon any ministry that is not prophetic, that has not as its basal line, its undertone, and its supreme music, the pity, the compassion, and the tears of God. All other preaching is to classes. Hence the variety of pulpit reputation we find all over the world. Here is a man who

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is adored by one hundred people, but by no more. He is learned, he is a man of penetrating mind, he is almost bold enough to try to write a Bible of his own. He has nearly completed a new invention of ways to righteousness and peace and heaven—but he has not quite completed it. How the hundred love him, hang upon him, believe there is nothing like him! They never shed a tear, they were never moved by the deepest pity; and men's souls, hearts, cannot grow upon dry philosophy. Here is another man who knows little of letters or human learning; he does not despise them, he is too wise to despise knowledge in any form or in any degree, but he is characterised by love, by a great heart, by that vast-souledness which seems to take in everybody, the worst, the vilest, the lowest. He turns none away; he never excommunicates any soul; he has no standard which entitles him to drive away a heartache: nay, saith he, to every man having a heartache, Stay, we want you, it will be your turn next; do not for your own sake or for Christ's sake leave this great holy home. Trace, I say, the history of all great ministries, and you will find that loving-kindness, and all that loving-kindness represents, is the secret of any deep, wide, lasting hold, not only on the popular imagination, but on popular confidence and honour.

But loving-kindness must be interpreted in the light of truth. If we have mercy, we must have judgment; if we have love, we must have righteousness; if we have sentiment, we must have law. The flowers must grow upon rocks. Not that the rock need be visible, or but one inch deep in the soil, there may be a foot of soil or ten feet; but under all is the stable, steady rock. We must therefore have truth, not always truth formulated, defined, set forth in arithmetical series and enumerations; but truth in its spirit and essence. No one man has all the truth. You must hear all ministers if you would hear the ministry. Some men can only speak about truth. They are argumentative, combative, controversial; they are analytic, inductive; they must search out reason and cause, and put into regular series all their discoveries. So be it. Their service is not to be despised. Other men are all tears; they can hardly look down on a city without weeping over it, and saying, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! poor Jerusalem! — fated because guilty. There are preachers who can scarcely look upon an audience without being melted into tears: there are so many broken hearts, so many shattered hopes, so many overturned ambitions, so much prodigality, so much backsliding, so much vowing and vow-breaking, so much painful tragedy. Then these preachers will speak tearfully, kindly lovingly, sympathetically, and all sorts of people will answer their tender appeal. When the two can be united we approach progress: but do not blame the one man because he is argumentative, and the other because he is emotional. Hear them both; they are both servants of God.

A great congregation needs a great ministry. We are not all of one degree or quality of mind. One man can find all the sermon he needs in a single sentence; one man has completed his festival in the church the moment the minister has said Amen to his first prayer; that guest says, That will do, on that I can live a whole week, on that I can go many days; thank God for that vision of light. But there are others, slow minds, partially weak minds, that require very careful and specific treatment, and those who are strong must wait for them. What say you to that chariot driving on, hasting up hill, down hill, and all the people upon it know that a little child has fallen off—what is your verdict? Do you say to the charioteer and all his fellow-travellers, Quite right, you cannot wait for children and for cripples; go on? No; you will not have it so; you say, Wait! Why wait? The child. But only a child. There is no *only* a child; there is no such creature in God's universe. A child is a man, an angel. Let us have no frivolous counting of statistics, as who should say: A great philosopher, and a little insignificant child. No; the insignificant child may be the real philosopher. Where there is life there is deity; where there is man there is God—be it in little child or in old pilgrim just measuring his own grave.

So, then, the great congregation needs great treatment. Now the preacher hurls a terrific rebuke at some; now a cutting reproach is thrust upon others; now a tear is dropped upon a sad heart: suddenly one flash of light kindles the whole, and all men seem to see their next way, and their next step; then a great gentle quieting prayer in which all human feeling, sorrow, sadness, woe, is hushed into the tranquillity which brings strength. I appeal, therefore, for a large tolerance; I appeal for a true charity—that is to say, in judgment and in criticism. The theme is infinite, any one speaker is finite. Let him do what he can, either with the loving-kindness or with the truth, and if it be given him of God to touch both with a master's hand, then thank God that there is a prophet in Israel.

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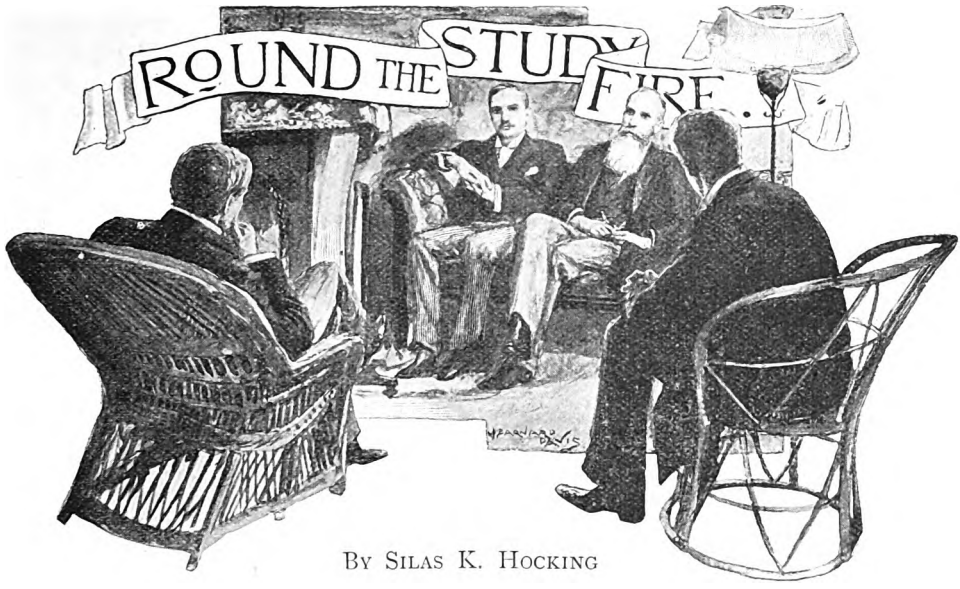

By Silas K. Hocking

We were honoured the other evening by the presence of three or four clerical friends, and as was only natural, perhaps, the conversation turned on ministerial experiences. I believe I set the ball rolling by telling a story I had heard in the north of England a few days previously. A certain man had preached a sermon—when or where I did not inquire—and this sermon had been described under three heads. In the first place, it was said to be very moving. In the second place, it was very soothing. And in the third place, it was very satisfying. It was moving, inasmuch as one half the congregation left the church during its delivery. It was soothing, because the remaining half fell fast asleep. And it was satisfying, since they declared without a dissentient voice that they never wanted to hear that preacher again.

* * *

Mr. X. suggested somewhat pointedly that he had heard the story before. "But," said he, edging his chair nearer the fire, "I can tell you a true story;" and he laid considerable emphasis on the adjective—which, however, no one appeared to notice. "You all know Dr. D.," he went on, after a pause. "Well, the Doctor was preaching special sermons the other day at ——. He had scarcely got into the vestry when in rushed a well-dressed and rather good-looking man, who greeted him most effusively. 'Delighted to see you, Doctor,' he said. 'You have given us a grand sermon, a magnificent sermon. It has been a treat. A real inspiration to us all.' The Doctor smiled and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry. But no sooner had the door closed than one of the deacons looked up from the 'Notice Book' and said, 'You must not take any notice of him, Doctor. He's got softening of the brain.'"

* * *

"That's equal to an experience of mine," chimed in Mr. C., who had not before spoken. And we all assumed a listening attitude once more. "You will remember, perhaps, a big meeting held a few months ago in the city of N., at which Mr. A., Mr. B., and myself were the speakers?" Some remembered the meeting, and others had not heard of it. "Well," Mr. C. went on, "it was a very big meeting, and I daresay we all did our best. Mr. A., however, was the great attraction. People came from miles away to hear him, and the crush was something frightful. After the meeting, my host invited a number of gentlemen to meet me at supper. And now came the compliment. Leaning across the table, one of the gentlemen said to me, 'A very fine meeting, Mr. C. At least, as far as numbers go.' 'A very large gathering,' I replied. 'And no doubt we expected great things,' he went on. 'At any rate, we expected great things of Mr. A. But in my judgment his speech was the *worst of the three.*'"

* * *

"Some people are very clever at paying left-handed compliments," Mr. W. remarked quietly. "And since this seems to have grown into an experience meeting, I will relate a bit of my own. Some months ago I was preaching in a comparatively small church on the outskirts of Rochdale. The morning was fine, and there was a large congregation—unusually

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large, I thought. The service went well, and I had, as we sometimes say, 'a good time.' I hope, however, I was not unduly lifted up. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met me—a plain-spoken, guileless brother. 'We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown,' I remarked, shaking hands with him. 'Yes, sir,' he said innocently. 'A very fine congregation. You see, sir, we wasn't expecting you this morning.'"

* * *

At this point Johnson interposed a remark. "You must not suppose that you gentlemen of the cloth receive all the compliments," he said in his mild way. "Occasionally we poor laymen are favoured with observations that—to say the least of them—set us thinking. For instance, I have been in the habit of visiting a certain customer of mine for the last twenty years; but owing to a rearrangement of districts, he will be visited in future by one of the travellers. So last week I said good-bye to him. 'Well, good-bye, Mr. Johnson,' he said, coming out of his little office. 'And let me say this to you, if I never see you again, that I shall always look upon you as a man of unbleachable reputation.'"

* * *

How long this kind of thing might have gone on it is impossible to say had not the Doctor arrived suddenly upon the scene. He also had a story to tell, and one that turned our thoughts into an entirely new channel. "I was walking down Holborn this afternoon," he said, "when I witnessed a scene that to me was quite pathetic. A pretty, well-dressed girl of about ten or eleven was trying to cross the street when she slipped and fell full length on her side—and you know how muddy the streets are to-day. She would have been run over before she could have regained her feet had not a ragged, bareheaded lad rushed to her rescue, and half pushed her, half carried her, on to the side-walk. Fortunately she was not hurt, but her hands and one side of her dress were covered with mud. 'Never mind, miss,' said the lad. 'Wipe yer 'ands on this 'ere jacket of mine; it's gone past 'urtin'.' And with his sleeve he wiped the mud off her dress. By this time quite a little crowd had gathered, the girl's mother among the rest. But when we came to look for the boy he was gone. He had slipped away through the crowd unobserved, seeking no notice, asking no reward."

* * *

After that we were silent for a while. The Doctor's story of pure, unselfish heroism sobered us all; and when we began to talk again it was about the poor—the hardness of their lot, the cruelty of their environment, and the utter hopelessness of their outlook. We wondered what would become of this poor lad, in whose heart there was such a fund of heroism and generosity. Would he be able to breast the waves of life successfully, or would he drift into the eddies and backwaters, and float among the scum and wreckage till the bitter and hopeless end? A poor lad in London, or indeed in any of our big cities, without education, without a trade in his fingers, without friends to help him, is in a pitiable plight. He may have a kindly disposition, a generous heart, an active brain; but situated as he is, what chance has he? Who will employ him? How is he to get a footing?

* * *

Wilson referred to the number who had risen from the ranks, who by sheer force of character had conquered circumstances, and expressed a decided opinion that every man had a chance; that the road to success was open to all; and provided a young man had any grit in him at all, he was bound sooner or later to come out at the top. But such rough-and-ready generalisations should be received with a considerable amount of caution. When we come to look closely at the facts of human life, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that thousands and tens of thousands of people fail utterly, through no fault of their own. They are not lacking in ability. They are willing to work. They are men of good character. And yet what we sometimes term "the fates" have steadily gone against them. In spite of everything, they sink lower and lower. And, as everyone knows, the lower a man sinks, the more difficult it is to get work of any kind. No one denies, of course, that a considerable proportion of the unemployed do not want to work. They are inherently idle. To work six days a week, even though they got good wages, they would consider an intolerable hardship. There is no hope for such as these. They do not want to be raised. They revel in idleness. The only thing that has any terror for them is hard work.

* * *

But all the unemployed are not of this class. It came out clearly enough in our conversation (for one of our number had sat on the Royal Commission that was appointed a year or two ago to inquire into this question of the unemployed) that even in the best of times there are more workers in the country than there is work to be done; hence when trade slackens in any perceptible degree, the supply of labour altogether outruns the demand,

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Occasionally the vagaries of fashion will almost ruin some particular trade, and scores and hundreds of willing workers are thrown upon the world with nothing to do. The young men, of course, can emigrate to other towns or to the Colonies. But what of the middle-aged men with families? And what of those who have passed their prime and are going down the hill of life? It is just here that the pathos and tragedy of the situation come into view. When a man has striven his best for thirty years, striven honestly and faithfully, and then because fashion is cruel, or trade slackens, he is flung adrift upon the world with scarcely another chance in life, it is no wonder that he feels bitter, or that he rails against those social conditions that leave him stranded when he is most in need of help.

* * *

Said an employer of labour to me the other day, "This is an age of young men. The young bloods are in the ascendant everywhere. They are filling the highest posts, and getting nearly all the plums." This may not be an exact statement of the case, but that there is a great deal of truth in it cannot be denied. If there are more workers than there is work to be done, if the supply outruns the demand, it is inevitable that some should suffer, and as a rule the least capable (I do not say the incapable) will go to the wall. I am told that in some trades when a man is thirty-five he is considered past his prime, and at forty-five he is in danger of being shunted altogether. Hence to talk of every man getting his chance is to talk at random. I am convinced that crowds of men never do get a chance. We speak of them as being social failures, when in reality they are the victims of a set of social conditions over which they have no control.

* * *

The world is always cruel to the unfortunate. The poor lad whose father could not give him an education, the young man who has inherited a weakly constitution, the labourer whose sight or hearing has become defective, the man who has grown old too quickly in the service of his fellows — whatever measure of willingness such people may display, however trustworthy they may be, as a rule they are not wanted. And frequently the most successful men are themselves the least sympathetic. Your modern Midas, generally speaking, has no heart of compassion for the unfortunate. Because he has succeeded, and succeeded so easily, he has no sympathy whatever with those who fail. Pitchforked by a combination of fortuitous circumstances into a position where he could not help getting rich if he tried, he looks with haughty disdain on those who are struggling hopelessly in the valley of poverty and defeat.

* * *

Perhaps the day will come (when the race has grown wiser and more brotherly) that the length of the working day will be measured by the amount of work to be done. Why should men toil for ten hours when all the work necessary to be done could be accomplished in six? Why should fifty men do the work of a hundred, when they would be just as well off if all the hundred took part in the operation? To persist in cutting each other's throats in the belief that we are saving our own lives thereby; to banish age and experience merely for the sake of pluck and endurance; to stone the prophets because they have grown old, and hoist stripling demagogues into the pulpit in their place; to keep the people off the land when millions of acres are running to waste; to bolster up land laws that for centuries have crippled enterprise and laid an intolerable tax upon labour; to spend a hundred millions a year in governing less than forty millions of people; to spend even a larger amount in strong drink, that works misery and ruin on every hand,—these things reveal the strange courses our insanity has taken, and the unutterable folly that may go hand-in-hand with an advanced civilisation. We have much to learn yet ere we can attempt to solve the social problems that meet us at every point.

* * *

A young lady correspondent asks for advice. She says: "I want something, but I do not know what. My brain is not active enough to plan for itself. I have always lived in a rather narrow sphere, but feel sometimes as though I must strike out somewhere. My brain wants expanding, my thoughts need leading; but unless it is along an interesting path my perseverance soon fags. Can you advise me?" I am afraid I cannot. It is not given to everyone to be able to tell both the dream and the interpretation thereof. If I knew what my correspondent wanted—what point she was striving to reach—the case would be different; but she does not know herself what she wants. Perhaps she is merely restless with the restlessness of youth, possessed of a morbid desire for change and excitement. It is a common enough disease. Probably we all suffer from it at times. It is a weakness of human nature as well as a peril, that we are perpetually pining for what we do not possess. There may be an indirect gain also. There is such a thing as a noble

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discontent. It is not necessarily an evidence of virtue to be always satisfied with things as they are. But we must discriminate. We should know why we are discontented, why we want change. We should understand also what we want to do, and what we are capable of doing.

* * *

I read some time ago a very able article—it amounted almost to a panegyric—on "the madness of youth." And no doubt much may be said in praise of youth's restlessness, its enthusiasms, its passion for change. But madness without method is like the proverbial bull in a china shop. It is entirely destructive. And there is quite enough of that spirit abroad in the world. In life's battle it is of no use fighting "as one that beateth the air." We should know who and what we are fighting, and why. My correspondent might do well to dig a little deeper into the roots of her discontent. Is there a reason for it? This point settled, she might go a step farther. What would she like to do? And then a third question might be asked—and perhaps the most important of all—what is she capable of doing? Great deeds are not usually done at haphazard—without training or skill. Behind all distinguished work there are usually years of preparation. The ten talents may have been only five at the beginning. What we call genius is in many instances but the fruit of patient delving and painful pruning.

> The heights by great men reached and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

* * *

Young Anxious Churchman is faced with difficulties of quite another kind. He finds that he is not in sympathy with the teachings of his minister. "I love my church," he says, "I attend Sunday after Sunday, and yet to the young men not a helpful word is spoken. We might as a class have no sins or temptations, and nearly the only thing we are exhorted to do is to attend Holy Communion, and somehow I feel that more is required of us than this. Again and again I have been told that it is the service of all services—that it is the only essential to salvation—that the only way to have the presence of Christ is by constant communion at the altar. I have my doubts about this. Do you think our minister is justified in putting this sacrament before everything else?" Candidly, I do not think he is. Religion is not a form, but a life; not a ritual, nor a creed, nor the observance of this rite or that: but doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. A man who doeth not righteousness is not righteous, though he attends sacraments every day in the week. The Pharisees of old were excessively strict in observing all the forms of their religion; but their lives were so unworthy that Christ told them that the harlots would get into the kingdom of heaven sooner than they. I would urge my correspondent to read again the four Gospels; for obviously if we are to know what Christianity means we must go back to Christ. What was the burden of His ministry? What did He enjoin? What did He say about the sacraments? How often did He keep the Passover with His disciples?

* * *

I would not say a single word in disparagement of the ordinances of the Church. Everything that will bring us nearer to God, that will help us to a clearer realisation of the Divine will and purpose, should be valued and cherished; but if I have read the New Testament aright, the very pith and marrow of Christianity is to be found in this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and soul and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." And, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

* * *

Collier writes: "Ever shall I remember the joy I had in reading the first number of THE TEMPLE. Quoting Dr. Parker, 'I had high times with myself. Many a festival had I alone.' I am not poor when I have your magazine to interest me. Although a collier, thanks be to God, there are those amongst us who live in a higher sphere than the general public think; it is a real treat to have such a magazine as yours in our circle." And I may add it is a pleasure to receive such an excellently written letter from a working-man. I am afraid that there are many people still who think that colliers and miners and farm labourers are entirely ignorant, and haven't a soul above pigeon-flying and cock-fighting. It would do such people good to come down from their high estate and dwell for a few weeks in a colliery or mining district. I do not think that the majority of people in what are termed the "upper circles" have begun to realise yet in how wide a sense it is true that the schoolmaster is abroad. Tens of thousands of working-men during the last few years have been waking up to the pleasures of literature and to the companionship of books. I have frequently found better libraries in the homes of working-men than in the homes of their employers. I grant that such cases are the exception. It is still true that crowds of working-men give themselves up to the lowest and most vicious pleasures—that in their homes there are neither books nor magazines; but I am quite sure that such cases are steadily decreasing. The love of reading is growing year by year; and I am inclined to think also that the penny dreadful is steadily giving place to strong and wholesome literature.

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HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY

I.—By Robert Barr

THERE was a man once who, wishing to engage a coachman, took the applicants for that position to a road bordering a cliff, so that each might show how near he could drive to the edge with safety. One competitor brought the wheels of his vehicle within a foot of the precipice; another had nine inches margin; a third, six inches; while another daring individual left barely an inch between himself and destruction. The final aspirant, however, crossed to the other side of the road, and drove as far from the precipice as possible, and him the man engaged as coachman.

I don't know that this fable has any direct application to what I am about to say concerning short stories, but it came into my mind on reading the comment of the Editor on a short story I have written for this magazine, which, I believe, appears somewhere between its present covers.

MR. ROBERT BARR.
[*From a Photo by* J. D. Cooper, *Kingston, S.W.*]

The Editor wrote: "It occurs to me that your story ends rather too abruptly. Will you pardon my suggesting this, and will you see whether another hundred words added to the proofs would not improve it somewhat?"

Now, I leave it to any sensible author, in a fair way of trade, if the suggestion that his story *can* be improved does not come upon him with a shock of surprise. Nevertheless, I gave what time I possessed to the problem, and after mature deliberation admit the story may be strengthened, but not by lengthening it. My contract was to get those two young people over the border safely, and that done, my task ended; yet must I go maundering on telling what became of the innkeeper, which had nothing to do with the story; therefore, cut a hundred words off, Mr. Editor, if you like; but any addition to the narrative, it seems to me, would make it worse than it now is.

I think a rightly-constructed short story should always allow the reader's imagination to come to the aid of the author. I am myself thoroughly convinced that those two young people married each other, and doubtless lived happily, in less tumultuous lands than France, ever afterwards; but I submit that my commission extended not that far. I saw them secure across the boundary, and after that, God bless you both! My undertaking was to save their necks from the sharp blade of the guillotine by whatever means was practicable, and if, afterwards, they threw their arms around the spot where the axe might have fallen, that was not my affair, so I turned my back and looked the other way—an action which, I doubt not, all true lovers will commend.

I think it will be generally admitted that up to a few short years ago the English story-teller was outdistanced by his brother of France or of America. If I were put to it to find an English writing compeer of Guy de Maupassant, I should have to go to California and select Ambrose Bierce. America has been particularly notable in her short stories, from the time of Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe to the to-day of Howells, Stockton, Aldrich, and Henry James. It would be difficult to find the equal in ingenious short stories of *Margery Daw*, by T. B. Aldrich, or *The Lady or the Tiger*, by Frank Stockton; while as far as serious short stories are concerned, *A Man without a Country*, by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, and some of the short stories by Mary E. Wilkins, reach a very high level.

I take it that the reason of this discrepancy is because the Englishman has been hampered by tradition, while the Frenchman and American have not. Up to a very recent date a story less or more than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England. I have in my possession a letter written by the editor of a first-class London periodical to whom I sent a story of two thousand four hundred words. The editor wrote that he was pleased with the story, and that if I would make it six thousand words in length he would take it.

It would have been an easy matter to have padded the effort several hundred per cent., with

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the result of spoiling the story, but much as I desired to appear in that celebrated journal—for I was young then—I had the temerity to point out to the editor that this was a two-thousand-four-hundred-word idea, and not a six-thousand-word idea; whereupon he promptly returned the manuscript for my cheek.

I am pleased to see that the younger periodicals are driving from the field the stodgy old magazines that have done so much to handicap the English writer of short stories, and so we may look upon the six-thousand-word tradition as sadly crippled, if it is not yet dead. But the tradition is still rampant in England, and nowhere else, in other fields of writing industry. The Englishman dearly loves to have things cut into lengths for him. In the sixpenny reviews you will find articles all of a size, while in the great dailies, I suppose the heavens would fall if the leading article were more than an exact column in length; therefore a ten-line idea has to be rolled exceedingly thin to make it run to a column of space. Then among the horrors of London is the "turn-over" in some of the evening papers. I often picture to myself the unfortunate wretches who labour upon these deplorable articles. They must toil away, piling word on word, till they slop over the leaf, and then their task is ended.

The body of French and American short-story writers is largely recruited from the brilliant young men of the press; but if you put upon young men the iron fetters which English newspaper work imposes, they soon become fit for nothing else than the production of stories six thousand words in length, to the letter.

Five years ago the editor of a magazine sent me a note asking me to write for him a five-thousand-word story. I promised to do so as soon as a five-thousand-word idea came to me. He wrote frequently for that story during the first three years, but lately he seems to have given it up. He is not more discouraged than I am: he might as well have expected a man to eat an eight-course dinner with a four-course appetite. To my sorrow, I haven't met with a five-thousand-word idea since 1891.

It seems to me that a short-story writer should act, metaphorically, like this—he should put his idea for a story into one cup of a pair of balances, then into the other he should deal out his words; five hundred; a thousand; two thousand; three thousand; as the case may be, —and when the number of words thus paid in, causes the beam to rise on which his idea hangs, then is his story finished. If he puts a word more or less, he is doing false work.

I have, finally, a serious complaint to make against the English reader of short stories. He insists upon being fed with a spoon. He wants all the goods in the shop window ticketed with the price in plain figures. I think the reader should use a little intellect in reading a story, just as the author is supposed to use a great deal in the writing of it. While editor of a popular magazine, I have frequently been reluctantly compelled to refuse my own stories, because certain points in them were hinted at rather than fully expressed, and I knew the British public would stand no nonsense of that sort. The public wants the trick done in full view, and will have no juggling with the hands behind the back.

I often think there was much worldly wisdom in a remark the late Captain Mayne Reid once made to me. "Never surprise the British public, my boy," he said; "they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I believe if I had accepted this advice, I might have been a passably popular short-story writer by this time.

In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot concientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a going concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops. My own book, based on this model, was reviewed at some length by the critic of one of the sixpenny reviews. Now, one may perhaps be justified in expecting that a man who is paid for giving his estimate of stories will peruse them with more care than one who buys the book and reads them for nothing; yet

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this critic, although highly commending the book, and desiring not only to be just but generous to the author, selects two stories, the first and the last in the volume, and in each case completely misses the point on which each story hinges. The first is an unpleasant story about a man and his wife, who hate each other so thoroughly that each resolves to murder the other — the man by brutally flinging his wife over a precipice in Switzerland; the woman by flinging herself over the same precipice under circumstances that will convict her husband of her murder. The story hinges on the fact that neither suspects the other of murderous thoughts, and this, so far as the woman is concerned, is shown by her last words, "I know there is no thought of murder in your heart, but there is in mine"; yet the critic says, "In 'An Alpine Divorce' we have a wife who divines that her husband means to throw her over a precipice."

In the second story are a Russian wife, a French husband, and a French girl, who is the wife's rival. They are seated together at lunch in a room belonging to the wife. The Russian has saturated the carpet and walls of the room with naphtha, which, as everyone knows, is a volatile substance, and when so used would at once fill the room with an inflammable gas ready to destroy all within if a match were struck. The cause of the final catastrophe is hinted at in the conversation between husband and wife:—

"What penetrating smell is this that fills the room?" asked Caspilier.

"It is nothing," replied Valdoreme, speaking for the first time since they had sat down. "It is only naphtha. I have had the room cleaned with it."

The critic, speaking of this story, says: "'Purification' turns upon the revenge of a Russian wife upon her rival, which she secures by the means of *an explosive cigarette*."

These instances, and other indications similar to them, lead me to the opinion that if a man wishes to be successful as a short-story writer he must lay it on with a trowel. If he is going to consume his characters with naphtha, he must state the number of gallons used and the method of its application. All of which goes to show that that eminent writer of romance, Euclid, is an unsafe model for the modern short-story writer to follow.

II.—By Walter Raymond

How to write a short story!

Ask me another. That is the riddle that drives sleep from my eyelids, has turned my hair grey, and is fast hurrying me into an early grave.

Towards the end of last June I spent a most enjoyable day with a lunatic, an exceedingly nice fellow, with great charm of manner, and a smile so heavenly that the mere word benevolent cannot express it. He talked with a force and variety of interest to which no ordinary commonplace mind need hope to attain. The occasion called for my best. "Of course," I said, raising one finger to drive home my point,—"of course, what you say is both true and beautiful, but—eh—would entail"——

MR. WALTER RAYMOND.
[*Photo by* Debenham & Smith, *Southampton.*]

In a moment the man was mad. He glared at me with a glassy eye — seized me by the collar — clenched his teeth and shook me. For a long hour, whilst the noonday sun hung straight over the churchyard poplar trees, which cast no shade, he poured over me a burning, blood-curdling denunciation of primogeniture and settlement of real estate.

He could not hear the word *entail* and remain sane. I cannot think of the words *short story* and continue sequent.

The most irritating thing on earth is to ask a question and receive a question in response. In Caledonia, I have been given to understand, frugal virtues make this a most familiar form of friendly conversation; but we of the West are a flippant folk, reckless and extravagantly ready to tell all we know — and more. However, I shall not tell you how to write a short story.

Tell me how to write a real lyric. Many people apply the name to any brief poem in rhyme and musical verse. But the personal quality, the spontaneous utterance in song of a living emotion, is the life and soul of the lyric. Herrick did it, and Burns to perfection. But do you think they could tell you how to do it, or how it was done?

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And many people suppose that if a story is told in few words it is a short story. Not at all. It may be a mutilation, like cutting a long tale short—or the skeleton of a novel—the bare ribs even of a fine old three-decker. It takes more than brevity to make the real short story—the work of art. It takes a deep and sympathetic insight into human life. There is little room for construction. The work must be vital and grow into form like a flower.

A human life is a plant. Its roots run deep into the earth; its whole existence is a striving to rear its head into the light. In a supreme moment it bursts into new colour and form, passionate or tender, fragrant or foul, after its kind. That is the flower. The scientist can hold it in his hand and read the history of the plant. All flesh is grass, but there is infinite variety, and you will be wise to pick the human specimens you understand. Show us the psychological moment; give us a sniff of the earth below; a glimpse of the sky above; and you will have produced a fine short story. It need not exceed two thousand words.

Now you are told, of course it is the easiest thing on earth.

If I could, I would send you one by this post.

III.—By Harold Frederic

I DON'T know that I have anything luminous to offer in comment upon the sprightly remarks of my dear friend Robert Barr. Here, as everywhere else, what he says is all his own. When I listen to him, my delight in the direct and smashing way in which he goes at things—the sense of charm that I get from his methods of debate, from his forms of expression, from the man himself—are so great that I have never formed the habit of regarding critically the substance of his propositions. Moreover, he is a captain among wags. How can even you, Mr. Editor, be sure that he is not joking at the present moment?

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

Apparently, his general point is that a short story should be short; in particular, he insists that the author should be the judge of its size, and that in deciding upon this, he should consider nothing save the horse-power capacity, so to speak, of the idea, otherwise the engines which he puts inside the story.

This seems all to be sound enough, so far as it goes. But when you come to details, I do not see just how he fits his illustrations and his deductions together. He is of opinion, again I say apparently, that six thousand words is too much for a short story: in his own practice, he has for five years kept himself well within the limit of five thousand. But of the "short stories" which he selects as models of their kind, Mr. Aldrich's *Margery Daw* and Mr. Hale's *A Man without a Country* (that is to say, two out of his three examples) are surely more than six thousand words in length. He mentions Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James as masters of the short story—but he would have been at a standstill if he had tried to cite any tale by either of them that did not exceed six thousand words. Mr. Howells' incomparably beautiful *A Parting and a Meeting* occupied two long instalments of a magazine; the average of Mr. James' stories is over rather than under ten thousand words. One of the tales he mentions—Mr. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*—was, as I recall it, very short; but that is such a unique achievement in so many other respects that one could with warrant quote it as an exception which proved the rule against him.

But no one wants to prove anything against him. There is really no issue marked out, unless it may be one of definition. The term "short story" is used now to cover indiscriminately the small novel of fifteen thousand words and the yarn of twenty-five hundred. Somewhere in this wide range, after hunting about a good deal, the individual writer finds the sort of thing that he is most effective and at home in. As use develops and crystallises his knowledge of his powers, he gets to have convictions as to what he can do best, and gradually ceases to experiment outside his chosen line of work. I do not say that these convictions are necessarily well founded. They may be easily the product of nothing better than obstinacy or self-conceit, but when they are formed they shape the author's choice of method, style, subject, dimensions, and the rest. If the man who has satisfied himself that three thousand words is his form, comes out and chaffs the less nimble creatures who cling to six or eight thousand for themselves, I will laugh as cheerfully as anybody so long as he is witty and gay-hearted, and Robert Barr could be nothing else. But I must not pretend to think that he has proved anything.

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In conclusion, since we are talking of ourselves I may say that for a number of years I have declined to accept any commission for a short story under five thousand words. This means simply that I cannot turn myself round inside narrower limits, with results at all satisfactory to my conception of what I ought to be doing. It may be answered very logically that this shows I cannot write short stories, but I should have an equal right to retort that short stories begin at five thousand words, and that under that limit of length they are yarns. It is, to repeat, a matter of definition. Turgenev's *Virgin Soil* contains 115,000 words, and produces the effect of a short story. I have in my time read tales barely a hundredth part as long which tired me much more.

IV.—By Arthur Morrison

Author of "Tales of Mean Streets"

I HAVE read the proof of Mr. Robert Barr's article. What he says is very excellent, and his use of Euclid's *Geometry* as an illustration is inspired. Little can be said in the abstract to help the beginner who would learn the technic of the short story. But of things that may be cultivated, the command of form is the first; indeed, I think it is all. Let the pupil take a story by a writer distinguished by the perfection of his workmanship—none could be better than Guy de Maupassant—and let him consider that story apart from the book, as something happening before his eyes. Let him review mentally *everything* that happens—the things that are not written in the story as well as those that are—and let him review them, not necessarily in the order in which the story presents them, but in that in which they would come before an observer in real life. In short, from the fiction let him construct ordinary, natural, detailed, unselected, unarranged fact; making notes, if necessary, as he goes. Then let him compare his raw fact with the words of the master. He will see where the unessential is rejected; he will observe how everything is given its just proportion in the design; he will perceive that every incident, every sentence, and every word, has its value, its meaning, and its part in the whole. He will see the machinery, and in time he may learn to apply it for himself. But only by experience, inspired by natural gift, will he learn this; and thus will achieve the instinctive eye for the essential, and that severe command of material that will admit nothing else. Then, it may be, his critics will complain of his "sketchiness," and cry aloud for a "finished picture," meaning the industrious transcript of the incapable. But he will know that he has done well, and he will judge them at their worth.

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.
[*Photo by* Clark, *Forest Gate.*]

But let what Mr. Barr says be remembered. Every story has its length—to a word. It is the aim of the artist to determine that length, and the first lesson is to reject.

V.—By Jane Barlow

THE fact that Mr. Barr's interesting article might almost as appropriately be entitled "How *not* to Write a Short Story," seems natural enough, considering the craft of which it treats; for a process of selection—of elimination—does certainly lie at the root of the matter. That artist's ordinance, *Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*, is nowhere more inevitable and more rigid than in the construction of the short story. Often, indeed, the things to be renounced are quite obvious; there is so much the mere attempt at which confounds us. A gradual growth in depravity, for instance, like Tito's in *Romola*, or the complex interaction of social life on a whole countryside, as in *Middlemarch*—subjects so palpably beyond our scope—can hardly fail to be avoided as rocks that would wreck our small enterprise in port. But there are others more insidiously unfit, and if we run upon them we may find ourselves epitomising a "three-decker," or, contrariwise, amplifying an anecdote. It behoves us, moreover, to choose promptly as well as discreetly. In a long narrative it may sometimes be permissible to start before the goal is clearly descried. "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered," but not the frail skiff of the short story, nor have we any sea-room to spare for aimless

MISS JANE BARLOW.
[*Photo by* Lafayette, *Dublin.*]

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drifting. Therefore we are constrained to hold, with Aristotle, that "a well-constructed plot must not begin nor end at haphazard." Some serviceable hints may doubtless be drawn from the wisdom of the ancients, and we might profitably compile a list of acknowledgments like that of Marcus Antoninus or Miss Austen's Catherine Morland:—From Hesiod: How much more is the half than the whole; from Horace: That in trying to be brief we may become obscure; from Aristotle, again: That what indicates nothing by its presence or absence is not an essential part,—and so forth. An adaptation of the Law of Parsimony makes a useful maxim: "Characters must not be multiplied unnecessarily"; and the Arabian thief, who sought to extract too large a handful from the jar, is a not inapposite apologue. To cite more modern authority, Mrs. Ewing, a writer the excellence of whose style is less generally appreciated than it should be, made it a rule never to use two words when one would do. But that "when" is the question, which continues to give us pause. Other pertinent reflections are, that unless the requisite brevity lies in the matter rather than the manner, we shall probably have not so much a story as a précis. Again, that the mystery, if mystery there be, should lie more in the manner than the matter, else the story becomes a conundrum. On this point, Goethe's notes on his Ballad of the exiled and restored Count, and the poem itself, are instructive reading. But, after all, the truth, I fancy, is that there are ways of many a sort of constructing stories short, and every single one of them is wrong, except for its owner.

VI.—By G. B. Burgin

In short, Mr. Barr's advice comes, practically, to dotting one's "i's" and crossing one's "t's." He thinks that all editors require stories of five thousand or six thousand words. But he has only to look round him to see that the younger generation of magazines will publish a story of any length *up* to five thousand or six thousand words. As a rule, editors cannot publish longer ones, because the contents of the magazine would not be sufficiently varied. With all diffidence, it seems to me that the true way to write a story is to do it irrespective of length; then, adopt Phil May's method of taking out all irrelevancies. So much goes to the making of a successful story—time, mood, place, physical health—that it is a wonder to me how many short stories are written at all. When, however, the conditions are fortuitous and the story "writes itself," it is a heaven-born joy to see it grow into shape to the musical click-click of the typewriter. I read

MR. G. B. BURGIN.

Mr. Barr's stories of "Revenge" myself, and, admirable as they are, I could not help feeling that the author, in his desire to come directly to the point, had sacrificed something of the graces of style and play of fancy which are as essential to a good story as a startling plot. "Literary Liebig" is not bad diet when one is in a hurry; but there are times when the gentle reader hasn't a train to catch, when he loves to unfold leisurely the pages of his novel or magazine and "taste" the tale as he goes along. And I do not think that America has much to teach us in the way of short stories. For every American short-story writer of repute, it would be easy to name twenty English ones, most of them incomparably superior. I exempt from this statement Miss Mary E. Wilkins. She seems to me, and I think my friend Dr. Conan Doyle will bear me out in this opinion, one of the greatest—if not the greatest—of living women writers. I, of course, claim Robert Barr as an Englishman, although he does spell "humour" with one "u."

VII.—By Joseph Hocking

I am afraid my opinion on "How to Write a Short Story" will not be of much value, as I do not claim to have made a special study of the question. Beyond an occasional brief sketch, what time I possess for writing has been mainly devoted to one-volume novels. At the same time, I have been much interested in reading Mr. Barr's article. He says that "a rightly constructed short story should always allow the reader's imagination to come to the aid of the author." This seems to be the gist of his argument. Everyone, I suppose, would agree to this; but one naturally asks, How much should the author leave to the reader's imagination? Who shall say? I judge, too, from what he says, that he thinks English short-story writers have been hampered in the past because they have been obliged to pad. That

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may be true. On the other hand, is it not also true that many of our modern short-story writers have left far too much to the reader's imagination? Many of these efforts ought to be called "Hints" rather than stories. It is possible to write a tragedy in a few words: the question is, Does the reader feel the tragedy?

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING.
[*Photo by* WALLIS, *Burnley*.]

The other day, I heard some children singing. They sang two verses, and each verse of nine words contained an awful tragedy. This was how they ran:-

Little boy,
Pair of skates,
Broken ice,
Heaven's gates.

Little girl
Stole a plum,
Cholera bad,
Kingdom come.

Many of our present-day short stories seem to be constructed on the principle of these verses. So few words are used that the reader does not feel that he is reading a story, but an outline.

Mr. Barr seems to find fault with the British public. He also says that had he followed the advice of Captain Mayne Reid, whom he quotes, he "might have been,' etc. But is the British public wrong—altogether? Personally, I have never read any of Mr. Barr's short stories, although I have read one or two of his novels with great interest. My own opinion is, that mainly the British public is right, and that in the long-run their judgment is more to be relied on than that of the few who may think differently. Mr. Barr contends that an author should not put too much flesh on his skeleton. This is, of course, right. At the same time, a skeleton with insufficient flesh is not pleasant to behold

A certain number of words is required to create the atmosphere of a story, if I may be allowed to use the term, and without that atmosphere the reader fails to realise its charm and power. It seems to me that a large number of short stories fail in this direction.

There is just another word I should like to say. The craze for terse, epigrammatic writing has been very popular lately. Those who have the power to write in this way can doubtless make their work very effective. But although many affect this style, only a few possess its true secret. "There be many echoes, but few voices," says Goethe. Some men can hit off a situation in a few striking words; others—well, cannot, although they try. After all, a man must be true to himself. Dickens used many words, Kipling uses only a few. Dickens explained his situations, Kipling lets the reader explain his. Which is right? If anyone has Kipling's power, let him use it; but cheap Kipling is very cheap indeed, and Kipling copied is usually poor stuff.

VIII.—By George Manville Fenn

THERE are points in Mr. Robert Barr's article to which a brother-writer may be excused for joining issue—for instance, the question as to whether England has been distanced by America; for my memory, dealing with the last thirty years, suggests plenty of short tales that would very well rank with, if not surpass, those of the writers quoted, but written by authors who were perfectly unknown to the reader, for the simple reason that in the good old magazine days the short-story writer was—well, only a short-story writer, whose name was carefully left out of the pages of the periodical for which he wrote. Hence, the pecuniary matter was the only encouragement he received, or better work still might have been the result.

With regard to the public and their power of grasping the spirit of a short tale, my experience teaches me that we do get the intellectual help from our readers, and very often something more,

MR. GEO. MANVILLE FENN.
[*Photo by* GRUNDY, *Brentford*.]

in the shape of a keen relish and disposition to add local colour from the imagination where exigencies of space have forced the writer to make his descriptions thin, even to attenuation. Mr. Barr quotes an old friend of mine, Captain Mayne Reid, and gives his opinion, which I, possibly wrongly, cannot endorse. Let me in opposition name another author, Jules Verne, one of the most widely-read of writers of adventure, whose works especially lack the quality named. To me this author's tales have always seemed to be skeleton-like in their bareness, and yet so full of suggestion that the average reader seizes upon every point and clothes it with nerve

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and muscle till it stands out, quivering with life, and makes an impression never forgotten.

If Mr. Barr would transfer his remarks to the productions placed upon the stage, I am thoroughly at one with him. There a perfectly articulated work must be presented to an audience so plainly that every part shall tell its own tale. The lookers-on must have the author's confidence and see the pail of water balanced on the top of the door. They have no time to think, for the plot is going on, and they cannot turn back to see on the previous page what led up to the situation in progress.

To be, as requested, brief, let me come at once to my last point. Here I can thoroughly agree with Mr. Barr regarding How to Write a Short Story, *i.e.* the question of its length. An editor troubled by that haunting demon of his toil, Exigency of Space, will possibly not agree with me, but I boldly assert that in the best short stories that have ever been written, the author never troubled himself as to whether he was to write a column ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred inches long, but caught at his idea, revelled in it, and wrote as long as the spirit moved him—till the natural end of the tale was reached—till it was perfect in itself, as far as he could make it. Inspiration sounds perhaps a conceited word, so let me substitute heat — the heat which comes over a writer when he warms to his subject and races through his work till the goal is passed. To begin adding or cutting down seems like applying cold plaster out of which the adhesive power has gone. The writer has no more of the stuff which matches left, and in too many cases the result is a sorry patchwork, with strong evidences of where the scene-painter "jyned his flats." One congratulates oneself that one was not born a leader-writer, especially when invited to write a "nut-shell novel," or a tale that shall be exactly a column in length.

MRS. L. T. MEADE.
[*Photo by* WINDOW & GROVE.]

As to the mistakes made by our critics, the subject is too dangerous to touch.

IX.—By L. T. Meade

I HAVE read Mr. Barr's paper on "How to Write a Short Story" with extreme interest. The subject must more or less engross the minds of all writers of the present day. This is emphatically the age of the short story. I agree with Mr. Barr in the complaint he makes against English readers. It is undoubtedly true that the reader must see the trick from the first, and never, under any circumstances, be taken by surprise. This fact often seriously hampers writers; but as *Story-telling* and *Literature* are now, in my opinion, very far apart, it does not greatly matter: the object of the writer is to please his public, not to make a beautiful artistic piece of work—that, under existing conditions, the reader would not stand.

Mr. Barr says that the six-thousand-word story is sadly crippled, if not dead. He rejoices in that fact, as he so much prefers the two-thousand-four-hundred-word idea. My mind being differently constructed, I cannot agree with him. There is nothing to me more impossible than to write a two-thousand-four-hundred-word tale worth reading. I have scarcely begun before I have to finish. Five thousand words is the smallest limit of space in which I feel comfortable and at home. I prefer six thousand words. I still more prefer eight thousand, and even ten thousand. Then I can add to my central idea those little accessories which seem to me to heighten effect and give power to the tale. I know as a fact that many readers complain of the extremely scrappy nature of most of our periodicals, and think the complete story of from eight to ten thousand words decidedly pleasanter reading than the shorter tale.

With regard to the construction of the short story, I always like to make it the tale of an *incident*. Of course it ought to be a striking and dramatic incident, and, where possible, the action of the story should take place *within* twenty-four hours.

X.—By Guy Boothby

THE question of *how* a short story should be written, seems to me hardly worth considering so long as it *is* written and the public like it. As Mr. Kipling says—

> There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
> And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right.

If I might say anything, I should advise authors to think their stories out before putting pen to paper — then write them. After that, condense—condense—condense. The rest is a question of instinct.

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24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
†40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	†40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
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Vol. I. APRIL 1897. No. 7.
SILAS K. HOCKING'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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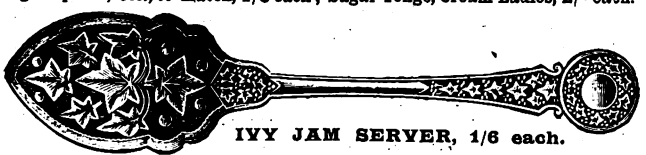

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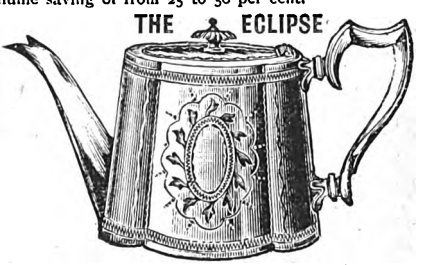

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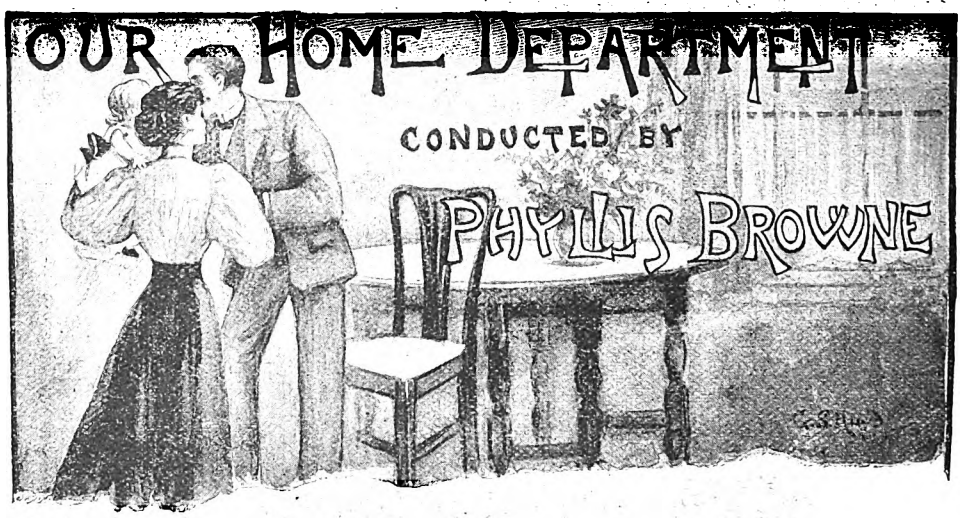

HELPFUL METHODS IN HOUSEKEEPING

YOUNG and inexperienced housekeepers would find their work much easier if they were more ready than they usually are to avail themselves of the various labour-saving appliances which are to be met with nowadays on every side. It is astonishing how many women are afraid of what they call new-fangled "inventions." They think that it is right and seemly that a certain amount of time should be spent upon the preparation of dishes and upon necessary household operations, and if work of the sort were quickly done they would have the feeling that it was badly done. The truth is, however, that the best work is generally done easily and done quickly, because it is done by practised hands, while work that is accomplished with labour and effort is almost certain to be clumsily and inefficiently done.

There is no virtue in expending time upon a business when time might be saved, and therefore it is abundantly worth while for a housekeeper to make an effort to procure some of the many ingenious articles which are now procurable, by using which good results can be obtained without fatigue and trouble. What virtue is there, for example, in chopping meat with a knife when a mincing-machine would do the business ever so much better, and in a fourth of the time? What advantage do we gain by beating eggs with a fork in a basin when a good lightning egg-beater could be bought for a few pence? Why mash potatoes with aching arms when an American potato-masher would help us so much, and at so little cost? It is unquestionably the case, that a few shillings judiciously laid out in the purchase of labour-saving appliances of real value will be worth a large sum in health, strength, comfort, and superiority of result. If there is a point on which English housekeepers need to be educated, it is the desirability of providing the best tools for household workers. Even if the time gained were spent simply in resting or in reading good books, it would be well. We make a mistake when we conclude that money is the only thing to be saved and spared.

Inexperienced housekeepers may perhaps find it difficult to decide which appliances are really of value, and which are worthless. Quite reasonably, they do not wish to crowd up their kitchens with articles that have been only made to sell, and that promise more than they perform. If, however, these friends will keep their eyes open, they will soon know how to make a judicious selection. It is of no use for anyone to attempt to make an exhaustive list of the existing domestic treasures, because new arrangements appear every week, and the housekeeper who was ready to buy whatever she saw would very speedily have a quantity of rubbish in her possession which would make work instead of saving it.

Our American brothers and sisters are extremely clever in devising domestic appliances of the sort now under consideration; and English inventors are also learning that in the domestic world there is a wide field for the exercise of their skill. It would be a mistake for any housekeeper to lay in a stock of appliances all at once. The effect of such an outlay would probably be that the articles would be looked over as curiosities, and then cast aside. The mistress of a house, however, who exercising discretion would buy one thing at a time, inducing her helpers to bring the new utensil into regular use, and to accustom themselves to its employment before she buys another, would probably find that in a short time she had reduced the toil and worry of the household work to a very considerable extent.

THE TOILET—CARE OF THE TEETH

Beautiful teeth are a greater adornment than the most costly gems; and they are both a sign and a cause of good health, for those who have sound teeth can masticate their food properly, and food that is well masticated is likely to digest well, and to yield its full measure of nutriment. Neglected-looking teeth are not only a great disfigurement, but they are a source of weakness, and often also a disgrace, because they are a mark of want of cleanliness and of ignorance.

To be effectual, the business of caring for the teeth should begin betimes, and it should be systematically continued so long as the teeth remain. Ordinary and unprofessional care of the teeth consists first in keeping them clean, and secondly in giving them work to do. From the earliest years children should be accustomed to use a tooth-brush two or three times a day, always after eating. Let mothers "make a play" of getting the child to use the brush. This will lead to the formation of a habit, which will become second nature. A dentist of repute said not long

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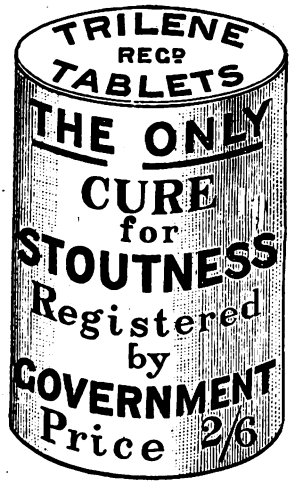

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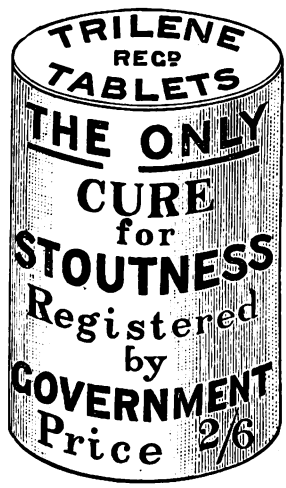

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87 Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct. 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid, and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was for many years growing too stout; but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.—Yours faithfully, "J. R. CANHAM."

"6 Brighton Terrace, Hull.
"MRS. JOHNSON has much pleasure in saying she has derived great benefit from your Tablets."

"3 Castle Road, Deal.
"MRS. J. PEARSON is glad to say she is much thinner."

"Convalescent Home, New Brighton, Cheshire.
MISS S. J. PRITCHARD says: "They have done me much good. I am 21 lbs. lighter already."

Extract from *The Lady*, 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity. The Tablets are sold in boxes at 2s. 6d., and are obtainable from the Trilene Company, 70 Finsbury Pavement, London."

"25 Windsor Terrace, Penarth, Cardiff.
MISS M. FLAVELL says: "I have lost 2 st., and am much better in health."

"2 Chariot Street, Hull.
MR. JUBB, Chemist, says: "My customers speak highly of your Tablets."

"Windsor Hotel, Merthyr Vale, South Wales.
MR. J. THOMAS writes: "When I started the Tablets I weighed 17½ st., and have got down to 14 st. 9 lb."

"West Cornforth, Ferryhill.
MR. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17 st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15 st."

Extract from *Bury and Suffolk Times*, 15th June 1894: "MISS ATHERTON sings and dances as piquantly as ever, and is a marvel of agility, considering how much flesh she has put on of late. Her friends should induce her to take a course of Trilene Tablets, about which I hear wonderful things. One portly acquaintance of my own, by merely a few weeks' use of these little Tablets, has reduced his bulk perceptibly. I am assured the Tablets are harmless and tasteless, and that the Trilene Company, in Finsbury Pavement, London, are doing an enormous and ever-increasing trade."

MRS. HUTCHINSON, 46 Irwell Street, Widnes, Lancashire, writes: "I have taken three boxes, and am reduced 2 st."

A. D. BILLINGS, Bell Inn, Aldershot, writes: "Have derived great benefit already. Less in size and weight, breathing greatly improved."

MISS WELLS, Aldeburgh Hall, Saxmundham, writes: "I am pleased to say I receive great benefit from them."

MRS. MCGRATH, Bempton, Yorks, says: "I will recommend your very agreeable and satisfactory treatment—the *best* I have yet tried, as it is so simply and easily accomplished."

MISS DUGGLEBY, 16 New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½ st."

MISS C. E. SINGLETON, 3 Courtenay Terrace, Teignmouth, says: "They have done me a great deal of good, and I will do my best to make them known. You may use this letter as you please."

MISS MCPHERSON, Balnagowan Lodge, Methuen, Perth, says: "I have taken one box, and am reduced 1 st."

MRS. EDMONDS, Pontyguesta, Pontychin, Llantrissant, says: "I have lost more than a stone in a very short time."

MR. TAYLOR, Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says: "I have lost quite 2 st. since taking your Tablets."

MR. GILLESPIE, 50 Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, Essex, says: I have lost just 3 st."

E. NICHOLSON, Crossfield, Staniland, Halifax, says: "I am pleased to say your Tablets are lessening my size very much, and my two sisters are going in for your pleasant treatment."

THE TRILENE COMPANY, 66 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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ago: "The practice adopted by many mothers of giving children biscuits just before going to bed has produced decayed teeth in thousands of cases. When fragments of masticated food are allowed to lodge in the crevices of the teeth, decay is almost certain to be set up. Therefore children should be taught to brush their teeth after eating."

"Overcrowding" is as much a cause of mischief amongst teeth as amongst human beings in dwelling-houses. The difficulty is, however, one which calls for the treatment of a dentist. Here we are considering the home management of teeth.

The choice of a wash and of a powder for the teeth is a subject of great importance. Some people seem to think that all that is required is a material that shall make the teeth white. The probability is, however, that such material would destroy the enamel, and consequently do harm instead of good. What is wanted is a substance that will polish the teeth, and at the same time gently remove adherent particles without injuring the enamel. All acids, therefore, should be avoided, and the preparations used should, as a rule, be soluble, and slightly anti-acid. Teeth should be brushed always twice a day, morning and night; and the necessity of this is evident when it is remembered that it is the presence of little bits of food sticking to the teeth and decomposing, as they are bound to do with the heat and moisture of the mouth, which induces decay. If it were possible, indeed, it would be an advantage to wash the mouth after each meal; and as the operation would not take half a minute, it could easily be managed by those who live at home. Lime water makes a good wash, as does also water to which a few drops of liquid ammonia or Condy's fluid have been added. A teaspoonful of carbonate of soda added to the contents of a water-bottle also makes a good tooth-wash. When there is a tendency to decay, tincture of myrrh often proves of value.

Whatever sort of powder or paste is used (and the name of these preparations is legion), the teeth should be gently brushed with a brush of moderate hardness. It is a good plan, once a week or so, to pass silk twist between the front teeth, to keep clear the space between them. Hot drinks are likely to injure the teeth, so also are very cold substances, such as ices and iced drinks. Teeth should never be used to bite thread or to crack nuts; one of the surest ways of preserving them is to respect them. Another sure way of preserving them is to use them. Teeth, like other organs, deteriorate when not employed. To accustom oneself to take food that requires thorough mastication tends to strengthen the teeth, and also to cleanse them; whilst thorough mastication makes the food digest better, and thus promotes health. When mastication is interfered with, other troubles are sure to follow.

It is very consoling to reflect that when natural teeth go, as with the majority of people they are certain to do sooner or later, artificial teeth may be obtained in their stead. It is indeed wonderful what dentists can do in these days. There is no department of science and art in which greater progress has been made of late years than in dentistry, and it is fortunate for poor humanity that skilled dentists are to be found in every large town who are ready to exercise their skill at prices which bring it within the reach of people of even moderate means. Clever though these experts are, however, they are not as clever as Nature, and the best artificial teeth that we could buy will not fit as comfortably as the set that grew in our own heads. When teeth are fairly good, therefore, it is wise to preserve them, and get out of them the service they were intended to give.

THE FEEDING OF INFANTS

The artificial feeding of infants is much more difficult and more troublesome to manage than the natural feeding. With the latter there is no need for anxiety about the cleanliness of bottles, about the heat and quality of the food. Then the food is always ready and in good condition. Kind Nature has it in charge, and keeps mother and child on their way.

If from not having enough milk, or any other cause, a mother is unable to feed the child entirely herself, a milk mixture such as is recommended for artificial feeding must be given in the place of the omitted breast-feed, and at the corresponding times. It is to be remembered, however, that in all cases the mother's milk is of more value to the child than the artificial mixture, and also that no patent foods or any form of condensed milk foods should be given to an infant except under medical advice.

The following hints for artificial feeding are copied from the directions given to mothers at the Belgrave Hospital for Children, under the authority of Dr. Cautley, the physician of the Hospital. They are new, and have again and again proved to be of the greatest value. They are well worth the study of young mothers who are in doubt how to feed their little ones. For lack of space, the directions for feeding during the first month of life are left out. During this period, however, the infant is generally under the care of the doctor.

"The best kind of bottle is the boat-shaped one, with a simple indiarubber nipple on the end. A bottle of this kind is much easier to keep clean than one with a long tube. All rubber tubes must be avoided, because the milk sticks to the inside of them, and is likely to go bad, and to set up diarrhœa. The use of the boat-shaped bottle takes up a little more time and trouble. The mother must hold the bottle on the slope, so as to keep the teat always full, and thus prevent the child swallowing a lot of air. Each feed must be given very slowly. Any milk over must not be kept for the next feed, as it is very likely to go bad. Wash the bottle and teat in hot water and soda after each feed, and rinse in clean cold water.

"The milk should be got from a large dairy company twice a day; such milk is almost always of good and constant quality. Do not be persuaded to get the milk of one special cow, as the quality varies much more than the mixed milk of a large number of cows. The child's stomach is very small, therefore be careful not to give too much food at a time.

"During the second month the bottle should be given every two and a half hours, from 5 in the morning to 10.30 at night. Each feed must consist of 2 tablespoonfuls of boiled cow's milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of boiled water, 1 teaspoonful of cream, 1 small lump of sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls of lime water.

"After the end of the second month the infant must only be fed every three hours, from 5 in the morning till 11 at night. Between the ages of two and six months each feed must consist of 3 to 4 tablespoonfuls of boiled cow's milk, 3 to 4 tablespoonfuls of barley water, 1 lump of sugar. Cream

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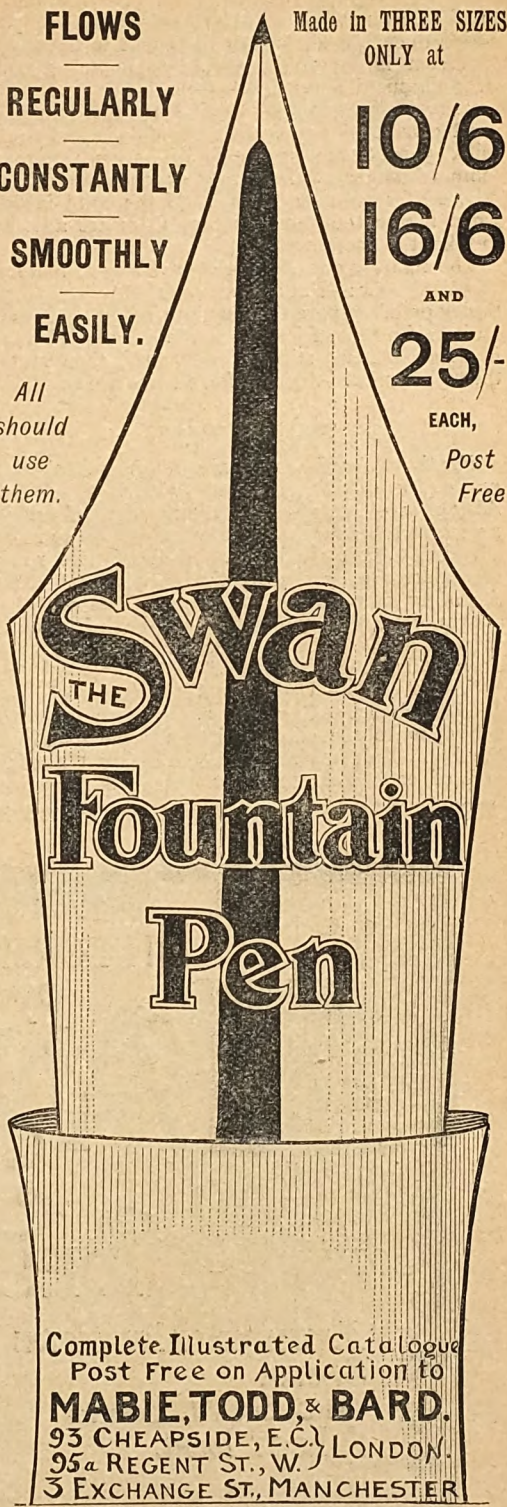

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to the amount of 1 to 4 teaspoonfuls can be added to each feed, with great benefit to the child. If cream is not given, half a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil must be supplied twice a day.

"From the age of six to nine months each feed must consist of 5 to 6 tablespoonfuls boiled cow's milk, 5 to 6 tablespoonfuls of barley water, 1 lump of sugar, with cream or cod-liver oil, as advised for younger infants. If the child is sick when taking the above diet, mothers are advised to take it to the Hospital."

The following is the authorised way of making *Barley Water*:—Put a teaspoonful of well-crushed barley or of prepared barley into a jug, and pour on it half a pint of boiling water. Stand it by the fire for an hour, stirring frequently, then strain through muslin. Make it fresh twice a day.

TWILIGHT TASKS

Further Directions for the Hug-me-Tight, the recipe for which appeared in No. 3 of this Magazine.—"After knitting the 14 ridges of 2 plain 1 purl, increase for the back by casting on 40 more stitches—that is, 80 in all. Knit 14 more rows, then decrease by casting the 40 stitches. Knit the other side, another 14 ridges. This will give a strip of knitting, the middle portion of which is twice as deep as the side pieces. Turn the back down and sew it to the sides."

"*Night Socks.*—Use white fleecy wool, and bone needles size 3. Cast on 50 or more stitches, according to the size required for the length of the foot. Knit 4 plain rows, increasing 1 at each end of each row; then knit about 8 ridges to form the width of the foot. Begin the intakes by knitting 2 together twice in the centre of every row. Do this for 10 rows, after which knit without decreasing 8 more ridges for the leg, and 8 rows 2 plain 2 purl for the welt. Cast off and sew together to make the sides and the sole of the boot."

CORRESPONDENCE

Crochet Edging.

An Old Lady asks for a simple pattern for a crochet edging for a shawl which is to be worked separately, and joined to the shawl when done.—Will the following pattern do for our friend? It is very effective, considering how simple it is. It must be understood that "d. c." is short for double crochet, "s. c." for single crochet, and "t. c." for treble crochet. Make a foundation of 20 stitches.

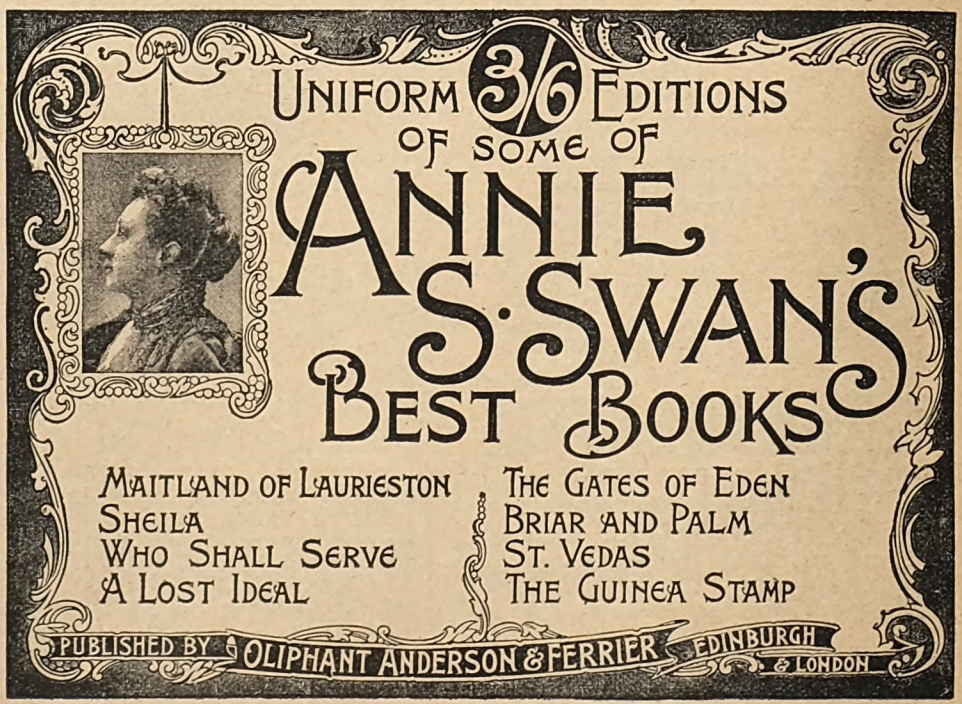
First Row. One s. c. in eighth stitch of chain; chain 4; one s. c. in eleventh stitch of chain; chain 4; one s. c. in fourteenth stitch of chain; chain 4; one s. c. in seventeenth stitch of chain; chain 4; one s. c. in last stitch of chain. Turn.

Second Row. Chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop. Turn.

Third Row. Chain 6; one s. c. in loop; (chain 4; one s. c. in loop) six times. Turn.

Fourth Row. Four d. c. in first loop; four in second loop; four in third loop; four in fourth loop; twelve d. c. in loop of six. Fasten with a s. c. in last loop of second row.

Fifth Row. Chain 3. Fasten with s. c. between 2nd and 3rd double crochet; chain 3; one s. c. between 4th and 5th d. c.; chain 3; one s. c. between



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6th and 7th d. c.; chain 3; one s. c. between 8th and 9th d. c.; chain 3; one s. c. between 10th and 11th d. c.; chain 3; one s. c. between 12th and group of 4 d. c.; chain 4; one s. c. between 1st and 2nd group of 4 d. c.; chain 4; one s. c. between next two groups; chain 4; one s. c. between next two groups; chain 4; one s. c. in loop at end of row. This finishes one scallop.

* *First Row of Second Scallop.* Chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in loop; chain 4; one s. c. in first loop of 3. Turn.

Second Row. Same as third row in first scallop.

Third Row. Same as fourth row in first scallop. Fasten with a s. c. in second loop of chain, like fifth row. Repeat from *.

Ginger Beer Recipe.

Another correspondent, living at High Barnet, very kindly sends her recipe for making Ginger Beer. She has used it for a number of years, and likes it for constant use better than any temperance drinks. "It seems to clear the palate; stimulates and aids digestion; and is very good for children, especially for parties." Our friend adds that it is important that the ginger used should be good and strong.—Three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, half a large teaspoonful of tartaric acid powder, one teaspoonful of essence of Jamaica ginger (liquid), and three pints of water. This beer can be made with cold water and used when mixed well, but boiling water much improves the flavour; and if the preparation be allowed to stand for a day in a cool place in summer-time, it will be most enjoyable. It does not effervesce, and needs no bottling.

A Knitter's Hug-me-Tight.

A Knitter has most kindly, in answer to the request which appeared in these columns, sent further directions for making her Hug-me-Tight, and she nobly offers to send *C. J.* a miniature pattern, if that lady is still unable to follow the recipe. Our correspondent also gives a recipe for Night Socks, enclosing one sock for a pattern, which is a marvel of simplicity. It certainly ought to take a place among my patterns, because it is so exceptionally easy. We beg to offer *A Knitter* our most hearty thanks. She is a helper worth having. The recipes are given amongst the Twilight Tasks.

Treatment of Nasal Catarrh.

Catarrh wishes to be advised as to the treatment of nasal catarrh.—It scarcely falls within the province of a writer on domestic subjects to deal with medical matters. For the benefit of our correspondent, however, I copy the directions given in the *Family Physician* for the treatment of the uncomfortable complaint referred to:—"A teaspoonful of the aconite mixture made according to subjoined prescription should be given every hour or two hours, according to the severity of the symptoms. If there is not much fever, a still smaller dose may be taken. The patient had better go to bed and keep quiet; he should not take much food, but may drink freely of water if thirsty. This treatment may be continued from six to twelve hours, or even longer. If the skin becomes moist, the other symptoms usually disappear, and a few more doses of the medicine will effect a cure. This treatment is very simple, and is usually successful. Prescription: tincture of aconite, one drachm; water, eight ounces. Mix."

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Exact wishes to know how to boil eggs so that the white will be sufficiently cooked and yet soft.—

How to boil Eggs for an Invalid.

The accepted three-minutes' rule does not answer for all eggs, fresh and stale alike. New-laid eggs need to boil for four minutes; eggs that have been kept for some days will set in three minutes. To be perfect, however, a boiled egg should not be boiled at all. Let *Exact* try either of the two following methods:—(1) Put enough water into a saucepan to cover the eggs abundantly, and make the water fully boil. Lower the eggs gently into it, and place the saucepan without the lid on the hearth, or at the back of the stove, or in some other place where the water will cease to boil and yet not lose its heat too quickly. In ten minutes the heat will have penetrated to the centre of the egg; the white will be tender and firm, yet sufficiently cooked, and not at all tough; and the yolk will be thick and delicate. Even if through inadvertence the egg should be left in the water longer than ten minutes, it will not become hard if the temperature is not raised. (2) Put the eggs into a wire basket so that they can be easily taken up. Lower the basket into a saucepan of cold water, and bring it gently to the boil, when the eggs will be ready. It is necessary to remember that if an egg is to be equally cooked it must be fully covered with water. The proportion of water needed for one egg in a small saucepan is a pint.

Rowena asks for a recipe for green walnuts preserved in sugar, which are reported to be very healthful if taken before breakfast.

Green Walnuts.

—For this preparation Jules Gouffé gives the following recipe:—"Choose some perfectly sound green walnuts. Peel them very smoothly, and throw them into a basin of cold water with some lemon juice added. Boil the walnuts in water till they are tender, drain and put them in a basin; pour some boiling syrup over; cover them with a round of paper, and let them remain until next day. Drain again, boil the syrup once more, pour it over the walnuts, cover, and leave for six hours. Repeat the process, making eight times in all. The eighth time boil the syrup, throw the walnuts into it, boil again, turn the whole into jars, and cover when cold." The syrup in this recipe may be made by boiling three pounds of sugar with two pints of water till clear. I have never tried this recipe.

To *H. E.* and other correspondents I would recommend Messrs. Newball & Mason's Coffee Essence. Most young housekeepers have some difficulty in making good coffee, but with this essence a child could turn out a cup of fragrant and palatable coffee without the slightest trouble. You simply take a spoonful of the essence, and add boiling milk.

Good Coffee.

F. W. R. could scarcely do better than take out a policy with the Sickness and Accident Assurance Association Limited, 24 York Place, Edinburgh. I cannot give particulars here, but the various publications of the Association can be easily obtained on application. The London Manager is Mr. J. H. M'Neill, 64 Moorgate Street, E.C.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

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LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA AT HOME.
[*Photographed for* THE TEMPLE *by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, *Regent Street, W.*]

ALMA-TADEMA AT HOME

THE house inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema is situated in St. John's Wood, a locality much patronised by artists, most of whom, while desirous of living in London and of being in the centre of the life of the great Metropolis, yet are anxious to get as far away as possible from the dust and smoke of the City. It is more like an enchanted palace than a London house, and, but for the neat, white-aproned, essentially prosaic parlour-maid, you feel as if you had stepped into fairyland as the garden door closes behind you. The glass-covered pathway stretches in a curve towards the house, either side banked with brilliant-coloured flowers, while the floor is paved with specially designed tiles, which form the letters L. A. T. quaintly intertwined. The iron supports of the glass roof also bear the name of the master of the place. As the path sweeps round to the front door, the bank of flowers breaks on the right hand and discloses a marble basin, into which a fountain splashes and plays. Above the door, which is bordered with some fine bronze-work, is the friendly greeting *Salve*—here more than a mere formality. And as the portals fly open in response to a resounding knock from the wonderful bronze knocker, the eye is dazzled by a flight of gleaming steps of exquisitely polished brass, which rise to the studio door. On the door hangs a superb brass shield, a gift from the sculptor

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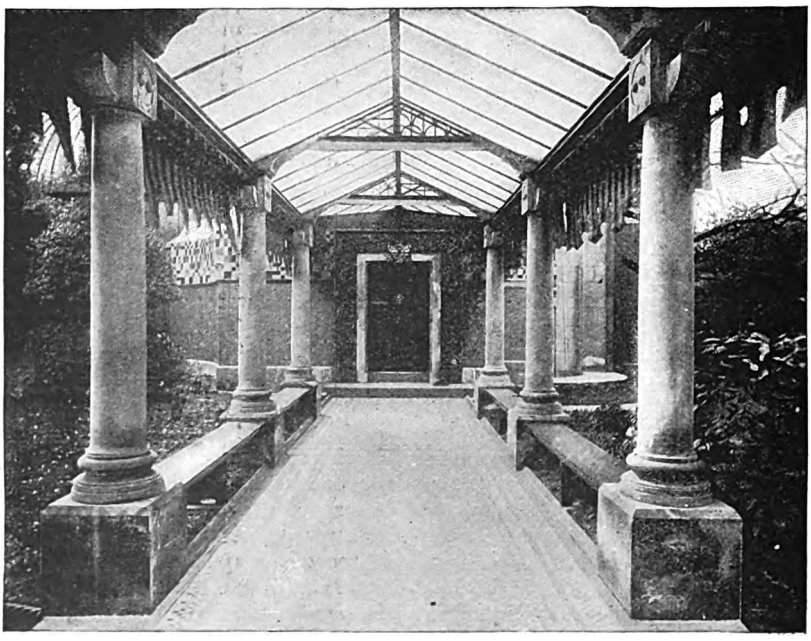
George Simmonds, who executed it especially for his friend. This entrance to the artist's sanctum, however, is not the one that is ordinarily used.

Turning to the left from the entrance hall, we are in a huge domed conservatory, with palms rising high above the head, and ferns and exotics growing luxuriantly on every side. Beyond is another hall, where, from the mantel, the words of Richard II., "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends," speak a cheering welcome. This hall is one of the features of the house, if a house where everything is a work of art can be said to have any special features. It is panelled some five feet high with white enamelled wood, and each narrow panel bears a signed painting by some celebrated artist. The subjects are widely diversified: one artist has chosen a corner of the house itself for his picture; another shows a glimpse of tempest-tossed sea, in striking contrast to which are a calm peaceful landscape and a branch of delicately tinted apple-blossoms. The owner himself has added a ribbon-like frieze of the flowers he loves so well, aglow with life and colour, which gives a perfect finish to the hall. In one corner is a little niche filled with flowers and curios, which show particularly well against a background of exquisitely painted tiles, a bit of Mrs. Tadema's work. The floor is paved with tiles designed by Mr. Tadema, and expressly made in Naples.

A wide staircase leads upwards to the chief studio, the balustrade hung with gorgeous embroideries from Japan. Under an arched doorway is the entrance to Mrs. Tadema's studio, the subdued tones of which are in striking contrast to the greater part of the house. Mrs. Tadema's devotion to everything Dutch is a compliment to her husband, and here, in her own studio, she is surrounded by the quaint old Dutch objects that she loves to paint. The high windows, with their leaded panes of white and faintly-tinted old stained glass, occupy nearly the whole of one side of the room, while the wide open fireplace takes up another. The greater part of the room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling was beautifully arranged, under Mr. Tadema's directions, to utilise some very fine old Dutch carving.

The entrance from the hall is through a screen of carved oak arches. Another door in the panels leads, through a passage lined with old Delft tiles whereon is depicted a Dutch canal scene, to the library; while a diminutive oaken staircase rises to the cosiest of anterooms, almost entirely filled by a huge carved four-post bedstead. Here Mrs. Tadema rests when she is tired; and certainly



THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

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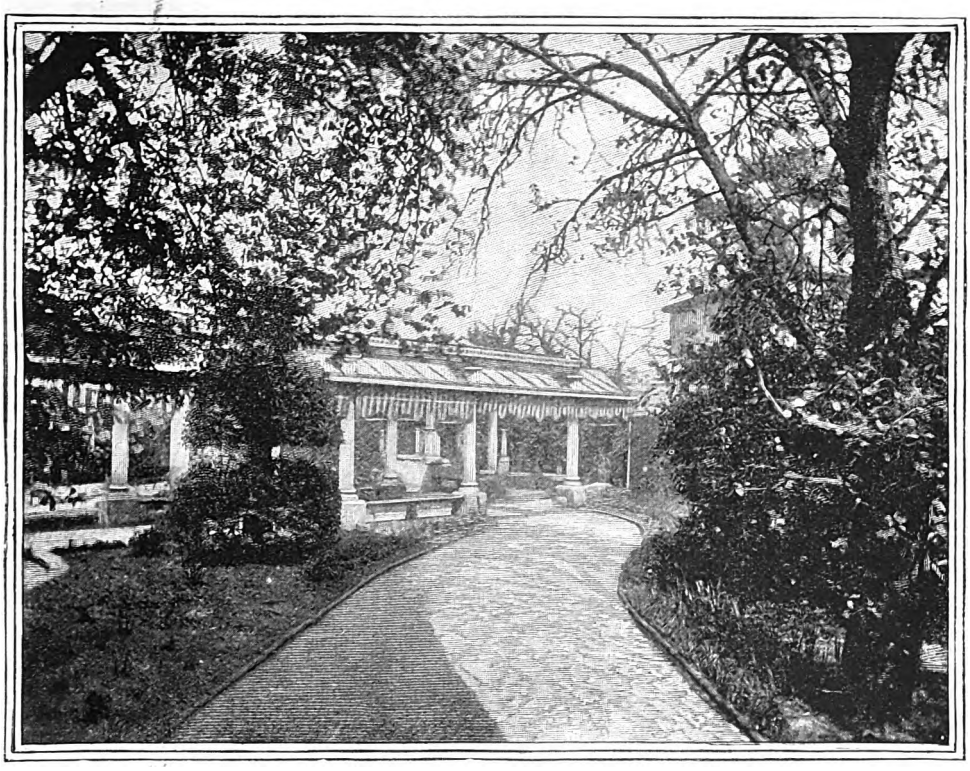

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

nothing could be more inviting than the pile of huge brocade cushions heaped on the coverlet of antique embroidery, with a beautiful old curtain to shield the light from weary eyes. Here, too, are the Dutch cradle and the old press which have figured in many of Mrs. Tadema's paintings, while a curious brass basin and tap replace the conventional wash-hand basin.

The studio itself is filled with blue china and curios of every description, while the cosy old chairs are upholstered in embroideries and brocades whose colours are softened and subdued by age. A wonderful bird-cage hangs from the ceiling, brass bowls stand on the chimneypiece, things of interest and beauty catch the eye on every side, and Mr. and Mrs. Tadema are fain to pardon those who stare open-eyed at all these treasures.

Passing through the library, we come to the dining-room—a long room, one side of which is panelled with oak and has a fitted oaken sideboard. The walls are hung with golden paper, and the chief pictures are Mr. Tadema's own portraits of his wife and youngest daughter. The dining-table, like everything else in the room, is of original design, is long and very narrow, and affords no place for elaborate table decorations. The window looks into the garden; and even here the genius of the owner has been at work, and has transformed the commonplace "plot" of the neighbouring places into a really effective scene. A series of pillars and arches in graceful iron-work border one side and the end of the lawn, flowering creepers climbing lovingly from one to another, while on the third side are spreading trees, from the branches of which a hammock hangs invitingly. At the end is also a pool of water, with a fountain, surrounded by a deep band of brilliant yellow flowers.

From the side of the dining-room another flight of brass steps leads once more to the great studio, but it is broken by a little atrium decorated in the Pompeian style. There are long lounges, and bookshelves laden with interesting volumes bound in the most original way. Some of these volumes are priceless collections of notes and manuscripts; many of them are very old, all of them are of great interest. Opposite the bookshelves is a long

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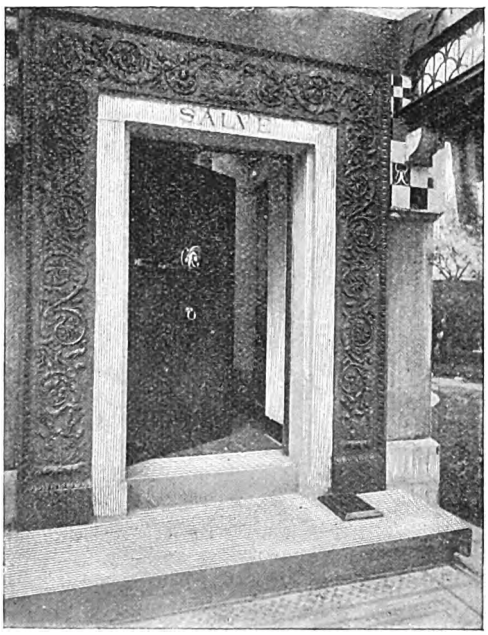
high desk, whereat Mr. Tadema stands and personally indites all his correspondence. In a corner is a marble basin lit by a skylight, and it was here that the artist contrived to see the shower of roses for his "Heliogabalus" picture, by having them thrown from above to the marble floor. As if in memory of that perfumed rain, dried rose-leaves still lie scattered on the edge of the basin, faintly scenting the air. An alcoved recess leads to the gallery of the studio, while mounting the brass steps at the farther corner you pass into the great studio.

Of all rooms in the house, this is of course the one most stamped with the individuality of the artist as he reveals it to the public in his work. He himself speaks of his house as a series of backgrounds to his pictures, and it is naturally in his studio especially that he has provided himself with suitable surroundings. The room has more than one entrance, but only one small door is visible; the others are merely panels, which are usually concealed by the wall into which they slide, rich curtains breaking the outline of the opening. The great domed roof is overlaid with silver; the floor is exquisitely inlaid with parquet designed by Mr. Tadema. Facing the great window, with its clear north light, is the apse, surmounted by the inscription, *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*. It is lined with cushioned seats, and hung with gorgeous old red velvet embroidery which once decorated the palace of some Venetian noble. The delicate colouring has faded from a portion of the work, and one would suppose that it is the oldest piece of all; but it is not so. Not having enough of the drapery for his purpose, Mr. Tadema had the design copied, and materials dyed to match the antique. But while the old dyes have withstood the light for many a score of years, the new have already lost their brilliant hues.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

Two brass steps lead to another recess, over which there is a wonderful window, where the light filters dimly through Mexican onyx and delicately-veined transparent marble. Here stands the piano, a marvel of satinwood inlaid with tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and silver. The inside of the lid is lined with vellum, and thereon are inscribed the autographs of all the famous musicians—and their name is legion—who have played on or been accompanied by the piano.

The walls of the studio are lined with beautiful woods and matchless marbles, while the gallery which runs along one side is ornamented with classic scenes in bronze. Here and there quaint little legends are introduced into the decoration, such as "As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life." A little anteroom is devoted to paints and brushes, and the great easel stands on the polished floor, facing the wide window. The room is full of treasures; but to do justice to all it contains, I should need a pen as brilliant as the paint-brush of the owner.

Laurens Alma Tadema was born at Dronryp, in Holland, on January 8, 1836. His father died when he was barely four years old, and his childhood was one of many deprivations and but simple pleasures. His mother, to whom he was very deeply attached, was a woman of strong character; and when she was left with a family of small children, only the two youngest of whom were her own, and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, she bore herself with energy and courage. Laurens was the darling of her heart, but she refused to allow herself to be convinced of his genius, fearing, no doubt, the glamour of her partiality. Circumstances had made her extremely practical, and she would not listen to the prayers of her son that he might study art. It was decided that he should be made a

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MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

lawyer, and he did his utmost to submit cheerfully to the career which maternal love had marked out for him, although every moment he could steal from work was devoted to drawing and sketching, and his tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of his passion for art.

Tadema was educated at the public school at Leeuwarden, but the routine of his work there was intensely irksome to him, and among all his studies the only one that appealed to him was Roman history. He induced his mother to wake him at daybreak every morning—by means of jerking a string fastened to his big toe—and worked at his drawing with untiring energy till it was time for school. In 1851, when he was only fifteen, without having ever received proper tuition, he sent a portrait of his sister to one of the Dutch galleries, where it was duly accepted and hung. But the struggle between the inborn passion of the lad and the desire to do what he regarded as his duty to his mother was more than his health could bear. His strength gave way completely, and the doctors who attended him gave it as their verdict that his days were numbered. Anxious that his few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, his

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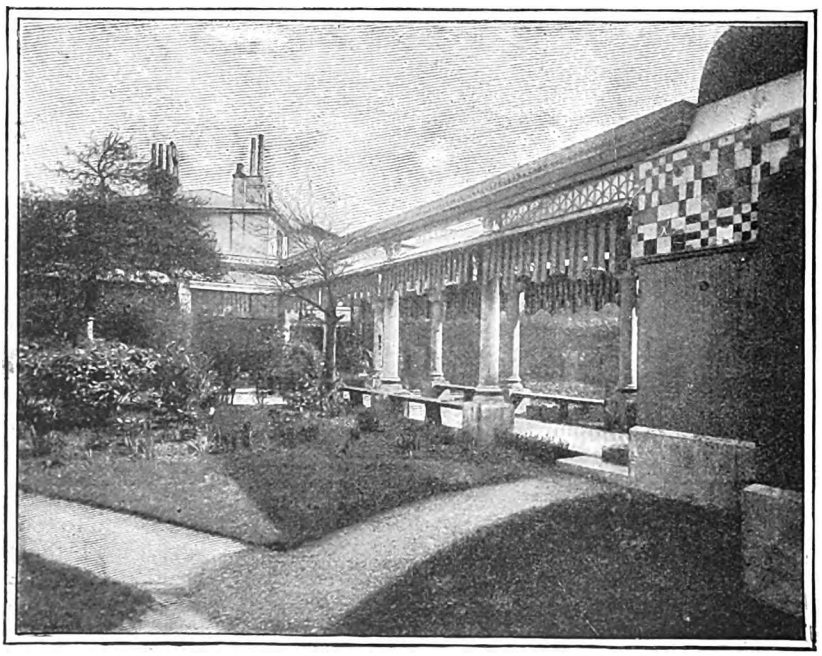
mother's resolution at last gave way, and young Tadema was given his heart's desire. The fierce struggle was over, and under the new conditions he soon regained his health; for though the future still held many difficulties, they melted before the invincible determination of the young genius. But Holland was not to have the glory of training her brilliant son; for, strange as it is to tell, the student failed to obtain admission into the Dutch schools, and he decided to go to Antwerp, where he entered the Art Academy and studied under Wappers. He laboured without ceasing to make up for the time he had lost; but none of his work of this time remains, for he destroyed everything that he felt did not attain to the standard of excellence he had raised for himself.

After leaving the art school, the young artist entered the studio of the great historical painter of Belgium, Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on Tadema's work. While yet but twenty-three years of age, he assisted Leys in painting the frescoes of the Antwerp Guildhall.

About this time Tadema's mother and sister gave up their home in Leeuwarden to join the young painter at Antwerp. But the happiness of having the mother he idolised near him was only to endure for a short time; four years later she passed away. It was then that Mr. Tadema married. His wife, a French lady, died in 1869, leaving two daughters. At her death Mr. Tadema came to England with his children and took up his residence in London, becoming a naturalised British subject a few years later. In 1871 he married Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose striking features and wonderful red-gold hair we have admired in so many of Tadema's pictures, and whose clever painting would have made the name of Tadema well known, even if it had not been illumined by the genius of her distinguished husband. In 1876, when Mr. Tadema was spending the winter in Rome, studying antique art and architecture with an energy characteristic of him, he received the news of his election to the Associateship of the Royal Academy. This was followed in 1883 by the title of Royal Academician. He is represented in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House by "The Way to the Temple," but it is by no means one of the finest specimens of his work. Recognitions of Mr. Tadema's greatness have come to him from every part of the world, and there is scarcely a country that has not bestowed honours upon him.



A VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AND THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

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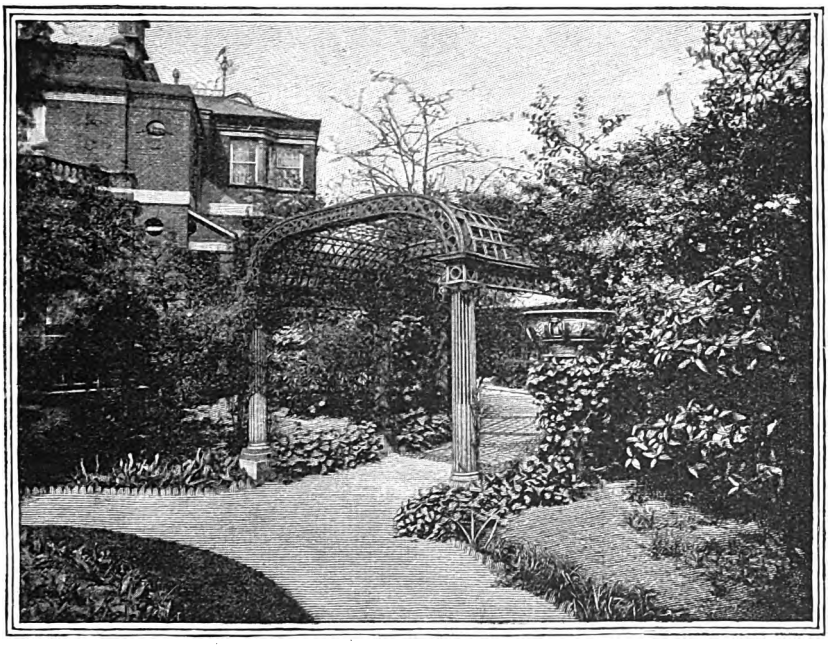

MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD.
[*From a Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

Mr. Tadema is one of the neatest of men. His studio is always the picture of order; no spot of paint has ever fallen upon the parquet; never does a paint-brush lie neglected upon the floor, and his brushes are like new in their absolute cleanliness. So particular is he on this point that even his artist daughter is scarcely to be trusted with the labour of cleaning them. "*Père* always says I make the handles greasy," she laughingly tells you; "he can't bear anyone to wash them but himself."

Mr. Tadema's work is always fraught with sadness to his friends, for each of his pictures is the grave of many others. He never makes sketches; and could we but peel the paint in layers off each completed painting, we should find many a change of scene. The procession of springtime, in one of his later works, once moved under a wonderful domed ceiling. But it did not satisfy the artist, who had a feeling for the blue sky, and the ceiling was painted out, to the bitter chagrin of many friends. Nor would they cease their lamentations at the destruction of this exquisite piece of work till Mr. Tadema promised that they should see it again, and it is to this promise that the painting "Unconscious Rivals" owes its origin. The ceiling was painted once more, and the two girls were inserted as a subject.

Mr. Tadema is very strongly against the idea that art students should travel and study the works of the great masters. They should wait till they are artists, he says. Then they will be better able to understand and profit by the masterpieces they see. Mr. Tadema himself has not travelled a great deal, and has, curiously enough, never visited Greece or Egypt, the countries he so loves to paint, and which his brush brings so vividly before us. He has sometimes been reproached with a want of imagination and sentiment—a criticism which much annoys him, for he is by no means lacking in either. One of his bits of sentiment relates to the number seventeen, which he declares has always been a lucky one for him. His wife, he will tell you, was seventeen when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was seventeen; his present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in 1886. He had then been in possession of the house for three years, and throughout those three years he had been designing and making plans and sketches for rebuilding. It was on November 17th that he and his family first took up their residence there. He laughs at himself for this superstition, but it is evident that his holding to it is not wholly a joke.

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With the knowledge that Mr. Tadema's paintings number over three hundred, without taking into consideration those which he so ruthlessly destroyed in his youth, it is not surprising to learn that he is an indefatigable worker. I remember questioning him once as to his favourite amusement. "Painting," he smilingly replied. Every moment of daylight spent away from his easel is regretted. In the evening he rests, or possibly plays a game of billiards, at which he is an adept. He cannot read much, for his eyes are very sensitive and easily grow tired; but he loves his books, and many a pleasant hour is spent in arranging and classifying them. Then there is his correspondence, which takes a good deal of time, for all his letters are written by his own hand. Even his daughters are not allowed to help him much, though they, like their father and mother, are hard-working people. The elder, Miss Laurens Alma-Tadema, is almost as busy with her pen as her father with his brush. Her novel, *The Wings of Icarus*, is well known, and she has also written a biography of Madame Eleonora Duse.

Mr. Tadema is the most genial of men, and he and Mrs. Tadema are extremely hospitable. Evidently, his is not that phase of the artistic temperament which can only work in certain moods and cannot bear to meet the eye of a fellow-man when in the mood for work. The desire to work is chronic with him, but he does not allow it to interfere with his social duties.

Mrs. Tadema is always at home to her friends on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Tadema does not follow the example of so many husbands and absent himself from his wife's receptions, but is just as genial and full of welcome as she. On the Mondays there is only tea and gossip, but gossip of art, music, literature, and of all things interesting. Mrs. Tadema receives in her studio, and, after chatting with her for a while and drinking a cup of tea, her friends move upwards to the larger studio to talk with their host and to enjoy his work. And here is one of the points on which husband and wife differ: while Mr. Tadema's pictures are always open for the delight of his friends, Mrs. Tadema's work is put carefully out of sight, for she does not like to have it viewed while in course of development.

The evening receptions, which are quite as informal as the afternoon "At Homes," but which are, as a rule, more numerously attended, are held in the larger studio. Music and recitations given by the most famous votaries of their arts are often heard. Paderewski, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Duse, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, have all assisted in entertaining Mr. Tadema's guests. But there is no prearrangement, and, while sometimes the brightest stars may combine in an irresistible programme, occasionally conversation unaccompanied is perforce the order of the evening.

Although one may not perhaps go so far as to paraphrase the familiar aphorism and say, Show me a man's house and I will tell you what he is; nevertheless, there is no doubt that a man influences his surroundings with as much force as they influence him, and a great deal of a man's character may be gathered from the home he has made for himself. And in the case of Alma-Tadema the inference is in the highest degree gracious and agreeable.

ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA.

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"WAIT one moment, Nora, and let me alter the draping of this lace a trifle. There, that is simply perfect! Madame Delorme has done her work well; and, sure, Dennis O'Neil will not find one of the Court beauties of England or France to compare with his wild Irish rose, as he will tell you himself before long, my darling." And the speaker stepped back to survey with admiring eyes the effect of her handiwork.

The room was a large old-fashioned one, with oak panelling and polished floor, but scantily covered with a few deerskin rugs, and a strip of Turkey carpet beside the large four-post bed; the heavy hangings of which were of rich crimson velvet, toned down by age to a sombre tint, in keeping with the whole surroundings. In a corner of the room a long mirror in a dark oak frame reflected, by the light of two wax candles, the radiant image of a young girl, so beautiful as to justify her aunt's words, and the exclamation of the old nurse, who stood on the other side.

"Sure, Miss Nora, mavourneen, but it's the blessed saints thimselves must love to look upon ye."

Nora O'Brien was rather above middle height, with a slight graceful figure, which was set off to the best advantage by the perfectly-fitting robe of shimmering white satin, draped with flounce and berthe of the richest Irish point-lace; a string of large pearls was fastened with a diamond clasp round her white neck, and a wreath of myrtle and orange blossom rested on the massive coils of wavy blue-black hair that encircled her head. A complexion of dazzling fairness, dark blue eyes, clear and liquid as the waters of an Italian lake, a face which reflected every passing thought and feeling,—now sparkling with fun and laughter, now melting in softest pity and tenderness over some tale of woe, revealing depths of feeling as yet unsounded,—completed the picture.

The girl turned her head to get a better view of herself, and, touching the lace of her berthe with a caressing movement, said, half sadly—

"Yes, it is a lovely dress! And to think my own dear mother wore this lace on her wedding-gown! Will my happiness be as shortlived as hers, I wonder? Only one short year from the time she donned it ere she was laid to rest! Am I like her, auntie?"

"No, no; the saints forbid, my love!" was the hasty reply. "She was always too frail and tender for this rough world. You are more an O'Brien than a Desmond; and though you have all her beauty, you are made of stronger stuff."

"Fie, fie, auntie!" the girl answered laughingly, the momentary shadow having passed from her expressive face. "How long is it since you have turned flatterer? Why don't you tell me that 'beauty is only skin deep' and 'fine feathers make fine birds,' as you used to do? But how late Dennis is! I cannot think what can be detaining him. Do, Bridget," she added, turning to her attendant, "run down to the corner of the wood and see if he is not in

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sight. It is not like him to be late, and in these days one cannot but feel anxious."

"Nay, love, it is not so very late; you forget our clocks are before Dublin time. Come down to your father, that he may duly admire you before Dennis claims all your attention," returned Miss O'Brien, a kindly comfortable-looking old lady, who had kept her brother's house, and alternately spoiled and scolded her niece ever since her beautiful young mother had died in her arms, eighteen years before.

The loss of his wife, who was many years younger than himself, after one year of almost perfect wedded happiness, was a terrible blow to Sir Ennis O'Brien, and one from which he never entirely recovered. He ceased to take any interest in public affairs; and while the country was in the throes of revolution, torn in sunder by conflicting parties, but distant echoes of the storm reached the secluded little glen where he lived in his old ancestral home, Castle Dhuil, amidst the lovely scenery of the south-west coast of Ireland, surrounded by his tenantry, a few devoted if poor and ignorant peasants and farmers, who looked up to him as the representative of the ancient name and ancient faith so dear to all their hearts.

Of late, indeed, he had been brought more in touch with the outside world by the betrothal of his only child to Dennis O'Neil, a young man deeply imbued with the prevailing hatred of English rule, an ardent patriot, and a personal friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and many of the leaders of the Revolutionary party. He had met Nora O'Brien during one of her brief visits to her aunt, Lady Desmond, in Dublin, and their acquaintance had rapidly ripened into love. O'Neil was a handsome noble-looking young fellow, possessing all the qualities, both of character and person, calculated to win the heart of an enthusiastic impressionable girl like Nora; and although her father would have preferred that her choice should have fallen on her cousin, Maurice Desmond, he was soon won to give a cordial consent, and the wedding was fixed for the twenty-third of May, two days later than the evening on which our story commences, when Nora was trying on her wedding dress, just arrived from Dublin, and looking out for her lover. Lady Desmond and her son and daughter were expected the following day—Eva Desmond to act as bridesmaid to her cousin, while Dennis was bringing a friend of his own to be groomsman. He had been absent in Dublin for over a fortnight on business; and as those were not the days of penny post and sixpenny telegrams, Nora felt no uneasiness at not having heard from him during that time; but he had promised to be with her by six o'clock that evening, and she felt sure that no ordinary cause would make him break his engagement.

Before going further, it will be necessary to take a brief survey of the state of Ireland at that time, the spring of 1798, when rebellion on the one hand and despotism and cruelty on the other had deluged the land in blood. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended and martial law proclaimed. The "Society of United Irishmen" had been formed for the purpose of throwing off the yoke of England and establishing a republic allied to France, restoring the Roman Catholic religion, and reclaiming all forfeited lands. Its organisation "was so simple, yet so efficacious, that though their power was unbounded, their agency was invisible, and many hundred thousand men rendered implicit obedience to the dictates of an unknown authority."

To resist this combination the friends of England and the Protestant ascendency formed themselves into a society, which still exists under the name of Orangemen; but with them our story has little concern.

The hopes of the Irish patriots had already been dashed, first by the dispersion of the French fleet in Bantry Bay in December 1796, and afterwards by the defeat of their other allies, the Dutch, at Camperdown in 1797; and, becoming desperate and despairing of foreign aid, they began to break out into a kind of guerilla warfare in different parts of the country. This provoked reprisals, and acts of cruelty and violence on both sides widened the breach.

On 19th February 1798 Lord Moira made an eloquent speech in their favour in Parliament, but on the same day the Irish Committees unanimously passed a formal resolution to listen to no terms but total separation from Great Britain; and shortly after, one of their leaders, Arthur O'Connor, was arrested just as he was about to embark for France. On 12th March fourteen more of the leading spirits were taken, through the treachery of an informer named Reynolds, while holding a meeting at the house of Oliver Bond, a Dublin merchant; but by the merest chance Lord Edward Fitzgerald (the one on whom, both on account of his personal character and his position and influence, the highest

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hopes of his party were set) escaped, and, although a vigorous search was instituted, for some time eluded his pursuers. Dennis O'Neil was, as we have said, a personal friend of his, and also a prominent member of the "United Irishmen." Nora's apprehensions, therefore, can scarcely be wondered at. However, she had hardly descended the broad oak staircase when the sound of a horse's feet galloping at full speed down the drive fell on her ear, and, throwing open the hall door, she soon found herself clasped in her lover's arms.

"At last, Dennis!" she cried, disengaging herself from his close embrace, and reaching up to unclasp the silver buckle of his riding-cloak. "How wet and cold you are! Come into the library to the fire."

"I am not fit to touch you, my beautiful darling," he said; but he bent down to press another passionate kiss on her upturned face, and kept his arm firmly round her as they advanced together into the warm brightly-lighted room, at the door of which Sir Ennis stood waiting.

"Welcome, Dennis, my boy," he said, stretching out his hand in cordial greeting; but there was something in the young man's face that arrested further words, and made Nora exclaim in terrified tones, "Oh, Dennis, what is it? You bring bad news."

He sank down on the nearest chair and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. There is something terrible in a man's tears, for it is no light sorrow that calls them forth. Sir Dennis and his sister stood by in troubled silence; only Nora, all unheeding her bridal robes, knelt at his feet, and, drawing down his head, showered warm loving kisses on the dark clustering curls, beseeching him, by all the endearing terms in which the Irish vocabulary is so rich, to tell them his trouble.

At last he raised his wan haggard face, and, clasping her hand in his, exclaimed, "Ah, Nora, queen of my heart! woe is me that I am here to tell the tale, while he is taken—the noblest, the bravest heart, the truest friend to this unhappy land."

"Not Sir Edward?" exclaimed Sir Ennis and Nora together, while the baronet continued—

"But how? I thought he had escaped his enemies."

"Ay, you know that story," returned O'Neil, speaking more calmly, "how he happened to be absent from that meeting at Bond's when the others were taken. There was a hot search for him, and they went to Leinster House and seized his papers, but he remained safely hidden. I believe he might have left the country,—the officials would gladly have connived at that,—but he would not forsake the cause. Early and late he was working for us, changing his hiding-place from time to time. Once, when he ventured out in disguise at nightfall, he was stopped and attacked by the guard under Major Sirr; but friends were near, and Gallagher, a brave fellow, soon had Sirr rolling in the dust, while Fitzgerald got safely off. But the Government offered a reward of £1000 for his apprehension; and two informers, Higgins and Magan,—ten thousand curses light on them, the black-hearted villains!—tracked him to his hiding-place, and the house—you know it, Nora: Murphy's, in Thomas Street—was surrounded by the troops.

"Fitzgerald was suffering from sore throat and headache, and was resting on his bed, when Major Swan walked into the room and attempted to arrest him, telling him that it was vain to resist; but he fought like a lion, and kept Swan, with Ryan and Sirr, who had joined him, all at bay, until Sirr fired at his dagger-arm, and it fell helpless by his side. Even then he would not give in, until someone from behind stabbed him in the neck. All was over then, and he was removed to the Castle, where he lies now, dying of his wounds; and the cowards will not even leave him the comfort of his wife's presence to soothe his last hours, but have ordered her to leave Ireland.

"I did not hear of what was going on until the fray was ended: it would have been some comfort to have struck a blow in his defence; but I saw them drag him off, all wounded and bleeding. And Nora, at that moment, if they would have let me be with him, I felt that, but for your sweet sake, I would gladly have shared his fate."

The girl shuddered and drew closer to him; and Sir Ennis, deeply moved, exclaimed, "You are indeed the bearer of evil tidings! He is a noble fellow. Is there no hope of his recovery?"

"I think not; and it is scarcely to be wished for; for I hear Ryan is dying of his wounds, and he would be tried for murder as well as treason. Ah, Sir Ennis, if you had known him, as I did, at his own home at Frescati, with his beautiful wife, his boy, his birds and flowers,—the simplest, kindest heart, the truest friend, the most noble, courtly gentleman,—you would not wonder that this blow has almost crushed me. Nor is this all: our trials, like Job's, come in troops," he added bitterly.

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Then, his mood changing, he turned to Nora and said, "Stand up, my darling, and let me see you in your bridal dress. I want to have the picture of you in my mind."

She rose and stood with tearful downcast eyes where the light fell full on her graceful form. He gazed on her with a long, almost hungry, gaze.

"Smile on me, mavourneen," he cried. "Let me see the sunshine once more in your sweet face." And, like a ray of sunlight breaking through the clouds and shining on the dark troubled waters, came the smile for which he asked. Then, throwing her arms round his neck, she sobbed—

"Thank God, you are safe, Dennis, my own!"

The lovers were now alone, Sir Ennis and Miss O'Brien having silently withdrawn; and he drew her to a couch and, seating himself beside her, spoke in a grave but calmer tone.

"Nora, my heart's darling," he said, "I have told you the saddest part of my story first, that you may see there are trials greater than ours. Bitter as that is to me, I know you will help me to bear it like a brave true-hearted Irish girl."

Her lovely face grew pale as she nestled closer to him and asked in a trembling voice—

"Oh, my love, what is it? Tell me quickly. I can bear anything but suspense."

"Dearest, the lot has fallen on me, and I am ordered to leave the country on a secret mission, that may keep me three, or even six, months away. Nay, do not tremble so. There is no special danger connected with it. I should welcome the errand were it not that it defers our happiness and separates me from you. But you will be true to me, and keep up a brave heart till I come back to claim my bride."

She still remained silent, her whole frame heaving convulsively with suppressed sobs.

"Nora," he went on, in soft persuasive tones, "you know I have no choice in the matter. I am sworn to obedience and secrecy. And my life would not be worth an hour's purchase were I to fail in my duty to the society to which I belong. Besides, I know you too well to believe that you would wish your knight to prove recreant. Will you not wish me 'God speed,' and give me some token to cheer my heart? It is heavy enough, God knows."

He had touched the right chord.

At his words she looked up and, making a determined effort at self-control, said—

"Yes, indeed, my poor Dennis. And I, who should help and strengthen you, am making it still heavier. Forgive me for being so weak and childish. You will go, my own love, and work for our unhappy country; and I will pray that you may be blessed and protected and prospered in your labours. When do you start, Dennis?"

"My darling," he replied reluctantly, "how can I tell you that to-night, at midnight, a boat will be waiting in the cove for me? It was not easy for me to get permission even for this brief visit."

"So soon!" she exclaimed; and there was a sudden break in her voice as she went on bravely: "But it will bring the hour of meeting nearer. And to think I am wearing this," touching her dress. "I will go and change it. I kept it on for you to see."

"No, no, darling," he cried hastily, detaining her as she would have left the room. "I want to have your picture with me all through my wanderings as you are now, my own beautiful bride; and when I come back I must find you just the same. I may not—I trust I shall not—be so long detained. But this I promise you, my darling, on the honour of a gentleman, that on this day twelvemonths nothing but death shall keep me from coming to claim you. And even if you hear no word of me, you will not forget; but you will don your marriage gown, and twine the orange and myrtle in your hair, and keep tryst with me. You will not doubt me?"

"I shall never doubt you," she answered simply; "I will keep the tryst."

He drew from his pocket a small jewel-case, from which he took two rings—one a plain gold circlet, the other a guard-ring richly set with emeralds and diamonds.

"See, darling," he said, taking her small white hand in his, "I had hoped in two more days to place both these rings on this dear finger; now I can only place one. The other I shall wear next to my own heart until the day we meet again. Will you not give me some token of your own to place with it?"

She left the room for a moment, and returned quickly with a slender gold chain and a tiny ornamental key set with jewels.

"Look, Dennis, I have brought you this," she said. "I promise that your ring shall never leave my finger until you yourself take it off; and here I give you the key of my heart, where you are safely enshrined."

"My own love," he cried, passionately kissing the hand which held them out to him. "We will put the key and the ring together on the chain, which your dear hands shall fasten round my neck."

She clasped the chain; and, undoing his

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shirt collar, he let it down to rest, as he had said, next his heart; and then for a time silence fell upon them as they sat together with hands clasped—a silence more eloquent than speech, which was only broken when Miss O'Brien entered, saying—

"My dear Dennis, you must surely be nearly famished! The dinner-gong has sounded twice, and my brother would not let Peter come to interrupt you; so at last I came myself, and, as all was quiet, I concluded you had finished your talk. Nora, my dear," she added, turning to her niece, "you had better run upstairs and take your dress off. I hope Dennis has duly admired it."

But Dennis again laid a detaining hand on her, saying—

"No, no, Miss O'Brien. I have asked Nora to wear the dress to-night, that the last thing I see in dear old Ireland may be my bride; and she has promised to put it on again and keep tryst with me this day twelvemonths; for, alas! I am called away,—but let us go into the dining-room, that I may explain all to Sir Ennis."

"I HAD HOPED IN TWO MORE DAYS TO PLACE BOTH THESE RINGS ON THIS DEAR FINGER; NOW I CAN ONLY PLACE ONE."

"Called away,—and Thursday your wedding day! Why, Dennis?" exclaimed Miss O'Brien in accents of dismay. But they had left her behind and reached the dining-room, where Sir Ennis was waiting with some impatience for his dinner.

It proved a very scanty pretence of a meal, and the dishes were sent away almost untasted while the young man explained matters. Sir Ennis, indeed, knew enough of the stringent rules of the society, and the secrecy with which its proceedings were conducted, to understand at once the urgency of the case, and the impossibility of disobeying its behests. The agent for any special service was chosen by ballot; and he on whom the lot fell was sworn to obedience, no personal matter being suffered to interfere with the duty he owed to his party. It was only as a favour that Dennis had been allowed to come and take leave of his betrothed, and he would be unable to hold any direct communication with her until his mission was accomplished.

"But I shall try to send you a token, darling," he said; "and you—you had better not write anything, but give the bearer a bit of the blue ribbon you wear in your hair, and I shall know you are well and keep up a brave heart."

"And you cannot tell us how long your absence is likely to be?" asked Sir Ennis.

"I cannot, sir," replied Dennis, "except that, from the nature of things, I must have succeeded or hopelessly failed by this day

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twelvemonths. Therefore I have sworn to Nora that nothing save death shall prevent me from keeping tryst with her then, and she has promised to don her bridal dress and be ready to give herself to me without more delay. I know you will not object to this; and you, dear Miss O'Brien," he added, turning to her aunt, "will take care of her and not let her fret herself and grow down-hearted."

The hour of parting came all too soon; and as the clock fingers pointed to half-past eleven he sprang up hastily, exclaiming that he had not a minute to lose, and, clasping Nora in a long last embrace, tore himself away. She stood in the dark doorway waving her handkerchief to him until a turn in the road hid him from her sight, and then she fell fainting into her aunt's arms.

Very tenderly they carried her to her room; and Miss O'Brien and the faithful Bridget removed the beautiful dress, which now seemed such a mockery, and laid her on her bed, the old nurse crooning beside her, until at last, exhausted by all she had gone through, she fell into a deep slumber.

The next day brought Lady Desmond and her son and daughter, who had posted from Dublin, and were greatly astonished to find the turn affairs had taken.

Their presence roused Nora and did her good; but it went to all their hearts to see her white wistful face, and the little wintry smile with which she tried to welcome them. Indeed Maurice Desmond, who had long cherished a hopeless attachment for his beautiful cousin, felt that it was more than he could bear, and soon announced his intended departure.

"I will come and fetch you," he said to his mother; "these are not times for you and Eva to travel alone. But I can't stand it, to see Nora looking as she does now—it drives me wild, and I had better get back to my law books."

Time passed on: the fresh verdure of spring changed to the more sombre green of summer, and still that fair emerald isle, so beautiful yet so unhappy, was deluged with the blood of her children. Glen Dhuil was, indeed, remote from the actual scene of strife; but from many homes the son, the husband, or the father had gone forth to join the ranks of the insurgents, and news was eagerly looked for on all sides; and as Nora passed through the village on her way to the little chapel on the hillside, where she went nearly every morning to pray for her lover, she was followed by many sympathetic glances.

The old women showered down blessings upon her, and the little children offered her bunches of wild flowers, eager to win from her the smile with which she never failed to respond to their advances. She had always been loved by the simple warm-hearted people, who had called her in old days "The Sunshine of the Glen," and now, in her sorrow, she was, if possible, dearer to their hearts.

Early in June came the news that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had died in prison. At first it was thought he would recover from his wounds, but violent fever set in. His aunt, and his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, who were in Dublin, pleaded earnestly for permission to see him; but the authorities sternly refused it until the prison doctor declared that all hope was over and the end drawing very near. Then they were admitted; but the interview did not last long, for his strength was rapidly ebbing. "It is just heaven to see you," was all he could say as he smiled his last farewell.

In the O'Briens' home he was truly mourned, and Nora longed to share the grief she knew her lover would feel when the tidings reached him.

But one little gleam of light came to relieve the darkness of this time.

As she was coming home one morning from the chapel an old woman stepped out of her hut and greeted her, saying—

"Sure, Miss Nora, honey, there's a bit ov a gossoon 'as bin waitin' to git spache wid ye this last hour."

And turning she saw a tall gaunt-looking lad, ragged and barefoot, who rose up from the rocky bank and without a word held out to her a small folded bit of paper.

She opened it eagerly. It contained a four-leaved shamrock carefully pressed, and on the paper was written, in Dennis's hand-writing, "Have courage and faith. Hope ever." She pressed it passionately to her lips; then turning to the boy she asked eagerly—

"Where do you come from? Who gave you this paper?"

But he made no answer, laying his finger on his lips in token either that he could not or was not allowed to speak, and stretching out his right hand as if waiting for her to give him something.

She understood the gesture; and, hastily untying the ribbon from her hair, she wrapped it in a scrap of paper, inside which she wrote in pencil, "True till death." She then gave it to the lad, saying,—

"You will come to the castle for food

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and rest, and I will reward you for your trouble."

But he only shook his head and, taking the paper from her, turned, plunged into the woods, and was lost to sight before she could say another word.

It was not much, yet it brought new hope to Nora; and her step regained some of its elasticity, her smile grew more frequent, and her father and aunt rejoiced to see her more like her former bright self. But it needed all the comfort she could get from her lover's words to sustain her courage amidst the disquieting and conflicting rumours that reached them, now from some fugitive who had escaped after a skirmish, or again from the weekly news-letter which supplied the neighbourhood with all their information as to the doings of the outside world. The rebels, who were now up in open insurrection, made a well-planned design to surprise the camp at Dublin and seize the Castle and ammunition; but this was defeated by the vigilance of the governor, who arrested the leaders of the conspiracy on the very day that the attempt was to have been made. However, their principal army, fifteen thousand strong, scored a success at Enniscorthy, where they defeated the English troops and captured the town. They soon afterwards made themselves masters of Wexford; but their success was only short-lived, and the defeat they sustained at Vinegar Hill struck the deathblow of the rebellion; and in July a general amnesty was proclaimed to all who laid down their arms within a certain time.

Then Nora's heart beat high with hope that Dennis would return; but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"; and when weeks and months passed, bringing no tidings of him, Sir Ennis, firmly believing that Dennis must have perished in one of the many bloody encounters that had taken place, deemed it the truest kindness to try to reconcile his daughter to this idea, and to persuade her to go for change of air and scene to her aunt in Dublin; but this she utterly refused to do.

"If he does not keep his promised tryst, then I shall believe that he is no more," she would say. "Nothing else will convince me of it, and I must be here to meet him whenever he comes."

Winter set in with unusual severity that year; and on New Year's Day, Sir Ennis, who had gone to their nearest town on business, was overtaken in a snowstorm and got a severe chill. At first no serious consequences were apprehended; but the attack did not yield to Miss O'Brien's homely remedies; and when Dr. Moore, the kind old doctor who had attended the family for nearly thirty years, was called in, he shook his head and looked very serious.

It was the beginning of a long illness, which tried the strength and endurance of his nurses to the utmost. To the doctor and to old Bridget it was plain from the first how it must terminate; but Miss O'Brien was always hopeful, and Nora never seemed to realise the danger, though she devoted herself to her father with an untiring devotion, rarely leaving his bedside; indeed he always became restless and uneasy if she were absent, and would hardly taste food except from her hands.

Her aunt feared that loss of sleep and constant nursing would tell upon her health, and begged Dr. Moore to interfere and insist on her taking more rest; but he told her that it was useless for him to attempt it. The poor girl's brain was in such an excited overwrought state that she was unconscious of bodily fatigue, and to give her no outlet for her restless energy would be the worst thing possible for her.

"I am only afraid of how it will be when the necessity for action is over," he added sadly; "unless something relieves the tension, either mind or body must give way. Would to God that Dennis O'Neil might return, as she expects! But I fear that is past hoping for." So thought, also, Sir Ennis O'Brien; and one night, as his daughter sat watching by his bedside, he once more broached the subject to her.

"Ah, Nora, mavourneen," he said, fondly caressing her hand, and speaking with some difficulty for the cough that exhausted his feeble frame. "And hard it is to leave you alone in this troublesome world. I should die easier if I could leave you with one who had the right to protect you. If Dennis had returned, I could gladly have entrusted you to his care; but it is over eight months since you had sign or token from him; and when we think how many brave lads have fallen since then, can we hope that he has escaped? My little one, my darling, do not sob so bitterly! I shall not be long with you, and you must let me speak once for all—sure it's your happiness, mavourneen, is my one thought. There is your cousin, Maurice. I know he has loved you for years. A word from me would bring him to you. He is a good true-hearted lad. My heart would be at rest for you if I could see you his wife."

"Hush, oh hush, father; you will break my heart," she moaned, hiding her face on his pillow. "You will be better when the

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warm spring days come. You will not leave me; and Dennis will return. Do you think I should not know if he were dead? He will keep tryst with me as he promised. I know he will. And how could I break my plighted word? Besides, even if it were as you say, living or dying I am his, and he is mine. None can ever take his place."

"Ah, well, my darling," he replied soothingly. "I will say no more; yours is the true tender heart, and I know Maurice will act a brother's part by you when I am gone. Look up and say you forgive your old father. 'Twas my head, not my heart, that spoke."

It was only two days after this conversation when the end came, unexpectedly at the last, and the old man passed quietly and peacefully away.

There was mourning in the glen. Sobs and wailing cries resounded from the little crowd gathered in the quiet graveyard where he was laid to rest. Poor old women who had been supported by his bounty, young women and children with whom he had ever exchanged kindly courteous greetings, even strong men, wept for their friend and benefactor: only his daughter was tearless. Stunned by the blow, she stood by the side of the grave in her long black robes, her face white and shadowy as an apparition from another world.

Many were the pitying comments that were passed upon her by the bystanders.

"Och, wirra, but it's heartbreakin' to see her"; "Sure, an it's not long as she'll be afther him," they said; while her two aunts, Miss O'Brien and Lady Desmond, wept together as they talked of her, and consulted how best to break down the stony apathy that was more terrible than any violent outburst of grief.

"We must get her away from here," exclaimed the latter decidedly. "She is worn out with the long strain of nursing and anxiety. And nothing but change of scene will do her any good."

"If she could but break down and have a good cry, I should be happy about her," sobbed Miss O'Brien.

But when Lady Desmond proposed to Nora that she should return with them to Dublin, she was met with a gentle but decided refusal.

"No, dear aunt," she said, "you are very good and kind, but I cannot leave home. In less than a month Dennis will be here. If you and Eva and Maurice can stay till then, we shall be very grateful—it is so lonely for Aunt Ellen."

"She actually does not seem to have a doubt of his return," said Lady Desmond as she told Miss O'Brien and Dr. Moore of the result of the interview. "It seems cruel to let her build upon it, the awakening will be so terrible; yet, looking at her sad sweet face, I *could* not tell her how hopeless we all feel it to be."

"You were quite right to say nothing," replied the doctor approvingly. "There is just the possibility that she may prove right, for we have had no certain news of his death. If he returns, I believe it will save her life; if not, she is in higher hands than ours—we can do nothing."

The weary days dragged on. Nora spent most of her time sitting at the window of her room, which overlooked the road along which she expected her lover to come. She responded with gentle gratitude to the care and attention of her friends, answering them when spoken to directly, but seeming to take no interest in what was going on around her, and growing daily more frail and shadowy.

At last the day came, so longed for by Nora, so dreaded by her friends—the 21st of May. Early in the morning Miss O'Brien was aroused by a light tap at her bedroom door, and Nora entered in her white dressing-gown. There was a faint tinge of colour in her pale cheek and a light in her eye, that made her look quite a different being.

"Dear Aunt Ellen," she said, going up to her aunt and throwing her arms round her neck with a warm kiss—the first voluntary caress she had offered to anyone since her father's death. "You know Dennis comes home to-day, and I want to ask you—you will not think me very heartless if I put off my mourning just for the one day? I know dear papa would have wished it," and tears—the first tears—came into her eyes. "It is not that I mourn less for him, but I promised Dennis that I would wear my wedding dress to-day, and I can't disappoint him. Even if I had died, as I thought once I was going to do, I should have asked you to bury me in it. You do not mind, auntie dear?"

"No, no, my own darling," Miss O'Brien replied, choking back her tears. "Do as you think best; only, go back to bed now and rest until after luncheon, then we will come and help you to dress."

"Perhaps I had better. I want to look my best when Dennis comes. Will he find me very much changed?" she asked wistfully. "Do you remember this day last year, auntie? You told me I had all my mother's beauty."

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paper in which it was laid, smoothed out the creases, and put it to air, placing everything in readiness with aching hearts.

It was nearly two o'clock when Nora awakened, declaring she felt greatly refreshed, and feverishly anxious to be dressed. The robe hung loosely on her wasted form; but her cheeks glowed with a hectic flush, and she looked so dazzlingly beautiful that Lady Desmond and Eva, who had not seen the dress before, exclaimed in admiration.

"I am so glad you like it," she said, with simple pleasure. "Dennis said it was lovely. But let us come down into the library to wait for him; it may be evening before he arrives."

They all went down together, and Nora took her seat in an oriel window which overlooked the drive; and then the long waiting began, so terrible in its intensity to the onlookers that they could only speak with bated breath.

The dinner-gong sounded, and Nora would not leave her post; but she insisted on her companions going down, and took with a smile of thanks the tray of refreshments her cousin Maurice brought her, but she scarcely swallowed a mouthful.

The sun sank low in the heavens, and the rich hues of sunset faded slowly from the sky, and still she waited.

The old butler, Peter, came in with lights, but she motioned to him to take them away.

In a little while the moon, which was almost at full, shone out in clear silvery radiance, casting a strange unearthly light upon her white-robed figure, and still she waited; but those who watched her in almost breathless anxiety seemed to see hope dying away out of her face, leaving it grey and ghastly. But as the first stroke of the midnight hour sounded, it lighted up with sudden brightness.

"Hark!" she cried, lifting up her finger. "Do you not hear the sound of his horse's feet?" They listened, but the silence was unbroken save by the striking of the clock.

Suddenly rising, with arms outstretched, her face radiant with joy and love, she exclaimed—

"Dennis, my own love,—at last, at last! The waiting has been long, but I have never doubted you."

They all turned instinctively to the door, expecting to see Dennis entering; but it was closed. All was silent as the grave until Maurice sprang forward, just in time to catch his cousin in his arms. He laid her on a couch, threw open the window, and called loudly for restoratives. But Dr. Moore, who had remained at the castle and was close at hand, came forward, and, reverently closing the beautiful eyes, said solemnly—

"All is over! She has gone to him: he could not return to her."

. . . . . .

On that same night, May 21st, in a small house in a little town on the sea-coast of France, a man lay dying. His hair and beard were long and unkempt, his face worn with suffering; his dark hollow eyes glowed with feverish fire. Few would have recognised in him the handsome noble-looking young man who, twelve months before, bade his bride farewell at Castle Dhuil.

He lay anxiously watching the door, and, when at last it opened and a young man crossed the threshold, he gave a sigh of relief.

"Thank God you are come, Ned!" he said, holding out his hand to him. "I knew you would not fail me if only my messenger succeeded in finding you out; but you have come none too soon."

"Why, Dennis, dear old fellow, I little thought to find you in this state. But cheer up! We will move you to my sister's, and a little good nursing will soon set you on your feet."

"No, Ned, it is too late for that; the hand of death is already upon me. It was that old wound I got at Wexford would not heal, and four months of prison-life aggravated matters. I think they saw I was going to die on their hands, and that made them let me out. Small good my liberty did me, since they banished me from Ireland and never gave me a chance of communicating with my friends. But I must not waste my breath. Give me that glass, Ned." He hastily drank off its contents, and then lay back exhausted.

"Rest awhile, Dennis," entreated his friend. "I shall not leave you, and there will be time enough to tell your story."

"No, no, there is not time," he answered feverishly. "I may not live through the night, and I must tell you what I want you to do for me. Do you know, Ned, this should have been my wedding night? and my bride, my beautiful Nora, God bless her! is waiting for me now in her wedding gown. She promised she would do so, and I vowed that nothing but death should keep me from her. Can you start to-morrow morning, Ned, for Ireland? Don't spare money, but, with all the speed you can, hasten to

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Castle Dhuil and break the news to her. I can't bear to think of her waiting day after day, her beautiful face growing paler, and maybe some to whisper in her ear that I've forgotten. Better she should know the truth. Tell her I was true till death, and that I'll be waiting for her at the Gates of the Golden City. Don't wait to see me laid in the ground, Ned, — others will do that; but go to her at once and say all you can to comfort her. Och, but I fear she'll take it ill, for it's a tender heart she has, the darling! And see, Ned," he went on, unfastening his shirt, and showing the slender gold chain by which was suspended the wedding ring, the jewelled key, and a knot of blue ribbon,—"the last thing before you start, take these off and give them to her—I can't bear to part with them a minute too soon; and there's a sealed letter in yon drawer—you understand—you'll promise, Ned, for the sake of the old days when we were lads together."

Edward O'Connor wrung his friend's hand, and, with tears in his eyes, gave the required promise. It seemed to soothe the sick man, and he sank into an uneasy slumber, his hand still tightly clasping the chain and ring. Through the still night air floated the distant chimes of a church clock. It was twelve o'clock. O'Connor, who had also grown drowsy, started up; for there was Dennis sitting up in bed, his face all aglow with joyous surprise.

"Nora, my darling, this is too much!" he cried, "for you to come to me, my brave true love! Now indeed I can die happy. See, Ned, she has come to me in her wedding gown," he added, turning to his friend, who looked round, half expecting to see the girl. When he turned back to the bed, Dennis O'Neil had fallen on the pillow, and the perfect peace which no storms of earth can break rested on his brow.

. . . . . .

Edward O'Connor carried out his friend's last wishes to the letter, and in four days' time he was hastening with all the speed that post-horses could make along the drive to Castle Dhuil.

As he alighted and rang the bell, he could not but be struck by the drawn blinds and general aspect of mourning.

"Surely the news cannot already have reached them," he thought.

He asked for Miss O'Brien; and when the man hesitated, saying he did not know if she would see anyone, he placed in his hand his card, on which he wrote "From Dennis O'Neil," bidding him take that to her, and he knew she would speak to him.

In a minute or two he was ushered into the library, where he found himself in the presence of Miss O'Brien.

He bowed courteously to her, but said—

"It is Miss Nora O'Brien to whom I have an errand."

A burst of tears from the old lady was his only answer.

"Forgive me," he said gently, "I fear I have intruded at a time of trouble; but I come from the deathbed of Dennis O'Neil."

"Then indeed they have kept their tryst," she exclaimed. "Will you follow me, and you shall see all that is left to us of her. They were just about to close the coffin, for the funeral procession starts in an hour." Deeply shocked, he followed her to the silent room, where, in her last narrow bed, lay the lovely girl whom his friend had loved so faithfully.

Miss O'Brien beckoned to the young man to draw near, and, removing the lace handkerchief, suffered him to look on the beautiful face, on which rested a smile of perfect happiness and contentment.

She still wore her bridal robes, and the orange and myrtle were twined in her hair. Stooping down, he reverently placed her lover's letter and the tokens he had sent on the cold still heart that had, like his, been true till death!

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In the little graveyard at Dhuil there is still a plain cross of pure white marble, on the base of which is the following inscription—

Sacred to the Memory of
NORA,
Only Child of the late Sir Ennis O'Brien, Bart.,
Who died at the hour of 12 P.M.,
May 21, 1799,
Aged Nineteen Years.

Also to the Memory of
DENNIS,
Third Son of Edward O'Neil, Esq., of Dublin,
Who died on the same day and hour,
At C—— in France,
Aged Twenty-five Years.

"In death they were not divided."

"Lord all-pitying, Jesu Blest,
Grant them Thine Eternal Rest."

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By Mrs. Emily Crawford

Easter before it was the feast of the Passover was the feast of Adonis the Syrian, and later, the Greek type of Youth. To the Jewish mind it typified the passing from the land of bondage to the Promised Land of Canaan, purified by the Law of Moses from Canaanitish naturism. To the Syrian mind it was the glorification of the youth of the year—of escape from the austerity of winter. It was the time of tender herbage and fresh flowers. To the early Christian mind Easter signified all that it said to Jews and Greeks, with a good deal more. Easter meant the clearing away of shambles from the Temple through the symbol of the Last Supper. It taught that God was in everything, though everything was not God; that the human creature became, through a constant effort to fulfil the law of love, the most fitting channel whereby the Divine mind could manifest itself. Its greatest lesson was that human life is not finite, and that good deeds done with a good purpose are as seeds sown in winter, and sure to spring up in fair and fruitful plants in the youth of the year. The Early Church at Jerusalem could not at once shake off the gross sacrificial materialism of the Temple. It gave a narrow and material sense to the doctrine of the Resurrection. But in the course of ages that reading has become nearly obsolete in all Christian Churches, and a spiritualised symbolism has taken its place. As each human being reproduces in his states of feeling from infancy upwards the history of all his ancestors, so one sees in the Easter celebrations of the Catholic Church the genesis of the great spring festival. Survivals of ancient Egypt, Syria, Israel, Greece, Rome, are apparent in the symbolism of the Lent and Easter rites. The history of the symbols is forgotten; but they touch deep hidden chords, and are interpreted through emotion. To the intellect merely they are as a sealed book. One must, in presence of old-world symbols that yet speak to the feelings, be as the little child, more ready to accept and admire than debate and criticise. The heart of Nature in and out of the Church speaks to the heart of mankind.

In Paris, Easter is a time of general gladness. The trees in the parks and gardens are in full leafage, but the leaves are still of the most fresh and tender green. The sky is bright; a vitalising genial force permeates things material and ethereal. The morning sun smiles in the rooms that look southward, and its reflected beams flit over the ceilings like Ariels released from winter bondage. There being no more need for fires, fireplaces are covered over with screens. The freestone Parisian houses almost glare in the sun, which discovers all the hues and tints

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of blooming flower-beds in the public gardens. Passion Week is a period of conventional mourning, religious ceremonies, and flowers. Goods trains laden with flowers and greenery for Palm Sunday began to pour in as that festival approached. The supply of flowers goes on increasing until Easter Week, when the whole town seems a flower-show. The markets being glutted, the poor can gladden their abodes with fresh and fragrant bouquets. Spring is the time, of all others, for sweetly-scented flowers. The air of the churches is redolent of their incense.

Everyone who has lived in Paris must associate Easter with flowers. The flower-markets are then enchanting lounges. These markets seem to be suddenly extended into the streets. Costermongers have there become itinerant flower-dealers. The women who deal are neither young nor pretty, neither coquettishly nor dirtiily dressed. They are generally middle-aged, for licences to drag costers' hand-carts are only granted to poor people of good character and well on in years of discretion. The coster-woman is hale, hearty, buxom. Hardship sours Englishwomen. It acts as a fillip on Frenchwomen, and stimulates their pluck and spirit. Their bodies seem to gain strength under the stress of hard work in all sorts of weather. Beautiful the costerwoman is not—at any rate, an artist in love with the silly sort of prettiness would not think her so. But she has the beauty of the sound mind in a sound body, and her weather-beaten face lights up with shrewd and cheerful expression. She is in good training for drudgery, and does not mind it, provided it fills the big pockets of her coarse blue apron with copper and silver coins. In the Easter glut of flowers lies a chance for quick returns. Easter is to

EASTER IN PARIS. THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

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her as it is to most wage-earners in Paris, a blessed time. One sees long lines of costerwomen's carts laden with flowers drawn up at certain hours of the day in certain streets. All who sell at them have a family likeness. No trace of drink can be detected on their faces, or of sluttishness in their clothes. They are tidy, clean, comfortable, and look purposeful and good. Your drunkard is always chilly. Those coster flower-dealers go about in rain, hail, sunshine, without shawl or mantle; a thick, easy-fitting jacket or jersey is the favourite over-garment. They rise at four in the morning to secure good places at the flower auction in the central market. A number of them club to buy lots, which they afterwards divide, and then all are off on their different circuits. The rests—all regulated by the police—are short. They must not stop, unless a would-be buyer asks them, near a flower-shop. They ply their trade until sundown, and then hasten homeward, not stopping a moment either to draw breath or sell. These women are religious in their way. They observe Easter, and often send in flowers to churches and to hospitals.

Easter is the time in France for ghostly shrift. The Catholic Church requires that its members communicate at least once a year. That once is at Easter or Pâques—a word derived from the Hebrew Passover. Devout-minded persons obey. Busy people do not, and do not look on themselves as sinners for not conforming to the rule. When they feel at death's door they will ask for the final sacraments of the Church, which will be charitably administered and no reproachful word uttered. Irreligious persons, from a sense of what is socially pleasant, also ask for the last consolations. They do so for the sake of those whom they are about to leave behind, and because it is most convenient for friends to gather round a coffin in a church.

Provincial ladies gather to Paris to confess to priests who do not know them, and to consult spiritual directors of broad and tolerant minds, who do not regard rites as incantations, and who see that symbols are only important in so far as they raise the soul to a perception of eternal truths. The French branch of the Catholic Church is not superstitious.

A deeply religious spirit is shown in the churches at the Lenten ceremonies and on Easter Sunday. Holy Thursday is in memory of the iniquitous trial at Golgotha and the bearing of the cross to Calvary, Good Friday of the Crucifixion, Holy Saturday of the stillness of the tomb in Joseph of Arimathea's garden, and Easter Sunday of the resurrection. The crown after the cross—apotheosis after voluntary self-abasement.

Holy Saturday is the day of shrift. Communion services begin on Sunday at six in the morning. The earliest is the best attended, but all the services draw large congregations. Gladness of heart, of soul, and mind reigns. All the tragical symbolism of Passion Week is out of sight. The music is jubilant; the priests' vestments are of brilliant and many-coloured brocades. The perfume of flowers vies with the incense. Sermons are kept for the afternoon, and will be short. Some of them will insist on the Real Presence in the Communion, some will dwell on the mystical nature of the Last Supper,—all will enjoin self-sacrifice and humility in order to possess the virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

I have alluded to the sun dancing on walls and ceilings. The sunshine of the mind also operates playfully at Easter. The close of Lent is marked by the blooming out of new fashions. This strikes visitors from Protestant countries as a mixing up of God and Mammon, of religion and worldliness. Love of the world is, we are told, enmity to God. But it seems to me that frivolous worldliness is less noxious in Paris, where trifles are treated in a trifling way, than in London. Your English worldling of either sex takes the shows and falsities of the world too seriously. Non-observance of any conventionality that people of "the right sort" observe is in England a social solecism for which there is no remission. English factory girls and maidservants have their conventionalities, from which they would on no account depart. They are generally imitative, and due to an ingrained love of the material signs of rank and wealth. There is really far more idealism in France than in England (unless in the English hymnology and poetry)—a reason why in things material they are ahead of the French. The French attach a value to ideas and states of mind which most English people could hardly understand. They are far from attaching the same importance as the English to slavish observance of fashion. If one follows the fashions at a humble distance, or does not follow them at all, one does not risk social outlawry in Paris. The fashionable world itself admits such non-conformity. The set of a bow or the cut of a dressy "blouse" is a state affair in the eyes of a society lady in London. Not so in Paris. One takes the Easter fashions as one takes the

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out, and on Sunday afternoon one sees fashion triumphant. Non-fashionable Paris crowds into the Champs Elysées, the Avenue des Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue des Acacies, to gaze and admire. They look on as they might at a play. The desire to dazzle people as a fashionable belle disturbs but few of the gazers. In the brilliant throng one sees the wives and daughters of the millionaires of Australia, California, Porkopolis, New York, the great provincial towns of England, and of the West End of London. Lords and Commons have come to Paris for their Easter holidays. Most of the ladies who want to shine during the London season are here to order the things they hope to wear. It is the thing to spend Easter Week in the French Fashionopolis.

An article about Easter in Paris would be incomplete if it left out the "Easter Egg." The Easter egg is not an egg laid by a fowl, but a fancy article. Taste and fancy are lavished on Easter eggs. Some of these eggs have taken the inventor nearly a year to hatch, and they are amazingly clever and beautifully elaborated. Sometimes they have no intrinsic value, and only charm because tasteful. Straw hats trimmed ready to be worn may be filled with eggs that are really trinket or needle cases, or filled with tiny knick-knacks—toys for grown-up ladies. The most costly may be bought by theatrical stars to serve as "nest eggs," good for fetching other rare and expensive trifles. The device may or may not be seen through. But it is almost sure to be so. None the less it will answer its purpose. Man liveth in a vain show, and woman too, but the vain shows of Paris seldom take in Parisians.

The Easter rites at the Greek Orthodox Church are attended by the diplomatic representatives of the Czar and most of the wealthy and aristocratic Russians resident in Paris, or mere birds of passage. The actual ambassador is a Catholic, but this does not dispense him from the official duty. The Orthodox Greek Lent is far more severe than the Roman Catholic. No form of animal food is allowed in Holy Week. The long services are fatiguing, as those who attend them have no choice but to kneel or stand the whole time. One has not instrumental music to serve as a background for the Gregorian Chants, the monotony of which grows fatiguing. Much more than in the Catholic Church is the mother of Christ brought in. The Trinity was first sharply defined by a Greek theologian, Athanasius. As things now stand, it is widened to four persons, to include the θεοτοχος or Mother of God. The Mother's lamentations are on Good Friday intensely pathetic. On Easter she rejoices at the resurrection, and seemingly at the coming ascension and assumption. The Easter service at the Orthodox Greek Church in the Rue Daru is jubilant. I think there is more worldliness in the air than in any Catholic Church I can think of. Poor Russian students do not go there. The Armenians have now the beautiful old church of St. Julien the Pauper. It is a small church that had long lain idle, and is in a slum neighbourhood. Armenian Christianity is neither Catholic, Greek, nor Protestant. The Armenian Church is the oldest of the Christian Churches—save the primitive Church of Jerusalem. In view of the storm that has swept over Armenia and her children, their church in Paris is well named. St. Julien was a patrician, who voluntarily renounced wealth and station to devote himself to the poor. St. Martin cut his mantle in twain to halve it with a beggar. St. Julien lay in the bed of a houseless and a loathsome leper in the dead of winter to keep him warm. He was counted the most charitable of all the saints in the Hagiology. The Armenian Easter is a joyful festival. But what jubilation can there be when Easter next comes round at the Church of St. Julien the Pauper? The strains of Milton's sonnet on the Waldensian massacres would be more in tune with the feeling of worshippers there than the glad words of the Resurrection Hymn.

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I.—THE STORY OF HESTER

She was thirty-five, which is not a romantic age. She was married, which presumably kills romance. She had four children living, but not one lived with her. Her husband was in a lunatic asylum, her two boys in an orphanage, her two girls in a home.

She was alone, terribly alone—a wife with no husband, a mother with no wee bairnie's kiss to soften the hardness of the steel-grey eyes.

Yet loneliness was not the chief characteristic of her attitude, as she sat, with her head resting on her hand, in the fireless top-floor back. There was too much energy in her expression, almost a fierce love of freedom in the haughty poise of the well-shaped head. For years she had been smothered—yes, smothered—in an existence burdened by hiding a dissipated husband's disgraceful debts, and 'livened only by the weary drag of bringing up her little ones in apparent decency, with no money for aught but the barest necessities.

She had borne up stoically rather than with Christian submission; but even a stoic may feel relief when the time for stoicism has passed away.

With the fatalism which takes the place of religion among many half-educated persons, she had decided long ago that she had brought her own troubles on herself, so there was nothing for it but to endure.

Fifteen years before, she had been a domestic servant, of a healthy strapping sort, at a Yorkshire squire's. Her rosy cheeks and general well-builtness attracted the squire's son, and they were wed the day he came of age. The next decade was passed in cheap watering-places abroad, where he steadily developed a tendency towards gambling, and pursued its unholy courses with ever-growing avidity.

Hester stolidly set herself to endure: he was a gentleman, it was a gentleman's vice—if she married a gentleman she must take the consequences; so the influence that might have been used for good was never used at all, simply because she did not know she possessed it.

Even when losses led to debt, and debt to drinking, and drinking to personal ill-treatment, the calm face grew calmer, the firm lips firmer, but no word of expostulation

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or entreaty came from that rigid mouth. Her father had cursed her for marrying above her; this was the curse, she must bear it.

She nursed her husband devotedly during the illness which preceded his insanity, but saw him removed to confinement with tearless eyes. The children clung weeping round her as she left them at their various destinations, she kissed them coldly on the cheeks with a stillness which awed their sobs.

It was not heartlessness, though many thought so, but the nerves were numb with years of sternly-suppressed suffering.

Now she was free—free to *begin* life; and an exultant wave of joyousness passed through her, like to a maiden's thrill when the trammels of guardianship are first unbound. She could carve out her own career, she could give vent to the individuality which possessed her at times with a force similar to that of the demon-held creatures of old.

She had no fear of work; on the contrary, she had a strong desire for heavy manual labour, which might abate the curious throbbing of her being and the wild pulsation of her brain. It was of this she was thinking as she sat on, mindless of the draft that crept stealthily along the bare floor and met its *confrères* whistling down the uncurtained window.

Hester was by nature candid and straight of mind. But she had to start her career with a lie. Her husband's fame had been too notorious, it were wise to conceal her identity; a single woman has better chances in Hester's particular line, so the wedding ring must go. She had never done anything wrong in her life, yet her past might ruin her future at every step she took. She had no time to make friends of the compassionate, who always abound; she was alone in London, with her last sixpence, and when hunger presses can we expect judgment to be wise?

She must take the first thing she could get, and, full of this feverish resolve, she donned her bonnet and cloak. She knew only her landlady, and the latter had promised a reference; not that Mrs. Williams could tell more of the lodger than that she had always paid her rent.

Hester stood one moment at the window, absently stroking the dust off a withered geranium leaf, which had refused to fall when its weaker brethren left the gaunt ragged stalk.

"No, I will never return here," she said to herself doggedly; "it will mean failure if I do. Surely there is work for the strong, the willing, the capable?"

She locked the door and took the key to Mrs. Williams.

"I will send for my things when I have an address," she said, holding out her hand. "Thank you for your kindness; and wish me good luck before I start."

"You have my good wishes," returned her landlady, not stopping her work of thumping a flat iron at intervals on a very much iron-moulded sheet; "but if you will take a kind word kindly, don't reckon too much on success. You are a bit starchy when the best's said of you, and not too young in your looks. You must let yourself go, woman; let yourself go if you want a fair chance."

Hester's saving gift was a sense of humour, and a ray of it stole over her face for an instant as she promised to "let herself go" when required. Then she hurried into the gloom and the greyness of the mist-filled streets, repeating passionately—

"How can I fail when I will take anything?—anything!"

She had copied some names from a daily paper, where the advertiser wanted a housekeeper; and to these she went in rotation.

But the result had little variation.

The widowers who had advertised wanted something more attractive, though they did not say so in words. But Hester's perceptions were keen; and when she saw the group of competitors, fashionably arrayed, perfumed and complexioned, she knew she had little chance. It was not that they undervalued good cooking, honesty, and sobriety — Hester was fair-minded enough to recognise that; but when added to such qualities they could get youth and good looks, who could blame them for selecting such a happy combination?

Plainness and virtue sometimes repel even those who would be shocked at hearing worldlings declare that virtue and plainness are synonymous.

With ladies, also, the same feeling, though fined down, predominated.

"I am so sorry," they would say prettily, "but I have just engaged so-and-so; she is young, and I would like to give her a trial;" or, "She is motherless, and orphans come first." And Charity, which has a right to choose its recipients, smiled to itself well satisfied. And Hester smiled too, but the smile grew a little grim.

Life's fiat has gone forth: the middle-aged and plain may go to the wall—who cares?

Her face, which sorrow had furrowed and privation made sallow and thin, drew forth

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comments from fellow-applicants the reverse of pleasing or polite; while the compassion that was shown perhaps hurt most of all.

"Here, let me touch you up with this," said a befringed young "general," while they were waiting their turn in a passage; and she produced a stick of red paint. "I daresay I could make you look under forty if you'll stand here under the gas;" and she was considerably huffed when her friendly overtures were received with shrinking dislike.

Nor did delay improve Hester's appearance. Two nights she had slept in a woman's doss-house, two nights on the Embankment. Once a good-natured girl of the flower-girl type gave her a "shake-down" at her diggings.

"Can't you get into a 'ome?" she suggested from the depths of her womanly sympathy. "Have you tried the Shelter for drunken women?"

"I don't drink," said Hester shortly.

"Or the Rescue Home, round the corner?"

"I am respectable," answered Hester reluctantly, though her pale face flamed as she spoke.

"What a pity!" said the girl carelessly; "them as goes there say they are treated fine."

Then Hester gave way to despair.

Her body was craving with hunger, her soul cried out in revolt. She was willing to take any sort of work, God knew how gladly, but there was none for her to take.

She swayed herself backwards and forwards as she sat on a bench in the Park, the clammy fog-wind breathing damply through the grey dishevelled tresses. She was not cold—her rebellion was too throbbing for that; hunger did not make her faint, only filled her with restless pain. She would not give in, not she—life beat too loudly within her for that! Should she beg, should she steal, just for the time being, till she was sure that Heaven meant her to fail for her sins?

No; first she would pocket her pride and

"THEM AS GOES THERE SAY THEY ARE TREATED FINE."

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ask Mrs. Williams to give her shelter for the night. But Mrs. Williams had let all her rooms, and was not disposed to offer her former lodger a sofa-bed in the kitchen.

"Here, take this sixpence and go," she said, keeping the chain on the door; "our reputation would leave us if we took to harbouring tramps;" which showed that Mrs. Williams put a limit to her charity; which indeed might be said of us all.

Hester hastened away, a dull fire in her veins; the iron had entered her soul, and goodness was stifled—nay, dead!

She could make that sixpence into a shilling, and that shilling into five. She had not been her husband's companion for nothing; the ways of gambling were no intricate labyrinth to her. Fear for her children had kept her away from the tables till now; there was neither fear nor love in her heart to-night.

Knowledge of its devotees gave her knowledge of its haunts, and unerringly she pursued her way to a certain quarter of the City, and, entering a street that was curiously dark and curiously still, she pushed open the door of a house that had no light but a candle in the window.

With the air of one who knew what she was about she answered some questions put to her by a sinister-looking man, and was allowed to pass into a room reeking of spirits and tobacco. Men and women were seated at the tables, playing as eagerly for pence as their "betters" for shoals of banknotes, men of the tradesman class, some of the sporting order, boys who were clerks in banks or city firms, proud to show that they also were adepts at the "gentlemen's vice."

The roulette tables might remind a visitor of Monte Carlo: the call of the croupier was the same, the passive monotony of the voice was even imitated; but the coppers bartered were the price of children's food and women's daily bread.

Straight to a table Hester walked, and when the numbers were called put her sixpence, moist from the pressure of her hand, before an odd number.

She won—something told her she would; and with the air of a hardened player she took the first vacant seat. Luck led the way, and Hester followed—coolly at first, with an indifference that stamped her as an *habitué*; but when time after time the coppers and shillings of these working men were swept towards her, a glitter came into her eyes that told of a demon just woke. She bent over the cloth, watching eagerly; a hot lump pulsated in her throat, her hands worked nervously to clutch the money before it was fairly hers.

Faces became blurred, time ceased to be; the taint in her husband's blood seemed imparted to her in full; she revelled greedily in this strange outburst of sin, for conscience told her she could never be the same again.

At last, dazed with success, she pushed back her chair and rather unsteadily rose. There was a murmur when she began to shovel her winnings, in a hap-hazard manner, into her pocket.

"Give us something to drink your 'ealth," they said. "Treat us 'andsome, considering you have won all our dinners for next week."

In a stumbling manner she counted out ten shillings, and, refusing to take anything herself, found her way into the open air. Somehow she felt as if she had had too much to drink already, though she knew no liquid had passed her dry and parched lips.

In a quiet corner she stopped to reckon her money, but could not get on very far, afraid that its jingle might attract pickpockets. Indeed, she who had always been so brave now trembled at every sound. A footstep frightened her, a bicycle caused her to shake all over. If she could creep into some quiet place where her money would be safe, and she too! But she had become suspicious, and thought such a shelter did not exist. It was better to walk about all night clutching her pocket tight. She was too excited to want food or drink; she had what was more important to think of now.

Staggering along, deliriously happy one moment, wretchedly miserable the next, she came to a railway bridge which spanned the street. She paused in the shade, debating where to go; there was the rumbling of the railway above, the rumbling of the traffic below.

As she wavered, a coin fell from her pocket into the gutter. In a moment she darted after it, and was under the hoofs of a horse going at full speed in a hansom, before anyone could stop her.

She remembered a dull thud, a violent crash through her whole system, then nothing more, till she recovered consciousness in a hospital, and found her head bandaged and her leg in splints. Thought returned almost too clearly, and with it stinging remorse.

"Was I mad or bad?" she kept wondering to herself; but the future as vividly appalled her, whether it were one or the other. What she had done once she might do again, for the fever of it filled her even now, and she did not know if she were sorry or glad that she had been wildly happy for at least

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"HER HANDS WORKED NERVOUSLY TO CLUTCH THE MONEY BEFORE IT WAS FAIRLY HERS."

two hours in her life. It was the vice which had blighted her girlhood, which had darkened her womanhood, the very mention of which used to make her cower with loathing; yet, oddly enough, that vice had brought her the only keen pleasure in her long joyless existence. "If I might die," she moaned, throwing her arms outside the coverlet, "if I might die, that would end it all."

"Do you want anything?" asked the nurse, coming to the bedside.

"Only some water, please," she said quietly, "and then I shall go to sleep."

But this idea of dying became fixed. She could not face such a hard world again—she could not face herself.

So, when the brisk cheerful doctor made his morning round, she summoned up courage to put the fateful question.

"Shall I die?" she asked, with a tremor of hope in her voice.

"Die? No!" returned the smiling doctor, as if dying were the biggest joke in the world. "There's not much harm done, all said and told. One leg will probably be shorter than the other—in fact you may be a little lop-sided all through. But death! bless me! you will live for another twenty years at least."

"So I expected," she said grimly, yet with almost a glint of humour in her steel-grey eyes; "'tis only in books they die when not wanted here below."

And she covered her face with the sheet.

. . . . . .

For years at a club, known only to the initiated, a woman presided called Hester. She limped when she walked, and was scarcely straight; but many of her sex, sound in limb and fine of form, envied the money she made. Vice gripped her tight, as the blanched skin and twitching lips testified only too plainly. Yet she scorned the imputation that her life was a failure. With neither youth nor good looks she had found a calling that paid. And she kept out of the workhouse! 'Tis true!

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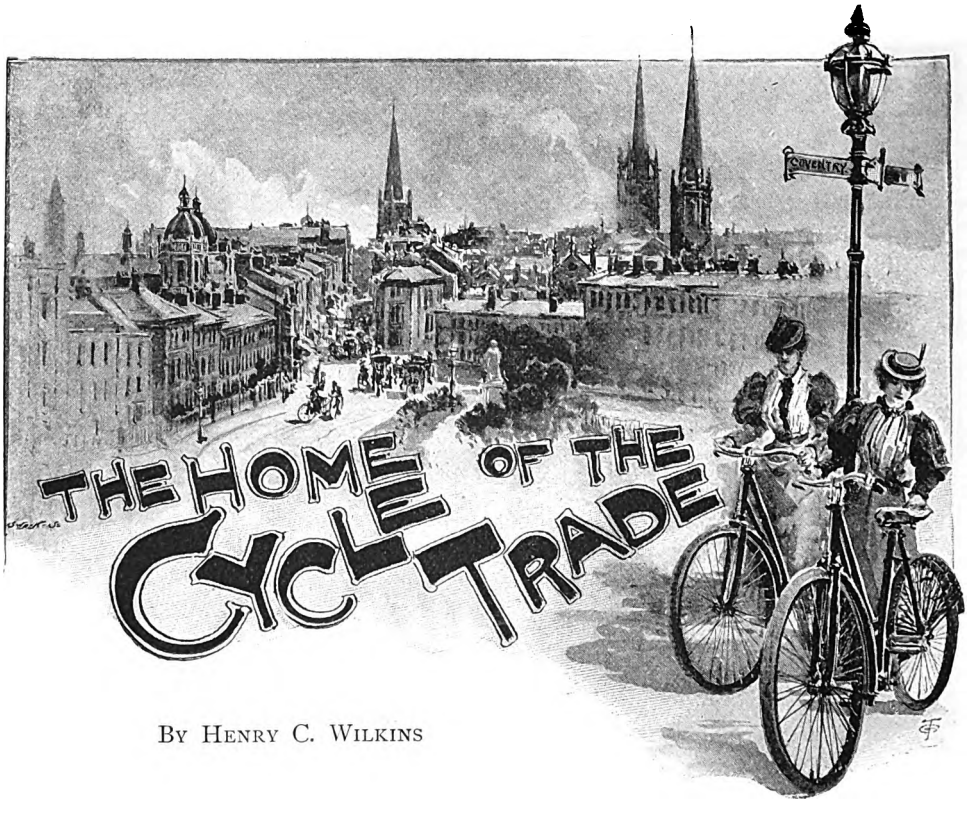

By Henry C. Wilkins

There are few towns that have been so much in the public mind during the last two years as Coventry has been. The reason whereof is that the Midland city, noted in past generations for its churches, legends, and ribbons, now ministers to the popular pastime of the day, and the public naturally turn with attention to the place where their instruments of amusement come from, and sometimes go to for repairs. And there is another reason also for the interest concentrated on Coventry: thousands of people have invested capital in the cycle companies. There was, last spring-time, a "cycle fever," and nearly £20,000,000 sterling is now invested in this industry. So it comes about that to-day the city is very prosperous—indeed few places are so flourishing. Yet a great cloud of witnesses can testify that there was a time in their own days when Coventry trade was in a parlous condition, and appeals were made to keep the out-of-work weavers from starving, their ruin having been encompassed by the removal of the tax on French silks.

Out of this disaster of 1860 the cycle industry arose, though not immediately. Thoughtful and humane men like Aldermen Maycock, Gulson, and Marriott (all still living), the late David Spencer, John Sutton, and Thomas Clarke, set to work to find some new employment for their troubled fellow-citizens, and, with the co-operation of workmen from London, they started sewing-machine making. The records are very scanty as to when the first cycle was turned out of Coventry, but somewhere about 1867 a machine was sent over from Paris, and on that the sewing-machine company's employés set to work, making others, and improving on the French pattern. Before the war of 1870 a bicycle with iron felloes went from Warwickshire to the gay metropolis on the Seine. There was a time when the cycle and the sewing-machine struggled for existence in the Coventry factory. It became a question which the proprietors should hold to and which give up, and, fortunately for the locality, they elected for the new invention. Early in the seventies men became impressed with the future of cycle-making, and first one workman and then another left the Machinists' Company in order to start businesses of their own. Several of these old-time working artisans—many of them, let it be said, went down to Coventry from Penn's engineering works at Lewisham—are to-day manufacturers in Coventry. The pioneers in the business had many struggles to make ends meet. Thomas Hardy's William De Stancy

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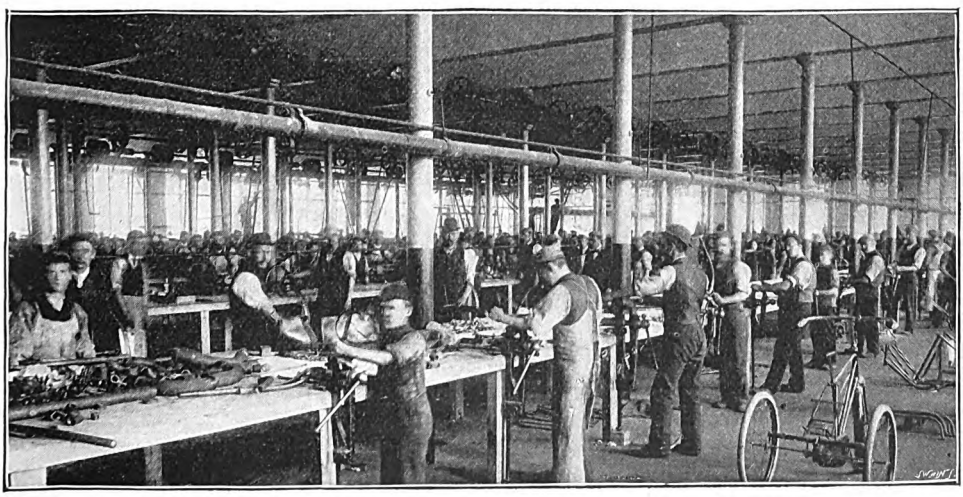
"spent a mint o' money in a wild project to found a watering-place," and numerous small fortunes were sacrificed in the unsuccessful endeavour to float cycle works into remunerative concerns; and really it is only in the last ten or a dozen years that any great profits have been made in the trade. The shyness of capitalists gave way in 1896, as we have seen; and not Coventry alone, but every other place which could make a cycle, did well. Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, and Redditch are the chief centres, with Coventry; for in the Midlands iron and steel are plentiful, and all the other materials needed to turn out these engines of pleasant recreation are at hand.

No one can spend even a day in Coventry without being impressed with the fact that the city is a busy hive of industry. He will not gather this so much from traversing the central streets in the daytime,—then he is more likely to have his attention directed to the mediæval buildings which meet the eye here and there,—but will have to go outside a little. Let him, having taken his look at Peeping Tom at the Cross, turn east, north, west, or south, and he will see, especially between 1 and 2 P.M., many proofs that this is a workaday place. A traveller once said that the farther he went west, the more he was convinced that the wise men came from the east. The cycle firms have gone largely to that point of the local compass. In the past year or two, great improvements have taken place in the character of the buildings put up. The Triumph Works have a bold façade, whilst the Singer Factory, standing on four and a half acres, possesses the finest set of offices of any firm. Then in the same quarter of Coventry are situated the New Premier, Raglan, and Excelsior Companies' places; the Humber Factory, rebuilt after the fire that created so great a sensation last July, is there too; and Calcott Brothers are to be close neighbours. The Rudge-Whitworth and the Centaur Works are on the western side of the city; the New Beeston, the Swift, and the Rover to the south; and the Coventry Cross to the north.

Enter any one of these factories, and an animated scene presents itself. There are long shops filled with lathes and benches, and hordes of workpeople are actively engaged on some part of a bicycle. The designer fixes the pattern, the measurements, and weights; a man gets the tube to be used, and cuts that into lengths, and prepares the frame; and so, one by one, the various parts go to make the complete whole. Time was, not so long since, when Coventry merely built the machines; but now everything necessary for the bicycle can be obtained in the city—tube, saddles, tyres, hubs, rims, chains, pedals, and so on. All the principal factories do their own lining and plating, and many of them make the gas used in brazing the parts together.

What number of people is employed in the Coventry cycle trade? That is a question which it is impossible to answer with definiteness, unless the decennial census were being taken at this time; but a fair estimate seems to be that 12,000 or 13,000 are engaged in cycle-making proper. That does not, how-



FITTING DEPARTMENT AT THE HUMBER WORKS, COVENTRY.

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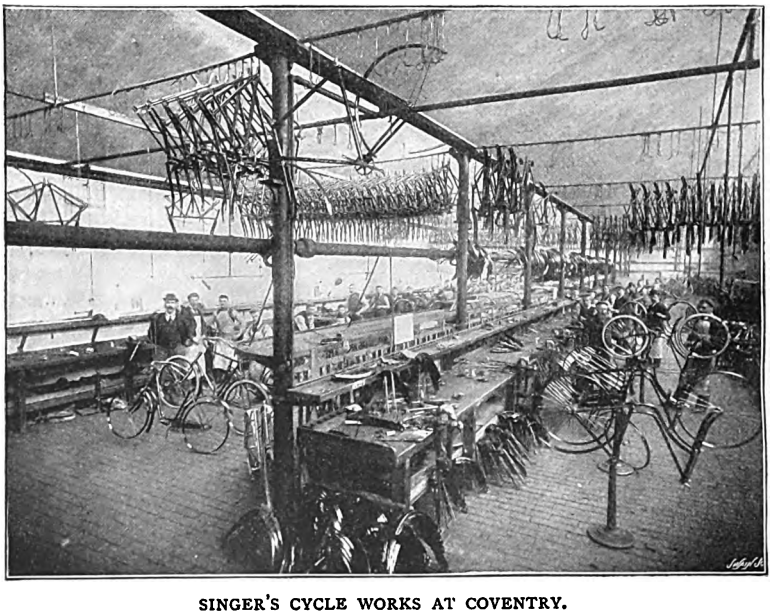
ever, take into account "hands" engaged in the component trades—in the making of tyres, tube, etc. Accepting the figures given as a basis, another estimate can be made. A manufacturer generally reckons that he can turn out per week half the number of machines that he has employés; so Coventry can produce complete 6500 bicycles between each Monday morning and Saturday mid-day. I have no doubt that every week last spring and summer it did quite that.

The manufacture of the pneumatic tyre is the most important of the industries connected with the cycle trade. The Dunlop Company have now entirely moved their works and offices from Dublin to Coventry, and an extension of quite new premises is taking place at the present time. This is the Company to which in April last the public subscribed £5,000,000 of money.

The house-building of Coventry has not kept pace with the needs of the population, now believed to be quite 60,000. All the smaller houses are congested with work-people, many of whom merely lodge for the week, and go to distant homes for each week-end. Nor is it easy in the busy time of the year to get sufficient people to do the work. Persons of both sexes and all ages are employed. Women and girls paint the cycles, and pack them for transmission by railway. Boy labour is at a premium in Coventry; the apprentice system, which flourished as much in this city as anywhere, is at a discount, and errand-boys have become a luxury for shopkeepers. The fact is, that as soon as they are able to leave school, lads can go to cycle works, and take six and eight shillings a week, and very soon their wages rise to ten and twelve shillings. Artisans, even the comparatively unskilled, readily earn from 25s. to 30s., while a good bicycle hand makes his £2 to 50s. Foremen, who get assignments of work, and have their own men under them in shops, carry off, many of them, £5 and £6 a week in the busy season. If there be a difficulty in getting boys for any occupation outside the cycle industry, the girls go there too, and to the watchmaking also. Hence it will be readily understood that the domestic servant difficulty is not less acute at Coventry than elsewhere. Shorthand and typewriting are very general in the cycle offices, and the supply of lady clerks of this order does not fully meet the demand. That is a fact in the labour problem which is eminently refreshing in these days, when we hear so much of an overcrowded clerkly world.



SINGER'S CYCLE WORKS AT COVENTRY.

Three main causes have contributed to the present popularity of cycling. One is the coming of the Safety bicycle. In 1884 it shot, meteor-like, out of a Coventry factory, and in the last few years has so improved that the present beautiful little machine of

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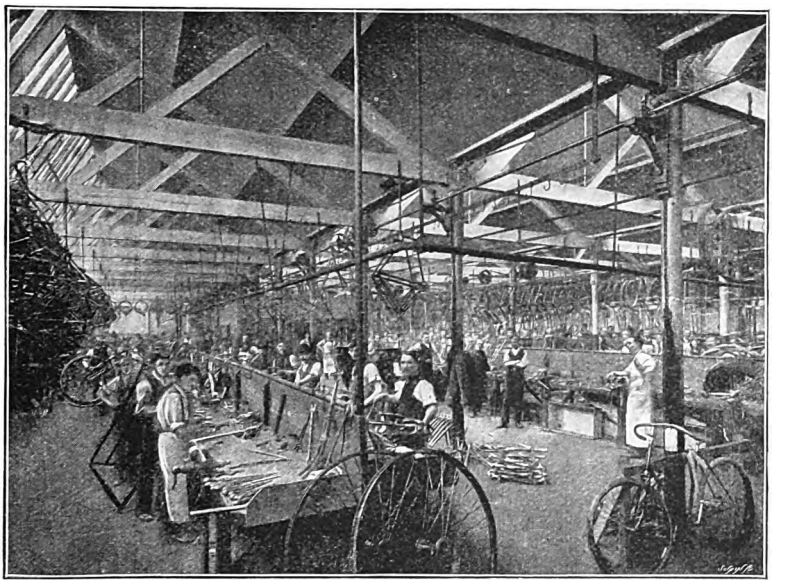

TURNING SHOP AT THE NEW BEESTON WORKS, COVENTRY.

two dozen pounds weight is the result. We all remember the old 42-inch high-flyer, which you could mount only with the spring of an athlete, and the lumbering tricycle that alone was thought proper for a middle-aged man to get on to. The second factor in the present rage for cycling is that ladies are enthusiastic in its favour. Their machine came out about 1888, and middle-class ladies led the way, as their sires did in the earliest cycle-riding. Working men, after heaving sundry half-bricks at cycles for a quarter of a century, have at last discovered their usefulness, and ride to and from work like other people. But the crowning event which gladdened the manufacturer's heart in 1895–6 was the sudden passion of London Society for the machine. Coventry has had a good share of the patronage.

A little fact in politico-cycling history ought to be mentioned. As far as we know, the bicycle was first used to carry State despatches on June 23, 1895. That was on the Sunday of the Ministerial crisis when a trusty friend of Lord Salisbury's was, in the absence of trains, the medium of communication, on wheels, between London and Hatfield.

Whenever people talk of cycling in relation to trade, they shake their heads and say much of foreign competition. The makers of good English machines have less to fear from America and Germany than have the manufacturers of almost any other wares. German-made bicycles are chiefly found in the Jews' quarters of London, and are sold at a few pounds apiece. They are made to sell. America is less to be despised, but English machines are still sent to the Continent. The future of Coventry seems to be assured, for if cycle-riding "goes off," there are motor-making and horseless-carriage building, and several other trades, to fall back on. But at the present time the cycle outlook is as bright as it was this time last year, and everybody is looking for as great a "boom" in 1897 as there was in 1896.

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By Herbert Adams

I

He could only blame himself, and he only did. Such honest introspection is satisfactory, but it does not bring happiness. A man has no right to win the affections of a maid, and then, finding his own love is not the sterling article he took it for, to suddenly determine to leave her. Perhaps he has equally no right to bind her in a marriage that he feels convinced cannot be happy for either of them. This latter was the opinion of John Stewart.

When he met pretty little Elsa Errington he felt convinced that he had found the one girl who, as the Easterns declare, could make him complete for life, the missing segment in the circle of his felicity. With the determination of a masterful but attractive nature he soon made his company agreeable to the shy little girl, who lived alone with a somewhat overbearing father, and who knew but little of the big world outside the garden wall of her life.

When Stewart came along, so strong and yet so tender, the submission of her heart—living with such a father she was practised in submission—was a foregone conclusion. And it was not until they had been engaged some three or four months that the self-confident jubilant John had any misgivings. What started them it is hard to say. Perhaps for the first time in his life he began to mistrust his own judgment. He came to think of Elsa as a second Dora, and of himself as a far more impatient edition of the perplexed David Copperfield. He felt he had made a mistake, and he did not see how he was to honourably remedy it. Day and night it troubled him. The more he thought of it the more certain he became that he ought not to wed her, and the less easy appeared the task of drawing back.

"Elsa will be broken-hearted if I leave her; we shall both be miserable if I don't." This was the sentence that in an agony of indecision he continually muttered to himself.

He endeavoured to conceal his doubts from his *fiancée*, but determined to put the case fairly before her father. The interview was a long and painful one. Stewart tried honestly to explain his position, and did not attempt to excuse his errors; but Mr. Errington adopted an antagonistic tone as soon as he realised what his accepted son-in-law was driving at. He had resolved that his daughter should marry Stewart, who had a good position and better prospects, and to reconsider a decision once made he thought a sign of weakness.

"No, sir," he shouted angrily, "you have come here and won my child's affections, and I am not going to see them blighted in this fashion."

"But, sir," said John in despair, "is it not better for her to suffer just a little—though I'll gladly make what reparation I can—than for her to be condemned to lifelong wretchedness? She may—she will—find someone better than I with whom she will be happy."

"That's very plausible, young man," sneered the irate parent. "You come and steal a girl's heart, and then desert her—for her own good. No," he went on more vehemently, "you shall marry her, and marry

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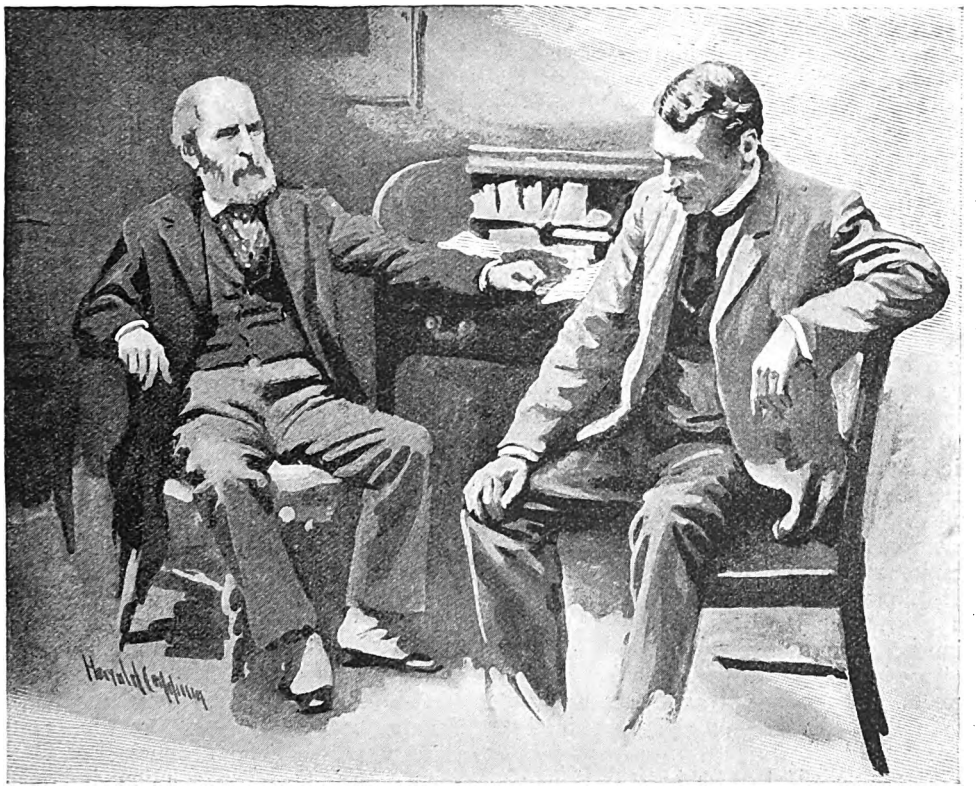
her without delay, or the law courts and the country shall know the reason why."

Such a family dispute is not an enticing preface to a honeymoon, nor is a breach of promise case a commendable start in life for a young man.

John Stewart decided to marry Elsa Errington. He knew her father was capable of executing his threats to the utmost, and he dared not meet the consequences of such a vengeance. The ridicule that would be piled on him and his letters in court, the laying bare of two hearts for the gloating



"THE INTERVIEW WAS A LONG AND PAINFUL ONE."

gaze of a gibing public by the relentless hands of legal inquisitors, the insulting headlines of the evening papers, and the licensed libel of their more insulting "pictures" of plaintiff and defendant,—the thought of these things, far more than the possible pecuniary penalties, daunted him. He went to Elsa and he said—

"Come, let us be miserable together."

All his love for her seemed to be dead. Man-like, he blamed himself much, but pitied himself more. Since he was coerced into the marriage, he vowed to carry it through to the bitter end. Poor Elsa did not understand the change in her ardent lover. He was never unkind, either in word or deed; he was always strictly courteous, but that was all. She wondered and grieved, but was silent. What a valuable thing is a good training!

When John told her the wedding was to take place in ten days' time at a registrar's, she cried a little. It was a great disappointment, but she soon dried her tears. Although she had not been told of the quarrel between her sweetheart and her father, she saw that some unpleasantness existed; but she imagined that the marriage would put it all straight. So, in the anticipation of the joys to come when she would be the wife of her well-loved lover, she forgot and forgave the present sorrows.

Poor child!—she was but a child.

They married, and, as John had put it, they were miserable together.

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II

POSSIBLY, no misery is so thorough and so deep as the restrained wretchedness of a married couple who preserve an appearance, and an appearance only, of perfect amity; who never allow themselves to relieve their overwrought feelings in a quarrel, or to clear the heavy atmosphere of disagreement with a thunderstorm of tears. Such was the misery of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. What few friends she had envied Elsa the invariable courtesy of her husband, but, had they known what a stiff and freezing formality it was, they would have rejoiced in the stormier ebullitions of their own life-partners.

John Stewart devoted himself more and more to his business. His wife spent anxious hours trying to please and delight him in the many little ways she had heard that men could be charmed. She designed dainty dinners, she wore the colours and the flowers he had once admired, she sang the songs he had given her, and tried in numberless ways to anticipate his wishes. It was all in vain. He either overlooked them, or took them for the performance of her share of a distasteful bargain. His business prospered, he never stinted her with money, but he never gave her a word of love or of sympathy. He told himself—until his life grew into a mere habit, and then he ceased to repeat it—that he was tricked into the marriage by her father, and that he treated his wife well, and there it ended. Oh, blind man! knowest thou not that woman loves her husband far more if he despitefully uses her than if he ignores her?

Little wonder was it that Elsa's cheek lost its glow, and the brightness of her eye dimmed with disappointment and despair.

"He is far too good for me," she said to herself. "I am stupid, and not clever. I am in the way. He would be happier if I were not here."

Poor little wife! Her heart was like a bud that might have blossomed forth into the full flower of gladness and joy, but it seemed to be cursed with a perpetual blight.

She told herself so repeatedly that her husband would be happier without her, that she not only began to thoroughly believe it herself, but at last she decided to ask him if it were not true. One evening at dinner (always a silent meal) she timidly broke a long pause.

"John, don't you think it would be better if we had never met?"

"What, what is that, my dear?" Oh, the irony of the habitual "my dear"!

"If you could choose now, John, would you not rather I were far away, and you were unbothered by me?" There was a little quiver in her voice as she asked the question, but John didn't notice it.

"Hush, my dear; you mustn't say such things. You are my wife; are you not happy?"

To smile bravely and answer, "Yes, John, of course," needed an heroic effort, but Elsa did it.

This little incident had no effect on Mr. Stewart's mind, but his wife brooded long over it. He never had time to trouble over such trivialities as his wife's happiness. He took it for granted that she was happy. If he had thought the matter over, he might have seen that all was not as it should be, but he did not think of it. He had become a meal-devouring, money-making machine, and when he was not at business there were always the market reports and prices to study.

Elsa repeated her question and his answer to herself many times. She never spoke to him about it again, but she had to whisper to her own fast-sinking heart that her fears were only too true.

"How kind he was!" she said again and again. "He wouldn't pain me by saying it, but I'm quite sure I am only in the way."

Many women would have taken their cue from their husbands, and repaid indifference with indifference. Seeing that he was so absorbed in his pursuits, they would have gone their own way and found their own amusements. Perhaps it was unfortunate, but Elsa's nature was not capable of this. She still clung to him, and tried to discover, in her almost childlike way, what it was that kept them apart.

The problem was too great for her, for she always approached it from the point of view of her own unworthiness—a point of view that rendered a solution impossible. At last one morning she came to a desperate decision. Drying the tears that had been trickling down her cheeks, she resolved to give her husband the freedom she felt he needed. She determined to remove the weight that hampered the patient prisoner, and to run away the very next day and leave him to be happy.

With feverish excitement she vowed not to lose a single instant. She immediately started packing her dressing-case. With nervous fingers she put in her little treasures, her trinkets, souvenirs, and letters. Then followed a book of cookery recipes, a pair of bath-

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"SHE STARTED WITH INVOLUNTARY APPREHENSION AT A SIGHT SO UNUSUAL IN THAT QUIET SUBURB."

slippers, John's photograph, and a variety of articles whose use in an emergency was somewhat indefinite. Poor girl! she was going to the railway station, and then to London, and then—that was as far as her plans had got! She was seized with an intense desire to be away from John; it broke her heart to go, but she felt sure he would be glad.

Next morning her determination was unshaken. When her husband said the usual good-bye before going off for business, she surprised him with a long kiss. He had strongly discouraged the habit immediately after the marriage. He paused, glanced at her for a moment, but did not speak. As he got into his trap to drive to the station, he noticed some drops of moisture on his arm. He looked up, but it was not raining.

III

Elsa bustled about the house for quite half an hour after John had left. There was nothing to do, but she couldn't tear herself away. At least three times she gave the cook very special instructions on the preparation of dinner, and nervously told her maid she might not be back until late in the afternoon. Then she placed her brief farewell note on her hus-

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band's desk, where he would be sure to see it. She kissed his portrait that was on the drawing-room mantelpiece, and then, creeping to the front door, she toyed with the handle as though unable to take the final step. At last, with a big lump in her throat, she went out. She took one last long lingering look at the dear little villa, and, tearful but resolute, weak yet determined, she turned away.

She had not gone many steps in the direction of the railway station when she noticed a crowd coming towards her. She started with involuntary apprehension at a sight so unusual in that quiet suburb. What could it mean? She shivered as the thought of a possible calamity ran through her troubled brain.

She stood still until they came quite near, and then gave a piercing shriek. There, upon a roughly-improvised ambulance, lay, pale and motionless, the husband with whom she had parted a few minutes ago. She thought she had said good-bye for ever, and it seemed that in very truth she had.

She stifled her terror, and, leading the way back to the house, learned from a sympathetic friend what had happened. Mr. Stewart had been nearing the station, when the horse of his gig bolted, and, running into a ditch, trap, horse, and driver were thrown into a quivering heap. The boy beside him was unhurt, but, when her husband was extricated, the doctor who had been hastily summoned feared that he had suffered severe injuries.

As she showed them where to lay their unconscious burden, Mrs. Stewart threw away her travelling bag and said—

"He will need me now!"

Two fractured ribs and a knee so crushed as to make a complete cure improbable, were the announcements after due medical investigation.

In spite of care and competent attention, fever attacked the body that was debilitated by insufficient exercise, and protracted the illness for many weeks. Elsa nursed the patient day and night, and when good Dr. Jenkins expected to see her droop and lose strength from the strain, he found that she seemed to grow brighter and happier. Fearing that the excitement that buoyed her up would be followed by a dangerous reaction, he felt it his duty to warn her.

"Really, Mrs. Stewart," he said more than once, "you must let me get a nurse from London, or you will knock yourself up."

"No, indeed you shall not, doctor—unless you cannot trust me?" And so the matter dropped. Elsa never tired in her attentions to her husband, and she could not bear the thought of yielding her place to a hired servant, however experienced and however kind. She would read to him for hours, pausing only to administer his beef-tea and medicine, or to change the bandages and poultices which she herself always prepared. And John, as he reclined so silently and patiently on his couch, could only wonder at her gentle thoughtfulness. How softly sweet her voice was! He had never noticed it before. How tender her touch, how soothing the ministrations of her fingers!

When the danger was past, Elsa found joy and comfort in watching over the sick man. Sometimes she almost dreaded his recovery, when he should go back to the world, and the old life would be resumed. She felt that she was really beginning to know him—that the dreams of her girlhood had been revived and almost realised in those long vigils and occasional conversations of the sick-chamber. But it could not last. And she would murmur a wistful sigh as she thought that the daily improvements for which she strove so hard were but hastening the end of her happiness. She was thinking in this strain one afternoon, pensively looking out of the window, when a whisper from the bed aroused her.

"Elsa, will you marry me?"

She started and trembled, flushed, and then turned pale.

"Elsa, will you marry me?"

Evidently he was in delirium again. She stepped softly to the bedside, and, laying her cool gentle fingers caressingly on his forehead, said soothingly, though perhaps illogically—

"Yes, dear, I married you long ago."

"Ah," he said dreamily, "it does seem long ago, Elsa, although it is only two years. Oh, Elsa, I have been a brute"—

"Hush, dear," interrupted Elsa, fondly kissing him. "The doctor says you mustn't talk."

"I am all right now, only I've just found out that you are an angel, and I—I am a brute! Yes, Elsa, worse than a brute I have been to you"—

Kisses again interrupted his self-reproaches, but he would not be silenced until he had made full confession. And then in the solitude of the sick-chamber a new compact was made. The wasted years were washed away in a last flood of tears, and two hearts that had long groped in dark misery now shared the bright and glorious happiness of perfect trust and love.

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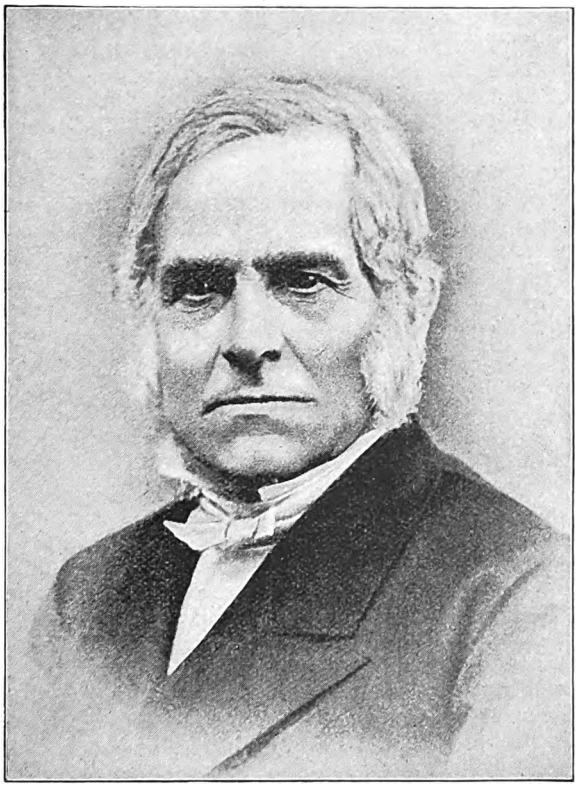
MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

IV.—PROFESSOR MAURICE AND DEAN STANLEY.

I have already said that I account it among the richest outward blessings of a life which has, by God's blessing, been a very happy one, that I have enjoyed the personal acquaintance—in not a few cases the personal friendship—of most of those great writers, artists, and men of science whose names will shine out like stars in the annals of the reign of our beloved Queen. Among these have been ecclesiastics of every school of thought in the Churches of England and America, and some of the leading members of other religious communions. Some of them—like the Master of Balliol, Bishop Colenso, Bishop Phillips Brooks, Professor Maurice, and Dean Stanley—were ecclesiastics whose views on many points differed widely from those of their brethren. It is a most happy thing for the Church of England—it is indeed one of the strongest elements of her influence and vitality—that the clergy are not all like mere figures which follow a decimal point and never rise to the dignity of a unit. They are not stereotyped into the nullity of a purely verbal and mechanical orthodoxy. They are not all steeped in "the deep slumber of decided opinions." They do not all humbly accept whole series of artificial dogmas and observances of which many are the mere accretions of unauthorised tradition, which have crystallised round the nucleus of Catholic belief. The Church of England would soon—to use the words of Milton—"sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition," or—in the still more emphatic plain-spokenness of our Homily—fall into "the stinking puddles of men's traditions," if theological acrimony had but power in proportion to its unscrupulous virulence. Most happily for the greatness and real influence of our Church, there have always been mountains among the molehills, and forest trees amid the dense undergrowth of thistles. Let us hope that, to the end of time, there may be enough men among our clergy to realise that truth is an ever-streaming fountain, not a motionless lake gleaming with the iridescence which conceals corruption—men who believe that there is a *continuous* revelation to earnest souls, an ever-broadening light from heaven whereby "God shows all things in the slow history of their ripening." God grant us enough men to resist the seductions of promotion and popularity; to refuse to answer the theological world according to



FREDERIC DENISON MAURICE.
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its idols; boldly to rebuke vice, and patiently to suffer for the truth's sake. Such men are the prophets of their age, and it is their lot, as it is the lot of all the truest and greatest prophets, to have all manner of evil said against them falsely, as their Master had, by the "religious authorities" of the day—

By fierce lies maddening the blind multitude.

Such men — in their measure — were the two of whom I shall speak in this paper—FREDERIC DENISON MAURICE, and ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY. Both of them stood, for the most part, alone among their clerical contemporaries. As Archbishop Tait was called, by way of a disparagement which was his highest honour, the "Archbishop of the Laity," so Professor Maurice and Dean Stanley found their best support and encouragement in their sacred and noble work, far more among hosts of lay friends, who had benefited by and were grateful for their teaching, than among clerics whose newspapers rarely mentioned them without abuse or sneers. To a great extent it was their lot to sit—

Heedless of neglect and scorn,
Till, their long task completed, they had risen
And left us, never to return, and all
Rushed in to peer and praise when all was vain.

In the habitual falsification to which ecclesiastical history seems specially liable, it may now be pretended that this was not the case—for men soon begin to build the tombs of the prophets whom their fathers slew. Nevertheless, it *was* so. Maurice was driven from his Professorship at King's College, and was anathematised for years, so that no new "Evangelical" paper could bid for popularity without the *sauce piquante* of abuse of him in one of those "smart" articles in which all base minds delight. On Dean Stanley's deathbed I saw lying a bitterly contemptuous attack on his charming and most useful *Christian Institutions*, which I could only hope that he had not read at all; or, at anyrate, not until the gall and wormwood of the anonymous reviewer became to him a matter of the most consummate indifference, and the serpent hiss of ecclesiastical hatred as idle as the wind which blows over a grave. But one instance of party malice is worth gibbeting as a specimen of what the malignity of "religious" newspapers can achieve. The Dean had gone down to Bedford to unveil the statue of John Bunyan, and had given one of his large, loving, and delightful addresses on the immortal Baptist tinker to whom we owe the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The account of this event, given in a "leading" Ritualistic newspaper, was to the following effect:—

"A statue has been erected to a Nonconformist writer at Bedford. Of course the person invited to unveil it was the inevitable Dean of Westminster. All sorts of persons have statues erected to them in these days. There is a personage, undoubtedly powerful and influential, to whom we quite expect soon to hear that a statue has been erected. [Here followed an elaborate description of *the Devil.*] *When the statue to this personage is finished, we are quite sure that the fittest person to unveil it will be the Dean of Westminster.*"

Is this reptilian criticism, which is exceedingly common, the sort of courtesy which will make the nation humbly accept the dictation of priests, or look up to them as examples of "meekness and lowliness of heart"?

I first learnt to know, to honour, and to love F. D. Maurice, when, as a boy of sixteen, I went to King's College, London. He was then Professor of History and Literature, and lectured to us twice a week. We were supposed to take notes of his lectures, and were examined on the subjects of them at the end of the term. I never learnt shorthand; but the desire to profit by the lecture system, which was the main method of teaching at King's College, made me so far a "*tachygraph*" that I could with ease take down everything that was essential in the lectures of Professor Brewer, Professor Maurice, and Dr. Jelf. Maurice's lectures were "caviare to the general." Many of the "students," as we were called, cared nothing for them, and were much more impressed by the lectures of his assistant, which were full of facts. But those of us who had any sense of reverence, or any insight into genius and character, felt that we were in the presence of a great and noble man, and were proud to be under his instruction. His lectures were meant to deal rather with the meaning and the philosophy of history than with those details which he rightly supposed that we could derive from any ordinary handbook. Certainly, his lectures were a strong intellectual stimulus to those of us who were at all capable of rightly apprehending them. A witty youth wrote a parody on one of them, which began, "The fifteenth century was preceded by the fourteenth, and was in turn succeeded by the sixteenth. This is a most deep, important, and memorable fact," etc. etc.; but even this fellow was one who had

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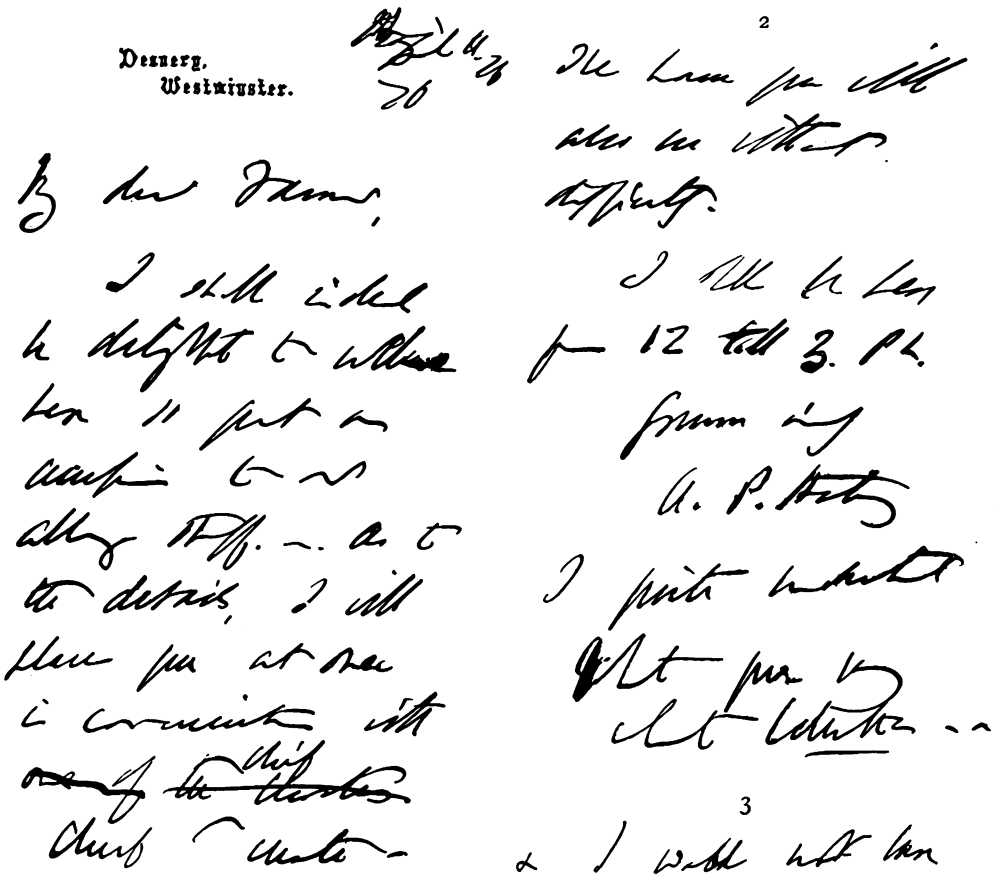

LETTER FROM DEAN STANLEY, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

a real admiration for the teacher whom—though he was only one of a body of able men—we regarded as the most eminent member of the teaching staff. This impression was deepened in us by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, afterwards Dean of Wells, with whom from those boyish days I began a life-long friendship. He was then the chaplain of the college. He became Maurice's brother-in-law, and looked up to him, and taught us to look up to him, with the deepest reverence.

The classes were attended by some ninety or a hundred students, whom it was the custom of the place to regard and treat as "University men," though so many of us were but boys. Everyone was addressed as "Mr."; and as we were all living at our respective homes, only those of us who formed friendships among ourselves knew anything about each other. A certain number were of course the merest Philistines, who neither understood the lectures nor cared for them in the slightest degree; and some, of yet coarser grain, had not the ordinary manners to respect the lecturer or their fellow-students. These youths often behaved execrably. Maurice did not know most of them even by name, as he only saw them in the lecture-room; and as none of the ordinary public-school discipline existed, and any punishment short of expulsion was unknown, he had no means of controlling them. That power of discipline, which many seem to possess as a natural gift, was not his; and as we "students" were not a homogeneous body, living under one roof, but a conglomeration of separate atoms without a particle of authority over each other, we could

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not coerce boors into a better demeanour. At last, however, one "man" was in some way identified, and Dr. Jelf brought him into the lecture-room and made him apologise. Even this was not effectual. On one occasion things came to a climax. Some brainless youth had concealed himself under the platform on which the seats rose tier after tier, and, as the lecture proceeded, he emphasised its periods, unseen, by tapping with a stick on the floor, giving very pronounced raps when there was any sentence peculiarly solemn and eloquent. This was too much for our equanimity. I never knew the "man's" name, but I joined in a memorial of sympathy to Maurice, in which we expressed our disgust at such ill-bred barbarism, and offered our best services to put an end to it thereafter. From this time the disorder ceased.

Maurice's *literary* lectures were even more stimulating and delightful than his historical. He would sometimes make us read, each in turn, the main parts of a play of Shakespeare, criticising as he went along. He would sometimes give us a passage of some classic author to translate into verse, and then, without mentioning our names, would most kindly yet incisively criticise the merits and defects of our productions. Without being able to recall special views, I do remember the sort of literary impulse which he gave us; and others must have profited by it even more than I, for in those classes, among others who were my friends and contemporaries, were Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. W. Stebbing, the late Mr. Henry Kingsley, Mr. Clement Swanston, Professor Bensley, Mr. Edward Dicey, and Sir Edwin Arnold. The lecture I best remember was one which Professor Maurice delivered at the spur of the moment, interrupting his ordinary course, on April 23rd, 1856—the day on which we heard in London the news of the death of the poet Wordsworth. I can recall how he spoke to us of the simplicity, the dignity, and whole-hearted devotion to his work of the poet's life, and quoted, as one of his most characteristic utterances, the lines on the rainbow—

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when I was a child,
> So is it now that I am old,
> So let me die.
> And I would wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

Professor Maurice was then living in Guildford Street. It was not often that he could invite students to his house, nor was it an easy matter to arrange, since some of us lived far away; but twice at least he asked me to dinner. Those were the days of the admirable little paper, *The Christian Socialist*, which died a very early death, though there have been few papers of so high a literary calibre, containing, as it did, contributions from J. M. Ludlow, F. J. Furnivall, Maurice, T. Hughes, and the brilliant addresses written by Kingsley under the name of "Parson Lot." I remember the earnestness with which we talked of the Working Men's College, and many projects for social amelioration. At that time I was intensely interested in the learning and historic research of the four portly volumes of Elliott's *Horas Apocalypticæ*, of which, boy as I was, I had made a complete analysis. I asked Maurice what he thought of it, and I remember the sort of cold shock I felt when he told me that he regarded the entire system of interpretation as utterly baseless. It was some years before further study brought home to me his conviction, that though the Book of Revelation might, like those of all inspired writers, have "springing and germinal developments," it was primarily "the thundering reverberation of a mighty spirit struck by the plectrum" of the Neronian persecution.

From the time I left King's College, Professor Maurice was always my kind friend. I met him sometimes at Mr. Macmillan's delightful *réunions* at Balham on "All Fools' Day." I met him also at the annual gathering of "The Apostles" in the Star and Garter at Richmond. I remember how he came in late at one of those dinners, and—being severely chaffed by Lord Houghton, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and others for only having come just in time for the "whitebait"—said that "whitebait was his *bête noir*." Lord De Tabley was chairman on that occasion, and he proposed the health of Maurice,—who was always a hero amongst us,—saying how little it was to the credit of the dispensers of patronage that one who had rendered to the Church such services as Maurice had, should never have received the smallest mark of public recognition. In his reply he passed over the remark with quiet dignity; but in those days there would have been a tremendous outcry at his promotion. Once when I wrote a paper on the advantage of some knowledge of metaphysics for the clergy, the Evangelical editor struck out a passage in which I had spoken with gratitude of Maurice's *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*.

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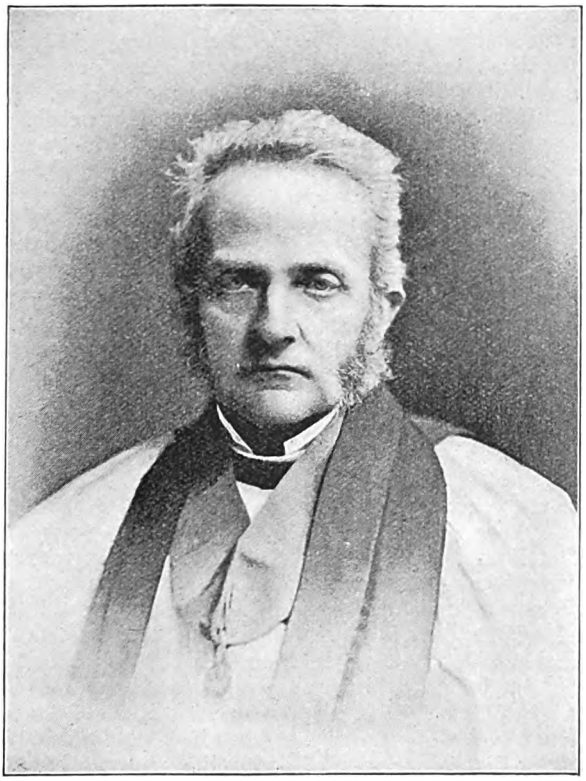
When I was a master at Harrow, Professor Maurice was more than once my guest, and he was a most delightful one. He kindly became godfather to my second son—the Rev. Eric Maurice Farrar—who bears his name. I was seriously taken to task, and almost had a quarrel with certain excellent but narrow-minded persons for inviting him to address the members of the Institute at Harrow; but I stuck to my point, and we were rewarded by hearing his beautiful lecture on "The Friendship of Books." He was touched by the kindly warmth with which the Rev. B. H. Drury, now Senior Fellow of Caius College, spoke of him in proposing a vote of thanks. I continued more or less in kindly interchange of letters and rare conversations with him till his lamented death, on April 1, 1872. Many of his pupils deeply sympathised with him, and sent an address of condolence to him, on his dismissal from the King's College Professorship, and received a very grateful reply. It was from his books that I learnt the germ of those convictions—once, as I know to my cost, savagely and generally anathematised, now openly professed by multitudes of the clergy—to which I gave utterance in my sermon on "Eternal Hope."



DEAN STANLEY.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.]

Matthew Arnold, in his tone of friendly banter, wrote of Maurice with high appreciation indeed, but still as having spent his life in "beating about the bush with deep emotion, but never starting the hare." Yet if it be the reverse of "ineffectual" to have written books which are still highly valued, and to have quickened to life many precious thoughts in the minds of many who have, in their turn, been among the teachers of their age, it falls to the lot of few to achieve so great a work as was done by one of the truest prophets of the nineteenth century—Frederic Denison Maurice.

Were I to attempt to give all my reminiscences of DEAN STANLEY, they would occupy a much larger space than I have at my disposal; for during some years as his colleague I was thrown into almost daily intercourse with him, and constantly walked with him in the afternoon to and from the Athenæum. He took the kindest interest in my children, who were then little girls and boys, and he wrote to them some charmingly playful verses. I first met him, I know not how many years ago, at the house of his brother-in-law, Dean Vaughan; and then frequently at some unusually simple and delightful dinners, at which the contributors to the *Dictionary of the Bible* used to meet monthly under the presidency of Sir W. Smith. A little before that time Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* had made a powerful impression, and it is quite incessantly quoted in the *Dictionary*, as also is the first volume of the *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church*. By these books Stanley rendered a far more striking service to the Church than has ever been adequately recognised. By what Lord Beaconsfield so happily called his "picturesque sensibility," he made the characters of Scripture History move and speak, not as conventional lay figures, but as living men and

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women of like passions with ourselves; and he thus gave a powerful stimulus to the interest felt by the young in the study of the Bible. It was the fashion of a certain school to sneer at these books and their little inaccuracies; but the anonymous critics who revelled in these sneers might have thanked God if all that they had ever put together, *minus* its envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, had achieved a hundredth part of the good work which was permitted to the man on whom "they looked down from the whole altitude of their inferiority."

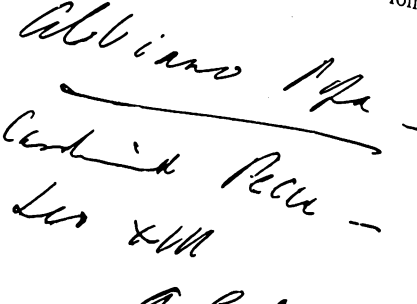
When I was elected Headmaster of Marlborough College, in December 1870, I received the letter of which a facsimile is here given. It is far more legible than most of those in the bundle which lies before me. I will ask the reader to look at the word "Deanery," which shows the fact that Stanley's written words were often only indicated by their first letter. Thus, when he wrote me a letter to *Marlborough College*, all that the Post Office authorities could make out was that the letter was addressed to some place of which the name began with *M* and consisted of two words. With admirable sagacity, they sent the letter to *Merthyr Tydvil*. The letter, after long wanderings, was sent back to the Dean, who, writing to me again, enclosed the envelope with many notes of admiration after the "Marlborough College." I had occasion to mention the other day how, in his *Sinai and Palestine*, the first proofs informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "*the horn of the burning beast*"!—a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil—for "*the horizon of the Burning Bush*"; and that, on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany, "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jones"! the Dean having written his abbreviation of "*Jerus.*" for "Jerusalem." When he answered an invitation to dinner, his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal; and when he most kindly replied to the question of some working-man, the recipient of his letter thanked him, but ventured to request that the tenor of the answer might be written out by someone else, "as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy"!

While I was Master of Marlborough, I invited him to give an address at our supper to commemorate the opening of "The Bradleian." He came, as did also Mr. Matthew Arnold and Sir George Grove; and it need hardly be said that the occasion was in all respects a delightful one, and the Dean's speech, as it always was, full of charm.

When, after considerable hesitation, I accepted the canonry at Westminster, he wrote with his usual kindness:—

"MY DEAR FARRAR,—I shall indeed be delighted to welcome so great an accession to our Abbey staff."

During the time he was my Dean at the Abbey he was always most kind and cordial, and it was a delight to take walks with him, and to share his simple but refined hospitality. At the Deanery, and at his evening gatherings, one was sure to meet many interesting and distinguished guests. His interest in every passing event was keen. When Leo XIII. was elected Pope he sent me the following missive:—



He never really recovered his normal vigour and good spirits after the death of his beloved wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, though his happy visit to America did much to brighten and divert his thoughts. He had many stories to tell of the interviewers, and the way in which they recorded what he had (and had not!) said and done. In one city the paper said, "The Dean of Westminster ascended the pulpit *robed in the insignia of the Diaconate*"!—probably the writer meant of "the Decanate"; and he took the ribbon of the Bath for an ecclesiastical distinction. Only once had the reporters and interviewers been thrown off the track, when, at one of the cities, he had taken rooms at the hotel, but was met by some gentleman in his carriage, who took him off to the hospitality of his house. The press men did not even know where he was; but this did not make the slightest difference, and on the Monday there were full accounts of his doings just as usual!

He was a tolerably regular attendant at Convocation. He used to go in, make a

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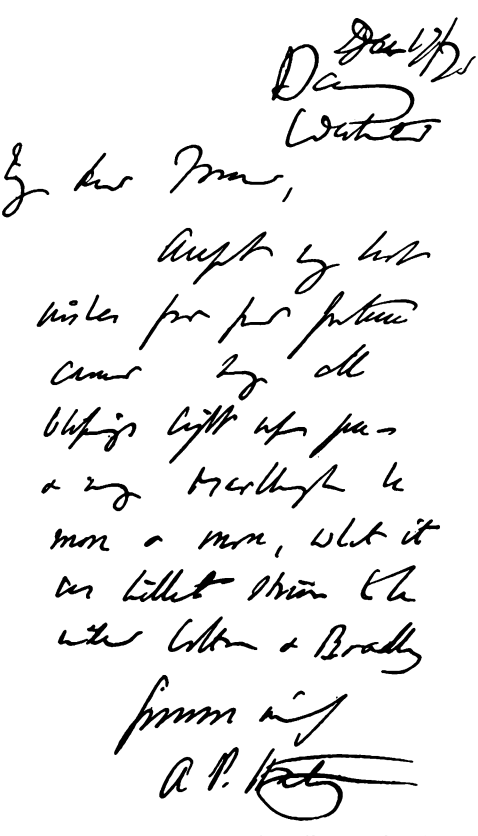
speech which cut across the grain of the susceptibilities of most of his hearers, and then march out with his head defiantly in the air, not waiting to hear the outburst which his speech often caused. Yet, personally, some of his strongest opponents loved him. On one occasion Archdeacon Denison actually walked out in the middle of Stanley's speech, saying that he really could not stop to listen to such heresies; but shortly after, Stanley met him, and, taking him by the arm, said, "Come in to luncheon, my dear fellow," and in a few minutes they were talking and laughing together most heartily. One of the severe critics whose incisive remarks he took most good-humouredly was his former Canterbury colleague, the late Archdeacon Harrison. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' thanksgiving service on his recovery from severe illness, Stanley had preached, and, with his usual penchant for historic analogies, had spoken of the interesting fact that on the last occasion of a similar character George III. had come to St. Paul's to thank God for his recovery. The Dean drew a parallel between "the aged king and the youthful prince." On coming out of the Cathedral, Archdeacon Harrison met him, and his only criticism of the sermon was, "Humph! *aged king*, 49: *youthful prince*, 29. Humph!" So far from being offended by this keen criticism, which was meant to speak volumes, the Dean laughed heartily as he told me this story against himself.



LETTER FROM DEAN STANLEY, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

There is no denying that he was absolutely out of sympathy with the extreme and more ritualistic developments of what is called "the Oxford School." Disputes about copes, etc. he used to speak of as "*quarrels about clergymen's clothes.*" Every sympathy of his mind, every feeling of his heart, made him regard churchly exclusiveness and the enforcement of unauthorised shibboleths with something as nearly approaching to anger as his genial temperament permitted. He looked on love, large-heartedness, and a spirituality unfettered by a huddle of cheap ceremonies as essential characteristics of the spirit of true Christianity. He regarded many liturgiological minutiæ as being on a level with the Levitic ordinances which St. Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews described as carnal, weak, and beggarly rudiments. Hence on matters of opinion he was not in touch with many of the clergy, and there is no doubt that he rather enjoyed a certain sense of chivalry in the courageous isolation which he was forced to maintain. The late Archbishop Magee ventured to say that the clergy were like damp hay, which grows more hot and more likely to burst into flame when it is thickly packed. I was present at a crowded and excited meeting of the clergy, convened in the National Society's room at Westminster, so far as I can remember, to denounce one of Bishop Colenso's archdeacons, and incidentally the late Bishop of Worcester, who had said a kind word in his favour. Archbishop Tait was in the chair; Archbishop Thomson of York sat beside him, and many bishops were present, with a large array of clergy. At one point Archbishop Tait indignantly interfered to suppress and forbid some very free comments on Bishop Philpott; but Colenso was anathematised without stint. Then Stanley got up to speak. He pronounced a glowing eulogy on Bishop Colenso as the *only* bishop who, with intense indefatigable toil, had mastered the Zulu language; as the only bishop who had translated the Bible into the native language of his heathen people; as the only bishop who had stayed in his humble colonial see for years together,

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never coming home except for business, and to right the wrongs of the oppressed, and in cases of absolute necessity. "Sneer at Bishop Colenso," he said defiantly, at the close of his speech: "Bishop Colenso's name will be remembered and honoured when"— with a sweep of his arm—"when every one of you is dead, buried, and utterly forgotten." After his delivery of that speech, in which he had liberated his mind, he was in high spirits.

He felt, not without sadness, that the day of his literary popularity was gone, although his death gave a fresh impulse to the sale of his books. His *Christian Institutions*—thanks to the unjust sneers heaped upon it in spite of its loving charm and wisdom—was very little noticed. "After a man has written a certain amount," he said to me, "the public seem to want no more of him; and the days when my books ran through edition after edition is past and gone."

He had long contemplated, with real interest, a little plan of his to preach on the Beatitudes on Saturday afternoons in summer, and to illustrate his sermons by the memories of those who were buried in the Abbey. As I was Canon in Residence at the time, I heard these sermons preached on 18th June 1881 and on following Saturdays. He illustrated the Beatitudes of "the poor in spirit," and of "those who mourn," by little sketches of Edward the Confessor, and Jeremiah Horrocks, and by the pathetic tablet with his favourite inscription — to "Jane Lister, Dear Childe, who died October 7, 1688." He illustrated the Beatitude of the meek, by Margaret of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., who said that if the princes of Europe would cease to war with each other, and would combine against the Turk, she would go as their washerwoman;—the Beatitude of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, by the emancipators of the slave, Granville Sharp, Zachary Macaulay, and Wilberforce; the Beatitude of the merciful, by Martin of Galway (who carried through Parliament, amidst obloquy of every kind, the Bill to suppress cruelty to animals), by Charles James Fox, and Charles Dickens; the Beatitude of the pure in heart, by Milton, Addison, and Wordsworth, and by Newton (of whom his friends said that he had the whitest soul they had ever known). This last sermon was preached on July 9, 1889. It was the last sermon he ever preached, and the tones of it still echo in my memory. In the middle of the service I was surprised to see the Dean go out. He came back in time to preach, and told me afterwards that he had suddenly felt ill. Next day he took to his bed, and I visited him, little knowing how grave his illness was. All the following week he was ill; towards the close he became seriously ill with erysipelas. His friend, the late Bishop Fraser of Manchester, was to preach at the Abbey on the evening of Sunday, July 17. As he could not be received at the Deanery, he came to my house, and, shocked at the news of the Dean's danger, shut himself up in my study, and added to his sermon a most touching and eloquent tribute to the Dean's beauty of character, moving many to tears as he asked for their prayers. That night I spent in the Dean's bedroom, in which also were Lady Frances Baillie, Dr. Harper, the late Precentor Flood Jones, and others. The Dean was then wholly unaware of his approaching end; he talked of getting up and going about. Then I earnestly asked his friends present whether they would like to face death without even being warned that the solemn crisis was near. They were afraid of the shock which the announcement might cause to him. I told them that I had been present at many deathbeds; had often insisted that dying men or women should be warned of their peril; and had never once known the slightest shock follow a calm announcement. Thereupon Dr. Harper gently told the Dean that he must not for a moment think of getting up; that he was dangerously ill; and that, besides, he was probably unaware how much his face was altered and disfigured. This was, indeed, so sadly true that no photograph of him could be taken, and his features were swollen out of recognition. With the most innocent of gestures he raised his hand to his face, and remained silent for a few moments. Afterwards I proposed to administer to him the Holy Communion, and he assented. He then desired me to take down his latest messages—a very difficult task, for he could scarcely make any distinct articulation. At last, however, I made out these words—the paper (a half sheet of the Deanery notepaper, on which I wrote them with a blunt pencil) is now lying before me—

"The end has come in the way I most desired that it should come, if I could have controlled it. Before and after preaching one of my sermons on the Beatitudes, I had a most violent feeling of sickness, took to my bed, and said immediately I wished to die at Westminster.

"Bless the Drummonds — you, dearest Frances, and you, dearest Mary; naturally,

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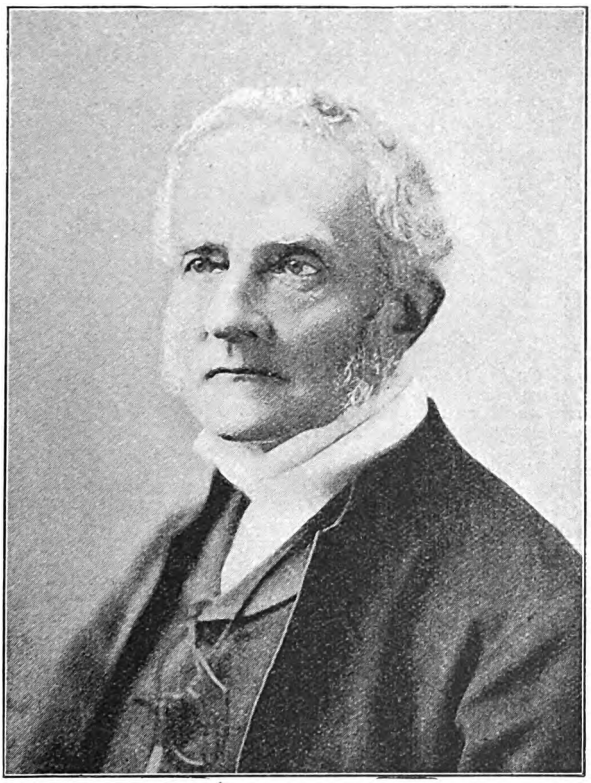
you know more about my thoughts and papers than anyone else in the world."

After this he wandered a little, but then rallied his forces to dictate his last message to the Queen and the nation. It was as follows, the only distinctly-articulated words being—

"A mark of respect to the Queen; and I trust that last mark of conferring attention . . . the value of the Abbey . . . the glory of the Abbey . . . and what the duties of this office are supposed to be. In spite of every" — (here I had long to wait before the dying Dean could convey to me the word he intended, which was) — "*incompetence*, I have yet humbly trusted that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, liberal, and national institution, and in spite of almost every . . ." Those were the last consecutive and intelligible words which Dean Stanley uttered, and they have never before been published. I mentioned the substance of them to Archbishop Tait, and he repeated them, but not quite accurately, in a speech in Convocation, from which they got into the papers. The next day the Dean lay still, and either silent or incoherent, and no friend was allowed to be present, in order that he might, if possible, have a partial recovery. But on the Monday night I was again summoned to his bedside, where, besides Lady Frances Baillie, were Dean and Mrs. Vaughan, and for a time Archbishop Tait. He spoke no word that night, but with long, laboured, tremulous sighs gradually passed

To where beyond these voices there is peace.



DEAN STANLEY.
[*From a Photo by* SARONY, *New York.*]

We read to him, and prayed with him. Among other things I put into Mrs. Vaughan's hands his favourite hymn, the noble hymn of Charles Wesley—

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hear and cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
Alone with Thee I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I doubt, however, whether he heard or was conscious of anything. He seemed to be speaking, but no words were intelligible. At last came the long fluttering breath, and the heart ceased to beat. We flung ourselves on our knees in turns, and prayed, our eyes bathed in tears, our voices broken by sobs.

His was the purest, most childlike, most beautiful spirit I have ever known. He was a perfect illustration of that definition of "Genius" which describes it as "the heart of childhood taken up and matured in the powers of manhood."

There has been rarely such a sight in England as that presented by his funeral. He was laid beside his beloved wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, who had been inexpressibly dear to him. The Archbishop, Archdeacon Jennings, Dean Vaughan, and I took part in the funeral. Hundreds of the poor of Westminster were present, and many of the greatest writers, artists, and statesmen. Almost all the royal princes stood round the little chapel which contains his grave, and there was scarcely one eye which was not wet with tears.

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By Silas K. Hocking

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Amy Dean runs away from the house of her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth of Stamer, to marry Arthur Milward. After fifteen years of poverty she returns, a widow with two children, Jack and Eve, aged respectively seven and three. Crossing Pentarnum Moors, she is taken ill, and dies. Jack goes off to get succour, and is lost on the moors, and ultimately is picked up by some gipsies. Eve is found and adopted by a farmer and his wife, Jasper and Leah Downderry of Crantock. The mother's identity is not discovered, and she is buried in a pauper's grave. Jack spends eight years with the gipsies, and becomes a great admirer of a blue-eyed gipsy maiden called Pearl, who is to marry a gipsy prince when old enough. At sixteen Jack is led unwittingly into a burglary, but not before he has warned the Rev. John Treherne. He is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. After his release he discovers his sister, but resolves to win back his good name before making himself known to her. Relating his story to a young lawyer, Reginald Tremayne, and requesting him to find out, if possible, who his mother was, he sets out again to seek his fortune.

Chapter XIX

ADRIFT

Far out across the bar
The solemn sea is calling.

One of Jack's greatest dangers lay in a species of mental incertitude, which was partly constitutional and partly the result of his prison treatment. He was frequently quite uncertain what he intended to do next. He was unable to shape his plans with any degree of definiteness; and, generally speaking, there was a vague half-defined hope in his heart that something would turn up—that the unexpected would happen, or that the fates would shape his course for him.

When he left the service of John Cox, nothing seemed clear to his own mind save that he must get away from Stamer. He was not in his right element on a farm. He would never retrieve his fortune in such a position. When John Cox asked him what he intended to do, he had to confess that he did not know. In truth, he was simply hoping that something unforeseen would happen. To the young the world is ever full of possibilities, and Jack was not the least optimistic of his kind.

If some kind fairy had come along and asked him what he desired most, he would have answered readily enough, "Money, and the love of Pearl." Money he must have if he were to live, and yet life could never be altogether satisfying unless Pearl shared it with him.

If he only had plenty of money, he would go in search of Pearl; he would give her pretty things; he would promise her a house such as she had always longed for; he would let her have all her heart's desire. But while he was poor what hope had he? Her prince would be coming soon, perhaps was already with her. He knew very well that in the old days she cared more for him than for anyone else. But that was years ago, and people changed quickly — especially girls. At least so he had read in books. Anyhow, he would like to see her again. Nay, more,

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he would see her again at the earliest opportunity. Whatever he might do, or wherever he might go, Pearl would always have a place in his thoughts and in his purposes.

Occasionally his thoughts travelled in the direction of St. Denver. He was convinced that he had a real friend in the vicar, and if the worst came to the worst he had sometimes thought he would go to him and ask him to lend a helping hand. From choice he would rather fight his battle alone. He did not want to be a burden to anyone, but he would rather ask for help than fail utterly.

The air was clear and frosty when he left Stamer behind him, and for many miles he tramped along the hard roads at a swinging pace and with much buoyancy of spirit. If he could tramp all the way to Plymouth, he concluded it would be much better than going by train; it would enable him to see the country; it would save his pocket; it might give him an introduction to Dame Fortune if she happened to be loitering in any of the country roads; it would give him time to shape his plans into something like order and sequence.

Dame Fortune, however, appeared to be quietly resting at home. At anyrate Jack saw no sign of her; and, after tramping two days and getting his feet blistered, he came to the conclusion that it might be to his advantage to travel the rest of the way by rail.

When he reached Plymouth he felt on familiar ground, and his spirits rose considerably. He resolved he would not wait until he got rich before he went in search of Pearl; he would commence his search at once. All the gipsies would be in their town haunts at present, and it was just possible he might be able to find the Banfyldes without any difficulty. He had no intention of being seen or recognised by anyone but Pearl. His own gipsy life was at an end—he was fully resolved on that. To get a little cottage of his own, with Pearl for its queen, was really the height and crown of his ambition.

He crept cautiously and stealthily into the gipsy quarter, every lane and alley of which was quite familiar to him. He peeped in at windows and through the half-open doors of public-houses, he loitered at street corners and listened to the conversation of the children; but he could hear nothing of the Banfyldes or get a sight of them. Indeed the place seemed inhabited by an entirely different race of gipsies. He could not see a familiar face anywhere.

For three days he pursued his quest with great diligence, but without success. On the fourth day, however, he accidentally stumbled across a young fellow of about his own age who was able to give him some reliable information. Bradley and Lockett, he learned, were doing fifteen years in Dartmoor for housebreaking. Jack almost gasped when he heard that, but he did not make any reply.

"Ogla Lazarus was dead."

"Dead?" Jack questioned eagerly.

"Ay; she gave out two years agone. An' Sam got wed again a year after."

"And where is he?"

"Well, he generally hangs out in Bristol during the winter. But I don't know for sartin."

"And the Banfyldes?" Jack questioned eagerly.

"Oh, well, you see, they have a boy as is finishin' his fourteen years at Portland; and they are on the watch for him, in case he should sniff freedom a little sooner."

"And what of their daughter Pearl?" Jack put the question in as unconcerned a tone as possible.

"Oh, well, I reckon she's Banfylde's own consarn," the young man answered, with a knowing look.

"She's living, of course?" Jack said in the same would-be indifferent tone.

"Living? Why, in course. What reason is there why she should die?"

"Well, people do die now and then, you know."

"Jist so. But that girl is well looked arter. You make no mistake. Banfylde's goin' to make 'is fortune before he's done."

"You mean when she gets married?"

"'Zactly. I see you twig. But mum's the word. Wot's your next move to be?"

"I don't know yet."

"I reckon Lazarus 'll be able to do without yer now."

Jack started. "You know me?" he questioned.

"Raythe r," was the reply. "You've altered terrible, no doubt. Grow'd immense. But yer face is the same. I twigged yer before ye'd been talkin' three minutes."

"You're pretty keen," Jack answered, with pretended indifference; "for I've not recognised anybody."

"Your lot's left these parts."

"So it seems. But where's Portland?"

"Goin' to look arter the girl, eh?" the other laughed. "I tell yer, mate, it ain't no use. She's for Bill. That's been settled for years."

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"You mean the prince?"

The other laughed boisterously. "In course," he said. "Exactly. I see you twig."

"Do you know when he's coming?" Jack asked.

"No knowin' for sartin. Depends on his good behiviour, don't yer see?"

"His good behaviour?" Jack questioned wonderingly.

The other looked at him curiously. "D'ye mean to say, after all, that ye're not in the know?" he questioned.

"In the 'know' of what?"

"Well, that the maid ain't no Banfylde?"

Jack started as though a pistol had gone off close to his ear. But he recovered himself as quickly as possible, and answered indifferently.

"Oh yes, of course, I know all about it."

The other laughed again. "You're too knowin', mate, by half," he said. "I caught yer there very nicely."

"You've not caught me at all," Jack protested, putting a bold face on the matter. "Think I don't know all about the Banfyldes?"

"In course you do," the other said sneeringly. "You could give points to Banfylde hisself."

Jack felt that he was foiled. He had revealed only too plainly that whatever secret there might be in the Banfylde family he did not share it. But he felt certain also that the other, believing that he was in what he called "the know," had partly revealed it.

It was in vain, however, that he attempted to get any further trustworthy information. Not that the other refused to answer his questions. On the contrary, he answered every question with great readiness, and volunteered a good deal of information that was not asked for. But Jack felt intuitively that he was lying; and before the conversation ended he was utterly at a loss to know what to believe.

During the greater part of that night he lay awake thinking. It was a very poor lodging that he had secured, for he could not afford to be prodigal with his money. As it was—with the most rigid economy—his small store was melting all too rapidly. There were many things to keep him awake—the noise of his fellow-lodgers behind thin and rickety partitions, the brawls and drunken songs in the streets, the uncomfortable character of the bed, and, last but not least, the fragments of news—true or false—which he had gleaned during the day.

Nearly a week had elapsed since he left Stamer, and he seemed farther away from the goal of his ambition than ever. He had not even made a start yet. He had been idling his time in a useless and meaningless quest. In short, he had been playing the fool, and he had got pretty well served out as he deserved.

But this conclusion brought him neither satisfaction nor sleep. It might be a foolish thing for him to worry over Pearl and the Banfyldes and the prince. Any reasonable individual would say it was foolish, but he worried all the same. There might not be a word of truth in anything he had heard, but his brain had been excited, and think he must, whatever might be the consequences.

As the night wore away he became more and more convinced that some truths had been mixed up with the many falsehoods that had been told him. This led to the further conclusion that the latter part of the conversation was intended as a blind to the former, and before he fell asleep he fancied that he knew just where the truth ended and the falsehood began.

It was late when he awoke next morning, and all his fellow-lodgers had departed. After a hurried breakfast of grilled bloater and stale bread, his landlady, according to custom, presented his bill. Jack thrust his hand into his pocket, then started hurriedly to his feet, while a look of consternation swept over his face.

His landlady stood watching him with evident interest, and a look upon her face that was not easy to interpret, while he searched carefully every pocket he had.

"Come," she said at length, "I 'opes ye're not agoin' to try the artful dodge on me."

"I don't want to try a dodge on anybody," he said, with a white scared face. "But I've been robbed."

"Oh, that's all my heye!" she snapped. "I don't keep nothin' but honest lodgers; an' who's agoin' to rob you 'ere?"

"If your lodgers haven't robbed me," he said meaningly, "you'd better tell me who has."

"What!" she exclaimed fiercely, "does yer mean to insiniwate things? I'd 'ave yer be careful, young man."

"And I'd have you be careful," he replied, feeling very angry, and looking it. "I had two sovereigns and some silver last night; now I haven't a penny. I've been robbed of every copper I possessed."

"I've heard that kind of talk before," the woman sneered. "It's my belief you hadn't any money."

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"Didn't I pay you yesterday morning?" he demanded.

"Well, what of that? It was all yer 'ad, most likely."

Jack sat down again and breathed hard. The woman came a step nearer. "Look 'ere," she said; "you ain't agoin' to leave this place till you've paid for yer bed an' breakfas'."

"Give me back my money and I'll pay you readily enough," he answered fiercely.

"You dare!" she exclaimed, with well-feigned indignation.

"Yes, I dare," he interrupted, rising again to his feet and standing defiantly before her. "You have keys that will fit every lock, and probably the means of shooting back every bolt. I'll go and fetch the police and have this thieves' den searched."

"Yes, go," she said, "and fetch 'em this very instant."

He needed no second bidding, and a few minutes later he fell across one of the guardians of law and order at a street corner, to whom he told his story.

The policeman smiled and stroked his chin, as much as to say, "You're evidently a young man without experience." What he did say was: "Ahem. What proof 'ave you that the woman stole the money?"

"Of course I have no absolute proof," Jack answered.

"Exactly. 'Ave you any proof that you 'ad the money?"

"Depends on what you call proof," Jack said. "I can give my word for it."

"That ain't no proof," said the man in blue. "I fear I cannot 'elp you."

Jack feared so also, and at once plunged into the crowd, glad to hide his anger and humiliation anywhere.

He was now fairly adrift again, friendless and penniless. He felt that it would be worse than useless making any attempt to recover his stolen money. Jasper Downderry's well-meant charity had done him no good, after all. On the contrary, it had raised another barrier between himself and his sister. He would never be able to go back to Crantock until he could return the money; and three pounds seemed to him just then as impossible a sum as three thousand. If he could earn enough to keep body and soul together he would have to be content, for even that was a consummation he saw no means of realising. For an hour or two he tramped up and down the streets looking for he knew not what. But fortune kept persistently out of sight. All around him people were busy rushing to and fro, all intent on their own affairs, all having their appointed place in the great arena of life. Alas! he had no appointed place. The world

"HIS LANDLADY STOOD WATCHING HIM."

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appeared to have no room for such as he. He was not wanted; nay, more, to all appearance he was in the way. He was one too many.

By noon he was not only tired but terribly hungry, and hunger made him feel bitter and cynical. The provision shops were full of food. In many instances it seemed to him as though the provisions were running to waste, and yet there was not a crumb for him. He found himself at length on the Hoe, with the shining sea in front of him; but he did not remain there long. In the first place, there was not sufficient shelter, and the wind was bitterly cold; and, in the second place, the sea appeared to him like a great monster that wanted to swallow him up. From far away beyond the breakwater it seemed to be calling to him, and there was a strange fascination in its low deep undertone. He had read of squirrels being fascinated by the glittering eyes of snakes, shrinking back in terror and yet hopping nearer and nearer—horrified at their fate and yet having no power to resist. He felt if he remained near the sea he would be fascinated in a similar way. He would respond to its low weird call, and fall into its cold embrace. So he turned away and plunged again into the busy streets. But the voice of the sea still haunted him. As the pangs of hunger increased and his weariness grew almost intolerable, it spoke to him of rest and peace and everlasting forgetfulness. Why should he suffer and strive and endure hardship and cold? Was mere existence such a desirable thing, after all? For those who had food and shelter—who could sit by warm firesides and enjoy the companionship of books and friends—for those who could love and were loved in return—life was, no doubt, a very desirable thing. For such a state of existence men might be prepared to struggle hard and long. But for such as he the case was different. He had no home or fireside, no friends or companionships. No food, even, or means of getting any. And if he loved, what then? It was only pain and unsatisfied longing. Pearl had passed out of his life completely. He did not know where she was, and if he knew it would be all the same. When she was old enough she was to be given to another, and with the gipsies that meant when she was about sixteen or seventeen at the outside, and she would be getting on for fifteen now. No; under the circumstances life did not seem worth the struggle, and still the voice of the sea was in his ears calling him to rest and peace. And so, as the short winter's day began to wane, he turned his face once more toward the sea. Far out yonder the water was deep, and among the rocks were hidden pools and secluded hollows, where the seaweed grew rank and long, and waved in the clear green water as grass waves in the summer wind. No one would miss him, and the seaweed would be soft to his head, and the waves would rock him to sleep, and the music of the great ocean would be his everlasting lullaby. The terror of the thing passed away completely. He was no longer like a squirrel fascinated by the blood-red eyes of a serpent; he was rather like a little child whose mother was calling to him from her rocking-chair for his evening lullaby.

CHAPTER XX

LOVE AND LAW

Her eyes are deep as heaven's blue,
And heaven opens when she smiles.

MEANWHILE Reginald Tremayne, Solicitor, and Commissioner for Oaths, was experiencing one of those little thrills that lawyers sometimes feel when they get hold of an interesting case, and one that promises developments of an unexpected character. He would have been very much interested in the case, even had it been much less promising than it appeared to be—that is, less promising from a legal point of view. His interest was not altogether professional. Indeed the professional aspect entered very little into the matter at the outset. The truth is, Reginald Tremayne had a curious little romance of his own, which he carefully locked away in his own breast. For more than three years now he had watched from his office window, every morning and evening, a sweet-faced sunny-haired girl going and returning from school—watched her with an interest and a growing solicitude that he could not altogether explain. Dozens of other girls passed along the street every day, and some of them occasionally glanced up at his window, but he felt no interest in any of them.

Young ladies visited at his home, friends of his sisters and favourites of his mother, but they woke no touch of passion in his heart. Some of them were eligible in every way,—educated, refined, and well-off,—and,

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if one might judge by outward appearances, would not have objected in the least to exchanging their own name for his. But Reg—as they called him at home—did not seem to be at all matrimonially inclined. He had turned six-and-twenty, and was still to all appearance heart-whole and fancy-free.

The young lawyer often wondered what his mother and sisters would think if they were to see him eagerly watching at the window for Eve to pass. He wondered, too, if in the whole gamut of human experience there was another case exactly like his own. Eve was only a child of eleven, and he was a man of three-and-twenty when he first caught sight of her sweet blue eyes. She was looking up at his window quite unconsciously as she made her way to school. She did not see him, and had she done so the chances are she would not have given him a second thought. And yet the vision of her face seemed to change the whole complexion of his life. He never quite understood what it was that attracted him so. It was not that she was so much prettier than other children—that she was fairer of face or straighter of limb. She had her share of good looks, it is true, and Leah Downderry dressed her with considerable care, though not always in the best of taste. No; these things were not sufficient to explain the puzzle: but then, who ever did satisfactorily explain such matters? The affairs of the heart are rarely—perhaps never—controlled by reason, and Reginald Tremayne's heart affairs were less reasonable than the majority of such cases.

He sometimes tried to analyse his feelings and emotions, but never with conspicuous success. He felt sure that some of the ordinary elements of love must be absent in his case. He did not want her to grow up. It was as a child he loved her. He had no thought of making her his wife in the years to come, or, if he had, it was so vague and shadowy as not to be taken into account. To worship her from a distance—to look at her bright bonnie face night and morning as she went and returned from school—to accompany her home sometimes when the nights were dark—to be her protector when any kind of danger threatened,—that was enough for him. Enough, did we say? Well, no; to be strictly accurate, he did sometimes long to take her in his arms and kiss her. Her lips were so red, so beautifully shaped, so exquisitely sweet, that anyone might be pardoned for cherishing such a longing. But though he might have kissed her had he been bold—for she was but a child, and would have thought no harm of it—he bravely refrained, and up to the present had strictly preserved his incognito. He was still Mr. Knight to her—her trusty champion, her ever-watchful friend.

Indeed Eve had got to believe that Mr. Knight was his real name; and so often had he walked home with her when she happened to be late, that she no longer felt any surprise when he joined her. In fact she listened for his footsteps, and waited for him to come up. She did sometimes wonder why it was that he would never come into the house. She had asked him times enough, but he was always ready with some excuse. Directly the lights of Crantock came into view he would break off the conversation and turn to go back again.

During the summer months she saw very little of him, for when she did not need his protection he kept out of sight. Once she met him in the Fore Street of Stamer as she was walking with "Uncle Jasper." It was market-day, and the little town was quite busy.

The young lawyer raised his hat, but did not stop to speak; and Eve bowed and smiled in her most gracious way.

"Who is that young man, my dear?" Jasper asked, turning to have a second look at the retreating figure.

"His name is Knight," she said, with the tiniest possible blush. "Don't you know him, uncle?"

"No, my dear," he said thoughtfully. "There be lots of people in Stamer that I don't know. Years ago I know'd some Knights down Bodmin way; very likely he be waun of 'em."

"Oh, but he lives in Stamer," she said. "I've seen him here many times."

"Es he a doctor, my dear, or somethin' of that sort?" Jasper questioned. "He seems a very well-set-up young man."

"I don't know what he is, uncle. I really have never inquired."

"I daresay you know lots of people in Stamer that I don't know," Jasper said after a pause. "Comin' in here to school every day will make a lot of difference."

"Oh yes," she answered, with a smile; "I have got to know a great many people."

"And a great many people will know you, my dear," Jasper interposed. "They will watch 'ee as you do pass the windows, an' they'll say, 'Who be she, I wonder?' An' then they'll make inquiries. Oh, it's wonderful how soon thaise town's-people do get to know

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things." After which deliverance Jasper dismissed the subject from his mind, and Eve did not refer to it again.

So the weeks and months passed away, and winter came on again—the winter of Jack's release. In the shortening days Eve waited quite eagerly for the appearance of her Knight, and when one evening he overtook her in the quiet lane her heart gave a great bound of delight. She felt no shyness when she was with him. Strangely enough, she experienced all the shyness when he was not near. She often felt that she would like to talk to "Uncle Jasper" about him. She was not certain that it was right to have any secret that he did not share; yet somehow she was never able to broach the subject. It was a sweet little romance of her own, that like an overblown rose might fall to pieces if a breath blew upon it. And, naturally enough, the longer she cherished her secret the more diffident she grew. She was too young to think of love, but reverence she had in large measure. She almost worshipped her unknown Knight, he was so handsome and strong. In contrast with Jasper's quaint homely figure and Charley's unlovely face, he seemed a very prince among men.

The day on which Jack visited the young lawyer marked an epoch in his life. It was a new beginning in his career; it opened up for him fresh interests both of a personal and a professional kind. It gave him the right to interview Eve, and riddle out, if possible, the secret of her life, and would furnish him, later on, with an excuse for visiting her at Crantock Farm.

After Jack had left him he rubbed his hands with an air of considerable satisfaction. His professional career hitherto had been humdrum enough. In country towns people usually fight shy of lawyers; they are regarded as very expensive luxuries, and only to be resorted to as a last resource. Reginald had done a little in conveyancing, sufficient to pay office expenses; whilst an occasional police-court case—to quote his sisters—had kept him in collars and neck-ties. Still, the number of his clients was steadily increasing, and people had begun to speak of him as a careful far-seeing young man.

"This promises a little diversion, at any-rate," he said reflectively. "I wonder how much my little Eve knows. The whole story forms quite a romance, with possible developments that are deeply interesting."

He turned away from the table at length, and put his feet upon the fender.

"For Eve's sake as well as my own," he went on, "I'll get to the bottom of this. It ought not to be difficult. The entire history of the mother will be compassed within the last fifty years. However, I shall have to proceed cautiously;" and he poked up the fire and edged his chair still nearer.

"So her name is Milward, eh?—Eve Milward. Rather nice name, on the whole. Better than Downderry, at anyrate. I like that brother of hers, too. It's plucky of him not to reveal himself to her until he is able to do so with credit to himself. I wonder if he'll succeed. The fates seem to have been against him hitherto; but if he gets a chance he'll go ahead. There's determination in that mouth of his. Well, well, for Eve's sake I'll do the best I can for both of them;" and he pushed his hands into his pockets and stared for a long time into the fire. Then he put on his hat and overcoat and went home to lunch.

Later in the day he stood at his office window, waiting for Eve to pass. He saw a number of girls going home from school, but Eve was not amongst them.

"She's going to be late to-day," he said reflectively. "Well, so much the better. I shall have an excuse for walking home with her—a privilege I've not enjoyed for several weeks."

The day waned rapidly, and the lamplighter hurried up the street lighting the lamps as he passed.

"Here she is at last," he muttered; and a few minutes later he was following her into the darkness of the country lane.

She heard his footsteps and waited for him. "I'm so glad you've come," she said quite innocently. "It was horrid of Herr de Gruff to keep me so long over my music."

"Oh, never mind," he said quietly. "I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"And I wanted to see you," she replied, "to tell you that my brother Jack is living, after all. At least, he was two or three years ago;" and she reeled off almost the whole story at a breath.

The young lawyer listened without interrupting; then replied, "That is very interesting. I am sure you must feel pleased. Now I want you to tell me all you can remember about yourself and your mother."

"Why do you want me to tell you?"

"Well, I cannot give you all the reasons. But, in the first place, I am a solicitor."

"You a solicitor?" she questioned, with a laugh. "Uncle Jasper thought you were a doctor."

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"WHO IS THAT YOUNG MAN?"

"And you thought I was a tailor, eh?"

"No, I didn't," she replied quickly; "or only for a minute or two. But I'm glad you are a solicitor."

"Are you? Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought only girls asked so many questions."

"Girls and lawyers," he replied.

"And are you going to be my lawyer?" she asked.

"Yes, if you will let me have you for a client."

"Oh, that will be fine. Yes, I'll let you."

"Then you'll have to answer all the questions I ask you."

"You'll want to know my age, I expect?"

"Of course I shall."

"Well, I'm only twenty-four! How old are you?"

"Only twenty-four?"

"Oh, that's all nonsense. I'm sure you are thirty at the very least."

"I was not referring to my own age"—he began, with a laugh.

"But to mine. How rude of you! You think I am very much older?"

"Lawyers are not supposed to say all they think," he replied, with mock seriousness.

"Nor to answer civil questions. But what do you think?"

"What! another question? How am I to get anything out of you if you keep cross-questioning me after this fashion?"

"Who said you were to get anything out of me?"

"I shall shake you directly."

"You will have to catch me first;" and she went bounding down the road in front of him.

He gave a little sigh. How was it that he loved so intensely this bright-eyed sunny-hearted child, who was as yet unable to understand or appreciate his affection, or return his love in any degree?

"Lawyers are supposed to be pretty level-headed," he reflected, "and not much given to sentiment; and here am I, at six-and-twenty, the slave of this mischievous little maiden. It's a mercy no one knows, or my professional reputation would be up a tree."

Eve did not run far; and for the rest of the way was quite serious, and answered all the questions her Knight put to her.

The information he got out of her, however, was not apparently of very much value. She confirmed Jack's story in

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one or two important particulars, and she intimated that possibly her aunt Leah would be able to tell him "lots," as she had a box in which she kept everything belonging to her.

"I will call and see your aunt one of these days," he said.

And then she felt her small hand clasped in his. For a moment or two he held it tightly. Then with a low "Good-night, Eve," he hurried away into the darkness.

Had Eve been a year or two older, she might have guessed what that hand-pressure meant, and her heart might have divined a meaning in those low-spoken words. But she was too much of a child yet—too little of a woman—to understand the signs of love. She went singing into the house, untroubled and untouched by that great passion that sooner or later comes to most,—a passion that is both a bliss and a pain; a fire that too often scorches while it warms, and fills the promise of its comfort with the keenest agony.

Jasper heard her singing, with a smile of satisfaction lighting up his grave thoughtful face. While she could sing her heart was right. He hoped the day was far distant when sighs would take the place of songs. He almost dreaded the dawn of her womanhood, lest some young face should steal her heart from him.

That the day would come he did not doubt. Love is the rightful heritage of the young. In every Eden of youth the tree of love, which is the tree of knowledge of good and evil, springs up and bears its fruit—fruit that is fair to the sight and pleasant to the taste, and desirable to make one wise. But Eve saw not the tree yet. He hoped she would not see it for many years.

She shook her sunny head at him when she came into the room, then held up her face to be kissed.

"You be late home, my dear," he said, tenderly stroking her hair with his hard rough hand.

"It was because Herr de Gruff did not reach school in time," she answered brightly.

"Oh, well, a few minutes more or less don't matter much, I reckon; but we're awaitin' for our tea."

"And I'm pining for mine," she answered, and then ran laughing up the stairs.

Chapter XXI

AFTER LONG YEARS

Time gives as well as takes;
The years turn ever toward the light.

Reginald Tremayne followed up his inquiries with perhaps an unnecessary amount of caution. He was jealous, not only for his own reputation, but for the happiness of Eve. He did not want to do anything that would disturb her mind, unless there was some very imperative reason for doing so; and he was particularly anxious not to be discovered by his rivals in the town chasing a "will-o'-the-wisp." A lawyer of more experience would probably have gone to work in a different way. Certainly, one with more local knowledge would have seen daylight where he only saw darkness. In this respect Reginald Tremayne was at a disadvantage. He was not a native of Stamer. He did not know all its local history. The life-story of Isaac Pengarth, for instance, was—as far as he was concerned—a sealed book. He knew, of course, that such an individual existed. Most people in Stamer knew Isaac by reputation at least; the majority knew him by sight. He lived in a good-sized house standing in its own grounds on the outskirts of the town, and was supposed to possess a considerable amount of local influence. His reputation was what it always had been. Nobody could say he was absolutely dishonest; but he was near, distinctly near. And he was hard and unsympathetic; people who were in trouble never went to him for comfort or help; it never entered into their minds that Providence could or would use him as an instrument of charity. He was a useful member of committees when feeling ran high and sympathy was in danger of becoming a dominant factor. Isaac had no "feelings" as that word is generally understood, and sympathy was utterly foreign to his nature.

The hard-headed people of Stamer regarded Isaac as a very fortunate man. He had been fortunate in his marriages; he had married money each time, and his wives had permitted him to rule them without protest. Then, too, he had been fortunate in his investments; nobody could remember Isaac ever making a bad speculation. And last, he had been fortunate in his family. His only son Tom was by no means extravagant—as a matter of fact, he had nothing to be extravagant on; while his stepdaughter, Amy Dean,

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had foolishly married and conveniently died, leaving no family behind her. At least that was what was commonly reported in Stamer. When she died, or where, nobody seemed to know, and nobody appeared to care. She had disappeared suddenly from Stamer five-and-twenty years ago and more, and, excepting the Pengarths, nobody had seen or heard from her since. There was a good deal of talk about the matter at the time. Everybody condemned her for running away with a stranger. Everybody predicted trouble for her. But the sequel was kept dark. Poor Amy wrapped her grief in silence, and hid all her pain from those who knew her in the days of her youth. Most people suspected that she had not done well.

People who are prosperous are not backward, as a rule, in revealing it, and the inhabitants of Stamer argued that if Amy Dean's marriage had been a great success she would have been only too ready to come back to Stamer and show the gossips and wiseacres that for once their predictions had been altogether wrong; but since she had not come back, since she wrote to no one and wrapped herself in unbroken silence, the probabilities were that her marriage had turned out a failure.

So time passed away and grew into months and years, and poor Amy was forgotten. No other fate was possible. It is difficult enough to remember the people who live next door to us; but people who choose to go away and hide themselves, and never break the silence of the years by a single word, must expect to be forgotten. No one knew exactly when the news reached Stamer that Amy Dean was dead,—they spoke of her as Amy Dean, for nobody seemed to remember the name of her husband,—but the tidings of her decease scarcely produced a ripple on the stagnant waters of Stamer life. A few, who had been the companions of her happy girlhood, sighed and said, "Poor Amy!" But she had been as good as dead so many years that no one could trouble.

That any information could be got out of Isaac Pengarth was not to be expected. He was not the man to deal in confidences, and he had strength enough to force silence upon his wife and son.

When somebody said to him one day in an off-hand manner, "I suppose your stepdaughter is dead?" he simply answered, "I suppose so;" and that was all he was ever heard to say on the subject.

Moreover, the Stamerites were not curious enough to press inquiries. Who troubles himself about what happened twenty years ago? The circumstances of the present are generally so pressing that people have no time to rake up the past, particularly a past that they are not interested in. Most of the younger people of Stamer had never heard of Amy Dean or her runaway marriage.

Consequently, when Reginald Tremayne began to make inquiries about one "Amy Milward," he was met on every hand by a blank wall of ignorance. Most of his acquaintances and clients were young themselves. Moreover, they were not all natives, and consequently were as ignorant of local history as he himself was.

"Milward? Milward?" and the questioned ones shook their heads. "No; they knew nobody of that name. There were no Milwards in Stamer or in any of the adjacent parishes."

The young lawyer tried another tack. He went off to the vicar and asked permission to examine the parish register.

"Whom or what are you looking for?" the vicar asked.

"I want to discover, if possible, the antecedents and history of a Mrs. Milward who is supposed to have lived in Stamer at one period of her life."

"I know of no such name," the vicar said, knitting his brows. "I have held this living for fourteen years, and I have no recollection whatever of any such person."

"If she lived here at all," Tremayne answered, "it must be more than twenty years ago, so you would not be likely to know anything about her, personally."

"Ah, just so. I presume some question of legitimacy is in dispute?"

"No, I cannot say that," Tremayne answered a little stiffly.

"Well, well, I don't want to be inquisitive," the vicar replied; "and of course you are at liberty to examine all the registers at your leisure."

During the next few days the lawyer spent a good many hours in the church vestry, going carefully through the heavy leather-bound volumes which contained the entries of the births, marriages, and deaths of the Stamerites. It was not by any means an exhilarating task, for the vestry was cold, and smelt of the mould of graves. The books were old and damp-stained. The writing, in many instances, was almost undecipherable. The ink had faded till scarcely a trace was left.

Every now and then the vicar joined him, for though he had no wish to be inquisitive—

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which he was careful to assert nearly every day—he was nevertheless decidedly curious.

The registers, however, revealed nothing that could help the lawyer in his search. The name Milward never once occurred in any of the entries.

Tremayne walked slowly out of the churchyard by the vicar's side.

"You need say nothing of my search," he remarked as they were about to part company. "At present I am working quite in the dark, and I would prefer that nothing was said until I get hold of something definite."

"Quite right, quite right. I certainly will respect your wish in the matter," the vicar answered. "I presume some question of property is involved?"

Tremayne could hardly help smiling. The vicar had no wish to be inquisitive, but the number of direct questions he had planted formed quite a formidable list.

"On that point I have no information as yet," the lawyer answered. "At present everything is mere surmise."

"Well, well, if I can be of service to you in any way, Mr. Tremayne," the vicar said graciously, "don't hesitate to make use of me."

"It's very kind of you," the lawyer answered, with a smile. "I will not forget your offer;" and he hurried away to his office.

The next morning he called upon Israel Pomery, the shoemaker, who was generally regarded as one of the oldest inhabitants, if not the oldest, and who was believed to know more about the private histories of the Stamerites than any other man in the town.

Ostensibly, the lawyer called to be measured for a pair of shoes. Israel was greatly pleased at getting a new customer, particularly one so influential as the rising young solicitor. It was by no means difficult to get the shoemaker to talk about the past. He loved nothing better than a bit of gossip, particularly when he was allowed to do most of the talking. Tremayne permitted the old man to ramble on for a considerable length of time, now and then interjecting a question for the purpose of clearing up some point in the narrative. Finally, at a convenient break, he said a little abruptly—

"By the bye, you seem to have known nearly everybody in your time—in Stamer at least. Did you ever know a man by the name of Milward?"

"Milward—Milward? He wad'n a Stamer man, I reckon?"

"No, I think not. But I believe he lived in Stamer for some time; and I think he married his wife from here."

"What was his wife's name afore 'e married 'er?"

"That I don't know."

"Milward—Milward?" mused Israel. "'Tain't a Cornish name, any'ow."

"No, it isn't Cornish."

"What did the man do?"

"I believe he was an artist."

"A hartist? What's that?"

"In his case, a painter of pictures."

"Oah iss, I understan'. A painter man, eh? 'Ow long was this ago?"

"Say twenty years—perhaps more."

Israel shook his head slowly and reflected. "I don't remember but waun maid in Stamer as ever married a painter man, and that'ud be nearer thirty years ago than twenty," he remarked after a long pause. "An' she, poor maid, died soon arter."

"Did she leave any children?"

"Nary a cheeld. Nay, nay; it would 'ave been agin' Isaac's usual luck ef she 'ad."

"What Isaac?"

"Why, Isaac Pengarth, to be sure. There ain't no other Isaac in Stamer of any note."

"And had he a daughter who married a painter?"

"No; but his wife 'ad. It were this way,"—and Israel told the whole story, with much circumstance and many embellishments.

Tremayne listened with the closest attention. But, alas! Israel's story did not fit the facts he had in his possession.

Israel did not remember the name of the "painter man," as he called him, but he was very positive that it was not Milward. Moreover, John Dean's maid died soon after she was married, and she left no children.

"Evidently, I have not got on the right track yet," the lawyer said to himself as he left Israel's shop. "If the man's name was not Milward, and there were no children of the marriage, that settles the question conclusively as far as they are concerned."

Yet Israel's story was not without its points of interest and coincidence. When Tremayne got back to his office, he sat back in his chair, placed his feet on the fender, and stared into the fire.

An hour later his office boy found him in the same position. "He's got hold of somethin' that's troublin' 'im," the boy reflected; for it was not often he saw his master's brow so deeply lined.

For the next week Tremayne pursued his inquiries in several directions, and was very careful not to ask many questions of the same individual. He had evidently got hold of an idea of some kind;

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but, whatever it was, he kept it religiously to himself.

Meanwhile Isaac Pengarth had got an unmistakable fright—such a fright indeed as he had not experienced for many years. It came about in this way. The day after Reginald Tremayne's visit to Israel Pomery, Isaac Pengarth called on the old shoemaker. He wanted in the first place to have his winter boots repaired, and in the second place he wanted a little gossip with Israel; for they had been boys together, and both men found it pleasant to "rake up old memories," as they termed it, and live over again the experiences of the past. Israel was long past work himself, but he liked nevertheless to be always on the spot and keep a sharp eye on those he employed.

Isaac found Israel in his little den at the back of the shop, and very soon pipes were lighted and conversation was in full swing.

They had been talking perhaps half an hour when Isaac got his fright.

"By the bye, Isaac," said Israel after a break in the conversation, "was the fella as John Dean's maid married called Milward?"

Isaac nearly jumped out of his chair. "Who said he was called Milward?" he said, with a sudden blaze in his eyes.

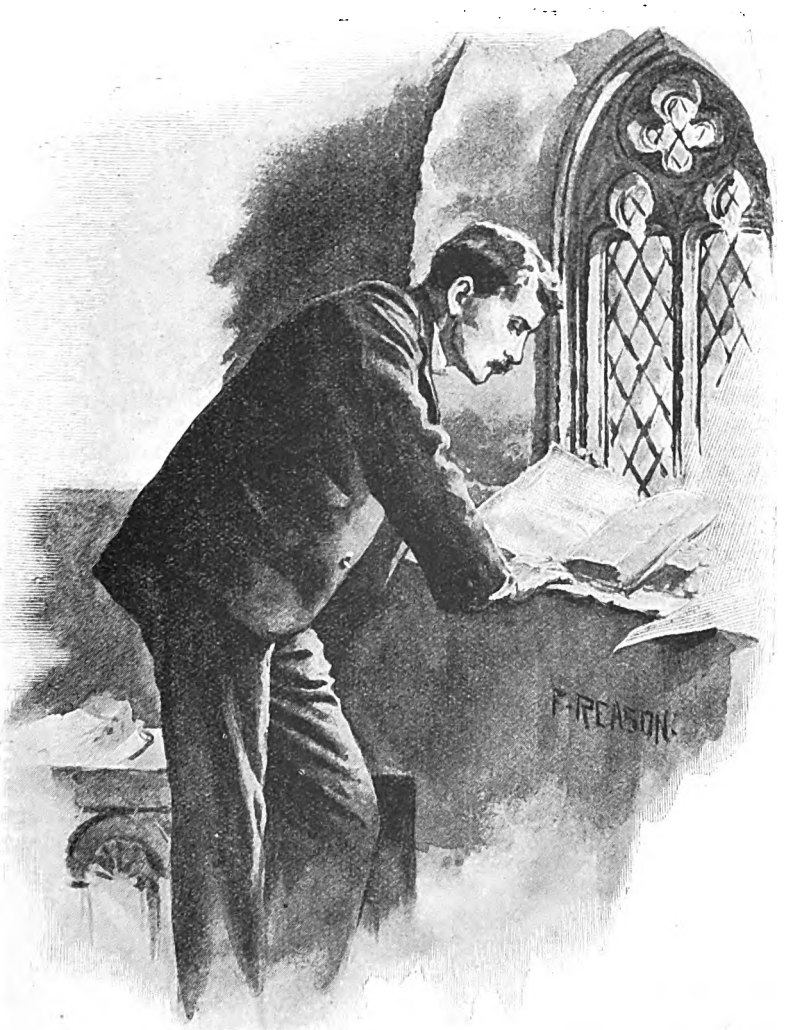
"Nobody said so as I knows on," Israel answered.

"Then why do you ask?" said Isaac fiercely.

"It's only a civil question," said Israel mildly; "an' I don't see why you should snap one up in that way."

Isaac suddenly cooled down, and he smiled in a winterly fashion. "It's an old trouble, as thou knows, Israel," he replied. "It was a great grief to me an' her mother when the maid ran away, an' a greater grief when she died, and to speak of her now es like tearin' oppen the old wounds. Thou understands, Israel?"

"Iss, iss. I knaw all 'bout that," the shoemaker replied. "I'm sorry I spoke."



"THE LAWYER SPENT A GOOD MANY HOURS IN THE CHURCH VESTRY."

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"Oh, it's all right," Isaac replied. "It was the suddenness of your question as startled me. You see, we never mention her name now. But what about this Milward?"

"Oah, nawthin' much. Lawyer Tremayne was across 'ere yesterday gettin' measured for a new pair o' shoes, an' we got talkin' 'bout ould times an' sich like."

"Well?"

"Oah, well, I don't knaw 'ow it came round 'zactly, but he said, 'You must 'ave knaw'd near everybody in Stamer in your time, Israel?' An' I says, 'Iss, I've knaw'd most foaks.' And then 'e says, 'Did 'ee ever knaw a man by the name of Milward?' 'Milward, Milward?' says I. 'No, I've never knaw'd anybody of that name. Who was 'e or what was 'e?' An' 'e says, 'He was a painter fella as married a maid from 'bout 'ere somewhere.' ''Ow long ago?' says I. 'Twenty year,' says 'e; 'maybe more.' 'Couldn't be in Stamer,' says I; 'nobody never married no painter man but John Dean's maid, an' that were nearer thirty year nor twenty, an' the man she married wad'n called Milward, neither.'"

"You said that, did you?" Isaac questioned eagerly.

"Them's the very words I said. But I've been tryin' to think since what the name of that painter man was."

"'Tain't worth thinkin' 'bout," said Isaac quickly. "Let the dead be forgotten, I say; 'specially sich as he. But what's Lawyer Tremayne after, do you think?"

"Nay, Isaac, I no more knaw than thee. Lawyers must keep somethin' agoin' or they wouldn't arn bran for ducks, much less bread and butter for theirselves."

"Ded'n 'ee say nawthin' more'n you've told me, Israel?"

"Nawthin' 'toal. The subjec' jist come up casual like."

"Oah, well, 'tain't no consarn of mine," Isaac said, smiling feebly. "But git those boots of mine mended as soon as you can, Israel, for I want 'em;" and without another word he marched through the shop into the street.

He was strangely perturbed. His heart seemed to be beating at twice its normal rate. His legs were so curiously weak that he could hardly walk.

"Can it be possible that she's livin' still?" he muttered to himself as he shambled along the street. "It must be a dozen years at least since we've heerd a whisper of her. No, no; she must be dead. She'd 'ave let 'er mother knaw if she were livin'. Iss, iss, she must be dead. Surely she must."

His excitement seemed to increase with every step he took, and by the time he reached his home he was ready to faint.

For years he had been congratulating himself on his good luck. Without effort or intrigue, the whole of John Dean's property seemed to be dropping into his hands. Nobody could say he had done wrong. He had simply done nothing. By a combination of fortunate circumstances he was in possession. His wife was old, and almost bedridden, and was unable to interfere had she the disposition. True, at her death, according to the terms of John Dean's will, the property would go absolutely to Amy or her heirs. But if Amy was dead, and her children—supposing they were alive—never came forward to claim the property, what then? He was in possession, and possession was nine points of the law. Moreover, there was nobody, as far as he knew, to dispute his right. He was the husband of John Dean's widow, he was one of John Dean's executors, and there was not a man in Stamer who would think of interfering. Providing the rightful heirs never turned up, the property would be his, simply because he was the man in possession. Nothing could be simpler than that.

So the years had slipped away. He had learned that the man who married Amy was dead; but what had become of her and her children no one knew. The chances were that they were dead also. Year was added to year, and the silence remained unbroken, and with every passing year the property seemed more securely his. In fact he had got to regard himself as absolutely safe. Now, suddenly and without warning, his fancied security was shaken as with an earthquake.

What did it mean? How did Lawyer Tremayne get to know that there ever had been a Milward? Why was he making inquiries? There must be a reason behind all this. Lawyers did not look into people's private histories for nothing.

"Bring me a glass of gin and water," he said to the maid who opened the door, "and be quick about it. I've been walkin' fast, and I be ready to drop."

He did drop heavily into his easy-chair and breathed hard. "I must get to the bottom of this," he muttered. "By heaven, I must. By hook or by crook I must know what's in the wind. And, by St. George and the Dragon, I'll not budge until I'm forced."

(*To be continued.*)

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PAGODAS AND PRIESTS IN BURMA

By Henry Charles Moore
Author of "Burmese Traits," etc.

Burma is unrivalled for its numerous and beautiful pagodas, and the Shway Dagon at Rangoon is the wonder and admiration of the whole Buddhist world. But, before describing this ancient and magnificent building, it is necessary to explain that a pagoda is not exactly the Buddhist equivalent of a church or chapel, for the Buddhists do not gather together for public worship. To build a pagoda is considered the most meritorious work a Buddhist can undertake, and ensures the builder's happiness in his next existence. But to repair a pagoda built by anybody else does not benefit a man at all, as the builder, and not the repairer, obtains all the merit of the work. Consequently, a man lets the pagodas built by his ancestors go to rack and ruin, and erects a perfectly new one, with the result that Burma bristles with pagodas in all stages of preservation and decay. To repair the Shway Dagon Pagoda is, however, considered a meritorious work, and the wonderful building is therefore in beautiful preservation. Thousands of pilgrims visit it every year, for it is an object of exceptional veneration, having, it is said, buried beneath it relics of the last four Buddhas. How they came to be buried there is explained by the Burmese in the following way:—Gautama, after forty-five years of rigorous self-denial, and many previous existences during which he had accumulated much merit, attained, when eighty years of age, the much-desired and enlightened state of Buddha. This was made known in a miraculous manner to two merchants who were travelling through the land intent on trading. At once they went to pay homage to Gautama, and to offer him food, for he had fasted for forty-nine days. When his hunger was appeased, the merchants begged him to give them some relic of himself which they and their countrymen might revere. Accordingly, he plucked eight hairs from his head and gave them to the merchants, bidding them search diligently for relics of the three previous Buddhas, and, when they were found, to bury the eight hairs with them. The merchants departed, and, while journeying from one place to another, were robbed of four of the hairs. This loss troubled them greatly, but to their great joy they found, on arriving at a spot near where Rangoon now stands, that they still had eight hairs. Then they prosecuted their search for the other relics with great vigour, and at last found them on a hill near by. The relics consisted of a staff, a water-dipper, and a bathing garment. The merchants dug a cell on the hill and deposited there the relics of the four Buddhas, afterwards erecting a small monument over them. That was the origin of the Shway Dagon Pagoda. But now it is 370 feet in height, and its umbrella-shaped top can be seen for miles around, glistening in the sunshine with a brilliancy that is perfectly dazzling. From the *htee*, as the umbrella-shaped top is called, is suspended a number of jewelled bells of gold and silver, which tinkle pleasantly with every breath of air. The long flight of steps which lead up to the platform on which the pagoda is built is covered in by a beautifully-carved teak roof, and at the foot of it are two enormous and particularly hideous animals standing one on each side. On the roof and pillars are some ghastly frescoes, depicting the horrible tortures which the inhabitants of the Buddhist hells have to endure.

On arriving at the top of the stairs is a sight well worth travelling thousands of miles to see, for the pagoda then bursts upon you in all its barbaric magnificence. It stands in the centre of a large platform, and is covered from top to bottom with gold leaf. Its periodical gilding is said to cost some £400,000. Around its base is a circle of small pagodas, and also four large shrines containing gigantic images of Gautama sitting in the calm contemplative mood in which he is generally depicted, and smaller images of him in recumbent and standing positions. In these shrines are generally to be seen a number of coloured tapers burning, and there are also placed the offerings of the pious, consisting chiefly of rice, fruit, and flowers. Travellers who have returned from a sea voyage frequently offer small models of ships. What becomes of all these offerings nobody cares, but the food supplies the numerous pariah dogs and birds who frequent the place with many a good meal,

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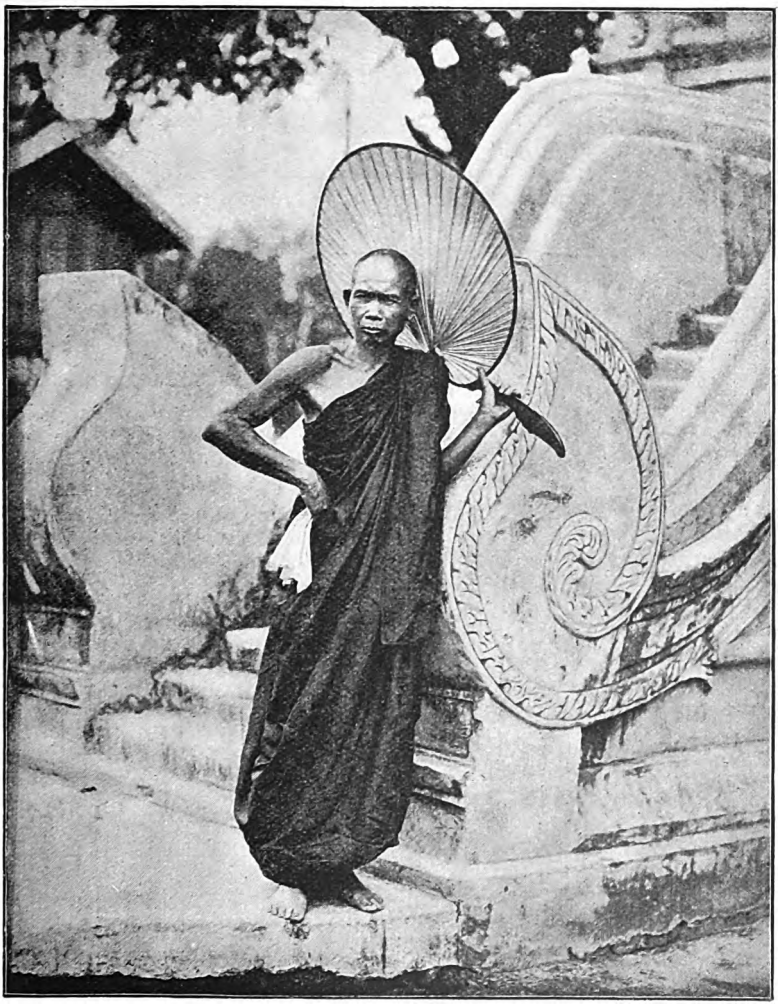

A PHOONGYEE OR PRIEST.

and what they leave is swept away by the miserable-looking women with clean-shaven heads, who hope to obtain merit by keeping clean the altars and shrines. The worshippers kneel down anywhere about the platform, and generally strike a gong or bell before they commence to pray, to attract the attention of the *Nats* or spirits. There is one enormous bell, weighing forty-two tons, which the English, after the war of 1852, decided to send home as a trophy. But while getting it on board an accident occurred, and the bell sank to the bottom of the Rangoon River. All the efforts to raise it made by the English were futile; but, after it had lain there for some considerable time, the Burmese asked if they might try to raise it, and, in the event of their being successful, to keep it. The reply was in the affirmative, and, setting to work, the Burmese succeeded in accomplishing with their primitive methods what the engineering skill of the English had been unable to do. Amidst great rejoicing the bell was carried back to the Shway Dagon Pagoda, the people attributing their success to the intervention of the good Nats.

One of the most romantically-situated pagodas in Burma is the Kyaiktigo, near Shwaygyin. It is built on an isolated rounded boulder, and can only be reached by climbing long ladders. The builder of a pagoda obtains additional merit if he erects it in a place difficult of access, and consequently nearly

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every very steep hill has a pagoda on the top of it. To describe all the notable pagodas in Burma would occupy too much space; but the sacred and deserted city of Pagán must not be dismissed without a few words. According to the Burmese, it has 9999 pagodas. That may be incorrect, but some idea of their number can be gathered from the fact that they stretch for eight miles along the bank of the Irrawaddy and extend two miles inland. They vary in size and shape considerably, and some are built in a form not to be seen in any other part of Burma. Many are fast crumbling to decay. Pagán was for over twelve hundred years the seat of government, but was destroyed by the Chinese in 1356. The first pagoda was built there in A.D. 170. The only inhabitants of the deserted city are a poor degraded race, the descendants of slaves and prisoners of war, who keep the altars clean.

A monastery, surrounded by trees, is to be found on the outskirts of every Burmese village. It is built of teak, and invariably beautifully carved and decorated. It is generally erected on pillars, and has the appearance of being a seven-storey building, but really it consists of one storey and six successive roofs. In obedience to Gautama's command every Burman enters a monastery, and during his stay there shaves his head and dons the yellow robe of the order. As a rule he remains there for a short time only—a few days, or at the most a few months; but if he decides to devote his life to doing good, and wishes to become a monk, he is specially instructed by the elder priests until he is considered qualified for ordination. Then he is taken before the head of the monastery, who is supported by the *phoongyees*, or priests of ten years' standing. After the candidate has made his obeisance to the chief priest, the Reader of the book of ordination addresses the *phoongyees* as follows: "The present candidate humbly asks from you his sacerdotal rank, and this is a convenient time and place for ordination. But first I will admonish the candidate. Hearken, O candidate! On no account are you to answer falsely or to conceal the truth. There are certain defects which prevent any person possessing them from being received into the priestly order,

STREET IN RANGOON.

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A CORNER OF THE SHWAY DAGON OR GOLDEN PAGODA.

and you are now about to be interrogated concerning them. Do not be silent, but, lest you should be hindered from speaking by fear or shame, bend down your head." The *phoongyees* then ask the candidate if he is a leper or suffers from any other disease; if he is a male and a legitimate son; if he is in debt or bound in any way; if he has completed his twentieth year; if his parents have given their consent to his ordination; and whether he has prepared his begging bowl and priestly outfit. These questions having been satisfactorily answered, the Reader commands the candidate to advance and beg the priestly order from the assembly. Having advanced, the candidate exclaims three times: "My lords, I beg from you the order of priesthood. Have compassion on me. Snatch me from the lay state, a state of sin and error, and appoint me to the sacerdotal state, which is one of virtue and perfection."

The Reader then exclaims: "My virtuous lords, the candidate is free from all defects, bodily infirmities, and mental incapacities, and has prepared all the articles necessary for the priestly office. Is it therefore convenient and expedient that you should confer upon him the priestly order? Let all to whom it may appear so remain silent, but if to anyone the candidate seem unworthy, let him speak at once." If no objection to the candidate be raised, the Reader continues: "Now, since all the virtuous lords have remained silent, it is a sign that they consider it proper for this candidate to pass from a state of imperfection and sin to one of perfection—from the state of a layman to that of a priest. Therefore, by the consent of this assembly, the candidate is hereby ordained a priest." After recording the hour, day, and season of the new priest's ordination, the Reader, addressing him, says: "Remember, it is by no means permitted to a priest to steal or receive the value of even a dram of silver. The priest who takes even such a small thing is to be esteemed as fallen from the priesthood, and can no longer be numbered in the divine order. He is like the withered leaf of a tree, which can never recover its verdure. And it is unlawful for a priest to take away the life of any man, animal, or insect. It would be easier for a great rock rent in twain to be again united than for a priest who has destroyed

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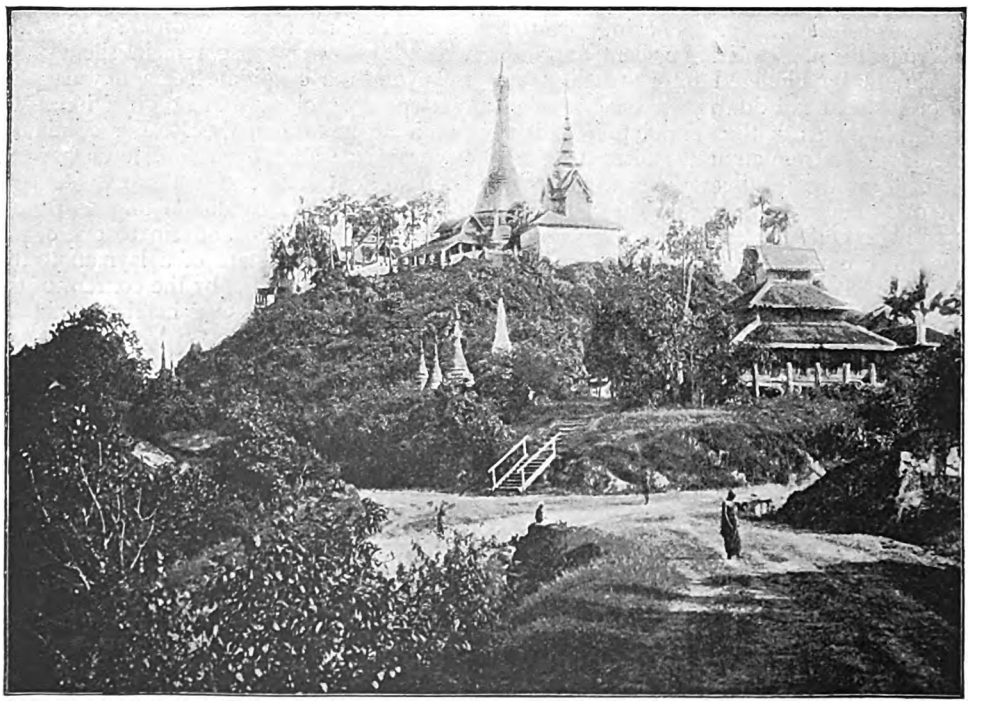
life to be again a member of the priesthood."

In similar language the priest is warned that he must eat only the food given him by the charitable; that his garments must be made of old rags thrown into the streets as useless; that he must live only in a house built in the shadow of a lofty tree; that he must use only one kind of medicine; and must on no account claim to be endowed with supernatural gifts. That concludes the ordination. The law as to destroying life is a most important one, for, according to the Buddhist belief in transmigration, every animal and insect may have been in a former existence a man or woman. Consequently, it is a common thing to see a priest carefully, and almost reverentially, remove from his face or arm a mosquito that is irritating him. The law as to the clothing of priests cannot possibly be carried out, for priests are many, and garments are not so plentiful that disused ones can be found lying about the streets. So, to overcome this difficulty, charitable people supply the priests with new cloth, which they immediately tear into rags and then sew together again.

The priest does not preach or conduct any religious meetings, and in fact has scarcely any priestly duties to perform. He gives the male children of the village an elementary education, and makes them commit to memory the prayers and legends of Gautama. Every morning, bareheaded and barefooted, with his begging bowl slung round his neck, the priest starts on his round to collect food. He does not ask for gifts; but, with downcast eyes, stands silently in front of some hut until the person who lives there hurries out and pours food into his bowl. Without uttering a word of thanks, or acknowledging the gift in any way, the priest moves on, and halts at another house. When he has collected sufficient food for the day he retraces his steps to the monastery. All the people give willingly, and great excitement is caused when a priest inverts his begging bowl and refuses to collect from his usual supporters. It is a sign that they have displeased him by committing some sin or neglecting to perform some religious duty. They are never satisfied until they have atoned for their sin, and the priest signifies his forgiveness by once more collecting from them.

The Buddhist priest, unlike members of other monastic orders, can at any time quit the monastery and become a layman. But the man who is expelled from the priesthood has a terribly hard life. No one will speak to him or have anything to do with him, and his only way to escape social ostracism is to go to some distant part of the country where he is unknown.



THE GREAT PAGODA AT MOULMEIN.

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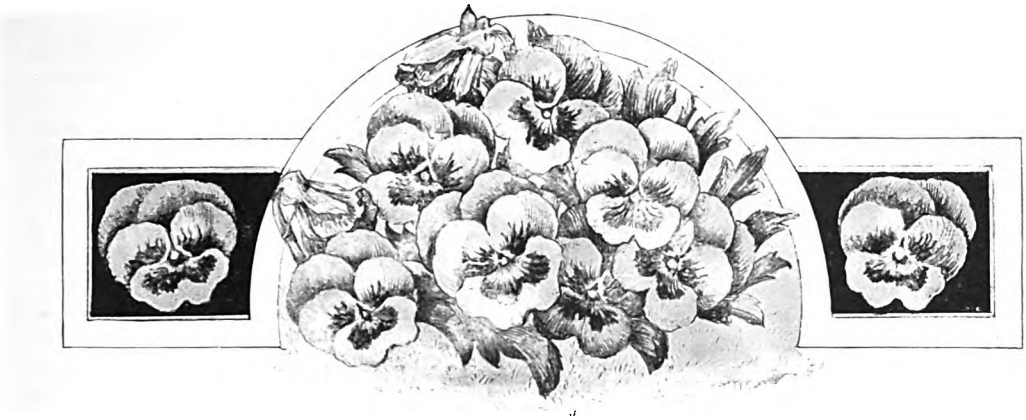

"WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE ILL"

By Marian Findlay

Author of "Flowers and Plants in the Home," "Practical Hints on Home Gardening," etc.

It is profoundly interesting to notice how strangely plant life resembles human life. Perhaps it is not very generally known that plants are subject to many of the ills to which flesh is heir; indeed it is curious how closely the vegetable and animal kingdoms are allied in this respect.

The flowers in sickness will doubtless be a new idea to many readers, who may have been accustomed to regard the plants in their rooms as a part of their furniture rather than living, breathing productions, and have bestowed upon them but scant care and attention. In them, as in animals, there is a vital power which presides over all their functions. This is too often ignored and neglected, either through carelessness or ignorance, the result being inevitably disastrous in every respect. On the other hand, plants will readily respond to a little careful treatment; and how delightful it is to watch their daily growth, to see the tiny young shoots peeping timidly forth, expanding almost hourly, and becoming strong and vigorous, amply repaying the loving attention bestowed upon them! It is possible to become tenderly attached to a plant; nay, it would be impossible to be otherwise for one who is a true lover of nature.

Most people know what it is to suffer from an attack of indigestion. The complaint is, unfortunately, too well known to need any description. How dark the world suddenly becomes! No ray of light pierces the gloom. The unhappy patient grows irritable and morose, and if the question "Is life worth living?" were put to him, an emphatic negative would probably be his response. Now, this same indigestion is a terrible complaint in the vegetable world, and is frequently brought on by injudicious treatment. The principal cause is too copious watering, and this error is the source of many of the ailments from which plants suffer. A good soaking once a week is much to be preferred to the almost daily sprinkling which many people seem to think absolutely necessary to the well-being of their plants. If this constant "sprinkling" is continued for any length of time, it will in all probability bring on the malady known as dropsy. This complaint affects plants in a very similar manner to that in which it attacks human beings. There is a considerable swelling of the particular parts, and, after a time, putrefaction is brought on. It is found chiefly in bulbous and tuberous roots. Fruits are also affected by it, and are rendered watery and insipid.

We all know—some of us, alas! only too well—what a terrible scourge consumption is, slaying thousands every year in this country of ours. This fell disease rages to an almost equal extent amongst the flowers, and is equally fatal in its effects. The principal causes are barren or improper soil, careless planting, or an unfavourable climate. Too frequent flowering is also a source of much injury; the strength of the plant becomes exhausted, a gradual decline and wasting away takes place, until at length it becomes wholly dried up.

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Plants are sometimes attacked by a disorder known as etiolation, which destroys their verdure, rendering them sickly, colourless, and of an unhealthy appearance. It may arise merely from want of sufficient light, and bears a curious resemblance to anæmia, from which so many people suffer, and which is so easily recognised by the peculiar pallor and generally fragile appearance of the sufferer.

Plants which are grown in dark rooms, or found in the clefts of rocks, beneath the shadow of overhanging trees, or in any other position where light is unobtainable, frequently develop this complaint, and it is interesting to observe how similar it is to the human form. Night porters and others whose occupations prevent them obtaining much light and air frequently suffer from anæmia, and the remedy is in both cases the same—*change.*

Remove the plants from their dark surroundings, let them have the light for which they are pining, and renewed health will be the result. The anæmic patient would do well to take a hint from the flowers, and see what wonders the glorious sunlight would do for him. It would be worth the trial if by so doing he could exchange his sickly pallor for the glow of health.

Flux of juices is another disorder from which some plants suffer. It is, as the name implies, a great loss of sap, either bursting out spontaneously owing to a superabundance of it, or occurring through an accidental wound. It is not of necessity always injurious.

Gangrene is also a complaint of the vegetable world. It may be occasioned by improper atmospheric conditions. There are two varieties, the dry and the wet; the former is brought on either by excessive heat or excessive cold.

Suffocation sometimes takes place in plants, and is caused by some extraneous substance which covers the bark or stem.

The invalid also suffers through being unable to derive an adequate supply of nourishment from the soil. The lower part is the best supplied; but if a sufficient quantity of sap cannot be obtained to give the upper shoots their proper development, they decrease in size every year, and are eventually starved to death.

But, though our favourites should not suffer from illness, there will come a time when they will reach the limit beyond which they cannot pass, for there is a limit set in the vegetable no less than in the animal kingdom, and there is a striking analogy in the failing powers, and at last, in the gentle approach of the great reaper, Death, in both cases. A sufficient amount of nourishment cannot be taken, the vital powers gradually decline, all hope of recovery is at an end, and plant and gardener at length return unto the dust from which they sprang. Thus transient is our life here: like a shadow it passes, leaving soon only a tender memory to comfort those who held us dear.

In treating the complaints of plants, it is well to go to the root of the matter, and ascertain if possible what is causing the disturbance. Illness arises either from internal or external influences, and before a remedy can be prescribed it must be determined from what the floral patient is suffering. The first thing to be done is to remove the cause, or the plant will become so weak and debilitated that it will be liable to be attacked by epidemic and contagious maladies, which, owing to its enfeebled condition, it will not be able to throw off. If the complaint can be traced to too frequent watering, an unsuitable atmosphere, or want of sufficient light, the remedy is obvious, and quite in our own hands. But, as all will agree that prevention is better than cure, it is wiser to endeavour, by thoughtful care and practical attention, to keep our plants in a normally healthy condition, treating them not as though they were wood or stone, but as bright living possessions.

Flowers have always a softening and refining effect. The cottage home whose windows show a brave display of fuchsias and geraniums is sure to be cleaner and better kept than that whose windows are empty; the children, too, will as a rule be gentler, more refined, and certainly happier than those to whom such things as plants and flowers are little else but mere empty words.

Flowers are never out of place. At our joyous festivals we must have them in abundance. No bridal gathering is complete without their fragrant presence. In our churches, too, we love to place them, offering up Nature's own incense to the bountiful Giver of all good things. In the sickroom and hospital ward how welcome they are, bringing glad messages of hope to the weary sufferers, breathing something of the fragrance of spring to those pain-stricken "spirits in prison," gladdening their hearts and refreshing their tired eyes!

They are the last tribute, too, that we offer to our dead. When we lay upon the dear quiet breast our fairest, purest blossoms, we feel that for them are blooming fadeless flowers of deathless hue, purer than thought can conceive, sweeter than heart desire.

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AN EASTER SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

WE come to Thee, Thou living Christ: Thou ever livest to make intercession for us. Thy name is Life, Thy gift is life; Thou didst come that we might have life, and that we might have it more and more—wave upon wave, like a rising tide. Thou dost feed us with Thy life: Because I live, ye shall live also, is Thy sweet word of love and hope. We build upon it—we have no other wealth: it is enough; all things are thus made ours. Thou hast associated Thyself with our little life. We cannot tell what Thou wilt make of it: Thou hast eternity to work in; but Thou wilt make us lovely with Thine own pureness, and in our lifting up there shall be somewhat of Thine own majesty. The way is long, hard—sometimes hot, sometimes cold; for in Thy year there is both summer and winter. Thou hast set them there with their varied lessons: may we receive Thy providence as a gift of Thy love. Not our way, but Thy way, would we go home; not our will, but Thy will, be done. If it be a will of fire and piercing and loss and humiliation, behold, our hearts sink within us, because we are only men; but if it be otherwise, and if thus Thou dost make Thy grace known to us in all its fulness and power, glory and honour be unto Thy name, Thou living, reigning Christ. Our earth which Thou hast given us, just enough to stand on and find a grave in, is so small, and Thy stars are so many: Thy heavens lie all unmeasured. We are sometimes overpowered, and we dread to look up; for who can bear the glory of Thy sky? But there Thou art working out what we cannot see now; these are the many mansions in the Father's house: it is enough that Thou reignest, and that all things lie within the palm of Thy wounded hand. We thank Thee for all Thy love; we thank Thee for the little grave, and the large grave: we are proud of our dead. They cannot fall, they cannot sin; death hath no more dominion over them, and hell is disappointed. Oh that we too may so live that we shall join the white-robed angels and saints far away above the clouds, and know how true it is that abounding sin is nothing compared with abounding grace. Thou hast always kept life uppermost; there has always been more life than death in Thy universe, more heaven than hell, more good souls than bad ones: didst Thou not choose twelve men, and only one was a devil? Behold, Thou wilt make all things new, and Thou wilt work up the refuse of life and history into some unimagined beauty. We give one another to Thy tender unchanging care. Pity us in our littleness and infirmity; Thou knowest how frail we are,—a bruised reed, only like a tuft of smoking flax, the last spark almost gone,—yet Thou wilt recover us, and redeem us, and strengthen us, and we shall be partakers of Thy holiness and Thy power. Thou knowest all hearts: abide with each. Comfort all that mourn; there is room on Thy breast, Thou living Christ, for us all to lay our sad hearts upon, and there is grace enough in Thy love to feed and help and cheer and bless us everyone. The Lord hear us when we cry; sanctify our very sorrows, make our losses the beginning of our true wealth, and work in us such a conception of time and eternity, that we shall hold in contempt all that this earth would give us to seduce us from the way of God. Wash us, cleanse us in Thy blood. Oh, take our sin away, and make us men—pure, wise, strong, consecrated; and so bring us to death, that we shall not know it when we see it. Amen.

THE LIVING CHRIST

One Jesus . . . whom Paul affirmed to be alive.—ACTS xxv. 19.

"ONE Jesus—I know nothing of him. You may know the name—you are in some sort a Jewish king, Agrippa; but I, Festus, a Roman, can only quote the name, and I am not quite sure that I pronounce it aright. But the discussion was about 'one Jesus': some said he was dead; Paul affirmed that he was alive. I could make nothing of the accusation; I am a Roman: to me these questions are (I do not speak offensively in the presence of your majesty) local superstitions. I thought Paul was going to be accused of something in the ordinary way of crime, but they brought none accusation of such things as I supposed when I got them face to face; but they had certain questions against him of their own superstition, and especially of one Jesus; over and over again that name came up. Some said he was dead, Paul affirmed that he was alive; and so perplexed was I that I was glad the man had determined to go to the Augustus. I was thankful that he had made his appeal. I asked him whether he would go to Jerusalem and be there judged of these Jewish matters—pardon me if I use the word 'Jewish'

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with apparent invidiousness; such, your majesty, is not my intention. But Paul said he had appealed to the Augustus, and to Cæsar he would go, and to Cæsar I am willing that he should go."

How curiously things present themselves to different minds! We now in these Christian days say "Jesus," and think we are speaking our mother tongue; but Festus said "one Jesus—pedlar, hawker, vagabond, adventurer, dreamer, fanatic, enthusiast; I do not know what he was, but his name, if I recollect aright, was Jesus. There may be a thousand men of that name, for anything I know; but this was a special Jesus, and the controversy was whether he was dead or alive. Paul, my prisoner, affirmed that he was alive." There is nothing else to affirm. The Church stands or falls by this one affirmation. If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain—an empty thing, a wind that brings no music. "Was dead." Certainly; that is secular history. The man who drove the nails into His hands will tell you that; the fiend that bathed his spear in His side would tell you that He was dead, and perhaps add, with a chuckle of triumph, that he killed Him. The Church has nothing to do with the dead Christ. That fact is also affirmed. The one fact is necessary to the other. Without the death there could be no resurrection; but now we come to spiritual history, which carries the Saviour to the cross, into the grave, out of the grave, and takes that resurrection leap which lands in heaven. That is the Church's position. Does the Church now ever preach upon the resurrection of Christ? There is a present Saviour, a living Saviour, an eternal Saviour. But "eternal" is a term which stretches backward as well as forward. Nothing that began can ever become eternal. It is no older than its own birthday; if it can be reckoned at either end, it ceases to be eternal. Christ never professed to be born, in the sense in which we ourselves are born; that is to say, with a conscious beginning in time and on earth. When Jesus Christ talked about Himself, He spoke of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was; when the apostle described Christ's personality and being and ministry, he said, "All things were made by Him." The maker is older than the thing made. Jesus Christ said, "I proceeded forth and came from God"; the apostle said, "In the beginning was the Word." Criticism has done much: it has been learned in grammar, it has quite a genius for conjugations—it makes them; but criticism has never laid its measuring-line upon the dateless date which is called The Beginning. We want that little line of tape,—oh, it would be useful to have something to measure something else by,—but tape never measured infinity or began to measure eternal duration. Christ is only alive because He was never dead, except in the little, accidental, parenthetic manner of death, as killing with nails and spear, and laid a day or two in the dark. But He was not dead; He shook it off Him and went abroad into His own eternity, carrying not the death but the life.

Paul, then, had a great affirmation to make. He no sooner began to preach than he preached upon the greatest themes. Jesus Christ began to preach, "Repent!" Great preachers begin with great themes. We poor little minor preachers are thankful for some anecdote we can spiritualise; but when Jesus began to preach He began to tear the world in pieces, and to put it together, showing that repentance is the gate which falls back on forgiveness. And when Paul began to preach he reasoned out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that Christ had risen from the dead. A Church without a great doctrine is only a piece of organisation or concealed ritualism. A Church must have some grand spiritual conception to keep it together, and keep it at work, and feed its inspiration. A Church without a fact is a house without a foundation. But who dare now preach on the resurrection? We have carried idealisation so far that we are not unwilling to hear that Christ rose just as any great man rises in posthumous influence. It is good to have amongst us a strong, brawny, robust believer, who, seizing us in our frivolous but poetical and highly-coloured realities, turns round upon us with a face of flame and says, "Christ is alive!" In his confidence we restore our faith. He has a right to speak. Only one man was more wounded than Paul, and that was Paul's Lord. On back, on breast, on head, on hands, on feet, he bore the brand of the Lord Jesus; he was an old-young man because of the sorrow he bore for Christ. When he turns that marred face upon us, it glows in every wrinkle and furrow as he says, "He is alive"; and I would not be bold enough and fool enough to contradict a voice which is the articulation of such agony of experience. You will never build a great, strong, healthy, useful Church on speculation, dream, and mere sentiment of words. Something must have been done, and something must have been done whose meaning grows upon the growing centuries. Shall we say, Something must have been planted? The

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symbolism of Christianity and Christian truth admits of all manner of variation; it requires multitudinousness of metaphor to undertake all the fruitfulness of its significance. Let us then say, Something must have been planted; it grows, widens, heightens, fructifies; and when the centuries are a million thick around it, still it grows, as somehow the loaf must grow as the children come.

Who were the people that said that Jesus was dead? They are called "accusers." No name is given. If the accusations were not anonymous, they were official—"the chief priests and the elders of the Jews informed me, desiring to have judgment against him." They were a body of energetic officials. Against them was pitted one man; his name, Paul; and he affirmed that Christ was alive. That Paul was an army; the stroke was the blow of a battering-ram. Demetrius came and said, "Silversmiths, gentlemen, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands." Paul associated young comrades with him, but greatly to their overshadowing and extinction; but the men who spoke of Paul never spoke of him as a company, as one of many, but "Paul"—this Paul, this one man, this concentrated host. The Church needs individuality as much as doctrine. Doctrine may be very great; but if it be not uttered, exemplified, and glorified by strong, passionate, invincible personality, even a newspaper may get ahead of it. A live Christ should mean a live Church.

Very wonderful is it that Jesus Christ is always self-revealed; that is to say, the action always begins on His side, as an act of construction and supply. The action on the other side is an action of conscious deficiency and painful need, a kind of dumb prayer groping about the gates of heaven, and not knowing how to make itself fitly known. Jesus Christ is self-revealed, we say. Take the case of the poor woman who was early at the grave, but not early enough. No man can ever be sufficiently early to catch Jesus Christ dead; He is gone before the whitening of the east. Said the woman to some strange figure, humbled for the nonce into a gardener's guise, "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him." And the figure changed itself like a planet escaped from an eclipse, and said, "Mary"; and she knew Him: and Love needs no exhortation to throw its arms around its idol. That was an act of self-revealing. And two men were walking, quite as sadly as Mary was herself affected, in the garden; and they said, We carry home with us in these cold hearts a dead trust, a shrouded, perished faith not worth embalming—let it rot; and the Man said, What! let your faith die! Why, tell me your sorrow. And, as the story proceeds, we find at a certain point, in the gloaming, the shades almost night, that some Man broke bread, and in the breaking of it revealed Himself, and vanished. It was His action, not the action of the men. In one instance it would seem as if a disciple had been the first to identify the Master, but not necessarily so. There was a Figure on the shore, and John said, "It is the Lord"; but who knows what gleam there went from His face, what spark of fire from His fingers, what look of heaven shone in His whole attitude? No; Christ is self-revealed. He says, I will tell Mary, I will tell these two Emmaus travellers; I will tell John, by sign that he cannot mistake, who I am.

But only those who want to know Christ can ever receive the revelation. Do you know Christ? If you say No, then I tell you you don't want to know Him. You may want to know Him in some kind of intellectual way, as a mere trick of mental curiosity or speculative solicitude, but your soul does not cry out for the living God. That is the reason you are a dead man—dead though Christ lives. Mary wanted to know; she said in every attitude and in every tone, "Oh that I knew where He is! Sir, if thou canst tell me, make haste!" It is to such want that Christ comes as the sun comes to flowers that droop because they need His smile. The two disciples wanted to know; John on the sea wanted to know. The law of Christ is that He will come wherever He is wanted—really, vitally, earnestly, agonisingly wanted. Do not try to find some metaphysical reason why you are not a Christian: your heart has never felt the pang of the Christ-hunger. This is the law to-day and for ever; hear the sweet Saviour, "If any man open the door" . . . Lord, must it be opened from the inside? "Yes." What is Thine attitude? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock:" I could shatter the door, but no man is saved by shattering; if any man will open the door, I will do all that Love can do: I will come in and never go out again. Now, the same thought has been put in another and harder way, namely, only they to whom Christ reveals Himself can ever perceive Him. I do not believe it—in that hard, literal, discouraging way. The gospel and discourage-

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ment are irreconcilable terms. The gospel does not build up difficulties; it comes to proclaim the possibility of their removal. Thus men would try to escape, saying, I do not see Christ, therefore Christ has not revealed Himself to me; when He does reveal Himself to me, I will see Him; when I see Him, I shall be a Christian. No; I give an emphatic thunderous No to that practical blasphemy. Christ replies to Need; Christ makes offers; Christ preaches good tidings; and men have it in their power to stop their ears and call Him Impostor. Do we really want to know Christ? I do not mean, as just explained, metaphysically and speculatively and intellectually, as who should say, This is a problem in history, and we are bound to look at Christ as we have looked at Socrates and Buddha and Confucius; we ought to consider this man, as well as the other men, as a very important character in history. You will never see the Christ. It is only Penitence that sees Him. We see Him through the telescope of tears; we know Him by some touch on the broken heart.

Did Christ always reply to need? The history says He did. Can any instance be cited which proves this? Yes. Take the blind men:—"Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!" What did He do? He gave them the day, the summer, the human face, the image divine; He made them rich with sight. "Lord," said the leper, "if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean"; and Jesus said, "I will"—I would have all things clean, and the man became a little child. Have we ever uttered these piercing cries? Have we ever cried in the heart, mightily, incessantly for Christ? If so, we have seen Him, or we will see Him; another appeal, and He will come; one more cry, and the eloquence will prevail.

Here, then, is the definite and positive work of the Church—to affirm that Christ is alive. Not a theory, but a fact; not a guess, but a reality; not a hope, but an experience. Paul could not have done his work if he had not enjoyed other inspiration than the remembrance that Christ was once crucified. Crucifixion cannot inspire. Death cannot really elevate the soul and make it firm for endurance and valiant in war. Death can sadden, can depress the soul, can put out the sun, can roll such clouds around the gates of the morning, that the dawn can never come. If you rejoice in those whom you have lost, it is because they are only lost awhile. They are nearer to you now than they could be whilst they were in the body; you do not know how thin the film is that keeps heaven out of sight. Tell me that Christ died some nineteen centuries ago, and I will say it was a pathetic incident, but it does not fill me with inspiration and confidence, and a determination to preach something to every creature; tell me that He died and rose again, and is alive, and is alive for evermore, and with me unto the end of the world: then you feed me, stir me, impassion me, until every faculty of my nature burns with new life, feels upon it the touch of eternity. You have lost the resurrection, and therefore any competitor can overthrow Christ's claims to your confidence. There are men outside who are laughing at you because you are preaching a dead Christ. The men are right. The laughter may be a divine rebuke. If we can affirm that Christ is alive, why, not a council in any county, not a parliament in any country, can for a moment compare with our message; then all these little secular excitements fall into their proper places, are set in their right perspective.

Let me call for consecrated conviction, wisdom, experience. Christ must be alive to the individual man. It will not do to have simply, as an intellectual conception, that Christ is alive. Christ must be born in each heart the hope of glory, Christ must be the supreme fact in every life; then will come, without organisation and mechanism, all that is best in revival, in missionary effort, in educational endeavour, and in beneficent practice. Alive to what end and for what purpose? He never changed His purpose: it can be put in two words—to save. He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth—what to do?—to pray, to pray for others, to make intercession for us. He is alive to comfort us. Do you know what comfort means, etymologically? This word has been allowed to fall into base uses. When we comfort hearts now, it would seem as if we meant that we stroke them, and caress them, and hush them, rock them in some spiritual cradle, or pacify them by some spiritual opiate; and we say, Now you will be comforted. In a sense, that is true: the nerves of the body may yield themselves to some such treatment, from a physical point of view; but that is not the meaning of the word comfort in the Scriptures. "Comfort"—what does *com* mean? *With strength*, it would seem roughly to mean on the face of it. So it does. To comfort in the apostolic sense of the term, and in the Christ sense of the word, is to give strength, to brace up, to say, Rise, play the man, and God will feed thee with power!

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By Silas K. Hocking

A Lancashire correspondent wants to know whether I think that modern discovery and invention have contributed to the comfort and happiness of mankind. He says that the subject has recently been discussed at a "Mutual Improvement Society" of which he is a member, and that out of a hundred present sixty voted in the negative. I confess I should very much like to have heard the discussion. One feels curious to know the kind of arguments that convinced sixty Lancashire young men that we had gained nothing in comfort by the discoveries of modern times. It would seem, on the face of it, as though the affirmative side of the question had been very badly put, or else that facts had been deliberately ignored. Of course a good deal depends on what is meant by the terms "Comfort" and "Happiness." But if we take the words in their generally accepted meaning, and then trace the history of discovery, say from the beginning of the century down to the present day, it is difficult to understand how anything but an affirmative conclusion can be come to.

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I know there are many people who have a rough-and-ready method of disposing of all questions. They quietly ignore facts and arguments, but they are strong in assertions. They tell you, in the most oracular way, that people are not one whit happier than they were a hundred years ago; that they enjoyed themselves quite as much at the beginning of the century as they do now; that for all practical purposes they were just as well off, and found just as much pleasure in existence as we do. Now, it is admittedly a difficult thing to prove a negative. Moreover, people who never enjoyed the comfort of many of our modern inventions could not, of course, have been conscious of their lack. In their own way they were, no doubt, fairly comfortable, and were not without sources of pleasure and enjoyment; but to say that they had just as many pleasures as we have, and found life every whit as comfortable, is to beg the whole question.

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Let us descend for a moment to particulars. The lucifer match is a modern discovery, and usually is not regarded as a discovery of the first order. Yet there can be no doubt whatever that the lucifer match — little as we prize it to-day—has added enormously to the comfort of the human race. Why, life would be almost a burden without it. Think of having to get a light by the old-fashioned method in the middle of a cold winter's night. First there is a hurried scramble for the tinder-box, then a hammering with the flint and steel; finally it is discovered, perhaps, that the tinder is damp, that there is no fire in the house, and that no light can be had till the day breaks. It is easy enough to trot out such old sayings as "What the eye does not see the heart does not feel," and "What we've never had we can never miss," with other saws equally profound. But I cannot help thinking that our great-grandfathers must have often sighed for a more expeditious way of getting a light than was known to them.

* * *

But this is only one of a score of equally useful inventions. It is one of the crosses of my life that I have to do a great deal of railway

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travelling, and occasionally when I am in a particularly reckless humour I indulge in the extravagance of a dining-car; and sometimes, when speeding through the country at the rate of sixty miles an hour in a well-ventilated, well-warmed, and sumptuously-appointed carriage, enjoying a well-cooked and well-served dinner, I think of the days of our great-grandfathers, and of the miserable journeys they had to take in wintry weather on the top of a stage-coach. It is difficult, under such circumstances, to come to any other conclusion than that modern discovery and invention have added immeasurably to the comfort of those whose business it is "to go to and fro in the earth."

* * *

For many of us, life has to be lived at high pressure, and our work can be accomplished only by using up all the odd moments. I am writing these notes, for instance, with the paper on my knee. Yet, thanks to my Swan fountain pen, I find no difficulty whatever. This modern invention renders easy what aforetime would have been an impossibility. I fill my pen twice a week and go ahead. There is no blotting or sputtering or renewing of pens. I write in waiting-rooms, in railway trains, in my bedroom. The only difficulty is when I have too much writing away from home and the fountain runs dry. Talk about comfort! The word is altogether too mild and feeble. The saving in temper alone is simply incalculable. I bless nearly every day of my life the man who invented the fountain pen.

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But the list is too long to be exhausted, and I have other correspondents to answer. Yet I cannot help wondering how those sixty brave men would like to be transported back to the year 1800. To have to live without lucifer matches or fountain pens; to have no gas in the house or in the street; to have no telephone or typewriter in the office; to travel by coach or canal if they wanted to take a journey; to have no railways or steamships or tram cars; to do without bicycles or tricycles or sewing machines; to have petrified kidneys in the streets instead of wood pavements; and flaring foul-smelling naphtha lamps instead of the electric light; to joggle in springless carts instead of riding on rubber tyres, and find foot-pads more numerous than policemen; to pay six-pence for a newspaper that contained no news, and a shilling to send a letter that might not reach its destination; to— But I forbear. Everything, after all, depends on the point of view But I am quite certain, had I been at that debating class, I should have voted with the minority.

* * *

E. V. C. (Aberdeen) writes me a long letter on the Arbitration Question. He thinks were arbitration generally adopted, it would not be an unmixed good. Indeed he is inclined to think it would be an evil, that it would mean the decay of courage and valour, that as a nation we should become nerveless and effeminate. "Fighting nations," he says, "become strong. The arts of peace tend to weakness." Indeed? Would it not be nearer the truth to say that strong nations become fighters? If a tribe anywhere believes itself strong enough to conquer a neighbouring tribe, it generally finds an excuse for picking a quarrel. The fact of it being strong is frequently the only *raison d'être* for the conflict. I should like to know also how our fighting the Russians or French or Afghans or Soudanese will develop the courage of the great bulk of Englishmen who stay at home and engage in the useful arts of peace? Are we to regard the hundred thousand redcoats as the English nation? And is courage to be found alone among those whose business it is to murder in a wholesale way?

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I know no question on which so much rubbish has been talked and written as on the so-called advantage and glory of war. If two men quarrel and they go out in a field to fight it out with their fists, we call it brutal and disgusting. All the newspapers are righteously indignant in a moment, and want to know what the authorities were about to permit such a demoralising exhibition. But if two nations quarrel and go on the battlefield to fight it out, we change our tune at once and call it glory. The hardest hitter becomes the greatest hero. The newspapers vie with each other in extolling the splendour of the exhibition, and the more ghastly the details the more they gloat over them. But where is the consistency? If it is brutal and disgusting for two men to fight, it cannot be less brutal when a hundred thousand engage in the business.

* * *

But you say we must defend our own and uphold the right. Exactly. That is precisely what the single combatants say. When two men seek to settle their quarrel by a game of fisticuffs, they have frequently quite as much reason on their side (and often a great deal more) as when nations engage in a much more brutal encounter. In the majority of instances there is no reason in either case. The worst

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and most degrading passions of the human heart generally lie at the root. If men were not inherently brutal, there would be no such thing as war.

* * *

But to come back to the contention of my correspondent. If fighting is so necessary to keep our courage up and to develop our valour and prowess, where is the sense in preventing us fighting each other? Why not let us all have a fling when we are in the mood, or when we imagine somebody has wronged us? Let us do away with lawyers and law courts, and settle our differences in the prize ring. There would be miscarriages of justice, no doubt; for the strong would have all the advantage then, as the rich have it all to-day. But think what a race of heroes we should become in a few years! Think of the courage we should develop—and the muscle! Think of the magnificent gain in brute force! Moral and intellectual considerations must, of course, be left out of the reckoning. I believe that no one pretends that fighting is a particularly religious exercise, or that discharging rifles, or sticking savages, or breaking your opponent's nose with your knuckles, is a highly intellectual pursuit. But think how courage grows thereby! According to some writers, it increases a man's courage even to read about war in the newspapers. Yes, but how much greater the gain if he could have a little war of his own, or witness his neighbours settling their disputes in the back yard! Logic, of all things, should go on all fours.

* * *

I wonder if my correspondent has overlooked the fact that there are many ways in which Englishmen may display their bravery. While explosions occur in our coal mines, and shipwrecks sadden our coast-line; while fires break out in our dwellings, and pestilence stalks through our streets; while sailors have to be found to man our ships, and fishermen to gather in the harvests of the sea; while countries remain to be explored, and mountains to be scaled, and a North Pole to be searched for; —while so many employments are distinctly hazardous, and must remain so, there will be no lack of opportunity for the display of courage and bravery. And, in my judgment, it requires a far higher type of courage to man a lifeboat in the teeth of a howling hurricane of wind and venture out on the treacherous sea, or to go down through fire-damp and smoke in a brave attempt to rescue an entombed comrade, than it does to march with a thousand more to the strains of martial music, and in face of a danger that can be only dimly seen.

This constant glorification of mere animal courage is as pitiful as it is demoralising. As though absence of fear were a virtue to be proud of, and bravery existed alone among those whose business it is to kill! It is time we learned the truth that true courage is not an absence of fear—a blind animal passion that recks not of danger, and has no consciousness of terror. Courage of the highest type is more than that, and different. He is the courageous man who sees all the peril, who is torn by all the torment of fear, and yet, in obedience to a moral impulse, goes forward unfalteringly to face all the danger of the situation. Some of the world's most heroic deeds have been performed by the most timid people. Many of the early martyrs were timid shrinking women, and yet they dared to do and die. It was not absence of fear that made them heroic, but strength of conviction.

* * *

We shall learn in time, perhaps, to bestow honour where honour is due, to recognise the high and heroic qualities displayed in the arts of peace, and to differentiate between mere brute force and moral impulsion. To my thinking, there is no more heroic or valorous race of men in England to-day than our doctors. I know they are not all fearless men, but of their courage there can be no doubt whatever. They take their lives in their hand every day, and go forth at the call of duty. The deadly typhus or diphtheria, the foul smallpox, the fatal cholera, have terrors enough; but they do not deter. More than any class they recognise the peril, and yet they bravely face it, and while others fly in terror they remain. So I disagree totally with my correspondent. Courage will not die out, even though wars should come to an end.

* * *

The letter of *R. W.* (Birmingham) is painful reading. *R. W.* is twenty-six, and hopeless. He has not succeeded very well in business, and his one love affair has proved a failure; hence his distress. He has given up going to church, and his faith in Providence has practically gone by the board. At one time he believed in his fellows, and in particular had profound reverence for women; but he has come to the conclusion that all men are inherently selfish, and that women, with scarcely an exception, are "vain, treacherous, cruel, and not to be trusted under any circumstances." Naturally, he is very miserable, and more than once has wondered whether it was worth while prolonging "an existence that was destitute of both joy and promise."

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All this is very sorry stuff. *R. W.* needs shaking. It is simply ridiculous that a young man of twenty-six should talk in this pessimistic fashion. *R. W.* has not "got on." Did he expect to find the world at his feet directly he left school? Most men are content if they win anything like a position by the time they are forty. Moreover, if a young man is made of the right kind of stuff, he does not despair at one defeat or ten. Life is greatened by conflict and tribulation. Our moral thews are toughened by effort. We gain wisdom by our mistakes, and experience is valuable when it is dearly won. At twenty-six, if a young man have common-sense and a good constitution, all the world is before him. There is no saying what he may or may not accomplish. No age was ever so rich in promise as the present. Never had real worth and ability a better chance. But there must be earnest determined effort. There is no chance in these days for sluggards and loafers. People who are too lazy to work will find themselves where they deserve to be—at the bottom of the ladder.

* * *

There is a danger, however, lest we set too great value upon mere worldly success. A man is not necessarily a failure because he does not make a fortune or get himself talked about in the newspapers. The term "successful man" is often grossly misapplied. The fortunate speculator or company promoter who succeeds in amassing a huge fortune is spoken of admiringly as a great success. He may not have added a penny to the enrichment of the world. He has simply enriched himself, and done so at the expense of other people. In art, in science, in literature, in commerce, he has contributed nothing; he has founded no industry, enlarged no field of enterprise, caused no single blade of grass to grow; yet, forsooth, because he has made money he is called a successful man. This is, no doubt, very pitiful; but the world is getting wiser. There are signs that the worship of the golden calf is less unctuous than it was, and the day will doubtless come when the race will acknowledge a loftier and truer standard of judgment.

* * *

Let me advise *R. W.* to give up whining and play the man. There is no such thing as failure if we do our duty and keep a clean conscience. Failure belongs to the man who has perjured his soul, and descended to meanness and trickery and lies. Let me urge him also to clear his mind of cant and prejudice. It is the mark of a little mind to condemn all the flock because of one black sheep. All women are not flirts. And if his Rachel has flung him over, perhaps she has had good reason for doing so. But even if not—if he has proved himself a satisfactory lover from every point of view, and she is simply a heartless jade—why, let him rejoice in a good riddance, and be thankful that he has another chance in life.

* * *

A fair correspondent from Dublin objects to the suggestion made a few months ago that women are cruel. "All history," she says, "gives the lie to such a contention. The history of womankind from the earliest times shows that they are gentle and merciful and tender-hearted, that they have ever been the succourers of the sick and wounded, that in deeds of moral heroism and self-sacrifice they have ever been to the front, and when they have been wronged and abused they have been all too ready to forget and forgive." I am only too pleased to print my correspondent's eloquent and generous defence of her sex. For, as a rule, I am afraid, women are not too generously disposed towards each other. Indeed I have sometimes thought that they are a trifle hard on each other. Young women who have to earn their own living in shops and offices have told me repeatedly that they would infinitely rather serve under men—that men are more considerate of their feelings, and in every way more kind and generous. There may, of course, be another side to this question, and I shall be glad to hear what my readers have to say.

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It should be explained, however, that the suggestion that women are cruel came from a woman, and was made in connection with the detestable practice of wearing aigrettes. *Apropos* of this, the newspapers have been telling us lately that in London particularly the majority of women refuse any longer to wear them, and as the result very clever substitutes have been provided, manufactured out of whalebone, and are such close imitations that only experts can tell the difference. It is to be feared, under this arrangement, that many women will be blamed for what they do not deserve. Better have nothing to do, either with the evil itself, or with the appearance thereof.

* * *

M. B. sends me a cutting giving particulars of cruelty to seals. This is a matter that is being inquired into.—The questions raised by *T. W.*, *X. X.*, *M. S.*, *R. O. L.*, *N. K.*, and *V.* are not of general interest.—*M. M.'s* MS. had no name or address on it. I wonder authors can be so careless.—*W. B.* You should not send loose stamps for reply; in every case you should send a stamped addressed envelope.—*N. T.* I cannot advise you. Consult a solicitor.

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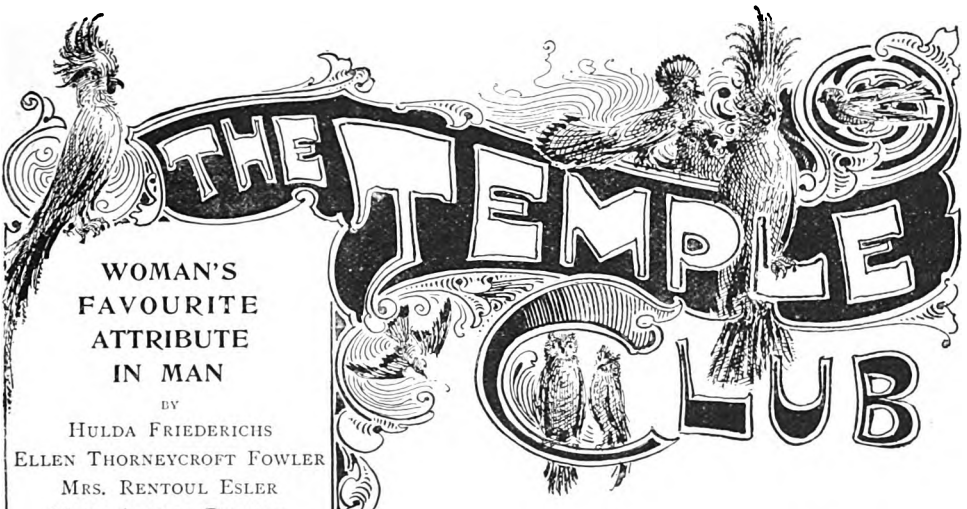

I.—By HULDA FRIEDERICHS

IF the world were what it ought to be, and all the men and women right-minded, it would be easy to answer the question as to what is woman's favourite attribute in man. It would then be simply a matter of temperament, for a woman would prefer the man whose qualities either harmonised with or were a complement of her own.

But the world, and men and women, are not all they ought to be; and if it were possible—which it is not—to collect honest and reliable information on this point, it would, I am afraid, be found that an appallingly large number of women would like that man best who, without being an absolute scoundrel, has the longest purse. It is a dreadful thing to make this statement, but my experience of a good many women bears it out. Nine out of every ten women prefer ease and comfort to anything that life can give, and would gladly and thankfully prefer the attribute of wealth in a man, if they had the chance. Nor is this altogether unnatural in the case of the poor struggling woman who finds it very hard to make a living. Many and many a woman of this class, otherwise high above sordid motives and actions, has confessed to me, in bitterness of spirit at the endless dreary drudgery, that so long as a man would and could take from her the heavy yoke of poverty, she would be quite ready to do without other admirable qualities in him. I am not condoning this state of things, but I think that, in pity, those of us who have never been obliged to walk the dark and stony paths on the brink of poverty ought not to be too severe with the woman whom dire want and weariness drive to the conclusion that wealth is the best attribute in man.

Curiously enough, the well-to-do woman is, in many cases, just as mercenary with regard to men. In the abstract she admires ever so many fine qualities in them; but when it comes to the men with whom she is personally connected, she vastly prefers the moneyed man as guest at her table, as suitor for herself or her daughters, as friend of the family. It is our prosaic period, our craving for realism, our contempt of "sentiment," which create the type.

Thank heaven, there are exceptions to this rule. There are still women to whom a man's money-bags say nothing; who do not so bow down before the genteel black cloth of "the Church," that a curate, whatever may be his moral and intellectual qualities, is always the most admired of men; to whom that man still is the best type of all men of whom Wordsworth draws the noble picture of the "Happy Warrior." Every line of the poem shows a feature of this man, of whom General Gordon was pointed out as a type. It is the man

> Whose high endeavours are an inward light
> That make the path before him always bright:
> Who, with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
> . . . He fixes good on good alone, and owes
> To virtue every triumph that he knows;
> . . . Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state.

Most women, I fancy, admire this sort of man

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from afar off, and some there are who admire him only. But when this dying century shall have gone—when this "decadent" period has given rise to a new and better one—then, one hopes and believes, his moral worth will again become the attribute all women like best and honour most in men, not only theoretically, but in practice.

II.—By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

Q.—WHAT is a woman's favourite attribute in man?

A.—Whatever attribute is most conspicuous by its absence from the circle wherein she has been brought up.

The woman who has been trained in a busy middle-class home falls in love with the nonchalant ease and agreeable manners of the pleasure-loving aristocrat; the girl whose path has lain through the untrodden fields of Bohemia is attracted by the practical and comfortable common-sense of the business man; she who has breathed the air of examinations and over-education finds her ideal hero in the magnificent young athlete whose one object in life it is to "go out and kill something"; and she whose surroundings have been entirely commercial and commonplace sees a fairy prince in the dreamy and imaginative man of letters.

History and literature are full of examples of this rule. Take, for instance, the case of Jezebel. The father and brothers of such a woman were, we may be sure, no weaklings: had they wanted a particular vineyard in Zidonia, they would straightway have taken the same, without troubling the ladies of the house with so trifling a matter; yet the man of Jezebel's choice was like a puling child crying for the moon. I believe that—with all her faults—the queen loved Ahab. It was no vaulting ambition, no religious fanaticism, that induced her to intrigue and lie and murder in order to obtain a paltry garden of herbs. She simply loved the man who had set his heart upon so small a thing, and she could withhold nothing from him. Jezebel had been accustomed to the bold and warlike proceedings of Ethbaal and his sons; therefore the very weakness and childishness of Ahab was lovable in her eyes.

Turn from the greatest book of history to the greatest book of fiction. When we read the epithets which the old Capulets hurled at their unhappy daughter, we understand why it never struck Juliet that the love-sick Romeo's compliments were now and then a shade too sugary; and when we picture the smooth and courtly atmosphere wherein Beatrice had been educated, we realise what a charm she found in the sour wit of Signor Benedick.

As we dwell upon the prudence and prescience of Lot, selecting for himself the well-watered plains of Jordan and arranging a not too fatiguing retirement to Zoar, we feel it was inevitable that the sons-in-law of such a man should listen, in their light-hearted folly, neither to advice or warning; and when we turn over a later page of history and recall the effeminate and luxurious court where Mary Stuart's youth was spent, we are not surprised that she lost her heart to fierce James Bothwell.

There is no doubt that the results of this rule are, on the whole, beneficial. Women are far more susceptible to influences than men are; and if all the forces which swayed them tended in one direction, they would become shockingly narrow-minded and one-sided creatures.

It would be interesting to discover the underlying reason of this rule: whether it lies in the fact that women resemble their own people, and that therefore the opposite to themselves is their complement—or in the fascination which the mysterious and unexplored must always exercise—or in the feeling (known to us all) which prompts us to beg that our meats may be baked to cinders, when we have suffered for some time under the régime of a cook who has erred on the side of the thing that is raw.

Do we find the Known so nearly perfect that we argue therefrom that the Unknown must be perfection itself? Or do we find "the ills we have" so difficult to endure that we feel a flight "to others that we know not of" must of necessity be an agreeable change?

A wiser woman than I must answer this question.

III.—By MRS. RENTOUL ESLER

IT would be easy to evade the point of this question by saying, "It depends on the woman," but that would be to consider parochially what is a racial characteristic. Woman's favourite quality in man is unquestionably forcefulness—without ferocity.

It is inadvisable to talk scandal, even about queens, and therefore I will not indicate that

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Cleopatra and the Queen of the Amazons and Her Majesty of Sheba had decided preferences for dominant men, and indicated them with more than commendable frankness.

Where women writers invent a type, and do not merely portray what they see, their hero is always a masterful man. Amyas Leigh was not this, and therefore he had a good deal of trouble with Aurora. Edward Rochester (preferably Mr. Rochester to the woman who adored him) was very forceful, and he galloped over the course easily in his pursuit of Jane Eyre. George Eliot's heroes were all strong men; where they are other, they drop early into futility and defeat. Ouida's heroes are all men of will; so are Rhoda Broughton's. Marie Corelli's are superhumanly capable. These are the ideals of creative artists, women who think out their desired type.

The distinguished writers who merely observe without inventing—as Jane Austen, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mary Wilkins—cannot be cited in support of this contention. I do not know that any of them has given us a hero; while Mrs. Humphry Ward sings principles, and not people.

But the forceful man must not be a brute. Charlotte and Emily Brontë could not conceive of male force apart from brutality, but this was due to their limited experience of well-bred men. Napoleon the First, a man of commanding personality, complained that, though many women had flattered him, preyed on him, yielded to him, only three women had loved him, and of the good faith of one of these there were moments when he was more than doubtful. But Napoleon was not a gentleman, and the women of his day were very civilised. The tyrant will have followers, certainly, as long as he is in power; but seize his treasure-house and baggage-waggon, and they will disperse like mist before the wind. William of Normandy's methods of constraining the affections of Matilda of Flanders would be impotent to-day. We are too cultured to acknowledge that the buffalo shall be lord of the prairie.

That force leads to victory is not essential in a woman's eyes. That her strong creature be wounded hurts her heart, but does not affect her reverence. The defeated who die in a great cause have always had long followings of faithful women. If I might, without seeming irreverence, refer to Judea in an argument so lightly led hitherto, I should say that, to the women who loved Him, the Master there continued to be the Master, on the Cross and in the Sepulchre, though the Resurrection was scarcely an expectation and the Ascension not even a dream.

IV.—By MARY ANGELA DICKENS

IT is always more or less unwise, in my opinion, to dogmatise on points of this kind, because the ways of man—and still more the ways of woman — are full of surprises, and have no consideration for the most carefully-constructed theories. And surely this latter end of the nineteenth century is a moment when a question which deals with woman in the abstract presents exceptional difficulties! We want, presumably, to arrive at the average woman's ideas on the subject; the abnormally high-souled and the abnormally feeble-minded are alike out of court. But this is an age of transition with woman, whether she wills it or no; and the finding of the average is by no means an easy business. Whether we believe in her or no, there is no doubt that the "New Woman" has brought an entirely new factor into the problem, and it is impossible to leave her out of the reckoning.

Taking the matter from the simplest point of view, however, and having regard to those elementary characteristics in man or woman which endure from age to age unaffected by circumstances or surroundings, it seems to me that that attribute in man which woman, consciously or unconsciously, most admires is that which I can only describe as the fighting quality. I call it the fighting quality, because what I mean is an essence which changes its expression from century to century, and is not to be labelled by the name of any one of those expressions. In a primitive state of existence it asserts itself as sheer physical strength. Later on, as the science of war develops, it develops also into a nobler kind of courage. When war becomes less universal, and commerce and art succeed it, it reappears as tenacity of purpose, pugnacious determination, or steady self-reliance. This fighting quality is to be met with to-day in all its forms from the earliest to the latest, and in one guise or other all women recognise and delight in it. The reason for this is not far to seek. The average woman has no touch of this quality inherent in herself. She develops it, sometimes, under pressure of

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circumstances. But she is for the most part vaguely conscious of its presence in man as the presence of that which, if needs were, would stand between her and the final pinch — be it of physical danger, mental inadequacy, or sheer material necessity — before which her woman's nature must succumb.

V.—By MRS. JOSEPH PARKER

In answer to the query, "What attribute do women like best in a man?" I should venture to reply that what women desiderate in a man is not an attribute, nor even many attributes, but a sum-total of reliable and lovable humanity. A predominant attribute would be very apt to be a bore. We have all known men who prided themselves on their honesty and plain speaking; but though honesty is a virtue the lack of which would be fatal to perfection of character, its extreme cultivation, to the exclusion of the softer graces of sympathy and consideration, might become as disastrous as even its entire absence could be. Again, who would tolerate a man who lacked generosity? But how easily generosity becomes spurious when disconnected with sturdier though less attractive qualities! The generosity which is the result of a kind of easy-going good-nature is very apt to degenerate into lavishness indulged at other people's expense. Some men borrow money which they never attempt to repay, and then boast that they never give a cabman less than half-a-crown for a fare. The so-called generosity is in this case only a bid for a cheap popularity, made with another man's money. For my part, I think that in place of the question, "What attribute do women like best in a man?" the inquiry might as reasonably be put, "What physical feature do women prefer in a man? Would they give the preference to a nose or eyes, or would they lay still greater stress on a mouth? Should he have a mouth such as Phidias might have modelled, or eyes whose lustre puts the morning stars to shame?" Most of us would say, Rather give us a blended whole, with no one feature of so heroic a mould as to put its humbler companions to undue shame. Even so with moral qualities, let them be moulded into something human and companionable, and do not let them be appraised singly, like unconnected and uninteresting sticks in the bundle of life.

For my part, I think that all undue analysis and vivisection of our fellow-creatures, whether men or women, is to be avoided. By dismembering them you destroy them. A flower may be a very interesting botanical specimen when you have divided it into its component parts, but it has ceased to be a flower. In the same way, a man cut up into sections of "generosity," "courage," "truthfulness," and the like, has ceased to be man—he is only an anthropological specimen. It is the blending of all these qualities, and many more, that makes a man. We are most of us but grown-up children, and we love to take things to pieces. When we cease to lay our destructive fingers on things material, we turn our attention to things moral and spiritual, and having dissected man we proceed to analyse the Almighty. It is perhaps an inevitable process in our education; but I cannot but think that we should get more comfort, both from our fellow-creatures and from our Lord, if we took them in their entirety, and did not regard them so much as so many disjointed attributes. It is always atmosphere that gives charm, and it is the subtle indescribable atmosphere in which the different virtues dwell together in unity that creates the lovable whole.

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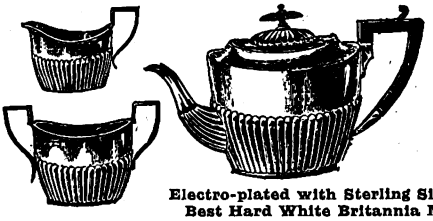

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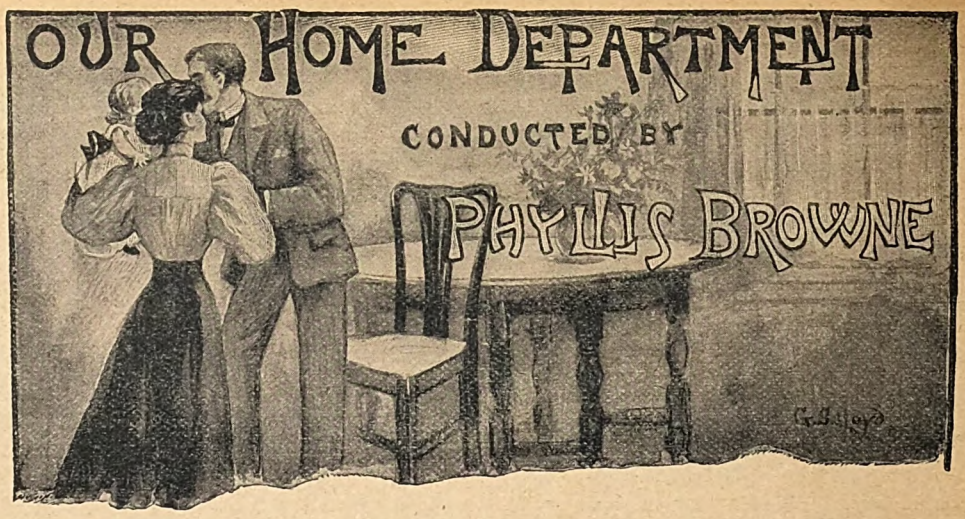

FLOWERS FOR THE HOME

It is extraordinary what a change has of late years come over the minds of experts in housekeeping concerning the employment of flowers and plants in the decoration of the home and the table. Our grandmothers had no patience with those who kept flowers in a room. They pronounced them untidy, and thought they made the place slovenly, and took away from its freshness. Flowers were bought by dandies for buttonholes, and by ladies who were going out to dinner, but thrifty housewives never dreamt of purchasing them as a necessary of life. Now these same housewives buy flowers as they buy carrots and onions—as a matter of course; and it is the old-fashioned people only who do without flowers.

One consequence of our changed customs in this respect is that flowers are much more abundant than they used to be, and we have them almost all the year round. They are sent by the ton from abroad, and long before our native products are in bloom those of other climes are available. They are to be had for so small a sum that they are within the reach of nearly all, and where the love for them exists few need to go without them on account of their price. Yet this love is almost universal; for the spirit of beauty is abroad in the land, and every year there is an increasing desire amongst housekeepers to make the home pretty and attractive as well as comfortable and healthy. Where once the aim was to have houses solid and substantial, suggestive of great wealth, we now find the wish to make them bright and charming, suggestive of a dainty taste and fancy. To this brightness and daintiness nothing helps so much as do lovely flowers.

If flowers are to be made the most of, they must be gathered judiciously, wisely cared for, and prettily arranged. Those who are so fortunate as to have gardens ought to see to it that they are gathered respectfully. They should never be dragged off the stem and broken, but deftly cut with sharp nippers. The stems should be as long as may be, and especially does this rule hold good with regard to tall slender shapes. No one can arrange flowers effectively who receives them with tiny scrimpy bits of stalks. Also, they should never be gathered either when wet with rain or in the heat of the sun; they fade much more quickly when these mistakes are made. Many of the flowers which are reputed to be short-lived will keep their beauty for a long time if judiciously gathered. Lilies, iris, gladiolus, should be gathered when just opening; but poppies, Lent lilies, evening primroses, and wild roses should all be gathered while the buds are closed. If they are then put into water, they will open most beautifully, and be things of joy for days. Take field-poppies, for example: everyone knows that it is waste of time to gather them when blown—they fall before they can be taken to water. But if a bunch of buds be gathered and put into water, the flowers will gradually open one by one, the little green sheaths will drop, the silky crumpled leaves will straighten themselves out, the slender stems will droop in the most fantastic way; and the vase which contains the flowers will be a most lovely object, and remain lovely for ever so long.

Flowers should never be crowded in a vase. Overcrowding interferes with their well-being, just as it injures the health of human beings. They want room to drink in the water, and will live very much longer if not closely packed. Yet they vary very much in the amount of water they require. As a rule, those with thick juicy stems absorb the most. It is astonishing what a quantity of water some flowers need, yet it is neither necessary nor desirable to lift the blooms out of the vases every time fresh water is supplied. Some blooms will fall if handled, which would have continued beautiful ever so long if left untouched. When there is danger, therefore, that the leaves will fall, pour fresh water gently into the vase. When flowers are lifted and rearranged, it is advisable to cut a little piece off the ends of the stems; this helps to revive them. Authorities in floral decoration frequently advise that a little salt should be put into the water which contains flowers; others prefer a small pinch of soda. Nothing, however, is more valuable for the purpose than pulverised charcoal. It helps to keep the water sweet. It can be easily made by putting chips of wood on the stove and letting them become charred throughout. For the same object (that of keeping the water sweet), it is most important that the leaves should be stripped off that part of the stalk that goes into the water. A single leaf left to soak on the stem causes water to become offensive sooner than anything that could be named. Yet whether or not steps are taken to

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keep water in flower-vases sweet, it is most necessary that it should not be kept in a room when it has become foul. Stagnant water is not likely to do good either to the flowers which drink it or to the people who live with it.

The arrangement of flowers and the method of packing them for travelling must be left till next month.

SECRETS OF THE TOILET

How to Dress in order to lessen the appearance of Stoutness.

Amongst the minor but most real and annoying evils to which housekeepers who are approaching middle life are liable is that of growing too stout. Thoughtless people often sneer and make fun of stout ones, but they have no cause to do so: stoutness is not a crime, nor is it an inevitable consequence of laziness and self-indulgence; it is a misfortune. The truth is that many stout persons eat and drink about half as much as their thin neighbours do, and they take as much exercise as they can, although it is obvious that their infirmity makes it impossible for them to move about with the ease and activity of those who are slim. But if those who laugh at them had a sense of the true fitness of things, they would feel pity, and try to be helpful instead of being jocular. Very stout people are, as a rule, not very healthy, and they are usually exceedingly sensitive. They are really subjects for sympathy.

Those who are on the look-out for a remedy for the unpleasant condition referred to almost always take it for granted that a change of diet is all that is required; and stout people are advised to half-starve themselves, and to refuse whatever they like best, in order that they may become less obese. There is no doubt that perseverance in a judicious selection of diet and proper exercise are most helpful, and will accomplish wonders in the direction of reducing size and weight. Remedies of this kind are, however, dangerous when followed by those who do not fully comprehend them, and they frequently do far more harm than good. They ought never to be adopted except under the advice of a doctor; and numbers of women have seriously injured their health, and brought on debility and nervous depression, through employing them. Moreover, they are not by any means the only resource for ladies who are unduly stout. Much may be done to attain grace, dignity, ease, and elegance by the skilful observance of certain rules in dress; and these rules are well worth attention.

Everyone will agree that in order to have a good figure it is necessary for the body to be correctly proportioned. Women who are too thin are quite as inelegant as those who are too stout. If the stout people were of the same weight as now, and yet taller than they are, they would be all right. The style of dress has, however, much to do with apparent tallness and shortness, and consequently the appearance of too much flesh can be largely overcome by attention to the clothing. Let those who are too stout, and who have hitherto been careless about having suitable dress, adopt the following simple methods, and they will very soon have the gratification of hearing their friends say, "How much thinner you are than you used to be!"

Pay careful attention to the under garments, and try to have them smooth and close-fitting, without gathers and folds. Especially avoid gathers round the hips. Substitute "combinations" and princesse petticoats for the ordinary attire; or if petticoats must be worn, let them be hung from a deep band that hangs smoothly over the hips and fits the figure. It is surprising what an improvement may be effected by this means alone. After this, choose dress that will suggest length, not breadth. To this end, choose stripes that run lengthwise, not horizontally. Avoid trimmings that go round the figure. Make the outline of the figure as vague as may be, by wearing dark colours instead of light ones. Stout people always look their stoutest when dressed in light colours, because the outline of the figure stands out and is clearly seen. Make a practice of having an inner outline to attract the eye, by letting in a piece of bright-coloured material in the front of the dress and in the middle of the back, and let this be narrowed at the waist. If an all-round bodice is worn, break up the line which goes round the body, by cutting strips up the sides and ornamenting them, and wear some sort of trimming at the back to break the line. Never allow folds of material to be carried round the dress, and never wear sashes—they are most unbecoming to stout people; and let the hem of dresses that are to be worn indoors touch the ground. For comfort and convenience it is desirable that dresses should clear the ground, yet short dresses always make the wearer look stouter. Last, but not least, never let the dresses be tight. Stout ladies are often tempted to "pinch" a little, with the object of making themselves look slim; but they make a great mistake. Tight dresses show a little too much of the figure, and this is exactly what is not wanted. If only ladies would believe it, easily-fitting dresses are much more becoming for stout people than tight ones are.

So much for the dress. It will perhaps be a guide to women who do not know whether or not they are "correctly proportioned" if we give an approximate idea, as given by an authority, of what the weight ought properly to be, according to the height.

A woman of five feet should weigh 110 pounds.
A woman of five feet one inch should weigh 115 pounds.
A woman of five feet two inches should weigh 120 pounds.
A woman of five feet three inches should weigh 127 pounds.
A woman of five feet four inches should weigh 134 pounds.
A woman of five feet five inches should weigh 142 pounds.
A woman of five feet six inches should weigh 146 pounds.
A woman of five feet seven inches should weigh 152 pounds.
A woman of five feet eight inches should weigh 160 pounds.

SIX SEASONABLE PUDDINGS, BOTH COSTLY AND CHEAP

Dutch Pudding (good hot, but better cold).—Pour three-quarters of a pint of cold milk over 3 oz. of fine breadcrumbs; melt 3 oz. of butter in a gill of milk, add 3 oz. of white sugar, the peel of half a small lemon grated, and two large eggs well beaten. Mix well, and bake as soon as mixed for

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What to Eat, Drink, & Avoid.

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

Diet.—Under this head we will consider what is the best. Every man or woman must be a law unto themselves as to what to eat, drink, and avoid. The saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is very true, and the time of year and the climatic surroundings have much to say in the matter. In the Arctic regions you can eat and relish fats or fat mixtures such as would be fatal to you in the tropics. Why do our countrymen suffer so much from liver complaint? It is because our insular training in the British Isles has induced a love for roast beef, spirits, and strong beers, and we indulge in these with one result: **liver** complaint. Were we only rational, and adapted our diet to our surroundings, we would lead healthier, happier lives. Were we to a great extent to shun animal food, we would be healthier.

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three-quarters of an hour. When quite set, put thin slices of citron on the top, sift sugar on the peel, and finish baking.

Banana Cream.—Take half a pound of savoury fingers and five bananas. Dip each one quickly in and out of hot syrup, made by boiling together loaf-sugar and water, and flavouring with lemon juice. Pile the fingers in layers in a glass dish, and between each layer put a layer of bananas which have been peeled and cut into slices. Whip a pint of cream till firm; sweeten it, and flavour it with the juice of a small lemon. Pile the cream upon the biscuits, and serve cold.

Chocolate Pudding.—Take a teacupful of scraps of bread and soak in boiling water. When quite soft, drain well, and beat with three tablespoonfuls of chocolate powder and seven drops of essence of vanilla. Make a pint of custard, sweeten it, and flavour with seven drops of vanilla. Fill a greased pie-dish with alternate layers of bread and custard, and bake. Turn out and serve cold (or hot, if preferred), with custard sauce.

Cold Soufflé Pudding.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a gill of water. Make a custard with the juice of six oranges, or six lemons, or a gill of apricot purée, the yolks of four eggs, and sugar according to acidity. Stir the custard till thick, then strain. Dissolve the gelatine, and when the custard is cool mix the two thoroughly. They should be of the same temperature, or they will not mix well. Whisk the whites of the eggs till firm, and mix them last thing. If it is thought that this pudding is too rich, the custard can be made with a pint of milk, the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one, 4 oz. of sugar, and three eggs.

Raspberry Tapioca.—Wash half a teacupful of tapioca, and let it soak in half a pint of water overnight. Boil in a double boiler until quite clear. If it has been soaked, it will be done in about half an hour. Now add a saltspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Take the pan off the fire, and stir in gently a quart of raspberries, or part raspberries and part red currants may be used. Serve when cold with milk or cream.

Mountain Pudding.—Butter a shallow pie-dish and place a thick layer of ratafia biscuits in it. Beat three eggs, leaving out two whites, adding gradually 1½ pint of milk. Mix carefully with this four level tablespoonfuls of flour, 2 oz. of powdered white sugar, and the grated peel of a lemon. Boil over a slow fire, stirring constantly until the preparation thickens. Pour it over the ratafias, and let it stand for a few minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs till firm. Pile the foam on the pudding, and sift about a dessertspoonful of white powdered sugar on the top. Set the dish in the oven till the icing is lightly browned, and serve the pudding cold.

TWILIGHT TASKS

A lady correspondent has very kindly sent the following recipe for our collection of Twilight Tasks. We render to her our best thanks:—

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WORDS OF THE WISE AND WITTY ABOUT WOMEN

The wife, safest and seemliest by her husband stays.—*Milton.*

A woman set on anything will walk right through the moral crockery without wincing. — *Charles Dudley Warner.*

Men need not try where women fail.—*Euripides.*

If a woman is not fit to manage the internal matters of a house, she is fit for nothing. Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.—*Spofford.*

Either sex alone is but half itself.—*Plato.*

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—*N. P. Willis.*

Women who have not fine teeth, laugh only with their eyes.—*Mme. de Rieux.*

Bachelors' wives and old maids' children are always perfect.—*Chamfort.*

Note well a house that is prosperous among men, and you will find virtue prevails among its women. —*Sophocles.*

Love and a cough cannot be hid.—*George Herbert.*

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—*Richter.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. E. P. wishes to know the best way to clean a Persian rug. She asks if ox gall should be used for the purpose.—Persian rugs are valuable, and require careful treatment. Recently large dealers have undertaken to clean Persian rugs by means of what they call the "blow process." By the aid of machinery they manage to pass compressed air through the fabric, and it is claimed that every particle of dirt is removed, and that the carpet is perfectly cleansed. The charge for this process is "about" fourpence per square foot. In private houses Persian rugs are sometimes washed with ox gall, and also with Marine soap. If the operation is skilfully done so that a dark line is not left between the spaces covered by the sweep of the hand, and if thorough drying is secured, the rug unquestionably is made bright and clean for a time. But it very quickly becomes faded and dirty, and the renovation cannot be called a success. As to the second question asked, the sale of silver paper does not belong to the Home Department.

To clean Persian Rugs.

Sarah, of Newcastle (who thinks THE TEMPLE is "a splendid magazine"), asks for a recipe for knitting ladies' under-vests. — The following is very simple, and fits well. Take three No. 10 bone needles and half a pound of unshrinkable vest wool. Cast on the number of stitches required for the size. (For an average adult size, 69 stitches would be right.) The number of stitches taken

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should be divisible by 3. Knit a plain row, then knit 3 plain 3 purl backwards and forwards, till there is a length of 150 stitches. Cast off all excepting 18 stitches, knit these backwards and forwards until there is a sufficient length for a shoulder strap (45 stitches for the average adult size). Make the back in the same way, and when done join it to the front with a needle and wool. For a sleeve down to the elbow cast on 60 stitches, and work 3 plain 3 purl till there is a length of 50 stitches. Then put the knitting on smaller needles, and knit seven or eight rows. Sew up the sleeves and fasten them into the vest, and knit or crochet any narrow border to go round the neck and arms.

A. B. W. would be glad to know what she can do to keep salt from caking in the salt-cellar. Also, how can she make salt fine and smooth instead of being coarse and rough.—To keep salt from caking, mix a tiny quantity of corn flour with the salt (say as much corn flour as would lie on a threepenny-piece with a tablespoonful of salt). If common kitchen salt is used, rub two large lumps of salt together to make the powder, instead of crushing the material. Could not *A. B. W.* provide herself with table salt for table use? It looks more dainty than household salt.

To keep Salt from Hardening.

A. R.—Straw hats are frequently washed at home in soap and water. It is true that they are liable to become somewhat yellow. It is believed, however, that if they are carefully washed with curd soap and water, rinsed quickly in clear water, and dried in the open air, but out of the sun, they will be fairly satisfactory. When it is found desirable to bleach them, housewives often wash straw hats in pure water without soap, and get them clean by brushing them, then put them into a box in which has been set a saucer of burning sulphur, and cover them closely, in order that the fumes may bleach them. The operator should be careful not to inhale the fumes. I am glad you find this column so interesting.

To clean Straw Hats.

O. G. T. will probably find that her white felt hat is much improved by being well rubbed either with hot bran (not too hot) or the crumbs of a stale loaf made hot. If the gloves are not very badly soiled, they also may be rubbed with oatmeal or dry bran. Should this gentle treatment not be sufficient, they may be laid smoothly on a clean cloth, and rubbed with a flannel dipped in milk and yellow soap, or with lukewarm water, curd soap, and ox gall, beginning at the wrists and rubbing towards the tips of the fingers. Before they are quite dry they will have to be pulled about till soft, covered with paper, and ironed. Benzine Collas is another good cleansing medium for gloves. May I confess, however, that, in my opinion, it is much wiser to send articles of the sort named to a professional cleaner than it is to attempt to clean them at home. Clothes can be cleaned in these days for a very small sum; the mode of treatment is a trade secret, and it is very easy to spoil them hopelessly.

To clean White Felt Hats and Buckskin Gloves.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

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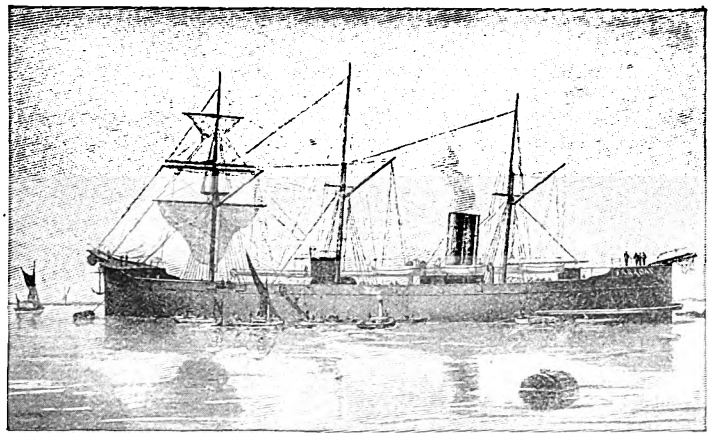

THE CABLE SHIP "FARADAY."
[*From a Photo by* ELLIOTT & FRY.]

THE MAKING AND LAYING OF AN ATLANTIC CABLE

BY HENRY MUIR

MY first visual acquaintance with an Atlantic cable began at Woolwich, in the central street of the Siemens factory, or electrical village as it might be called, since it is made up of several buildings, has a dock of its own, runs its own little hotel for officers and guests, and has a population of over two thousand. In this street, before the entrance to one of the workshops, were piled great coils of copper wire. This wire, I was informed, was to be the "conductor" in a new cable which was then in process of construction—copper, in marine lines as in land lines, having been found to carry the electric current better than any other available material. But it must be *good* copper; for only in proportion to its purity is it favourable to the passage of the current. Each hank of this copper wire, which lies ready to trip up the feet of the unwary in the factory street, is carefully tested for resistance before it is set aside to go into the cable; that is, a sample of it is compared with a standard which has been selected. A bit which shows less than ninety-eight per cent. of the standard is thrown out. But this happens rarely.

Even if it shows the required conductivity, however, it must not be supposed that it is ready to go at once under seas. In the first place, a single wire is too easily broken. To make it stronger it is spun into rope. Each hank of accepted wire is first wound on a spool. Twelve of these are then taken (the copper conductor may have more or less than twelve strands, but twelve was the number used in the cable I am describing), and mounted on a spinning machine. The threading of this machine is peculiar. One spool is placed in the centre, and the strand carried horizontally to a guide, and then on straight to an iron "nose," through which it passes. The eleven remaining spools are placed in iron frames, and mounted in a circle around the central spool. The result is a wheel of spools, one forming the hub, and the other eleven the tire. The wires from the eleven exterior spools are carried through eyes on to the guide, through which the central strand passes, and then to the "nose," where they meet the central wire. The machine is now threaded. When started, the central strand is fed horizontally into the "nose"; but as the wheel of outer spools rotates, the spools themselves keep always a horizontal position, just as do the cars in the Great Wheel. The result is that the eleven wires, in entering the "nose," are twisted by the revolution of the wheel around the central one, and that, as the whole passes from the "nose," we have a rope of copper wire. It is the conductor. If by chance one strand of it is broken, the usefulness of the whole is not injured. Indeed, ten of them may be broken in one place, and all of them at different places, and the conductivity still not be destroyed.

When the "thread is out," there should be about one nautical mile of copper rope, which, if nothing has happened to the wire in its passage through the machine, will be found, when tested, to be an admirable

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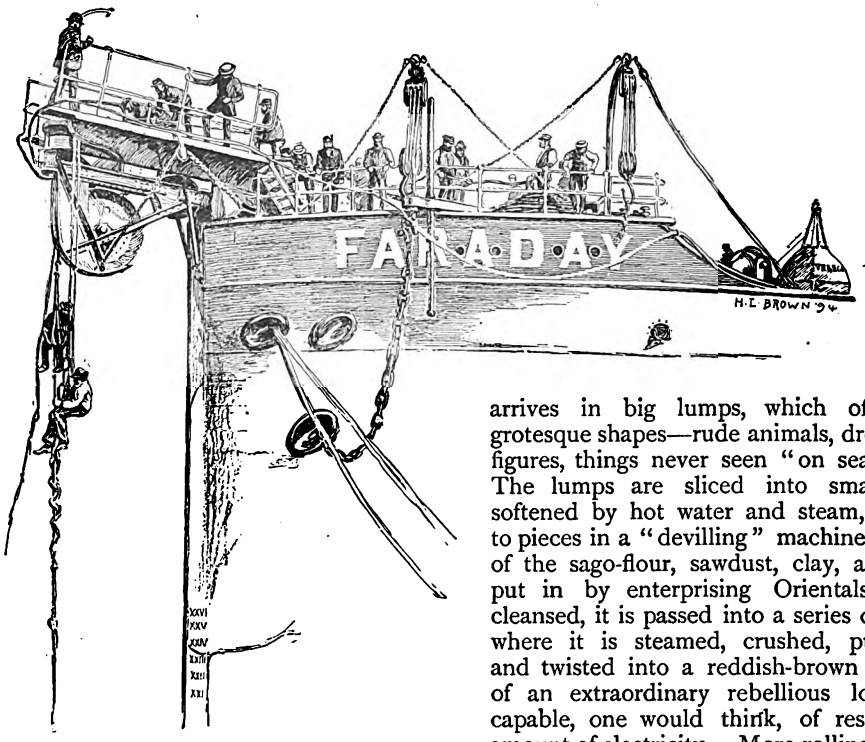

THE STERN OF THE "FARADAY," SHOWING THE STERN-BAULKS—THE APPARATUS FOR LOWERING THE CABLE INTO THE SEA CLEAR OF THE PROPELLER.

conductor. Admirable as it is, however, it would be utterly useless under water; for, while electricity will travel so fast in copper, it will not stay there if it can help itself. "Electricity a good workman!" I heard an irritated London telegraph manager exclaim. "Why, it takes a battery of seventy cells to work the land line between Land's End and London, just because the current is always watching for a chance to waltz down the pole and go home again." And in water, matters are worse.

To keep the electricity in the copper rope, then, the cable-maker *insulates* it; that is, he packs round it a substance which offers a great resistance to the passage of the current. The substance chosen is gutta-percha. As the specific resistance of gutta-percha has been estimated to be 60,000,000,000,000,000,000 times that of copper, it certainly *looks* as if it were equal to the task assigned it; and, as a matter of fact, it does very well.

The gutta-percha used at Woolwich comes direct to the factory from Singapore, and in as virgin a state as Malay and Chinese adulteration ever allow it to depart in. It arrives in big lumps, which often have grotesque shapes—rude animals, droll human figures, things never seen "on sea or land." The lumps are sliced into small pieces, softened by hot water and steam, and torn to pieces in a "devilling" machine to get rid of the sago-flour, sawdust, clay, and stones put in by enterprising Orientals. When cleansed, it is passed into a series of troughs, where it is steamed, crushed, pummelled, and twisted into a reddish-brown substance of an extraordinary rebellious look, quite capable, one would think, of resisting any amount of electricity. More rolling and beating reduce this mass to a pliable condition, and when it comes from the final rollers it is in sheets of varying thicknesses, which are soft and supple, and adapted to all sorts of uses. It is the thicker sheets which are used to insulate the copper rope. They are packed around it so firmly and smoothly that not an air-bubble can remain between conductor and insulator.

When the insulated strand, or the "core" of the cable as it is henceforth called, passes from this operation, it must go to the testing-room, to determine if the insulation is really perfect, or if a little electricity still can escape from the copper. It would be useless to make this test in the air, since even without an insulator the current does not pass readily into air. It must be tested under water, in the medium in which it is to be employed. Shallow tanks filled with water receive each section; and after a section has lain twenty-four hours in the water in order to come to the same temperature as the water, the test is applied. If the effect which ought to be produced on his galvanometer by passing into the core a certain quantity of electricity does not result, the electrician knows that there is a flaw, and that the insulation is imperfect—that is, that the electricity is escaping.

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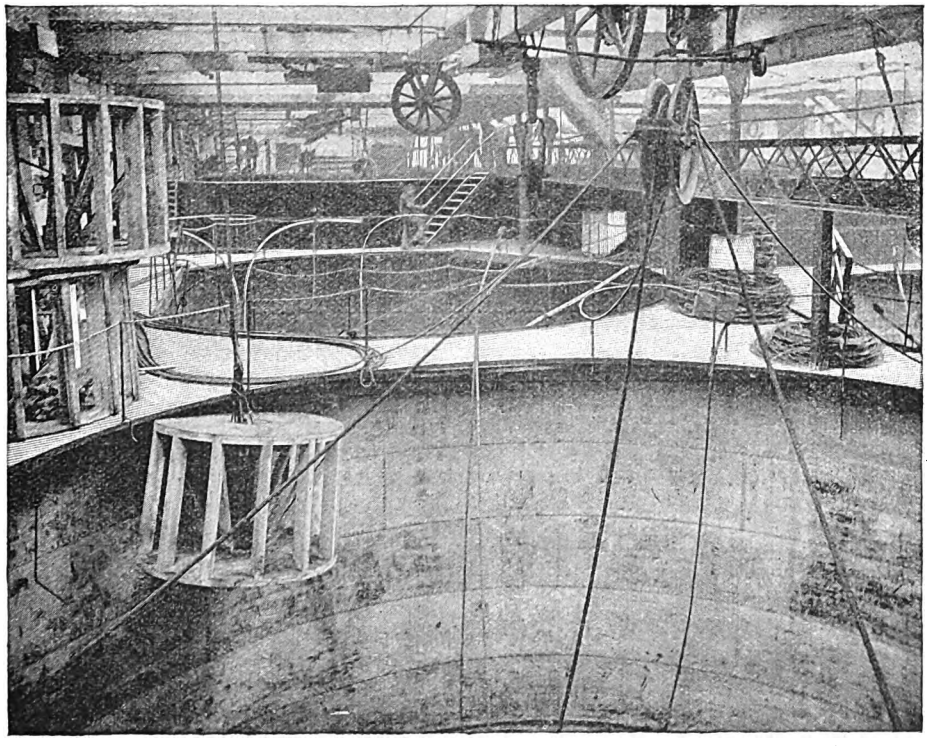
There is nothing that can be measured with more accuracy than electricity. The laws which govern its flow in a body are perfectly understood. The electrician knows how much he pours in. He can draw it out, measure it—treat it, in short, as if it were water in a pipe. A leak in an electric wire is dealt with almost as a leak in a water-pipe is, and can be located quite as exactly. When once located it is easily repaired.

Each section of core is, as said above, about one nautical mile in length. As the cable line in question was to cover 2201 nautical miles, it would comprise 2201 sections. The sections, as fast as they had passed the testing-room, were stored in tanks under water until the time came to joint them.

Jointing is one of the most difficult and delicate operations in cable-making. It must be so done that every one of the twelve copper wires in the conductor is perfectly joined and also perfectly insulated. The least imperfection at the joint may cause a future expense of thousands of pounds, and untold inconvenience to business, and loss of credit to the makers.

To see a joint made, I climbed, on one of my visits to Woolwich, up into a swallow-nest of a cabin, fastened in some mysterious way to the side of a wall of the "core" tank-room. In the centre of the little room sat an imposing individual, whose characteristics seemed to be rotundity, profuse sweating, and absolute cleanliness. An assistant shared the narrow space with him; a few simple iron tools and several big gas-jets served as his equipment.

By the time I had succeeded in perching on the edge of this aërial workshop in such a way as not to fall into the gas-jet burning at my elbow, or into the cable-tank gaping below, two lithe shiny black cable-cores were passed up to the assistant. With them came a tag bearing the number of the joint to be made, for every joint in all this two thousand miles of cable is numbered and recorded, and its history, from the day it is made up here in the jointer's nest until it falls into the sea, can be traced. First, the assistant cut off a few inches from the two ends; pared down the gutta-percha in such a way as to leave two or three inches of copper conductor uncovered; bevelled each end with a file,



THE CABLE-TANKS IN THE SIEMENS FACTORY AT WOOLWICH.
[*From a Photo by* ELLIOTT & FRY.]

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laid them together, soldered them, and then wrapped the joint tightly for the distance of half an inch with fine copper wire. This wrapping ensures a connection in case the soldering should sometime break.

The other man so far had done nothing. It was explained that in the work of jointing the copper he was not allowed to share lest it should "spoil his hands." His duty was to joint the gutta-percha, an operation in which much depends on delicacy of touch. When the copper joint was done, the core was passed on to him, and he proceeded to pare down the gutta-percha until he had perhaps a foot in all to work on; he then heated the gum on each side with a spirit-lamp, and with his fingers worked it down until the copper was all evenly covered. His next step was to build up the insulator. One after another, strips of gutta-percha, which had been heated at the end, were applied, wound around the core, and carefully worked and moulded the length of the wound. Should a bit of dust, an air-bubble, a speck of moisture, be left in the insulator, it would give trouble later. Hence this heating and kneading and caution against dirt. Experience has shown, too, that no machine will pack the gutta-percha at this critical point so perfectly as the human fingers. They alone can *feel* when the work is progressing properly and is finished satisfactorily; hence the care to keep them always sensitive, to prevent their becoming callous by rougher work.

DR. WERNER VON SIEMENS, ELECTRICAL INVENTOR, AND HEAD OF THE CABLE FACTORY AT WOOLWICH.

The joints of each day are tested at night by the electrician, first for their size with a gauge, and then for the insulation. This latter test is simple and interesting. One end of the length of core is applied to a battery, and the other insulated in the air. The joint is then laid in a dish of water, placed on an insulated table, and a copper wire is run from the water to a galvanometer. The current being turned on, any electricity escaping from the joint must pass into the water, be taken up by the copper wire, and marked by the galvanometer needle. If none escapes, or not more than the amount allowed—for no absolute insulation is possible—the joint is marked "passed."

The "core" is now finished. But as it now stands it is in no wise fitted to meet the shocks that await it at the bottom of the sea. It must be protected against the chafing of sands and rocks and the possible wrenches of anchors. This protection lies in a sheath of steel wires, separated from the soft gutta-percha of the core by a packing of jute. The jute is spun about the core exactly as the eleven copper wires of the conductor are spun about a central wire; and about all, finally, is spun the steel sheathing in the same fashion.

As one goes about among the spinning machines, he notices that the sections of steel sheathing vary much in thickness. Here is one woven of twenty-four wires, one of thirteen, and one of twelve. And the wires also vary; so that the section of fewest wires is the largest in diameter. Here is a section made, not of single wires at all, but of strands of three wires. In fact, one sees seven different varieties. The occasion for such diversity is this: In the middle of the Atlantic a cable is dropped to a depth of two or three statute miles, and as it is paid out to such a depth it must have a great burden to sustain in its own weight. To make the weight as little as possible, consistent with needful quality and strength, becomes therefore important. The deeper a cable is laid the less its liability to disturbance, and the deep-water sections therefore

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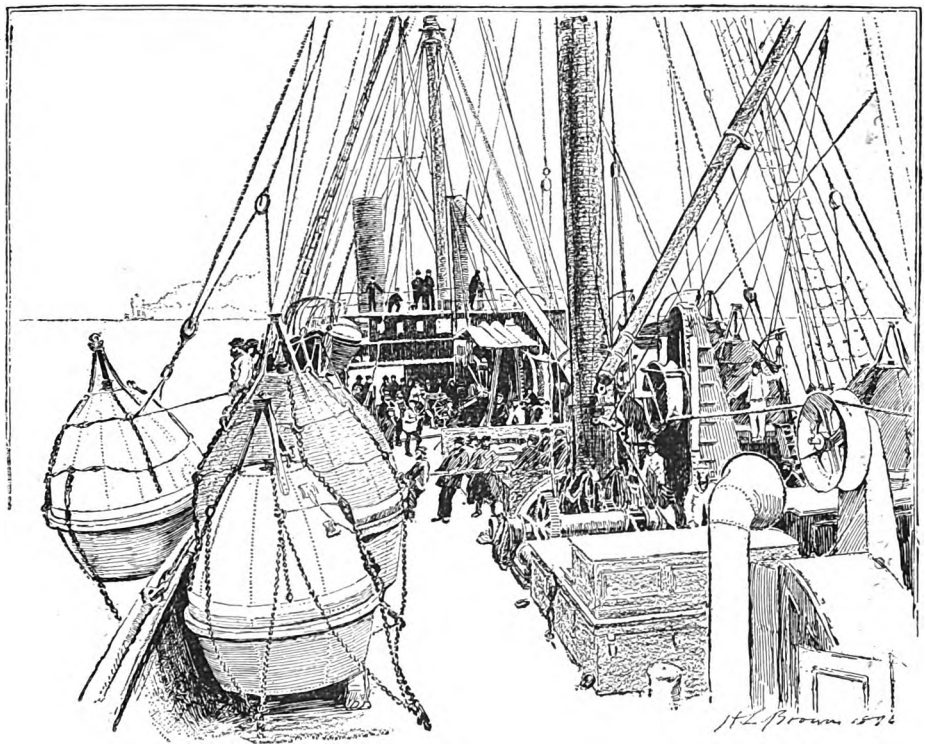

VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE "FARADAY," LOOKING TOWARD THE STERN.

may be made much lighter than the shallow-water sections. As the cable draws nearer the shore, where the dangers grow greater, a heavier and heavier sheathing is adopted, until, in what is known as the "shore end," comes the heaviest of all.

As the finished cable comes from the sheathing machine it is given three or four coatings of tar. From these tar-baths it is run out of the strange weaving-room over pulleys into the tank-house, wherein it is stored under water until the time comes to take it to sea. It is an interesting operation. As the cable comes over the pulleys into the tank, the men at the bottom guide it evenly round and round in great coils from the rim to the cone which fills the centre. It is not so simple a matter, and every coil must be watched to keep it from kinking or from overlapping the last. While one man runs round and round, guiding the cable into place, others at equal intervals hold the coils in position. Of the lengths of cable thus stowed away, the ends are always left accessible, so that connections can be made with the testing apparatus, for the testing still continues at frequent intervals even on the finished cable.

As soon as a fair portion of a flake is laid, a curious operation begins—giving the cable its whitewash bath. This is done to keep the freshly-tarred coils from sticking. At the end of each day's work the water is turned on, and the cable is left to soak in its element. Indeed it is never left long enough without water to become dry.

When enough cable has been finished and stored in the tanks, it is conveyed aboard the cable-ship *Faraday*, to be carried to sea and laid. The *Faraday* lies moored in the Thames, and the cable is paid rapidly into her hold from the top of the tank-house, passing, in its way, over scaffolding rigged up on a couple of barges to support it, and leaving on pulleys and ways, as it passes, great streaks and blotches of whitewash.

There are three iron tanks on the *Faraday* built into the frame of the ship, and holding altogether 1700 miles of deep-sea cable. The two larger of these tanks are each forty-five feet in diameter and thirty feet deep. The cable is coiled into them just as it is in the tank-house ashore, but with much more bustle. The tanks are larger; the workmen are more numerous. There is always a circle of spectators hanging silently over the rim,

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half-hypnotised by the huge swaying writhing cable, by the steady running of the men, by the crooning songs into which they break when all goes smoothly. It is hard to get away from the tanks, though it is a mistake to stay there too long. There are too many other things to see.

First of all, there is the testing-room; for now, as always, the end of each length of cable is within the reach of the electrician, and receives its daily test. The testing-room lies nearly amidships, forward of the engines, where it feels as little as possible the vibration of the twin screws and the pitch in heavy seas. It is supplied with all the appliances for electrical testing: batteries by the score fitted against the walls, condensers, testing-boxes, telegraphic apparatus for signalling to and from the shore when the cable is paying out, and, on a large table in the centre, the most essential of instruments, the marine galvanometer.

In laying a cable it is of the first importance to have the cable always under control. Control is secured first by passing the cable under and over a series of grooved iron wheels, running aft down the centre of the ship's deck. The hold thus obtained is considerable, but it is the greater if the cable comes slightly bent from the tank. From the series of wheels the cable runs over a pulley, and passes three times around a drum some eight feet in diameter. Connected with this drum is a brake, which is used to restrain the cable from paying out too fast. A cable pays out too fast when it goes to the bottom slack instead of taut; and, in spite of the fact that the ship is always steaming ahead, and the further fact that the water in its resistance supplies something of a check, yet, as the cable weighs some two and a half tons to the mile, its own weight would pull it over much too rapidly were it not stopped by the brake.

Aft of the brake there is an instrument called a dynamometer, which shows exactly the strain to which a cable paying out is subjected. This strain is signalled to the man at the brake by an arm which rises and falls, and he, knowing just what strain is allowed, manipulates his brake accordingly.

From the drum the cable runs to the stern-baulks—a projection carried out from the stern to keep the cable clear of the propeller—and drops into the sea.

When the *Faraday* moors off the starting-point, the end of the cable passed over the stern-baulks is carried ashore, run into a testing-house, and communication with the ship is at once established. As soon as the end is safe ashore, and it has been proved that there has been no disturbance of conductivity in landing, the paying out begins in earnest.

The scene on board a cable-ship is novel in the extreme during the regular work. The ship exists for the cable, and during the paying out it is the cable's staff which gives the orders for the manœuvres. The signals are placed at the bow and stern, so that the orders to the engine-room can be given according to the demands of the picking-up and paying-out gear.

The cable crew is really threefold—that in the tank, presided over by a cable foreman, which sees that the cable goes out of the tank to the machinery all right; that at the stern, presided over by the cable engineer, which sees that the cable passes properly into the sea; and that in the testing-room, which is responsible for the electrical condition of the cable.

The captain is supposed merely to put the ship where the navigating officer wants her; that is, to follow the cable's path at the speed necessary for the work. This path, in the case of an Atlantic cable, is well known. The hills and valleys of the Atlantic bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland are as clearly marked on the chart as the hills and valleys on a map of England.

In spite of the whitewash, the coils sometimes stick together, and two or three come up together, fouling in the most baffling way. The eye of the cable foreman is always on his charge, however, and at the first indication of kink or foul he can signal to the engine-room to stop. It is in the testing-room that the watch is probably closest. The "spot-chaser," as the electrician is called in cable-ship *argot*, perched on a stool, keeps his eye fixed on the spot of light by which the motions of the magnetic needle are marked on the scale, and if for an instant it quivers and hesitates, or if, surest sign of all, it suddenly gasps and disappears, he knows that there is something wrong, and instantly signals to stop the paying out. Then a search begins for the fault or break. Sometimes this means the hauling in of long lengths of cable already paid out, though usually the flaw is in a part still in the ship or only just passed over. The chances of an accident to the cable after it is well clear of the ship are, of course, small.

Science and experience, however, have now reduced the chances of accident to the minimum. In the early days of cable-laying,

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when the whole business was more or less of an adventure, even so skilful a cable engineer as Fleeming Jenkin might well say "that life, when working with cables, was tame without difficulties." But the modern engineer encounters his most serious obstacles in the draughting-room, the testing-room, and the factory; and the laying is, in the main, a gratifying demonstration of complete accord between results and calculations, and so an occasion less of trial than of triumph.

When the *Faraday* has laid the shore end and some lengths of an Atlantic cable on the European side, she drops the end. There is no risk whatever in this. The end is properly insulated, to begin with; and then the cable is bent firmly around a mushroom anchor which has been fastened to one end of a chain. The other end of the chain is attached to one of the huge iron buoys which decorate the *Faraday's* deck, and with a rattle and clamour from men and iron the whole goes sliding into the sea. As the waves catch the great iron bladder and toss it merrily up and down, the crews give a hearty cheer and a gay "Till we meet again." And away steams the *Faraday* for Nova Scotia.

The same operation which we have been tracing from the European shore is repeated from the shore end on the American side. When the *Faraday* has laid some seven hundred miles of cable and her tanks are empty, she steams back to Woolwich to take on a new store.

This time she takes aboard the deep-water cable—a different variety from the cable she has just laid. In a month she is again *en route*, bound for the end left buoyed on the European side some six weeks before. A landsman has difficulty in realising that a sea-captain can find his way directly to a particular spot in an apparently shoreless sea. Latitude and longitude seem to him to lose their meaning when there are neither hills nor valleys to fix them to. But not so to the captain; he will turn his ship's head to the buoy without veering. And if the buoy is gone, which may happen from accident or malice? Well, the cable itself is below, out of the reach of storm and meddling; and the first thing to do is to pick it up.

FLOATING THE CABLE ASHORE.

To pick up a cable two miles or more under water does not seem simple. Indeed, so impossible did it seem thirty years ago that many people contended that laying deep-sea cables was nothing more than gambling, since the probability was that they would be lost in the operation and it would be impossible to recover them. And indeed there was trouble enough recovering lost cables in the earlier days. But thirty years' experience and study have overcome all difficulties, and it is now possible to pick up a cable even when lost as deep as three miles. The picking up is managed in the following way: Over the cutwater off the bow there runs a narrow projection, similar to the stern-baulks, and called the bow sheave. On the bow

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is a large guide-wheel, and farther aft a big machine called the picking-up gear. It is similar to the paying-out gear at the other end of the deck, though heavier, having, like it, a drum, a brake, and an indicator.

Suppose that the end of the cable which the *Faraday* wants is lying a mile down. A manilla rope, strengthened with steel, something over a mile in length, is attached at one end to the drum of the picking-up gear. To the other end is fastened a grapnel. This instrument is simply a huge fishing-hook of six barbs, which vary from short and stubby to long and thin, as the bottom on which the grapnel is to be used is rocky or sandy. When all is ready the grapnel is thrown overboard, and the ship wheeled around at right angles to the course of the cable. By steaming slowly ahead, the ship drags the grapnel across the path of the cable. If nothing is hooked, the ship turns and recrosses. She thus plays back and forth over the path of the cable until something finally is hooked.

The moment that the grapnel catches there is a strain on the rope, which is at once shown on the indicator. If the grapnel continues to hold as the ship pulls continuously at it, the ship is stopped, the picking-up gear put in motion, and an attempt made to wind in the rope. If it is the cable which is hooked, the rope will continue to rise, and the strain on the dynamometer will increase as more and more of the cable rises. When this happens, the cable engineer is certain he has the end sought, for no other object could be hooked which would produce this result. If the grapnel is caught in a rock, which happens frequently, the rope will not pull in, and the barb caught will either be pulled loose or will be broken off. The essential points in picking up are that the ship be easy to direct—the *Faraday* will turn in her own length—that the rope and grapnel be strong enough to support immense strains, and the gearing so heavy that the tug of the cable and the jerks that must come upon it in winding in a great weight in an unstable element like the Atlantic will not loosen the grip. The loose end recovered, the next step is to make a joint with the cable on board. With the core this is done exactly as we saw it done in the factory. In the jute packing and the steel-wire sheathing the joints are made at different points over a distance of several feet, so as to distribute the weakness.

As soon as the joint is made, the ship is of course again in communication with the shore. She now begins reeling out the deep-sea cable. The work is done in about ten days, and the ship has reached the loose end left from the first paying out on the American side. It is a short task to pick up the end, connect it with the end on board, and test the work. This done, the cable is done: Europe and America exchange congratulations, and the ship is free to go back to Woolwich.

The cable is finished, but it is not certain that the *Faraday* has seen the last of it. Cables have their adversities even on the bottom of the Atlantic. Icebergs passing over sometimes cut them in two. Volcanic eruptions sometimes injure them. A few years ago three Atlantic cables went down at the same time and in about the same spot. No other explanation has been found but volcanic disturbance. Near shore the risks multiply. One of the commonest is the anchors of fishing smacks, a whole fleet sometimes riding on a cable at once. The rocks and breakers near the coast are also dangerous.

An Atlantic cable has, fortunately, few animal enemies, though in the English Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea the *teredo*, the special cable pest of the Mediterranean, does some mischief. This "miserable little mollusc," as the cable men call it, first made itself a reputation by eating up wooden ship hulks, until builders took to plating them with iron, and by burrowing into the dikes in Holland until the whole country was threatened with inundation. When the cable came, it took to it at once. It wriggles its way in between the steel wires of the most tightly-wrapped core, and eats away jute and gutta-percha until there is nothing but a wire skeleton left. Happily, however, as already indicated, our own particular cable has little to fear from the *teredo*; and the best wish we can give it as it lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, is that it may never have a history, and that the time may be long before the *Faraday* sees it again.

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STRUCK WITH A VENGEANCE

A QUEER, TRUE STORY

By
Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling

Chapter I

A STONE'S THROW

Among the many definitions of man extant, that which makes of him a stone-throwing animal is unknown to me, yet nothing is more certain than that man is a stone-throwing animal. The ancient Greeks took note of this fact, as everyone who knows the story of Deucalion and Pyrrha as handed down to our time will be aware. There are people who believe that the day will come when men and even boys will cease to throw stones. There are other people who do not believe that this day will ever come. Speculation on the subject is interesting, but somewhat unavailing. The indubitable fact meantime is, that men and boys to-day throw stones. The hero of this story—if the name of hero can be given to Mark Hurrell—was a man in the flower of life when he wrought dire mischief one day by throwing a stone out of window. He was travelling in the express which goes from London to Dover to meet the Continental mail-steamer. Sole occupant as he was of the compartment in which he travelled, he suddenly took note of the circumstance that a stone was on the seat before him. It was a stone of no geological interest whatever, so it seemed improbable that a geologist had brought it into the train. On the other hand, as no earth clung to it, it seemed unlikely that it had been left there by a collector of botanical specimens. A stone, it will be remembered, is the thing which sometimes forms a burdensome and unnecessary pendant to a root. This stone was a common clean one, of a nondescript shape, not round enough to serve as a marble, and not flat enough for the game of ducks and drakes: it was a stone of the kind that neither man nor boy of any discrimination could possibly be conceived to carry about. Yet the fact of its being on the seat before Mark Hurrell was certain evidence of human agency; for, as boys and men alone throw stones, so boys and men alone pick them up. If Mark had had a fellow-traveller, or if he had had a book or newspaper, still more if he had had in his mind such stores as silent thought can bring, it is probable that he would not have given to the common nondescript stone on the seat before him the grave and careful consideration which he gave to it, and the explanation of which will be found in a French writer in a passage dealing with that curiosity which is peculiar to travellers, making them see everything, observe everything, and experience lively interest in the smallest trifles.

It was some time before Mark desisted from forming hypotheses as to the stone's coming to be where it was, and he then at once resolved upon ejectment of it. He could compass this without changing his position,—he was lying full-length on a seat with his head almost level with his feet,—and accordingly he did so, putting great momen-

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tum into the action—a thing possible to him, even in his prostrate position, as a man of large physical strength. He then started to his feet and looked out of window. This was in obedience to an irresistible impulse that came over him, as it often comes over the stone-thrower, who, after throwing his missile at random, rarely fails to make an investigation with a view to assuring himself that he has done no harm. If a million blacks made one white—and it is not quite unusual to consider that they do so—Mark Hurrell might not be blamed for not having made his scrutiny sooner. When he made it—as the manner of the stone-thrower is—just too late, it was to note with dismay that his stone had felled somebody to the ground, and that a number of persons were kneeling about a figure—whether that of a child or an adult, a man or a woman, he could not see—lying in a meadow golden with daffodils. The party had been evidently daffodil-picking. A man of those about the person struck down shook a doubled fist in the direction of the train, which was slackening speed as it approached its only halting-place before Dover, that pretty station in a garden which has for name Sandling Junction. Mark noticed that the gaze of the infuriated man was not levelled at the especial compartment whence the stone had been sent forth, and instinctively drew back. In another instant the train entered the station, and, after one of those brief halts in which may be seen how much activity English railway officials can develop at need, it was steaming on anew at a high speed, which resulted in Mark's finding himself well out of the ken of the little party to which he had caused such dire harm. It has been implied that Mark was not a hero, using that word in any high sense, but it has not been implied that he was deficient in all goodness. As the train sped on he called himself by many hard names, some of them in excess of his deserts, while he called fate by many names which were harder, and which were all of them unmerited, for such culpability as attached to the perpetration of the deed which had caused that doubled fist to be flourished in the direction of the Dover express lay clearly not with fate, but with Mark Hurrell.

Chapter II

SELF-TORTURE

In the brief time which the train in which Mark travelled took to journey from Sandling to Dover he continued to be in a state of mind alternating between fierce self-reproach and senseless reproach of destiny. This thing will be understood by any reader of this who has ever been guilty of wrong-doing; and though there are very few persons who, outside church doors, will confess themselves to be miserable sinners, the fact is that most persons sin miserably, and thus without gross insult may be assumed to be wrong-doers. In his self-condemning mood Mark tortured himself with a refined cruelty, which it is a saving grace in humanity to exhibit no less in self-torture than in the torture of others. He had a big man's love of little children, both boys and girls, with a preference for little girls, and the torture which he devised for himself in his self-punishing mood was to conjure up the picture of a girl-child maimed, if not killed, by his wanton act. He was only saved from desperation by the absence of certainty regarding this matter, and a fear like none ever before experienced by him seized him at the thought that the evening news might verify his blackest foreboding. With this dread strong upon him, he formed the singular resolution to carry out the idea with which he was travelling to Dover, and leave England without delay. English newspapers were for sale in France, but that did not necessitate his purchasing them, and England's domestic news was not placarded in France for him who runs to read. He was less likely to see in France than in England, "Sad Death of a Little Girl." In thought Mark Hurrell saw this posted up through the length and breadth of his country. It was not very rational; but persons in deep misery are rarely very rational, and it was certainly in a wholly irrational frame of mind that Mark went aboard the packet which took him to France.

Chapter III

SADDEST PARIS

That London is the foremost city in the world for real misery is a matter concerning which there can be no doubt, and it is equally indubitable that Paris is pre-eminent in the matter of misery artificially induced. It is not that there are not elsewhere, and abundantly in London, persons who nurse imaginary sorrows; it is that these persons, nowhere so much as in Paris, form an im-

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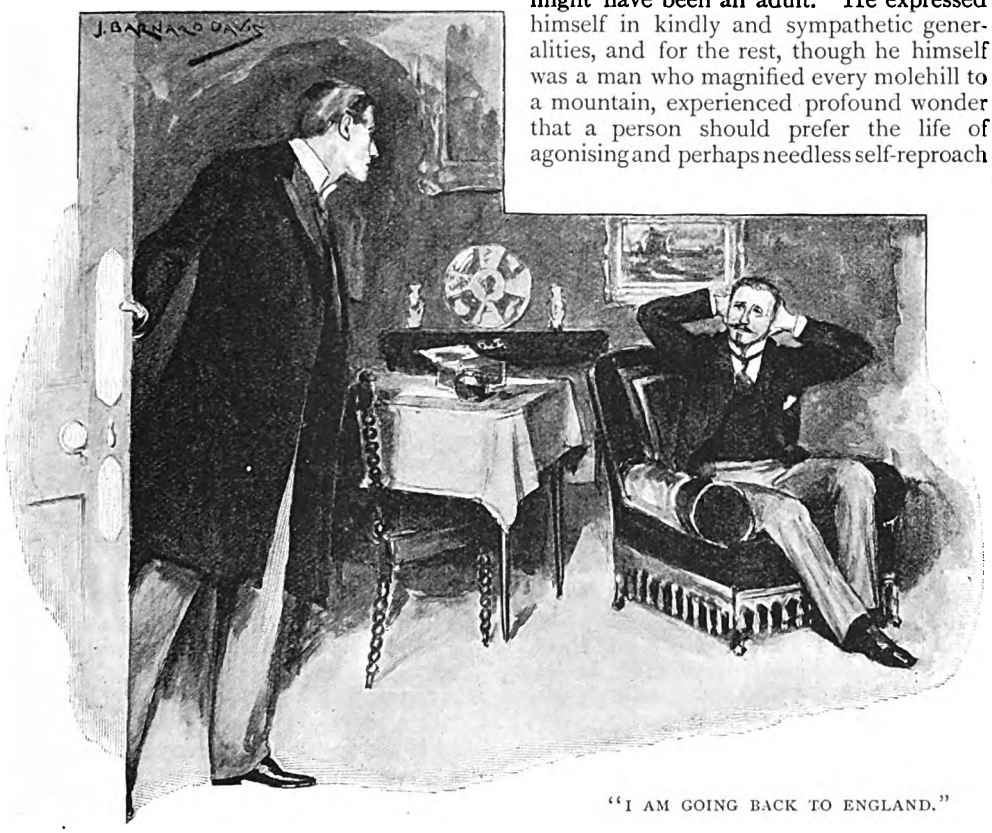
portant and esteemed section of the community. The reason of this is not far to seek. A Londoner is not always good company, and when he becomes a victim to melancholy hallucination he is very sorry company; on the other hand, a Parisian is not even sorry company when all his dollars turn to dolours.

By a process of natural selection, of which he was quite unconscious, Mark, after a few days spent in the French capital, with which he had an olden acquaintance, found himself in the inner circle of the melancholy of that city, and it was not long before an intimacy between him and a Frenchman, long his acquaintance, but now for the first time his friend, ripened to the point at which even naturally reticent men exchange confidences. Then it was that the Englishman one evening told his friend his cause of grief. As the Frenchman listened to the story, it flashed across his thoughts that the object struck by the Englishman might have been a dog quite as probably as a child, or as—likelihoods these which also did not seem to have struck the eccentric Briton—a woman or a man. The Frenchman easily pictured to himself a man of the home of sport doubling his fist in rage at the maiming of his bulldog. He had the conception of England in which that country is inseparably associated with sport, and its natives to a man go about with a bulldog at heels. A certain banality which, however, attached to this bulldog hypothesis, made the Frenchman, with a courtesy carried to a remarkable extreme, refrain from putting it into words; while another feeling, having a less flimsy basis, made him observe silence in regard to the theory that the object struck might have been an adult. He expressed himself in kindly and sympathetic generalities, and for the rest, though he himself was a man who magnified every molehill to a mountain, experienced profound wonder that a person should prefer the life of agonising and perhaps needless self-reproach which Mark was leading, to ascertaining to a certainty what might relieve him of all unhappiness, while, at worst, it could plunge him into no deeper misery than that to which he had already sunk. The case struck him as altogether anomalous, if not to be regarded as typically British, and the high psychological interest attaching to it engaged his attention to that point at which the philosopher runs away with the man. "Have you no advice to give me?" Mark asked of him vehemently.

"I fear I have not, my friend," was the answer.



"I AM GOING BACK TO ENGLAND."

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"You would not have run away from the facts of the case, as I did, eh, would you?" was the next question.

"That is a point in regard to which I am in some doubt, my friend."

Mon ami—mon ami. That *mon ami* got on the Englishman's nerves. He rushed to the door.

"Where are you going, my friend?" was now asked.

"I am going back to England," Mark Hurrell answered, in the tone of one addressing the deaf. The Frenchman's hearing was perfectly sound, and he covered his smarting ears. Mark the while was speeding towards his lodgings, which he had rented for a month, and which he left after occupying them for three days.

Chapter IV

REACTION

THE foremost journalistic organs of England, which Mark Hurrell proceeded at once to investigate on his return to his country, contained no notification of loss of life suffered in the immediate neighbourhood of Sandling Junction in Kent, nor did any of them contain the warning leader on the subject of missiles which a death resulting from a stone's throw out of a railway-carriage window would almost inevitably have produced. Mark proceeded to study the leading county-papers. These, too, contained no mention of death by misadventure, or even of misadventure, incurred by the wanton throwing of a stone. With that reaction of mood which is natural to persons of strong feelings, Mark Hurrell rushed forthwith to the conclusion that the stone flung out of the window by him had had no regrettable connection with the spectacle which had met his eyes upon starting to his feet that day. He had certainly then formed the impression that the stone had felled someone to the ground, and that a number of persons stood about a prone figure, one of whom shook a clenched hand in the direction whence the missile had proceeded. Probably — so he now lightly explained away the matter — someone had dodged his flying stone by throwing himself or herself on the ground, and the clenching of his fist was the action of an indignant parent, who could only see the imminent danger in which his child had been, and was not in the first place grateful for what had certainly been a hairbreadth 'scape. Morally speaking, even with this consoling view of the matter presented to him, Mark remained every whit as culpable a stone-thrower as if he had killed outright that flower-picker, but the law carries out its terrors only in the case of deeds done, and it is the same—very generally—with conscience.

Having decided that he had wrought no harm, with the same speed with which he had before decided that he had wrought harm of the gravest kind, Mark Hurrell in a little while came to wonder that he should for a moment have entertained the poignant remorse which he had, as a matter of fact, entertained through days and nights. Life took its old golden look to him; and when, a year after this time, he was holiday-making again, he was the gayest of a country house-party, so gay that even the presence in it of one person singularly lugubrious could not take from its cheerful character.

Chapter V

THE LUGUBRIOUS PERSON

THE lugubrious person was young, and possessed of personal charms in a style which disarmed criticism;—that is to say, the pretty redness of her lip, the whiteness of her forehead, the beauty of her eyes, and, more than all, perhaps, a wealth of golden hair, wonderfully and beautifully dressed, made most persons uncritical in regard to certain points in her appearance which transgressed the laws of beauty as laid down by the Greeks.

It is perhaps not malignant to say here, that if the lugubrious person had not been so young and charmingly pretty as she was, Mark Hurrell would probably have interested himself less than he did in her case. As it was, the sadness which enveloped Joan Nicholls reminded him strongly of what he now called "the three days' melancholy madness" to which he had himself succumbed a year before. The affinity of the girl's case with his own led him to give to it a close study, with the result that in a very short time he was, for the first time in his life, fancy-bound. He came to realise this when he found that Joan's golden head came between him and all things. He saw it all day long and everywhere, quite irrespective of the actual presence or absence of the girl

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to whom it belonged. In a sentimental moment he told the girl so, and the communication was received with a dismay and sorrow which he found himself totally unable to understand. In a prior sentimental moment he had pointed out to her what he conceived to be the strong resemblance which she bore to a picture hanging in a corridor of the house. It was the picture of a girl subscribed "Fair, fair, with golden hair." The comparison was not odious, and yet it had been treated as if it were, and he had no sooner made it than Mark had noticed that the air of mournfulness which was always about the girl became intensified. Why was she so sad? A fourteen days' acquaintance with her did not, he reflected, entitle him to question her in regard to this matter, but it seemed to him permissible to seek information on the subject from one of the house-party who was a friend of his own of two years' standing, and who, it transpired, had been this girl's schoolmate, and was her confidante.

Chapter VI

HELEN MUNGEAM

HELEN MUNGEAM was a boyish person of the type that girls love and men like. Joan Nicholls loved her, and Mark Hurrell liked her. She in return liked Joan, and loved Mark. It was unfortunate that she did not repay the affection of each in kind: these matters might often be ordered better in France and elsewhere. As things stood, however, no one but Helen knew what made Helen's heart sometimes as heavy as a heart can be. If Mark Hurrell had had any notion that the boyish person repaid his liking with aught but friendliness, he would not have carried his love-trouble to her, as he did.

"I want you to tell me, Helen," he said, one morning, as they stood together on a verandah, "what it is that makes your friend, Miss Nicholls, so desperately melancholy."

"I cannot tell you that, Mark," was answered simply.

"But you know."

"Yes, I know."

Mark did not change the subject, but he approached it from a different point.

"I sometimes wonder how you ever came to chum with a girl like that," he said.

Helen reflected that the advances had not been made by her, but she did not word this reflection.

"Joan used to be very merry," she answered.

Mark lapsed into reverie, then he said tentatively—

"She—er—hasn't done anything horribly foolish, has she?"

In employing the word "foolish" he employed the kindly synonym for *wrong* used by men when women are concerned. Helen's answer showed that she understood this phrasing.

"She hasn't done anything in the least to be regretted," she said quietly.

"No, no, of course not. I can't think what made me ask such an asinine question."

"It did not strike me as asinine," was the comment which this evoked. "Most people do regrettable things, sometimes horribly regrettable things. I should think very few people make as steadily for the right as Joan."

Mark was well pleased, and he smiled quietly. Then he said—

"Do you think, Helen, she is under some absurd mistake in regard to herself? I mean, do you think she imagines she has done something dreadful which of course she hasn't done?"

Helen looked profoundly amazed at this question; then she said—

"I don't think I follow you there, Mark."

Mark stumbled on.

"The fact is," he said, "people do get extraordinary ideas into their heads. I almost went mad a year ago with the thought that I had killed a child. I had certainly not done so. I had frightened it, as I now believe, and had frightened its absurd father. I'll tell you the whole thing some day."

"Thank you," Helen said drily, and added, as drily, "Joan has certainly not taken it into her head that she has killed a child."

It was this habit of caustic speech with Helen to which was largely owing the fact that girls loved her and men liked her. Mark was all but entirely at a non-plus.

"Sometimes it's very hard to make you understand things, Helen," he said, none too courteously, adding, "I certainly did not at all imagine that Miss Nicholls had taken it into her head that she had killed a child. I merely cited my unhappy hallucination as having perhaps something kindred to an idea which might have taken possession of her. It all comes to this, that you know more about her than you will tell me. *We're old friends, Helen.*"

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This addendum was made in the voice of the charmer; but Helen was not to be charmed.

"No, we're not, Mark," she said bravely. "We've known each other for two years. I've known Joan for thrice that time. She and I are old friends, and you ask me to be unfair to her. It's unfair of one girl to betray another girl's confidences. I had an idea that something similar was the case with men."

Mark winced, and looked away. Then he looked again at Helen. She was uncommonly handsome in a style which bore the severest criticism. She wore her black hair clipped and parted in the centre, like a dandy's; her dress was a boy's to the waist. The Grecian head, trimmed like a modern dandy's, and the mixture of boy's and girl's dress formed a strange combination, but one which was not displeasing. The girl's high-hearted character shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice. Mark laughed.

"You'll never be a man, Helen," he said, "but you're jollier than any boy that ever was."

"Thank you. Awfully obliged," Helen answered, in a tone in which gratitude was not perhaps uppermost; then she took up a book from a table and opened it at the penultimate chapter. It was one of the large number of books in which the penultimate chapter is the least interesting, but she did not look for interest at this moment. Her eyes were bent on the opened volume, but there was no speculation in them.

Chapter VII

More Leading Questions

While Helen pretended to be reading a book, Mark pretended to be scanning the landscape; then Helen looked up with an expression which said, "We need go on pretending no longer." Not that Mark interpreted it in that sense. To him it appeared to say, "You may go on putting leading questions." And accordingly he went on putting leading questions.

"Would you think me," he began, neither too wisely nor too well, "a fatuous idiot if I ask you something, Helen?"

"Depends on what you ask, Mark," was answered crisply.

Mark had not known Helen for two years without becoming in a measure used to this style of answer from her. He said humbly—

"It's just this. Do you think Miss Nicholls cares a little bit for me?"

"She likes you awfully," was answered promptly. "I shouldn't tell you that, but—well, you like her awfully too, and there really seems no reason why you shouldn't engage yourselves and have done with it."

This way of putting the thing by Helen did not surprise Mark in the least, or in the least open his eyes.

"Thank you," he said, in a tone in which gratitude was quite uppermost. Then for the first time he changed the subject.

"What's that book you're reading?" he asked.

Helen held it up for his inspection.

He grimaced.

"It's horrid," he said. "I know the woman who wrote it. She belongs to a rather nice set, and I should think it's just knives into every friend she has, her writing books like that."

Helen had a spirit of negation in her, and she spoke now merely in obedience to its promptings.

"I daresay they're not altogether bad, Mark."

"But they are. They're like bad pennies—bad coin."

This epigram took Helen aback. She was silent for a moment, then she said—

"You know the writer, you say. What sort of a woman is she?"

"A splendid sort, in the main. That's what makes it such a pity. Spoilt, somehow. Sort of person that should have been whipped more as a child. A whipping or two even now, I believe, would set her right."

Helen's eyes flashed.

"I didn't know you had views like that," she said. "I'm sorry for Joan."

This was perhaps the only untruth that Helen ever uttered, and it was a twofold one, for she knew that Mark had views like that, and she was not sorry for Joan. Some moments later, she was alone in the verandah. Her vision was clearer now, and she read the book in her hand from beginning to end. Then she flung it from the verandah in the direction of a river which ran through the garden. She aimed so well that it fell where the water was deepest. She then found that she was no longer alone in the verandah. Her hostess was beside her.

"Do forgive me, Mrs. Pringle," — this apology was made by Helen in a frankly regretful tone. "I really quite forgot that the book was yours."

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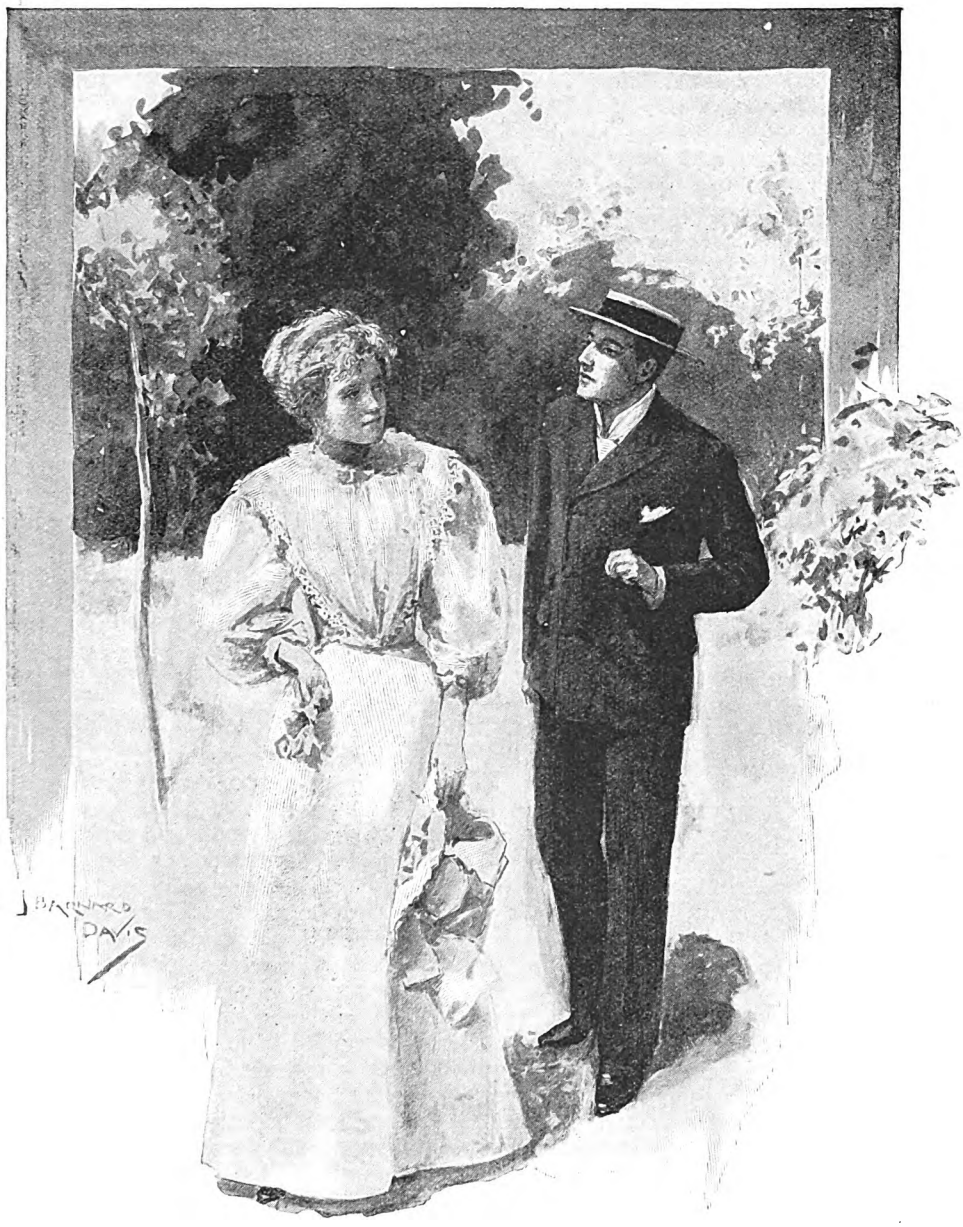

"IT WAS I WHO THREW THE STONE, MISS NICHOLLS."

The lady to whom this apology was made laughed merrily.

"It doesn't matter a bit," she said. "And now please tell me what you would do to me if I were the writer of that book?"

"I am afraid I would fling you after it," Helen answered bluntly.

"You're sure you don't mean to fling me after it because I had it sent from the lending library?"

"Oh, was it a library book?" came the counter question from Helen, in comical dismay.

"Yes, my dear; and you're helping forward the sale of it, because we shall have to replace it. Now, don't cry,"—Helen's lip curled at this infantile word,—"but tell me what you have been talking about with Mark Hurrell."

As she said this, Helen's hostess linked the

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girl's arm in hers and led her back to the house.

Chapter VIII

THE DÉNOUEMENT

MARK HURRELL had not obtained from Helen assurance of what confirmed him in his highest hopes to meditate thereon in solitude. He was aware that Joan was flower-picking—it was her self-set daily task to fill the many receptacles for flowers in the house in which she was a visitor. He had a shrewd suspicion as to where he would find her. It was in a part of the grounds which was little frequented, and where in consequence certain shy flowers grew plentifully. He bent his steps thither, and there he put to Joan Nicholls the question to which the answers are diversely "Yes," "No," and "Perhaps." Joan Nicholls' answer was "No." Mark was cast down utterly for a while, and said nothing, then he asked brokenly—

"Will you tell me what you dislike in me, Miss Nicholls?"

Joan expressed herself as entirely unable to do this, then said, putting a twofold question which took Mark considerably by surprise—

"Will you tell me what you like in me, Mr. Hurrell? Do you like my hair?"

"Your hair is lovely. I never saw hair so lovely, Miss Nicholls," Mark said, hating himself for the trite words, but finding it easier to express at a moment's notice his admiration of Joan Nicholls' hair than to put into words other feelings which she aroused in him.

"You like it better than Helen's, don't you?" Joan said in a harsh strained voice.

"I have told you that I greatly dislike short hair in a woman," Mark replied, smiling, and yet conscious that he had often felt better pleased than he now felt, even conscious that he was vexed at this girl's disloyalty. Why should she clamour for compliments at the expense of her friend? Joan was standing some paces away from him, and the sun was shining vividly on the lovely hair that was the theme of their talk. The part of it that was covered the girl laid bare with a quick movement with which she tossed her hat from her. An extraordinary vanity in the action robbed of all loveliness, in the eyes of Mark, the charming picture which she presented standing with bared gold head in the full light. He fixed on her a gaze in which the disappointment was ill concealed. She did not see his expression, as with eyes held level she said—

"My hair is a—wig."

"A—wig?" Mark repeated the word incredulously. The girl's red lips, white forehead, and young eyes burlesqued it. Then for the first time the idea crossed his mind that Joan was mad. This would explain the melancholy in her which had so greatly perplexed him; this, too, might explain Helen's reticence in speaking of her. In all likelihood she was, if not wholly mad, half mad. He strongly suspected her of being at this moment wholly mad, and experienced the uneasiness which the sight of mental derangement always inspires. Joan Nicholls the while remained standing before him.

"I am sorry I have given you such a fright," she said. "I am sure you never met a girl before who wore a wig, especially one so much admired as mine. If you don't feel that you want to run away from me, I should like to tell you how I come to wear it, Mr. Hurrell. Let us sit down on that fallen tree."

They sat down. Mark wore the plaintive expression which says "Be brief"; and Joan was commendably concise.

"About a year ago," she began, "I was one day picking daffodils in Sandling Park"—

A grey shade passed over Mark's face, but he neither moved nor spoke.

"I was bareheaded," Joan went on, "as I am now. Daddy had pulled my hat off, a trick he had, because of his pride in my hair. It was pretty; in fact, it was precisely like this wig, which he afterwards had made from a photograph of me taken before that time. A train was passing, and some—boy, I suppose (for nobody else in a train would have done such a thing), threw a stone at me. He threw it horribly hard, and—well, it cut my head open. I don't know what happened afterwards—I was very ill, and my hair had to be cut off, and, though it's growing again, it's growing quite slowly and thinly, not nearly enough of it yet to dress so as to hide that horrible place where—where it doesn't grow. Well, I daresay it doesn't seem so dreadful to you, but it was my first year of being out, so it was rather dreadful for me, and I couldn't tell you how daddy took it to heart. I really did not mind so much till I saw how much he minded. He got this wig made out of my hair, and we hushed the thing up, lest it should get into the papers and make people talk. I suppose it's be-

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cause he's a man that daddy has never been the same since. He doesn't look at me with the eyes that he did, and—well, I'm a girl in a wig, that's all. I'm a fraud."

Mark Hurrell still neither moved nor spoke. Joan rose and walked away. She carried her hat in her hand, and stepped homeward with the sun flashing on her gold head. After a time she was unable longer to withstand a desire to look back. Mark Hurrell was immediately behind her.

"It was I who threw the stone, Miss Nicholls," he said. "It was on the seat beside me—I suppose a boy had left it there—I was lying below the level of the window, which was open. I thought we were passing through empty country—we had passed through much empty country—and threw it, just to see how far and how hard I could throw. I saw too late that it had struck someone or something, and for a time was almost beside myself with grief. I subsequently looked for an account of the thing in the papers, and only consoled myself when I found that there was nothing about it in them. I then decided that no grave harm could have been done by me. There are things which one can make good again, and there are things which one can't. Forget, if you can, Miss Nicholls, that I dared to ask of you to be my wife."

"I can never forget that," the girl answered, deeply moved; and then she added, with sweet graciousness, "If you like at all the part of me that is not gold hair and a fraud"—

This speech never reached completion, but other things came to a point, and the sun laughed all along the sky at the happy faces with which Mark Hurrell and Joan Nicholls walked home.

THE CONSCIENCE BELL

THE cattle on the Alpine heights wear, as is well known, a bell fastened to their necks by a leathern strap. The bell rings as they wander and graze. Its sound enables the herdsman to find them in remote distances, and to bring them home.

CLIMBING the pastures steep and high
Beyond the region of the vine,
Are heard afar melodious tones—
The neck-bells of the grazing kine.

. . . .

We too must rise and upward go,
Our fleshly sloth we must repel,
And, so, within our inmost hearts
Is set the light Companion Bell.

True Conscience fixt by Master hand,
No burden that to heart or neck;
But of a substance fine and firm
And fit to keep the soul from wreck.

A voice to plead, to guide, to warn;
(No earthquake shock nor smiting rod),
Now loud, now low—now sweet, now stern—
In union with the mind of God.

Tempted sometimes to go astray
On flowery hills that slope to hell,
Our every downward step brings forth
Sad notes from the reproachful Bell!

And often stooping towards the food,
Which once He broke where men did dwell,
We take our share of life and strength—
How tuneful then the approving Bell!

And when in solitude we pass,
Where silent mists wrap crag and fell,
And Winter's ice-throne towers on high;
How far heard the discovering Bell!

He hears—He hears—who lives above,
The Giver of our lives—and well
His fine ear catches every sound,
He knows us by the on-coming Bell!

Ah Conscience, Conscience, still ring on,
To neck no yoke—to heart no knell—
But guiding still to Him who gave
Its music to the melodious Bell!

And some must follow, some must lead,
Young ones come after. Quell, oh quell,
You older ones, your sloth, and climb
Still loyal to the attendant Bell.

Home, Home at last! All dangers left;
The pathway won past flood and fell,
In loyal love we render back
In safety, Lord, our Conscience Bell.

ALFRED NORRIS.

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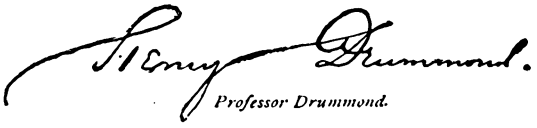
A PAGE OF AUTOGRAPHS

George Meredith.

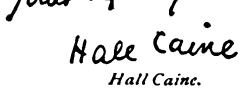
General Booth.

Mr. Ruskin.

Dr George Mac Donald.

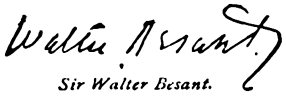


Professor Drummond.



Hall Caine.

The Countess of Aberdeen.



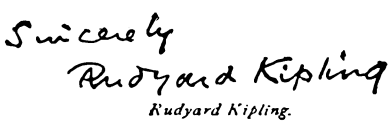
Sir Walter Besant.

Archdeacon Sinclair.

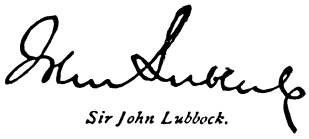
Jerome K. Jerome.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Dr. R. F. Horton.

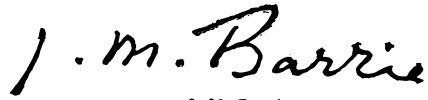


Rudyard Kipling.



Sir John Lubbock.

The Earl of Aberdeen.



J. M. Barrie.

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A FAMOUS WOMAN JOURNALIST

A VISIT TO MRS. CRAWFORD IN PARIS

By Sarah A. Tooley

A KIND and cheery welcome greets the visitor who carries an introduction from England to the distinguished Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News*. Mrs. Crawford is a lady of medium height, inclined to *embonpoint*, with silvery hair turned up from the forehead, deep blue eyes which have much sweetness and plenty of fun in them, and a cast of features betokening kindliness, wit, and artistic power. Unlike many who delight by their writings, Mrs. Crawford charms equally by her conversation, for she is a daughter of Erin, and to Irish vivacity long residence in the gay French capital has added an extra charm and grace. Some of her English friends are fond of chaffing her about speaking French with an Irish accent. "They do not know better," she says. "The French accent is Celtic, and resembles the Irish. The English accent is offensive to French ears, the Irish is not." A wide knowledge of men and affairs and of the inner workings of official and Governmental life gives weight to her conversation, and abounding good-nature leaves the harsh or too critical word unspoken. Small wonder that she is in general request in Parisian literary society, and that her pretty flat in the Boulevard de Courcelles is the resort of distinguished politicians and *littérateurs*, and one of the most attractive places of call for visitors from England or America.

MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.
[*From a Photo by* F. R. Ryles, *Burslem.*]

Mrs. Crawford's drawing-room is quite in French style, with bare polished floor and rugs, and furnished with quaint tables and cabinets; but of chief interest are the mementoes of celebrated people which it contains. There hangs a presentation photograph of her friend Jules Simon, a fine medallion of Horace Greeley, engravings of Charlotte Corday and the hapless Marie Antoinette; but of all her treasures none is more highly prized by Mrs. Crawford than a bronze medallion of Maria Deraismes, that noble advocate of the Woman's Cause in France, who passed away some two years ago. Specially interesting to a visitor is an oil painting of Mrs. Crawford in the heyday of her youth and beauty. The glossy brown hair is now white, and the blue eyes have seen much toil and deep sorrow, but the piquant smile which lights up the face remains as of yore. Still, Mrs. Crawford will herself nod at the picture with a smile and say, "Past history, you know."

As we sit down to chat in the pleasant window overlooking the Parc Monceau and the long Boulevard where the trees are gleaming brown and gold in the autumnal sunshine, the conversation naturally turns first upon the Russian Imperial Fêtes, over

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which Paris had been for the previous three days in a state of wild excitement.

"It is a long time since you have had to chronicle such gay doings, Mrs. Crawford," I queried, "and you must be feeling quite exhausted after such a succession of festivities?"

"Yes, I am indeed tired with the heavy strain of work; but, although the reception has been a cordial and hearty one, I have been particularly struck by the lack of real joyousness on the part of the people."

"You surprise me: the impression conveyed to a visitor was that the city had gone mad in an excess of joy."

"You did not know Paris as I knew it before 1870. The recent Fêtes are not to be compared with what took place in those days, neither in point of decorations, illuminations, or festive spirit."

"But it seemed to me as if all France had come out to see the Czar?"

"Yes, I know the influx of people has been great; they came to see the spectacle,—crowds will always be attracted by a grand pageant,—but there has been a noticeable lack of the gay *abandon*, the joyousness, which distinguished such scenes in the old days."

"Possibly, this taste of imperial pomp and show may have the effect of making the French dissatisfied with a Republican Government."

"I do not think so," replied Mrs. Crawford, with a smile. "The Republic has proved itself, for twenty-six years now, to be a successful form of government. The people are, as a whole, content with it; if there is any dissatisfaction at all, it is that it is not Republican enough."

"May I ask what was your impression of the imperial visitors?"

"A very pleasing one," replied Mrs. Crawford, with a little nod of approval. "The Czar struck me as most unassuming, amiable, and pleasant, and has certainly displayed admirable taste in his choice of a wife. The Czarina is very delightful; you can see that she has been well brought up, and has a proper sense of what is required of her in the high position to which she has been called. Her courtesy, dignity, and discretion are remarkable in one so young. I think there have been a few lessons from grandmamma," added Mrs. Crawford, with a smile. "Her manner of entering a room and receiving people reminds me very much of the Queen—the same dignity and graciousness. About the mouth, when speaking, she is very like the Prince Consort. He always gave the idea that he was mentally rehearsing his words before he uttered them. Speaking in a foreign language might have had something to do with the habit; but in the young Empress I think it arises from anxiety to say just the right thing. I feel sure that she is a very thoughtful woman, and will make her mark. She is too wise, while still so young and new to her position, to show the full ability and power which she possesses. One sees that the Emperor is devoted to her, and fully appreciates her mental abilities. She has, too, the added charm of personal beauty. Her hair is pure auburn, and her complexion very fair, with a pretty colour. But the eyes are the most remarkable feature of her face; they are a deep blue, most expressive, and with long dark lashes. In figure she is tall, graceful, and stately."

"And *la petite Duchesse*?"

"A lovely child. Yes, the little Grand Duchess Olga leaves nothing to be desired; she is bright, lively, and full of health."

"Your life has been one of varied interest and incident, Mrs. Crawford: one would like to hear some of your reminiscences."

"That sounds a little alarming; and really, when one has seen so much, most incidents seem small, scarcely worth repeating. I often think of the words of Christ, 'What went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?' and of that saying of the Mohammedans, 'God lives.' Yes, that is the great fact of life, and all else is trivial beside it.

"Dublin is my native city," continued Mrs. Crawford, after a pause; "and the first incident which I remember was being perched on my father's shoulder to see the entry of the Queen and Prince Consort into that city. A dove was dropped down from one of the green arches into the carriage as an emblem of peace, and the royal children had quite a scramble to get hold of it. I had a home-life in which joy and sadness were constantly interwoven. There was much in it to form character, and yet to develop sensibility. I had to be far older than my years and to be active in many ways. I was reared among people of high culture. My mother was a lady of exquisite instincts and feelings, and, for her times—or indeed any time—of extensive education. I took great delight in reading in an uncle's study, where I had access to some of the best works in poetry and fiction. My life has

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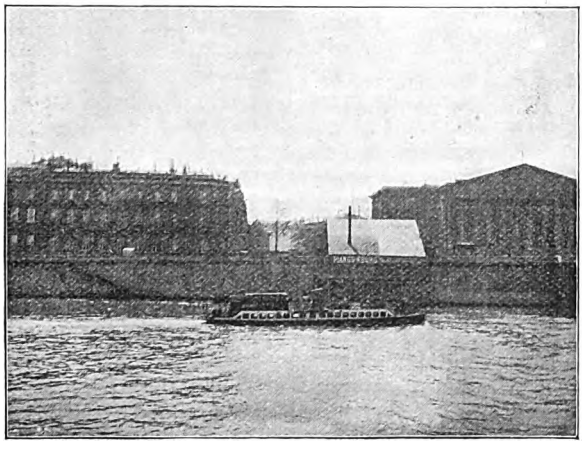
always been a busy one, for my father's death, and the reverses which took place in our fortunes owing to the Encumbered Estates Act, made it necessary for me to help in the instruction of my brothers and sisters. In 1857, when I was still in my teens, my mother removed with her family to Paris; and as she brought excellent introductions we were received at the Tuileries, and my study of French life began when there was a very gay Court. I was presented at the English Court in 1862."

The Place de la Concorde.

It was a letter of Mrs. Crawford's, descriptive of the doings of the imperial circle, which, coming under the notice of the editor of the London *Morning Star*, led him to request that the vivacious young lady who had written it should contribute a daily letter to his columns. In this way the famous lady journalist began her work as a newspaper correspondent when she was still in her teens. Her marriage, a few years later, to Mr. George Morland Crawford of Chelsfield Court Lodge, Kent, and member of Lincoln's Inn, who was then the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News*, brought her into the full swing of literary and journalistic society, and she became a most valuable help to her husband in his work. It was an ideal marriage, and to-day Mrs. Crawford's usually merry face clouds with sorrow as she speaks of those happy days which are no more. "When he died," she says, "I thought my heart must break; but I sat all night by his dead body and wrote an account of his career for the paper which he had served so faithfully."

The Trocadero [taken from the Eiffel Tower].



SOME SNAP SHOTS IN PARIS.
[*Taken by* FREDERICK A. ATKINS.]

Eventually Mrs. Crawford was appointed to her late husband's post on the *Daily News*, a position which she has filled with conspicuous ability. She is also the Paris Correspondent for *Truth*, and has contributed to many leading English and American reviews. Her bright crisp style is easily recognisable, and she is noted for the accuracy of her information, and for what Mr. Labouchere calls her "unrivalled knowledge" of the chief personalities of Europe. Of late years she has been assisted by her youngest son, Mr. Robert Crawford, to whom she, with a mother's unselfishness, gave the Legion of Honour offered to herself. As this is the only instance

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in which a foreign lady has been offered the distinction, one feels, without prejudice to Mr. Robert Crawford, that it is a pity Mrs. Crawford did not retain the badge for herself. Her eldest son, Mr. George Crawford, after a very successful career at Cambridge, is winning distinction at Clifton as a "coach," and the second son holds a post in Bombay.

It is needless to say that Mrs. Crawford is an indefatigable worker. All day and every day she is busy gleaning information and thinking out subjects. Often after her telegrams have been despatched from the office, she returns home to write one of her brilliant articles for the reviews or magazines. She is one of those writers who must do everything herself, and finds it impossible to dictate her work, although of recent years she has lightened her labour by the use of a typewriter.

"It seems strange," she said, "that I, who have always loved a quiet life, and who am by nature a dreamer, should be launched upon such a busy sea. I did not seek journalism; circumstances forced it upon me. My natural inclinations are towards the purely literary life. Often I long for the repose of a country home, where I could indulge my love of outdoor life and be alone with my books and a few chosen friends;" and as she spoke a mist came into the blue eyes, and she sat a moment in reverie. But this note of sadness was but temporary; the next moment Mrs. Crawford turned from the window and, with a twinkle of fun, asked—

"Do you not find it difficult when writing an interview to say the honest truth about people?"

"One is naturally prone to accentuate the virtues, and it would not be fair to dwell too much upon common human weaknesses,—these go without saying,—and as to the celebrities whose lives do not inspire you with admiration, the simple course is to leave them alone."

"Yes, if you are in a position to choose your subjects."

"You have attained great distinction in journalism, Mrs. Crawford; do you think that it is a good profession for women?"

"I am always careful not to recommend any girl starting life to embark on a journalistic career unless she is capable of great physical endurance and has indomitable perseverance; both are indispensable. She must also possess great moral courage, for that too will be tried. The perceptive faculty, which women have more largely than men, particularly fits them for journalistic work, where, as you know, success depends so much upon one's capacity to see things clearly and quickly. When a girl I was extremely fond of painting and drawing, and for many years devoted a good deal of time to it, and I attribute my success in journalism largely to those studies which trained my eye to see form and colour correctly, and so made it easy for me to seize a point or situation. Artistic training of the eye has more to do with good writing than people think, and I always advise young ladies whose ambitions are literary to keep up their drawing and painting, and to copy from nature. The inventive faculty, too, which is needed for subject pictures, is precisely the same as that required for fiction. Art and literature are closely allied."

"Do you think that journalism as a profession for women is spreading as rapidly in Paris as it is in London?"

"It is certainly spreading here, but I am sorry to say that it is not in very good odour at the present time. It fills me with shame and sorrow to hear the light way in which women who follow journalism in Paris are spoken of. The same thing applies to art, although I need not explain that there are many journalists and artists whose names are above and without reproach; still I mourn the fact that both professions have been dragged in the mire by women who use them as a cloak for immorality. If things go on as they are, it will soon become barely respectable for a woman to be a journalist in Paris."

"Is the position of English governess a good one here, Mrs. Crawford?"

"Not very. Indeed, very bad. Most English governesses I have known were given the option of taking meals alone in their bedrooms or with the servants. Here, again, exception must be made of those highly-educated capable women who can command position and respect wherever they go; but for many years past there has been such an influx of incapables that French families do not now care to employ English governesses. Young girls with a slight knowledge of French are in the habit of coming to Paris and endeavouring to obtain situations as competent teachers, when they are only fit to be nursery governesses; and the consequence is, that the people here, judging by these specimens, think that all English governesses are incompetent, and will not offer them good wages. One hears all kinds of stories about girls wandering helpless and

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homeless in Paris, unable to get employment; and now and again one, in utter despair, throws herself into the Seine. All this is very sad; but the English Governesses' Homes are responsible for a good deal of it,—they have overdone things by encouraging so many incapable teachers to seek situations. It has brought about its own Nemesis; as I have already said, French families have a growing distrust of English governesses."

"May it not also be accounted for, Mrs. Crawford, by the fact that the English language is not a favourite study in France? The people do not attempt to speak it, as they do in Scandinavia, for example?"

"Yes, that may be a secondary reason. French people are not fond of strangers; and their language having been for so long in general use in diplomatic circles and educated society, they are apt to feel offended if you speak to them in English. I do not know any country where the English tongue has spread so rapidly as in Norway—I should say that there must be a good demand for English governesses there, more so than here."

MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.
[*From a Photo by* F. R. RYLES, *Burslem.*]

"What is the general position of women in France?"

"Exceedingly good, both socially and educationally. The old conventional ideas with regard to woman's sphere have been broken up very much during the last forty years, and it is very largely owing to the efforts of this splendid woman," said Mrs. Crawford as she took from the wall a bronze medallion of Maria Deraismes, and pointed out the fine head and expressive features. "She was one of my dearest friends," continued Mrs. Crawford; "her home was close to mine, and I cannot tell you what a gap her loss made in my life. We are now about to erect a statue to her memory, and, when you go back to London, ask those who are at work in the Women's Movement there if they will not help us to honour the woman who did so much for the cause in France. It was at first intended to place the statue in the Boulevard de Courcelles, close to her house; but it has been decided to erect it in a square to be called after her, where the poor women for whom she did so much can look at it.

"She gave the weight of her support to the movement," continued Mrs. Crawford, "at the time when it was brought to a collapse. The collapse was in 1849–50, when every effort had been made to stop it. At one of the Women's meetings the gendarmes, at the instigation of the authorities, forcibly entered the building, put out the lights, and committed outrages of a most abominable and insulting character upon the ladies. These outrages were the town talk next day, and the subject of ribald laughter. It was hoped that this would kill the movement; but it had in the long-run, and greatly owing to Maria Deraismes, exactly the opposite effect. When she heard of the indignities to which her fellow-women had been subjected, she determined to devote her wealth and social influence to avenging the insult and furthering the reforms which they were labouring to bring about. She was a woman of rare and exceptional ability, highly cultured, and, what is rarer,

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THE TROCADERO.
[*From a Snap Shot by* FREDERICK A. ATKINS.]

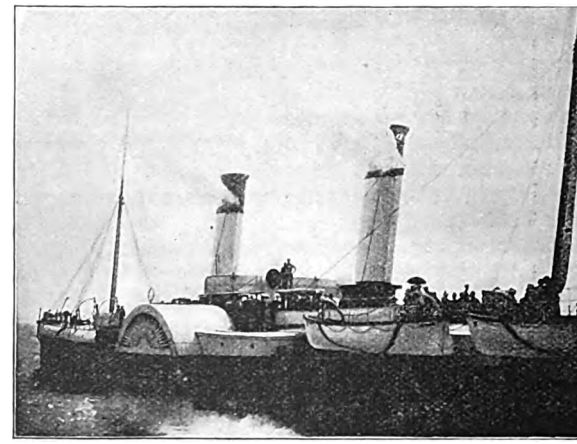
had a capacity for culture: there is a difference between the two," added Mrs. Crawford significantly. "Another remarkable woman who had this same capacity for culture was the late Empress Augusta of Germany. I was very much struck by it when privileged to talk with her."

"With reference to the women of France, I should like to ask, Mrs. Crawford, whether absinthe drinking is really as bad as many people suppose it to be? I have been told that a lady will ask for a glass of absinthe at a public place and drink it with as much unconcern as though it were a cup of coffee, and be thought none the less a lady for doing so."

"You have been wrongly informed; it is a gross exaggeration of the facts. There are a few fast women in society here who will drink absinthe, because the men do, just as they will smoke or shoot; but there are no women drunkards in Paris, either from alcohol, absinthe, or, I may add, from tea. The quantity of tea consumed by many Englishwomen produces a kind of drunkenness, though different from that caused by alcohol. Yes, it is quite possible to get intoxicated on tea," reiterated Mrs. Crawford, in answer to my look of incredulity. "But I think it should be placed to the credit of French women that they are very abstemious. They may drink a very light wine, or wine and water, at *déjeûner* and dinner; but they do not drink between times as they do in England, and would indeed be quite shocked to be offered wine when making a call. The *Parisiennes* do not take nips, and you never see them going to the chemist for drugs to take the place of brandy. You must have noticed that there is a singular absence of drunken people of either sex in Paris. During the recent Fêtes, when there were 150,000 people in the streets all night, unable to get shelter, perfect order was maintained, because there were no intoxicated people. I could not help contrasting it with the condition of the London streets at the time of the Duke of York's wedding; after nine o'clock in the evening the drunkenness was shocking."

"Still, Mrs. Crawford, absinthe drinking has reached a dreadful pitch in Paris, has it not?"

"Unfortunately it has, among men; it is only the women I am excluding. When I first came to Paris the vice was almost unknown. It started with the officers in the army, then spread amongst the soldiers in the canteens, and now it is everywhere; the smell from it in the slums after eleven o'clock at night is dreadful. Probably it induces the worst kind of drunkenness; but the crave is not hereditary, like that of alcohol. It generally dies out with the second generation. The children of an absinthe drinker become epileptic, the grandchildren are not infrequently idiots, and so



OFF TO PARIS!
[*From a Snap Shot by* FREDERICK A. ATKINS.]

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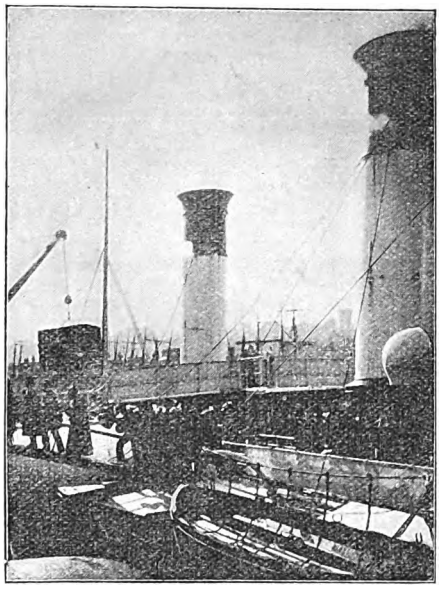
the disease ends. I do not wish to minimise the evil, but it is not worse than war: think of the families which are ruined and the homes which are desolated by that scourge! The real root of the absinthe drinking amongst the poor of Paris is from their being underfed; that induces the unnatural crave for stimulant, and is the evil which should be attacked."

"Turning again to the subject of Frenchwomen: you admire them, I gather, Mrs. Crawford?"

"Yes, very much, and I have lived amongst them for more than thirty years now. France is a country where women are allowed a wider sphere for expansion than in any other. They occupy a very dignified position. The wife is more the comrade of her husband than in England. In the higher circles she makes his social position by her grace and tact, and if she has special culture and aptitude she forms a *salon* and becomes a great power. In business the wife is frequently the dominant partner; she studies the markets, secures customers, and invests the money. Women like Madame Boucicault and Madame Jaluzot are well-known examples of the Frenchwoman's aptitude for trade. The same thing is found in the rural districts; it is *la Bourgeoise*—the peasant's name for his wife—who manages the farm, disposes of the produce, and frequently buys at the markets, and it is her thrift which fills the family stocking. The influence of women upon politics is possibly more indirect than it is in England; they do not come on to the political platform, but, as the First Napoleon discovered, they direct the men how to act. In education great advances have been made. The Municipal schools are splendid, and I cannot see what is the use of having middle-class schools at all. Technical education has been brought to great perfection here, and one excellent arrangement in the public schools is the classes for stupid children. If a boy or a girl is found, upon a doctor's examination, incapable of working up to the required standard,—instead of being allowed to be a drag upon the clever scholars, or 'crammed' for the examinations until they get ill and more stupid, they are placed in slow classes and taught according to their capacity.



LANDING AT FOLKESTONE.
[*From a Snap Shot by* FREDERICK A. ATKINS.]

"It may interest you to know," said Mrs. Crawford, turning quickly from one subject to another, "that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe brought her daughters here for their education, and lived near this place in the Rue de Courcelles. She had a curious absent-mindedness, and would lose all consciousness of those about her, even at a dinner-party. She told me that she could write in any place; nothing disturbed her. I remember once, when speaking to her about *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she looked at me and said, 'I could not help writing that book; it was God who did it.'"

Mrs. Crawford's time was precious, or one would like to have lingered long listening to her memories of this one and that, and I departed hoping that some day a lull might come in the rush of her journalistic life and that she might write in the quietude of some country retreat, such as she loves, a volume of reminiscences.

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employers hard-worked her, and grudged her a crust; but a glass of ale was considered her due, and a thimbleful of gin was a panacea for all pains. So, when her limbs ached with scrubbing the stairs and scouring the floor, with only bread for breakfast and scraps for a mid-day meal, she found her way to the family black bottle, and pulled herself together by means of a stealthy pick-me-up; and when her forehead burned and her eyeballs throbbed with the journeys made on rainy nights in broken shoes and tattered raiment, she turned instinctively to drink for comfort, for warmth, for oblivion.

Now, we all have one predominant virtue, which somehow we too often turn into a vice. Della's was obedience. She had never been known to disobey. I don't think she knew how to, but that is a point of psychology.

She was called up in the night from her bed under the dresser to nurse the crying baby; she was rung for twenty times a day to the third floor to feed Miss Simkins' parrot, or to let out Miss Simkins' cat. It simply was impossible for her to refuse or rebel or complain. She worked till she dropped, and, if raised to her feet, worked on again with a stubbornness that savoured of heroism if someone had guided and controlled.

But Della hardly knew right from wrong; her intelligence was obscured from pressure of the daily grind.

Then the inevitable happened.

A sailor saw the limpid blue eyes, and his fancy was caught by the sweet weak smile. He wooed, he won (when had she ever said nay?), and he sailed away. For a brief period Della was fatuously happy, and then tears took the place of smiles. She had no remorse to endure—it requires conscience for that; but she heard abuse and gibes, and had the pain of desertion to bear.

"I won't be harsh on the hussy," said her fat employer benignantly, between bites of a juicy pork sandwich and draughts of a pot of beer. "She may stay till her trouble is over, and then I shall show her the street. I will not disgrace her with a workhouse child, but I can't be expected to keep it like a prince."

So the infant that had to forego a larder like royalty was hustled at an early period of its existence into a cloak that had seen better days, and was conveyed by a mother hardly less bewildered than itself along the busy noisy thoroughfare.

She had a shilling and her looks as an equipment for life's battle, and some of us have not even as much as that. She had no friends; when had she time to make any? Neither had she enemies, for the same obvious reason. Baby and she, just Baby and she; and "Baby" was the one word she kept repeating in various accents of love and pathos and horror as she went forlornly along.

It had never been Della's way to think. Others had done the planning, she drifted as they steered; and the stir of warm life which Baby had brought quickened her heart, but did not stimulate her brain.

It was March, and a March wind blew gustily, swinging paper and rags and dust round and round the lamp-posts. It was a wind that in the country smelt of sun-kissed daffodils, of violets pressed sweet by the rain, of primroses moistened with dew; but in the town the strong wild breeze caught up unsavoury odours and whirled them hither and thither, choking the breath and defiling the system. Dust filled the eyes, dirt grimed the face, and even the "ladies" who loitered at corners kept away from the glare of the gas.

But Della, flaxen-haired Della, with the big vacant blue eyes, noted none of these things. She shivered when the keen blast caught her breath, and bent her blue lips to the infant's warm ruddy mouth. She was cold, and she knew of only one place where she could get warmth. The glass door was swung open, and with no shamefaced air she ordered two pen'orth of gin. It was bought, it was paid for, it was drunk; but she still lingered on: there was no one to tell her to go.

Customers turned to look at the girl with the sick white face and thick yellow hair. One man offered her a drink; she took it, with her sweet weak smile, and said "Thank you" when she had drained the pewter.

But she did not go even then.

A loud-voiced woman, with cheeks the colour of beetroot, began to notice her and the child. Della was grateful for a mere kind look, and was slavishly humble in return.

"And where do you live?" asked the elder in a tone to be heard by all.

"Nowhere," said Della timidly.

She was not civilised enough for a lie.

"That's a pretty large place," remarked a sailor good-humouredly, "and it's easier to find one's way in than out."

"Is 'nowhere' to be your bed for to-night?" asked the woman facetiously. "The blankets of 'nowhere' may be clean, but they're thin."

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"I don't know," replied Della, beginning to cry; for the future for the first time stood out in its blackness and gloom.

"Have you any money?" queried her patron.

"Yes, this;" and she held out her change.

"Well, come along with me," rejoined the other; "you shall have a shelter for to-night at least, and it will be your own fault if you ever have to want again."

And Della meekly and gratefully went.

In a narrow, crooked, and filthy locality the woman stopped before a house adorned with a black board on which was emblazoned in gilt letters, "Beds for Ladies, 4d. a night." The woman pushed open a side door, and Della followed. There were girls in the passage in all stages of semi-dress; women with shawls over their heads and babies in their arms; dirt and squalor stamped on every countenance.

The new-comers went into the kitchen below ground, where some women were busy peeling potatoes, cooking, washing, rinsing towels at the sink, etc.,—all in one low ill-lighted room; while the atmosphere was a blend of decayed vegetables and diseased humanity.

Then Della made a discovery.

Her friend was the proprietress of this highly select establishment, who had just slipped out for "a breath of fresh air," leaving her husband in charge.

The girl sank wearily on a bench.

Many slum sights she had seen, but nought quite as low as this. She was not more squeamish than her neighbours in the lodging-house where she had been reared and worked, but she blushed for the first time that night. The room was full to overflowing. Round the clothless table, adorned but with cracked cups and twisted tin plates, sat bloodless women, wild and despairing, young girls three-quarters hardened in sin, grey-haired hags in every stage of intoxication.

The laughter was loud, the laughter was long; the poor give way easily to mirth, and want of food does not dry up the tongue. But Della was heavy-hearted, she could not tell why. She was the most innocent there; but her very innocence oppressed her, and gladly she went upstairs to be out of the revelry and din. She was shown a shakedown, for which fourpence was charged, and twopence extra for the little one; and there all night Della lay trembling and shivering at the unholy surroundings.

Women kept tumbling in at all hours, and when not sober lay where they fell. Some snored, some moaned; a few lay very still. The windows were shut, the gas was full on: the heat made one think of hell. A few of the girls whispered half the night, but all Della gathered was that when they were not swearing they cursed, and *vice versâ*.

The child's head ached as it had never ached before, and she crept down at early dawn to the kitchen, where outcasts had slept by the fire for a nominal sum of twopence.

The air was heavy and stale, and the proprietress was not so bland as she had been when "taking a breath of fresh air."

She charged twopence for a wash, twopence for a cup of tea just flavoured with gin, and turned the girl out in the rain to make room "for better than her." A keener nature would have despaired, a stronger would have suffered more.

As it was, she began again her aimless wanderings, cowering in doorways, sheltering 'neath arches, waiting till thought should wake and tell her what to do. Ah me! there are more like her than the world wots of, who are *only* weak-willed, and turn as easily to right as wrong. Only, the wrong surrounds them, and the right never comes their way!

When hours had passed she found herself near a church. Red awning was up, and bright baize covered the flags. A crowd had collected; for the rain had stopped, and the sun was shining, and even in London a March sun gladdens the soul.

But the sunshine only accentuated her weariness and her pallor. She leant against a gate-post and faintly shut her eyes.

A clergyman passed up the path, portly and full of cares; but her ghastly face caught his eye. He stopped and gave her a coin.

"You are in want, I see," he said kindly; "and to-day there is a Confirmation, so I cannot look into your case. But take this, and promise not to spend it in drink."

"I promise," said Della, with her weak sweet smile, and gratefully took the money.

That smile touched him as it touched both men and women, the good as well as the bad.

"Come to the vicarage to-morrow evening," he added hurriedly, "and I will do more for you;" and he made up for the delay by a pace that was almost a run.

But she never came, and her non-appearance caused him to add an extra sharp sentence to his incisive essay on "Ingratitude—the Social Canker," and he often thought of the money so lavishly thrown away.

"Spent it in spirits and ashamed to show

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"THEY SAW HER FORCE SOME OF THE FIERY LIQUID DOWN THE TINY CREATURE'S THROAT."

her face," was his kindly comment; "one must guard against bitterness, but it is a temptation at times."

Meanwhile Della slunk away to lay out her gift with profit. It never entered her head to break her word: it was so easy to obey! Bread and milk were her choice, but bread and milk in such small portions do not sustain for long. Still, his words had cheered; it took so little to make her happy: what he had done, some others might do, and if she begged for a bit, something better might come in her way.

So the day dragged on, but no more coppers fell to her share; and when night came—night with a bright full moon, with a caressing balmy breeze—she wandered to the Embankment and huddled in a heap on a form.

She was happier than the night before; the

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air was so sweet, the sky seemed her friend, the water lapped sweet music compared with her doss-house friends.

But her peace was of short duration.

The wee one wailed, and a policeman "moved" her on. She moved so meekly that he looked at her again, and told her, far from gruffly, to go to a doss-house close by.

Della shuddered, and drew her baby even closer to her breast.

"It's a bit rough, I know," he said; "but most of your lot prefer it to the lock-ups."

Della was not given a facility of speech, or she might have asked why fetid air and foul companions were sanctioned by a benevolent government, while God's sky and Nature's breath were forbidden by the Vagrancy Act.

Perhaps something of this troubled the vague placidity of her eyes. The policeman hesitated, then gave her shamefacedly twopence. For even policemen have hearts sometimes.

This went in a drink at a place where they let her sleep in the yard on the stones, because the woman said she had not the heart to refuse, as she saw the baby was dying as her own little one had died.

Then fear for the first time chilled Della's heart. She lay all night on the cold stones, under God's stars, clasping the child to her heart, trying to warm it by kisses. The scarce-breathing mite was her all in all; she had not worldly wisdom enough to see how it handicapped her at every step, but dimly she felt that, if her baby went, her frail remnant of conscience went too.

A hunger came into her eyes that was never to leave them again—a hunger born of the soul which chastens or strikes to the heart.

Another dawn, and again she crawled away, chilled to the blood, but with a smouldering fire within which sent a spasmodic energy through her veins.

Without a soul to help, or even a friend to know, she started forth on her piteous task; and in ten hours that sweet weak smile had obtained her nine drinks, but never a penny for food.

The liquor made her dazed, not "sprung"; but through all the obscurity of its fumes she kept one stolid desire, to take the child to a hospital and leave it there. For this she drank when men pitied and offered to treat her, for this she took the burning liquor—to warm her body that it might warm the child.

She knew of no other plan, and she smiled when she saw her success. It still breathed, little gasping sobs, sweet and sad to the young mother's ears.

By dint of inquiries, and after losing her way many times, she came to the institution she wanted. She had to bide her turn, but it came at last; and soon the doctor was unrolling the limp damp bundle.

He shook his head as he handled it gently. "Cold and want of nourishment," he said half mechanically.

"Will nothing save it?" she cried dully.

"If you could give it a teaspoonful of the best brandy every hour," he answered, with unconscious irony, "there might be a chance."

"I will, somehow," she said doggedly; and the tone in her voice made him look at her hard.

"Perhaps this will help," he said rather awkwardly, for it was strictly against his creed. "Look after yourself, and come back again to-morrow."

She took the shilling with a word of thanks, and, covering the baby, went away.

So they all drove her to it—drink, drink, drink. What she got for herself she could give to the child: the doctor ordered it, and the doctor must know.

So she hung about "pubs," the rougher the better, and she asked loafers for a drink, and barmen for a glass; and there was something about her which none could refuse, though they stared and said strange things when they saw her force some of the fiery liquid down the tiny creature's throat.

Sullenly, determinately, the half-crazed mother achieved her object. No one would have recognised the little meek slavey in the daring despairing girl who risked all for that frail baby life.

The burden hourly grew lighter in her arms; but the flesh was hot, and she gathered hope from that, though its breath was so still she hardly dared to uncover it for fear of what she would see.

At last the time came to go back to the hospital. She wrapped the child in its shawl, and, feeling no fatigue in the wild exultation of her victory, she pushed on through the crowded streets at a feverish speed. Arrived, she sat panting in the hall, waiting her turn. No; she would not uncover its face, not till she got into the room. She could not hear it breathe, but there was a wild singing in her own ears, which no doubt was the cause. It did not move, but then the brandy had sent it to sleep.

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The woman next to her had a penny bunch of violets. Della was keenly susceptible to the power of smell.

"Give them to me," she said feverishly. "I am faint."

"Ay, keep them and welcome," replied the woman pleasantly. "I allers put a bunch on my babby's grave"—

"Don't!" interrupted Della shortly; and she rose unsteadily, for her turn had come.

She staggered into the room.

"I have done as you told me," she exclaimed, with glittering eyes. "It has had brandy every hour, so it must be better—it *must*."

Gravely the physician took the still burden from her and drew back the tattered shawl.

"SHE SAW, AS SOON AS HE DID, IT WAS A CORPSE HE HELD IN HIS ARMS."

She saw, as soon as he did, it was a corpse he held in his arms.

One cry came from her swollen lips—

"Baby!"

There was love, there was horror, there was despair in the tone.

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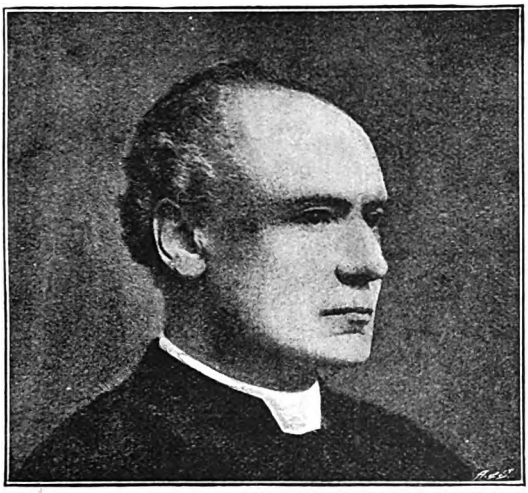

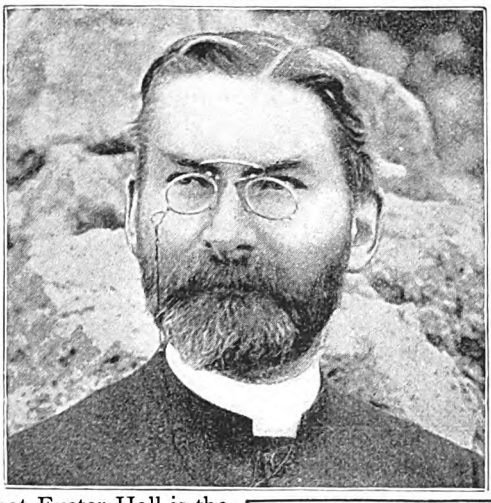

of these gatherings as the latter do to the place. Time was when the one month and—for the most part—the one place would hold them all. Now the programme reaches from the latter end of March to the middle of July, and the scene is laid anywhere between the Mansion House and the Albert Hall. Still, May is *the* month, and on the whole it may be said that Exeter Hall is the great centre of attraction. It was with almost a cold shiver that regular May Meeting-goers—why not May Meeters?—heard some years ago the rumour that the historic hall might pass to other uses, and great was their joy when it was announced that it had been secured—largely by the generosity of Sir George Williams—for religious and philanthropic purposes. The hall is roomy, and its acoustic properties are good; but to my mind its internal appearance, unless enlivened by the banners of a Band of Hope Union, or a Boys' Brigade Demonstration, or the blaze of colour which characterises a Salvation Army meeting, is always bare and depressing. St. James's Hall is both brighter and more comfortable. The Albert Hall is handsome and comfortable also, but too large for any but the very best speakers to make themselves heard. Unquestionably, the most beautiful and commodious hall in London is the Queen's Hall in Langham Place, and it is likely to be increasingly used by the organisers of May Meetings. Its only drawback—though that is largely a question of one's residence—is that it is not quite central enough.

I have seen many crowds at Exeter Hall. The greatest, however, was at what was hardly a May Meeting. It was early in 1886, at the meeting held to welcome Mr. W. T. Stead, on the evening of his release from Holloway Prison. Long before the hour fixed for the meeting the place was packed almost to suffocation, and the iron gates in the Strand had to be locked in the face of a great crowd that vainly implored even standing-room upon the staircases. Among those who had to stay outside were some of the speakers. Another monster meeting I well remember was that held, in connection with the China Inland Mission, on the eve of the departure for the China mission-field of Messrs. Stanley Smith, C. T. Studd, W. W. Cassels, and several other young men

THREE OF THE MOST POPULAR SPEAKERS AT THE MAY MEETINGS—CANON WILBERFORCE, REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, AND DR. CLIFFORD.

[*Photos by* RUSSELL & SONS, FRADELLE & YOUNG, *and* MARTIN & SALLNOW.]

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from the Universities. The fame of the first-named as a 'Varsity stroke-oar, and of the second as a representative English cricketer, impressed even the man in the street with a new sense of the dignity of Foreign Missions, and the 'bus driver had that night an unusual interest in Exeter Hall. No doubt the aggregate attendance at the May Meetings is far larger than it was twenty years ago, but my impression is that many of the old-established meetings have seen some falling off in their size. Time was when most of the Exeter Hall meetings were held in connection with some directly Home or Foreign Missionary effort. But the field of philanthropy has greatly widened, the interest of individuals has been to a considerable extent specialised, and, since the time which can be devoted to attendance at meetings is, for most people, limited, it needs a striking programme, either of speakers or music, to crowd Exeter Hall.

Who are the people who attend May Meetings? Very few, I think, except here and there one as speaker or chairman, whose names are to be found in Burke or Debrett. And not many from the ranks of those who live by manual labour, except at one or two special meetings. Of course there is a large proportion of such at meetings of the Salvation Army. And they may be found, too, in abundance at the annual meeting of the Railway Mission, always to my mind one of the brightest, heartiest, most enthusiastic, least conventional, of all the meetings of the season. The conductors of some of the other meetings might with advantage take one hint from this gathering which, I fancy, will partly account for its success. I mean the string of brief, bright, sometimes quite epigrammatic, experiences and testimonies given by railway men themselves. Like the people one sees at church and chapel, those who go to May Meetings are drawn for the most part from the middle and lower middle classes. And the vast majority belong to the Nonconformist Churches, or the Evangelical section of the Church of England. One might make sure of this fact without attending a single meeting, by comparing the relative space allotted to reports of the meetings by newspapers of various shades, religious and secular. Of course, many of the meetings are held in connection with distinctively denominational organisations, but what I have written is obviously true also of such undenominational societies as the London City Mission, the Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the National Temperance League, or the Band of Hope Union.

Once gathered, there can be no question as to the intense interest taken in the proceedings by the audience. Who that has once heard it can forget the sound, like the voice of many waters, produced by the simultaneous repetition of the Lord's Prayer by an Exeter Hall crowd? And—if he trespass not beyond all bounds of patience—how attentively the secretary is listened to as he reads his report. It is evident that there are many in the audience who are well acquainted with the field, and now and then the mention of a station or a worker evokes an emphatic "Hear, hear," or some striking success or liberal gift will be marked by a ringing round of applause.

The report out of the way, the audience settles down to listen to the chairman's speech. Probably, there is no gentleman living, unless it be the venerable Sir George Williams, who has had such experience in this capacity as some notables of the last generation. Among the earliest in my recollection was Judge Payne, famous for the humorous rhymed "tail-pieces" with which he was accustomed to wind up the proceedings. The Ragged School Union, and many another benevolent institution, lost a staunch friend when he passed away. Another excellent chairman, whose last speech I reported, was the late Earl Cairns, a remarkable instance of the combination—not by any means uncommon in the highest ranks of the legal profession—of great learning and forensic ability with the simplest evangelical faith, and a painstaking devotion to what some might consider the humble vocation of a Sunday-school teacher. For many years one of the most popular, generous, and effective chairmen of May Meetings was the late Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P. But no man has ever been more absolutely identified with any cause than was the great Earl of Shaftesbury with the movement of which the May Meetings are the yearly blossoming. One of the last meetings at which I remember to have seen him in the chair was that called at Exeter Hall by the Congregational Union to consider the state of things revealed by the famous pamphlet entitled *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*. I remember that the good Earl in his speech referred to the great work which had been done for many years by the agents of the London City Mission, and described such slum districts as that south-eastern spot referred to in the pamphlet as being, in the

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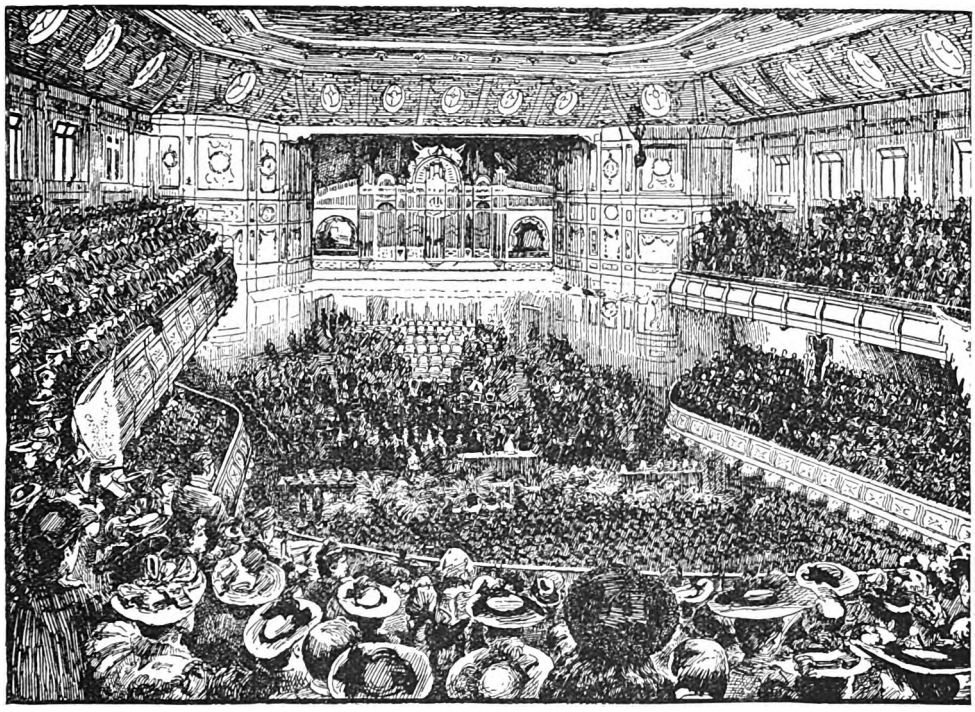

A MAY MEETING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

words of the prophet, "sought out and not forsaken." One of the speakers was the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and it soon became evident that his outspokenness was not quite to the chairman's taste. More than once the speaker was told from the chair, "We have not come here to discuss these matters." A considerable section of the audience, however, manifested entire approval of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Hughes, and soon after the speech closed the noble chairman retired from the platform. I think this is almost the only occasion on which I have observed a difference of opinion between chairman and audience.

I understand that a feature of that largest of May Meetings which is held at Epsom is the perennial appearance of "the Derby dog." For many years habitués of the May Meetings were amused, and new-comers startled, from time to time, by a brief address not in the programme, and delivered from the body of the hall. The speaker appeared to be a harmless specimen of the genus "crank," who deemed that he had a message for the Christian public. I was never sufficiently near him to make out what he said, and I am afraid he was never allowed by the authorities to get as far as his peroration—if he had one prepared. I have not seen the individual now for several seasons; probably it has been found necessary to restrict his movements.

If it were possible for the walls of Exeter Hall to reproduce the eloquence with which they have reverberated during the last fifty years, what a record it would be! What thrilling stories of adventure in all parts of the world have been told there; what wealth of illustration has been used to inlay as with gold the curiously-wrought blade of truth; what powerful stimulus has been given to self-dedication to the service of God and humanity! A reporter may be forgiven if the flood of eloquence poured over his head day after day, for weeks on end, has satiated his pristine thirst for "the human voice divine." But even I must admit—and I do it gladly—that the quality of the speech one hears at the May Meetings is exceedingly high. I am convinced that there is nothing like it either in Parliament or at the Bar. Perhaps, like the eloquence of the pulpit, it has altered somewhat of recent years. Yet the change is hardly for the worse. The florid, Punshonic style has gone for ever. Speakers are argumentative, practical, sometimes pathetic, but almost invariably human,

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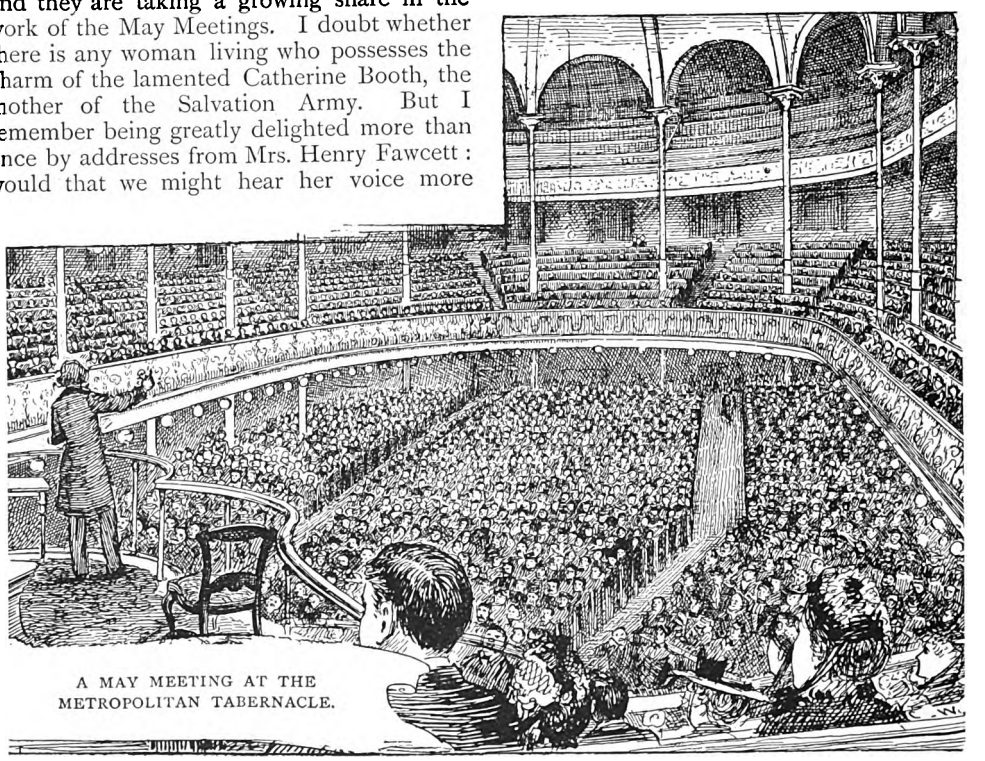
in touch with their hearers, persuasive. Of present-day May Meeting speakers I should give the palm, for clean-cut, epigrammatic phrasing and brilliance of expression, to Dr. Clifford; for red-hot enthusiasm, to Canon Wilberforce—the fastest speaker I can at the moment think of; and for a quality which I can only describe as magnetic persuasiveness, to Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. There be many mighty (platform) men in our Israel, but I do not think any that attain unto these three. There are many good women speakers, too, and they are taking a growing share in the work of the May Meetings. I doubt whether there is any woman living who possesses the charm of the lamented Catherine Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army. But I remember being greatly delighted more than once by addresses from Mrs. Henry Fawcett: would that we might hear her voice more frequently! And there are few orators who can compare, whether for matter or style, with the accomplished President of the B.W.T.A.—Lady Henry Somerset.



A MAY MEETING AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

It seems impossible to close a paper on the May Meetings without a reference to the collection—that climax which every speaker has, or should have, in view. Of course the programme is arranged with an eye to this, and the most effective speaker is placed immediately before it, so that the enthusiasm created by his peroration may be at once sublimated into silver and gold. Skilful chairmen have, however, been known to take advantage of a second wave of enthusiasm to make a second appeal for funds, and not unsuccessfully. And there is one well-known speaker — already mentioned—who has on occasion turned his speech into a continuous persuasive appeal, interspersed with the announcement of contributions as a stimulus to others, until the whole thing has reminded me of nothing so much as the long single line, with baited hooks at short intervals, which I have seen the fishermen lay down in a great zigzag off the coast of West Cornwall, for the enticement of plaice and other flat fish. Mr. Hughes has not, I think, attempted this of late years. His most successful venture was at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary of 1882, when at the Breakfast Meeting on the Saturday morning he evoked over £4000 in contributions, and nearly as much was raised at the Annual Meeting on the following Monday.

WILLIAM E. SKINNER.

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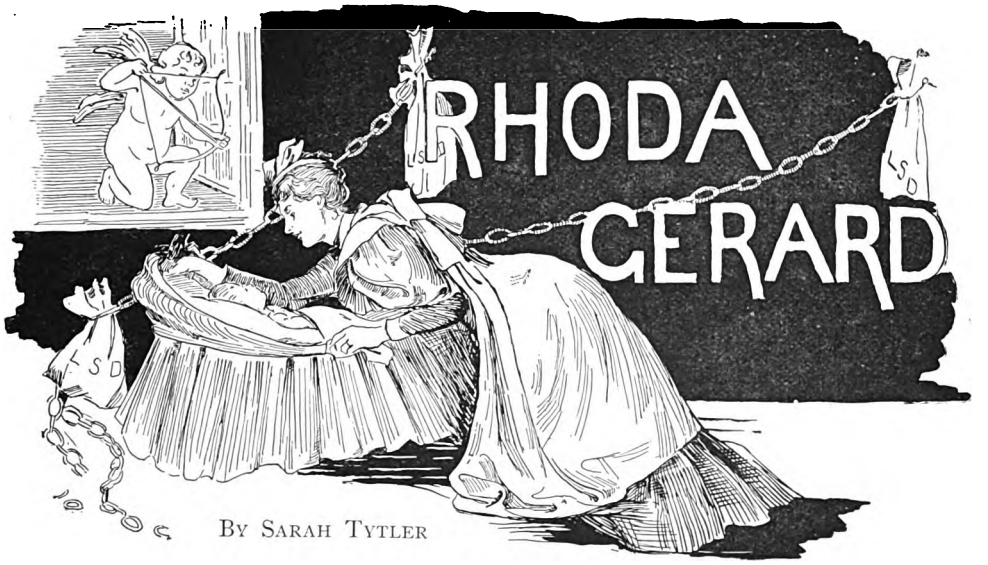

Chapter I

Rhoda's Determination

A sharp ring at the door bell roused the echoes in a shabbily-genteel overcrowded house in the country town of Crossford. The echoes had not much chance of going to sleep in that house; but, as it happened, the five young people—four girls and one lad—who occupied the threadbare drawing-room were for the moment engrossed with their several occupations,—putting braid on the skirt of a frock, retrimming an old hat, playing with a fox-terrier, etc.,—so that a silence wellnigh portentous reigned.

At the ring, five heads bobbed up, and a middle-aged lady looked in from the half-open door of the ante-room.

"Who's that at the door?" asked the middle-aged lady,—the mother of the group,—her naturally kindly, easy-going face looking harassed and careworn. "Cissy, Rhoda,—one of you girls," she went on quickly, "will you see that Sarah Jane is dressed for the afternoon, and fit to show in visitors?"

"Don't trouble, mother," said Charlie Gerard, letting his dog have a moment's breathing space. "It is not a caller: it is only the Rates,—whether the poor-rates, or the gas, or the water, I cannot precisely tell you; but it is one of the gang, by what I can spy of his shabby coat and his knowing air."

"Only the Rates!" cried poor Mrs. Gerard, with something like a shriek of dismay. "Your father has gone from home, and has not left me enough money to pay the weekly bills to-morrow—not to speak of the Rates."

"Let the bills stand over," suggested Charlie cheerfully. He was disposed to take a cheerful view of things, and he did not like to see his mother put about; while he was not able to do more for her than to act as an underpaid assistant to the medical practitioner at Crossford.

"I can't, Charlie," said Mrs. Gerard pitifully. "I dare not risk what credit we possess."

"Tell the man to call again," said Cissy from the corner, where she was in the shadow; for she had a lively consciousness that she was offending the proprieties by mending her frock in the drawing-room.

"He has called twice already," answered Mrs. Gerard, with a groan of despair.

"I have a good mind to send Giblet to him." Charlie made the amendment. "Gib has a strong objection to tradesmen's boys, tramps, and unwelcome visitors; among whom, I take it, we may reckon the Rates."

"What are you thinking of?" protested his mother. "The man is only doing his duty."

"Look here,"—Charlie improved upon his proposal,—"I'll go out and see the man, speak him fair, and inform him that the Governor will step round to his office to-morrow and stump down what is due."

As no better solution of the difficulty presented itself, Charlie was as good as his word.

Clara was the girl retrimming the hat without the smallest scruple about violating the sanctity of the drawing-room. She was a robust blooming girl of nineteen, to whom Rates as yet were nothing. Father would find means to pay them somehow, and there would be an end of them.

Gladys, the youngest sister, little more

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than a schoolgirl, was of the same opinion. It was an everyday occurrence for the pinching and the makeshifts which attend on life maintained on a narrow income, to be discussed in the Gerards' home. With the younger members of the family, hardy and heedless, custom had bred contempt. Only one of the party, in addition to the house-mother, contracted her brows—straight and smooth—and writhed under the situation. It was Rhoda, with the grave grey eyes, the slender nervous hands, the tall, slight, well-balanced figure. Rhoda was the single daughter who had tried her best to relieve her burdened father and mother by rendering herself independent. She had skill and taste in art needlework, which had made a start among modern industries. She had succeeded in getting an engagement to work for an art shop in London; but, do what she would, the remuneration was small. She was now clasping her hands together under the shelter of the tablecover and crying out mentally: "Is this to go on for ever? Oh, it is humiliating, it is miserable, to be always in such straits. It is nothing to go without a new frock, or to wear one cheaper than one's neighbours' frocks, to dine off liver and bacon, or cold mutton; but to tremble every month when Sarah Jane's wages become due, to live in dread of the ring of the taxman, to make a long detour on one's way home not to pass the butcher's shop, though the man may never have been thinking of us—is dreadful. Poor father and mother, after all their struggles, cannot hold up their heads or allow themselves an indulgence—poor us!—us girls, with our youth passing away without youth's pleasures—poor Charlie! I daresay he will go to the dogs if he is never to have a practice of his own, if he is to go on working for a niggardly surly master, or if he is to end by keeping a dispensary. It is mean, it is sordid. I should not like to look forward to such an experience as my fate always. My needlework may be admired, but it is worth little money. I should not be far from starving if I had to depend upon it alone; I could be of no use to anybody. I would marry a rich man if I got the chance, let people say what they will about it being heartless and indelicate. I hope I should not go so far as to marry a regularly bad rich man—not even to help father and mother and the rest; but if he were fairly good, I should not dream of waiting to be in love with him. I'm not in love with any other man. I don't think I'm the sort of girl who falls over head and ears in love. I should marry the man straight off—for his money, no doubt; but I would do my duty by him. I would not fail him in a solitary particular in return for what he gave me. He should have his own way, as a simple matter of justice."

Chapter II

Rhoda carries out her intention

Rhoda had her chance sooner than she had dreamt. That very day Mr. Gerard had had business to transact with the junior member of a great London banking firm. This junior member's family had long ago settled in a country house near Crossford, the men of the family going up and down by train to their London business-house. Mr. Gerard, in a fit of hospitality, brought home the junior member, to Mrs. Gerard's consternation, to share a scrip-scrap dinner. It was not a scrip-scrap dinner wasted by any means, as it turned out. The young Gerards had known Bert Knight by reputation all their lives, and had been in the habit of meeting him occasionally, though he was counted several steps above them in social importance. But the scrip-scrap dinner was the first occasion on which he was observed to pay attention to Rhoda. In subsequent visits, for which he found excuses, he paid more and more attention, Rhoda receiving it quietly and calmly, but without any sign of seeking to escape from it or to repulse it.

At last, after a brief conversation held between the couple when they were parting at the close of a tennis match, Bert Knight made his proposals in proper form to Mr. Gerard for the hand of his daughter Rhoda. Mr. Gerard accepted the offer willingly, subject to Rhoda's approval. He could not hope to do better for one of his portionless daughters. Knight bore an excellent character. He had been an only child. His father and mother were dead. He had succeeded, a year or two before, to what all Crossford considered the very ample means of even a junior partner in the great London bank, and to the pretty country house of Westbrook, two miles from Crossford. Everybody applauded. Not pink and white Cissy, not blooming bouncing Clara, but Rhoda, who actually did work for an art needlework shop, whose complexion was nothing to speak of, while her manner was considered too cold and reserved.

Rhoda agreed with her neighbours that she had done well for herself, and had no

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qualms with respect to the future. Her mother was still more pleased than her father, and the other girls were in high glee at the prospect of the first marriage in the family. Strange to say, it was Charlie—thoughtless light-hearted Charlie—who was inclined to demur at the speed with which the match was made up, and to question its future felicity. He intercepted Rhoda when she was alone in the garden one evening and attacked her. "I say, Rho, are you sure you care a straw for poor Knight? Ain't it a sell for him and a buy for you?" he asked, with an odd mixture of anxiety, confusion, and uncontrollable fun—apt to bubble up in his conversation.

Rhoda was not at first angry with Charlie for sounding her feelings, though she did not give him a satisfactory answer. "Why shouldn't I care?" she replied by a counter question, with hardly an increase of colour in her cheeks.

Why shouldn't she, indeed?

Bert Knight was a nice modest young fellow, apart from his claims and privileges. He was not flashily but solidly popular with people whose good opinion was worth winning. He was understood to have more than a fair amount of brains; physically, he was well-built, and almost handsome in the light of his kind brown eyes.

But the fact remained that Rhoda did not care for Bert Knight in the sense Charlie meant, though she fully intended to make him a good wife.

"Well, I don't know," said Charlie, with a stammer, shifting from one foot to the other, and kicking aside the gravel. "It's out of my line, I need not explain. But I thought turtle-doves were always seeking to be alone together, to bill and coo at their pleasure, with no critical eyes upon them. Now, I notice you do your best to keep out of Knight's way, unless you are well supported by the mater and the girls. Last night, at the piano, when the poor beggar did no more than venture to take your hand on the sly"—

"Hold your tongue, Charlie," interrupted Rhoda indignantly, getting very red this time; "mind your own business. If Bert is content, why should you interfere?"

"It is rather you than I who should mind what you are about, in time," said Charlie manfully. "You are bound to think, especially when it may be a beastly unfair transaction to the other person engaged in it."

"He has wits enough to find that out for himself," said Rhoda, with more composure. "I don't think it is a compliment to him, for you to meddle in his affairs. Leave him and me to manage what, you must admit, is our concern." Then Rhoda tried to make up for the snub she had administered, by giving the conversation a more agreeable turn: "Won't it be nice for you and the girls to come down every fine afternoon through the summer and play tennis at Westbrook? Bert says he's having fresh courts laid out; and the strawberries will be ripe by the time we are back from our trip. Oh, and he is getting a better billiard-table! I say, Charlie, if an independent practice near can be heard of for you, I am sure Bert will not object to lend whole or part of the purchase-money, which father may not be able to advance."

"Bert shall not lend money to buy a practice for me, either near or far," cried Charlie, flushing hotly and turning on his heel.

"Why, Charlie, what do you mean?" exclaimed Rhoda, her grey eyes wide with astonishment. "Of course you will pay him back before long, and no man in his senses need hesitate to accept such a temporary accommodation from a brother-in-law. Charlie, I hope you are not offended because you have taken it into your stupid head that I am patronising you. It was only your good I was thinking of. I shall have a right to help you—all of you—when it is in my power."

"I am not at all certain about the right," said Charlie, almost gloomily. "I believe you mean well, Rho, and I am not offended—just a little bit doubtful. Other people may not feel as I do; they do not seem to, anyhow. The girls may go and live with you and Bert Knight, and scout the idea of being in the way. Father and mother may not see it in that light. Bert—everybody—may welcome the arrangement: all the same, 'No, thanks, dear,' where I am concerned. Bert shall not give me a leg-up into a practice. I'll not take the chance of repaying him some day or never; though the debt may be as a drop in the ocean to a man with a bank at his back."

CHAPTER III

FAILURE

RHODA was married with the customary éclat; she looked well in her bridal white, and well in her pretty travelling dress, though both were of a simpler description than brides wear nowadays. She was anxious to cost her father as little as possible, and she could not

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take her trousseau from the man who was not yet her husband. She had even a little proud revulsion at accepting the bridegroom's gifts during the short engagement. She had a girl's value for a diamond ring and a ruby bracelet, but it was tiresome to be compelled to have them always *en évidence* when Bert paid his visits. She was the most composed of brides, distressing nobody by backward looks and impulsive tears.

It was Rhoda's opinion that the honeymoon trip went off very well. It was spent abroad, where she had not been before. Her quick intelligence and keen appreciation of all that was novel, picturesque, and beautiful stood her in good stead. She really enjoyed herself, and her companion enjoyed her enjoyment. She tried to repay him in the manner which she imagined pleasing to men, young and old: she took care to be always neat and fresh in her dress; she was unfailingly punctual; she managed with the least possible luggage. No doubt Bert was grateful, though, after the first week, he said little about it. The sole point on which they differed was when he wished her to fall behind guides and fellow-tourists in their expeditions, to linger apart with him on balconies at sunset, to venture upon *têtes-à-tête* moonlight strolls. Rhoda was not sentimental; she had a wholesome dread of drafts and chill night air. She was thankful that, after a few vain endeavours to lead her into temptation, Bert was sensible and reasonable also. He was not even foolishly "spoony" in insisting on retaining the seat next her at open-air concerts, etc. By the time the Knights' faces were turned homewards they behaved like a sedate old married couple, though Rhoda was not more than twenty-two and Bert was just twenty-six. In passing through Paris he proposed to exercise his prerogative as a husband in supplementing Rhoda's slender trousseau, and she accepted the proposal graciously. She had never looked so graceful and distinguished as she did in the tea-gowns and lace mantles and silk toques which he and a high-class modiste showered upon her. She would be the admiration and envy of all the frivolous girls in Crossford. But Rhoda did not set supreme store on her wardrobe, and the best results of her marriage were yet to come.

When the pair were settled at Westbrook, Rhoda succeeded in having at least one of her sisters, as she had pictured, generally staying in the house. She even coaxed over her father and mother to spend a day and a night at a time with her. As for Charlie, though he had been a Brutus in the matter of borrowing money to buy a practice from his brother-in-law, he was by no means a rock in resisting Rhoda's desire for his company in his spare hours; while Bert did not fail in the friendliest greetings.

If Rhoda had craved for her own people all through the wedding tour, she did not neglect Bert's people when it had come to an end. He had few to speak of. His nearest relations were two cousins double his age—elderly ladies, worthy, but dull. Rhoda insisted on having them down to Westbrook, and devoting herself to their entertainment. "I must thank you, Rhoda, for taking so much trouble with the Wilsons," said Bert in a sudden glow of gratitude. "I am afraid you cannot find them very amusing; but they were good to me when I was a boy."

"Of course, Bert, I must do my duty to the Misses Wilson," said Rhoda, with the air of superiority which was stealing into her manner. "It is only fair, when Cissy and Charlie and the others are so much about the place. The very neighbours would cry shame upon me if I failed in attention to your relatives."

Bert nodded; but it was the last time he thanked Rhoda for being kind to anybody with whom he had to do.

Gradually the attractions of Westbrook palled upon the young Gerards. The gloss was rubbed off the situation. Neither Rhoda nor Bert Knight was to blame. The strawberries did not fail. Desirable company was not wanting. Perhaps it was a trifle too desirable, for Rhoda had always been the most particular of her family with regard to her associates. A new family, well-to-do, good-natured, a little vulgar, and by no means hard to please, had taken a house in the Gerards' row of houses. The young people of the two houses struck up an intimacy with alarming celerity. So long as Cissy, Clara, Gladys, and Charlie had the Mummerys to lounge, gossip, and giggle with, to hail over adjacent railings, to rush in upon at all hours, the two miles between Westbrook and Crossford grew longer and longer. The fickle objects of Rhoda's devotion ceased to care to traverse the distance often, to meet her implied reproaches, to see her look shocked at their lapses in good manners.

Happily, there was a counterbalance to Rhoda's vexation. In the course of the following spring her baby was born, and everybody who cared for her was interested afresh in her. Rhoda was passionately fond of her little man; all the stifled tenderness and slightly warped and wounded affections of her nature found vent on him.

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"SHE NEVER LOOKED SO GRACEFUL AS SHE DID IN THE TEA-GOWNS WHICH HE SHOWERED UPON HER."

[*Drawn by* BERTHA NEWCOMBE.]

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Bert Knight was not her rival as a nurse. He had a man's silent pride and delight in the son born to him; but he looked on from a distance, sometimes wistfully, sometimes with dry humour, at a young mother's antics of love.

Then a strange, and to many people a terrible, event happened. It was totally unforeseen by Rhoda, though Bert Knight had looked worried for months back; and she had occasionally told him that his liver must be out of order, and that he ought to take more exercise when he came down from town, instead of shutting himself up with piles of papers and rows of figures, as he had done latterly.

The great bank in which Bert Knight had a junior's modest share—the bank which was thought as stable and as incapable of sustaining serious injury as the Bank of England—was discovered to have been speculating wildly,—was known all at once to be tottering to its fall. Its interests were so widespread, its ruin would involve such far-reaching disaster and desolation, that the bank of the nation, which lays down the law in finance, could not witness the wreck without interposition. The Bank of England came forward and took over for a season the other bank's assets and liabilities: a large section of English credit was saved; innumerable lesser bankruptcies, with complications of suffering, were prevented. The depositors in the bank and the sympathetic lookers-on breathed again, and warmly congratulated themselves on the patriotism with which the national bank had come to the help of its belated sister. But the numerous shareholders knew that from that day till the year of jubilee, when the distressed bank's vast debts were discharged to the uttermost farthing, no dividends, roughly speaking, could be paid. For those who had other resources, it was well; they might wait to the end. For those whose whole fortune, like Bert Knight's, was in bank shares, protracted poverty stared them in the face; want, like an armed man, had come upon them in a rush.

Rhoda had not married Bert Knight for this calamity to befall them; but she was too sensible, too honourable, to say a useless word when, shrinking from looking her in the face, he told her of their plunge into adversity.

"We cannot stay on at Westbrook," he said, looking with haggard eyes through the breakfast-room window at the gardens and shrubberies in their summer beauty. "Your father must try to sell or let it. I must stay up in town and seek for paid work—if I can but secure a clerk's berth or a clerk's salary. You must go back to your father's house with Baby till we see what can be done. If Westbrook is let, you shall have the rent for an allowance. I think I may promise that without injustice to the other shareholders. Rhoda, there are many of them much worse off than we are—people who have never known a reverse; old people without anything or anybody to fall back upon."

"Is it so bad as that, Bert?" she asked sadly. "Of course I'll do what you think best, and perhaps things will come right—in time. It would be impossible for Baby to be taken to London, at his age, at this season. I will write constantly and let you know how he gets on."

"All right," said Bert, turning away.

Chapter IV

Charlie's Counsel

Rhoda's return, under the circumstances, to her family, strong as was her attachment to every member of it, was a mortification in itself. She hoped that, when her father succeeded in letting Westbrook (which he did without great loss of time), that she would be able to indemnify her father and mother for what expense she caused them, by paying a liberal amount for herself and Baby. But, to her discomfiture, her mother declined to receive anything beyond the smallest sum; and that, as she said, only in fairness to the other girls. She bade Rhoda keep what money she had, in recognition of the long time it would take before the affairs of the great bank could be settled.

Everybody was kind; nobody meant for a moment to remind Rhoda that her position was altered, or to slight her. It was all in the natural order of things that those around her should be occupied with their own concerns. There were a hundred new interests to fill up the days, and push Rhoda and Baby into the background. "Can't you come with us, Rhoda? No? Baby fretful? Oh, bother Baby!"

It is difficult for any woman who has once been joint head of a house, its mistress and lawgiver, to subside again into a subordinate position. Rhoda did it as well as most women, for she had never been either selfish

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"HE CLASPED HIS WIFE IN HIS ARMS."

or self-indulgent. But she was restless and discontented, while she could not tell either what she wanted or what she missed. It was not the fleshpots of Egypt—the superior quarters, table and service of Westbrook; she could not be mean enough for that. It must be that she was no longer first with anybody: nobody considered or consulted her wishes as poor Bert had done.

"I say, Charlie, what a blessing it was that you did not borrow money from Bert to buy a practice," she said suddenly to Charlie, one evening when the winter was almost over, spring was at the door, and the brother and sister happened to be alone together.

"I'm not so sure of that now," said Charlie, looking hard at her. "It would only have been a flea-bite to the bank. If I had submitted to be under an obligation to anybody, I should have liked it to be to a good sort like Bert, while I should have been on my mettle to pay it back. Do you know, Rhoda,

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I did not think he was looking well when I saw him in town, in his rooms, last week. I am glad to get a word with you, Rho, on the subject. He had not been at his bank for a couple of days. Upon my word, I did not like his appearance. He has had one of the bad throats he is subject to, and he has let himself run down."

Rhoda looked up startled and somewhat scared. "He said nothing about being ill in his last letter to me," she remonstrated.

"I daresay not," answered Charlie sardonically. "He would turn his face to the wall and make no sign even if it came to the worst: that is Bert's style."

"It would be a cruel style," stammered Rhoda, with her lips growing white; "and Bert could not be cruel: it is not in him. Oh, what shall I do, Charlie?"

"Pack up to-night; start the first thing to-morrow morning for town," advised Charlie promptly.

"Oh! but Baby?"

"Isn't the kid wanted? Hand him over to mother; you know she is a *brick* when there is any real trouble, and she has had enough experience with babies."

Rhoda hesitated. She had never been half a day or a single night away from Baby since he was born: any mother could tell what that meant.

"I should think the greatest kindness you could show the little chap would be to preserve his father to him," said Charlie, with a shade of scorn.

Rhoda went with the first train next morning. Nobody protested or was surprised. Indeed it struck her with a sense of grim irony that they had expected her to go before then.

When she had accomplished her journey and reached Bert's lodgings, she heard with some annoyance that her husband was not at home. He was better, and able to be back at the bank. Charlie had been making an outcry about nothing—she need not have come—Baby would be looking round for her in vain. She glanced about when she got into the sitting-room—no, she was not sorry she had come. The street was not worse than other streets. Bert was not living either in a garret or a cellar—he was in fairly comfortable quarters; but they were terribly unhomelike and unbeautiful. No little touches had brightened up the commonplace, no womanly taste and affectionate care had made the best of things. Rhoda thought of Westbrook awakening to the spring, and how much Bert had cared for the place, while her heart ached—not for herself. She had, by a species of intuition, put into her trunk, when she was packing, some relics of "home"—a tablecover which she had embroidered when she returned from her wedding tour, a cushion which had always lain in Bert's chair, a pair of hand-screens which the Misses Wilson had worked and given to her. None of the articles were *chefs-d'œuvre* of their kind, but they were familiar objects, and broke in on the aridness of the room. To-morrow she would have spring flowers—something living, like herself—within the narrow bounds.

It was a trial when Rhoda at last saw Bert from the window. She had to gulp down something which rose in her throat, for she was forced to realise that, though Charlie might have made a fuss, Bert was certainly paler and thinner than formerly.

"Rhoda, you here!" he exclaimed in amazement when he found her standing in the middle of the floor. "What's up? Anything wrong at home? The child?"

The painful awkwardness of the situation was evident, and Rhoda had now a vivid consciousness that it would not have existed had the relations of the two been what they ought to have been from the beginning—had she loved her husband when she married him. She told him nothing was wrong, nothing had happened. She had only come up to see what he was about. It sounded so flat and foolish; and though he kissed her and said he was glad to see her, she had a distressing impression that he still wondered what she was doing there. Before dinner was over he was already referring to her return home! After dinner, when they drew their chairs to the fire, it was better. He looked round him with a vaguely-satisfied air. "I declare you must have brought a bit of Westbrook with you. What is it? Where is it? The room seems a good deal jollier than it has ever seemed before."

"You might be more complimentary," she said shyly. "You might attribute any change to my presence."

"It may be so," he replied, with a shade of stiffness. "When your presence goes, the change will go also, no doubt."

"But my presence is not going just yet, she tried to remonstrate gaily. Why, I have only just come, Bert!"

"Yes; but there is nothing for you to do here," he said ruthlessly. "You have nothing and nobody to occupy you."

"I have you," she said, low.

"No; that is exactly what you cannot

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have," he said brusquely; "even if I were a host in myself to make up for the want of the others, for the want of Baby — I cannot imagine you existing without him for any length of time. I am much obliged for your good intentions, Rhoda; but I am all day at the bank. I was only absent for the week I was laid up, when, unfortunately, Charlie came. He must have gone back and frightened you unnecessarily, as you can see for yourself."

"I can see," she said sadly. "I do not know if there is any use in my telling you, that though you are at the bank all day, I know you will come home at night, so that I have you to wait and watch for."

He stared at her. "Do you mean you wish it? Do you mean you would prefer it to going back to Crossford, to Baby and the rest? Am I of so much consequence to you?"

"Yes, Bert," she answered, with a sob in her voice; "and if I had not been a mercenary cold-hearted wretch, I would not need to tell you that to-day. Who should be of so much consequence to me as you? When Baby is older he may prize both his father and mother a little; but in the meantime he will not miss me for longer than a day, and he is safe with mother. Of course I miss him—I cannot help it; but I should miss you still more, now that I have seen you again; for we belong to each other, Bert. I am yours now. I deserved to be punished; but God is good, and I have not been—not a morsel, not an atom. What do I care for money compared to you, who sought me for myself, and bore with my horrid insensibility without dreaming of retaliation?"

"Rhoda!"

"Bert!"

He clasped his wife in his arms, and she clung to him as she had never clung before. They knew they were one, and that their honeymoon was yet to begin.

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MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

V.—A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS.

DR. WHEWELL; PROFESSOR CLERK MAXWELL; CHARLES DARWIN; PROFESSOR TYNDALL; PROFESSOR HUXLEY

My reminiscences of the great Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author, among other books, of the famous *History* and of the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, are chiefly those of the days when I was an Undergraduate, a Scholar, and a young Fellow of the great College over which he presided. In those days, whatever may be the case now, the Master of a College stood at an awful distance from the Undergraduates. Only a few favoured youths, chiefly Scholars, were invited to what were called "the stand-ups"—that is, to parties at the Master's Lodge, where no Undergraduate was ever supposed to take the awful liberty of sitting down. It is, I cannot doubt, a sign of greatness to be made the subject of contemporary myths; for the clouds gather about mountain peaks. Not a few myths used to be narrated of our great Master. As "myths" alone do I refer to them, not in the least vouching for their truth. One was, that when he was Tutor he had invited a number of his "men" to a "wine"—as the entertainments of those days used to be called. Noticing a vacant place, he said to his "gyp," "Why is not Mr. —— here?" "He is dead, sir," was the reply. "I *wish* you would tell me when my pupils die!" was the indignant answer. Now, I do not believe a word of this legend; for though I did not know Dr. Whewell in the days when he was a Tutor, yet, judging from his kindness to me when he was Master, I am quite sure that he would keep more or less in touch with his pupils. Another favourite myth bore on the *bon mot* of someone,—I think Sydney Smith,—that "science was Dr. Whewell's forte, and omniscience his foible." He was supposed to know "something about everything, and everything about some things." On one occasion, two of the Fellows, thinking to get beyond his range, began to talk on the subject of Chinese metaphysics, which they had got up for the purpose. Whewell listened in silence for a time, and then observed, "Ah! I see you have been reading a paper which I wrote for an Encyclopædia of Science." After that, they laid no more plots to find limits to his universal knowledge!

I vividly recall the fine and stately presence of the Master, which (as another myth related) made a prize-fighter deplore that so splendid a physique, and such thews and sinews, should be thrown away on a mere clergyman! I remember him especially in the College chapel. He was an unfeignedly religious man. One little peculiarity of his in the Communion service was always to omit the words "*and oblations*" after "to receive these our alms." He understood the word "*oblations*" to mean simply the bread and wine as normally presented, or supposed to be presented, by the congregation. As we Undergraduates had nothing to do with providing the Eucharistic elements, he thought it meaningless to use the word.

He only preached to us once a term; for in those days every Undergraduate was supposed to attend the University sermon, either at ten or at three, or both. The morning sermon was, as a rule, miserably attended; and the afternoon but scantily, though we used to flock to hear the very small number of really eminent preachers who were, in those days, invited to address us. It is perhaps hardly surprising that the morning University sermon should have been abolished, for I have sometimes seen barely half a dozen Undergraduates present. Preachers were often duller even than their wont, because they unwisely used the University pulpit to air their special "views," or mounted, for the nonce, on stilts to which they were not accustomed. The Clerk of St. Mary's (or one of the Esquire Bedells, I forget which) is reported to have made the remark, "I have attended the University sermons morning and evening for forty years, *and thank God I am still a Christian!*" There are now sermons every Sunday in all the College chapels, and doubtless they are more generally useful. It would hardly have been supposed that Dr. Whewell's

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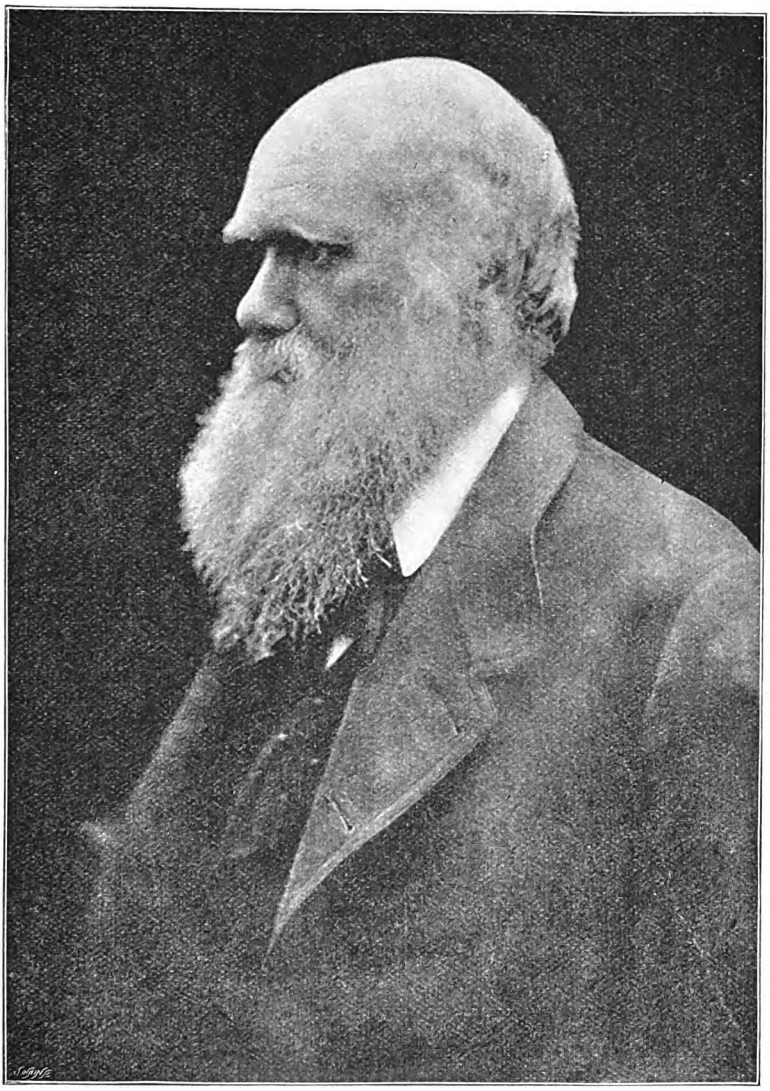

CHARLES DARWIN.
[*By* MRS. JULIA MARGARET CAMERON, *reproduced by* H. H. HAY CAMERON.]

sermons should frequently have had a marked poetic tinge. Such, however, was the case. As an Undergraduate he had won the Chancellor's Medal for a poem on "Boadicea," and several of his fugitive pieces of poetry are still preserved. I still remember his sermons. There was one especially, preached on Feb. 23, 1851, which we Undergraduates asked him to print. He did so, and sent a copy to each of us, with the preface: "Several of those who heard this sermon having expressed a desire to see it in print, I gladly offer it to them in that form, with my affectionate wishes for their welfare, and especially for their spiritual welfare." I still possess the copy which he sent me. The text was Isa. xxx. 15, "*In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.*" He spoke of the true sources of strength in sorrow, in doubt, in religious change, and amid social anxieties, pointing out that what we are to aim at is faith—not "the quietness of inaction and the confidence of carelessness," but the due use of the means of grace. "Consider," he said, "how great is the weight which these years of your life have to bear; how much depends upon your forming here a manly and worthy view of the value of your own purity and sobriety of mind; how much to yourselves, how much to your country, how much to your destiny, in time and in eternity. Seek to make your weeks roll round like the wheels of a chariot which is to carry you along the road of God's commands and purposes, which is bringing you continually nearer to the gate of heaven. And, so doing, may the Spirit of God descend upon you week by week, and day by day!"

It was in those days the profoundly idiotic and ill-mannered practice of the Undergraduates to begin a loud and continuous *whistle* whenever Dr. Whewell entered the Senate House. How this originated I do not know. There were two legends about it: one was that it intimated that the Master

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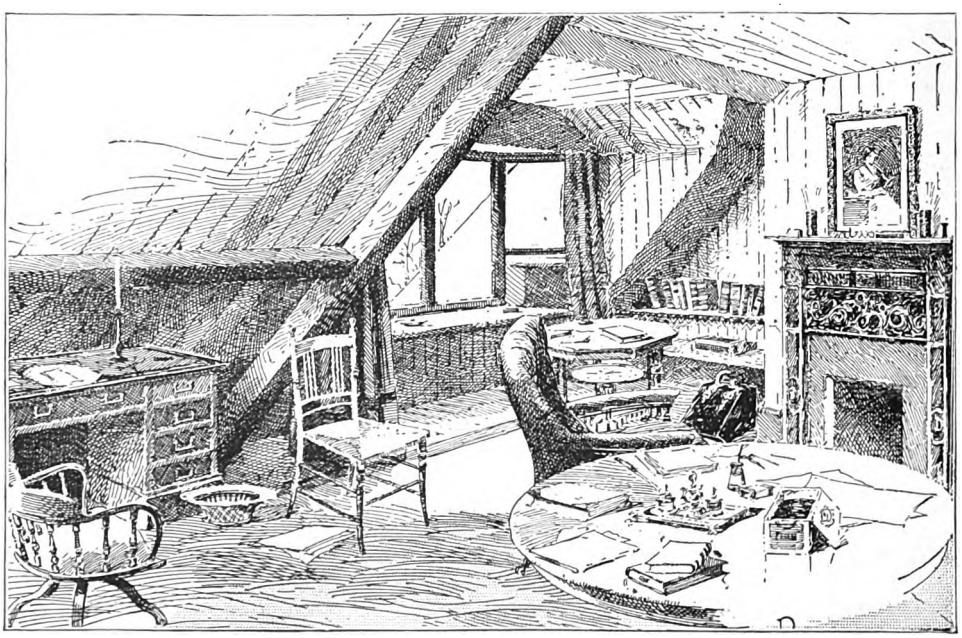
would have to whistle for a Bishopric—an honour for which I should imagine that he had not the remotest desire; the other (equally absurd) was, that when someone had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, "You must shape your mouth as if you were going to whistle!" But he was the greatest man among us, and I can remember my feeling of pained vexation to think how unworthy it was of Cambridge that this insulting inanity should be practised upon the Master of our chief College, even in the presence of distinguished strangers. At one time Dr. Whewell, owing to some line which he took in University questions, was very unpopular. He was hooted from the Senate House, and an assault on him was even apprehended. On one occasion the Masters of Arts and others formed a sort of escort and conducted him back to Trinity Lodge. But when his wife, Lady Affleck, died, a very touching incident occurred, showing the genuine goodness of heart which lay under the rough manners of the "men." Dr. Whewell had been tenderly devoted to his wife, and when he attended chapel after her death the Trinity men were touched by the fact that he had not shrunk from letting them see the spectacle of "an old man's anguish, and a strong man's tears." When next he entered the Senate House there was dead silence. For the first time for I know not how many years not a whistle was heard; and then, a moment afterwards, as by spontaneous impulse, the whole crowded mass of Undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud and long-continued cheer. It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should have moved the heart of the great Master, or that the tears should have run down his cheeks. After that, I do not think that he was ever whistled at again.

To me Dr. Whewell was always kind, and more than kind. When I was elected a Scholar he addressed me in friendly terms. He read through with me the poem on "The Arctic Regions," which obtained for me the Chancellor's Medal. In one line I had called the icebergs "unfabled Strophades." "Ah!" he said, "an admirable expression!" And he had a little talk with me as to whether I meant a particular word to be "irridescence" or "iridescence." In the examination for the Trinity Fellowships a paper was always set in Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. I happened to have read all through the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, for whom I felt in those days a boundless admiration, and whose works I had selected for one of my Trinity prizes. In my paper I had often referred to the views of Coleridge, and this pleased the Master very much, for (though I did not know it) he too had a great sympathy and



PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S STUDY.

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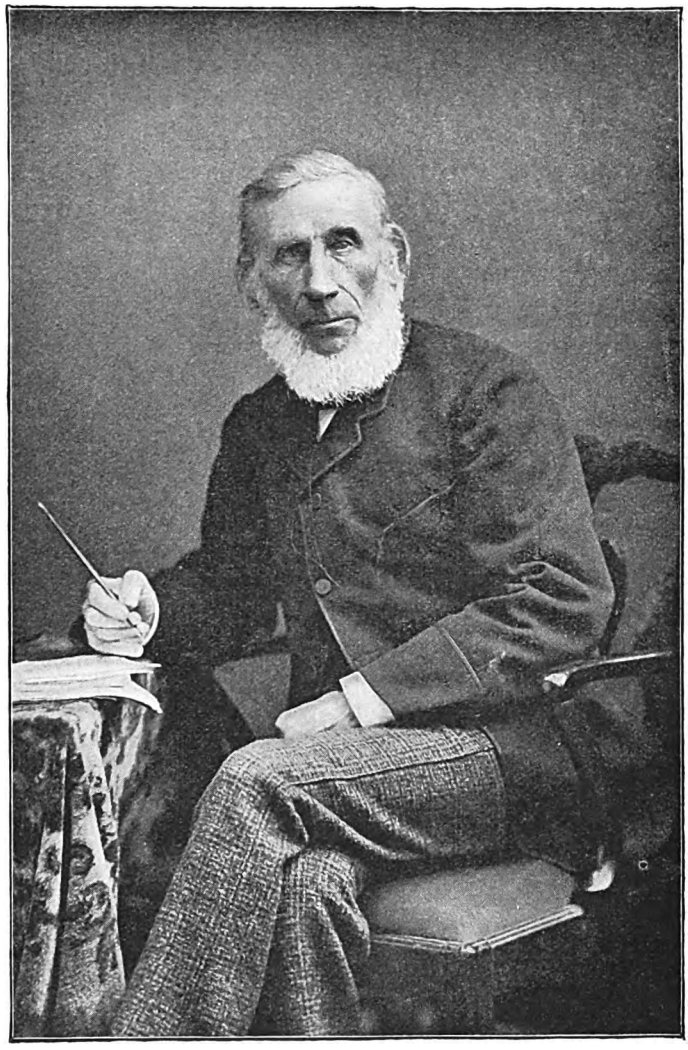
admiration for S. T. C. He told me, with a pleasant smile, that he had never before met with a Fellowship candidate who had made the same use of Coleridge's views as I had done.

When the question of University Reform was vehemently agitated with reference to the Royal Commission, I took the side of those who voted for, and urged on, the changes of system which have, since then, very considerably altered the whole of College life and University education. Dr. Whewell was strongly, I had almost said passionately, on the other side, and I had a long letter from him in consequence of a speech of mine at one of the meetings of the Fellows of Trinity. He did not alter the opinions which I had been led to form, but it is needless to say that I wrote my answer to his arguments with the deepest respect and the most modest deference. I always felt warmly grateful for all that I owed to him, and am thankful to have come in contact with so fine a personality.



PROFESSOR TYNDALL.
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2. A very great man of science — PROFESSOR J. CLERK MAXWELL—was my contemporary at College, and entered as a Freshman with myself. He was elected a Scholar in the same year as I was, and we were constantly thrown together during the time of our University career. Many a long walk have I had with him, and spent with him many a bright and cheery evening, while "life moved like a fiery pillar before us, the dark side not yet turned." He was elected into the very small Society of "Apostles," to which have belonged such men as Archbishop Trench, Dean Alford, Thompson, Master of Trinity, Lord Houghton, Lord De Tabley, F. D. Maurice, Sterling, Sir Henry Mayne, the late Sir A. Buller, Sir J. FitzJames Stephen, Lord Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, F. J. Hort, and many eminent men now living, whom I will not name. Maxwell's speeches and papers at the meetings of this little Society — which did not number more than five or six members—were always most able and most characteristic. His interventions in the discussions, when each of us had to speak in turn, were often hardly intelligible to anyone who did not understand the general characteristics of his mind, which were very marked in his conversation. If you said something to him, he would reply by a remark which seemed wide as the poles from what

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you had mentioned. This often had the effect of diverting the conversation from the subject in hand, because the remark appeared wholly irrelevant. When this was the case, he usually dropped the discussion altogether; and, indeed, many of those who casually met him regarded him as incomprehensible for this reason. But if you gave him his bent, he would soon show you that his remark, so far from being *nihil ad rem*, really bore very closely on the heart of the question at issue. To this he would gradually approach until the relevance of his first remark, which seemed so distant from the topic under consideration, became abundantly manifest.

HINDHEAD HOUSE, WHERE PROFESSOR TYNDALL DIED.

At one time, when I was an Undergraduate, I became very despondent about my mathematics. In those days, the rule had only just been altered which insisted that a classical student should take honours in the Mathematical Tripos before he was even permitted to present himself in the Classical. I might have availed myself of this rule, but did not like to do so. Having been originally intended for Oxford, I had never taken much trouble with mathematics, and had moreover been very badly and carelessly trained in them. Hence I was nervous about the Tripos; and, seeing this, Maxwell, who was a ready verse-writer, felt a genuine sympathy with me in my disheartenment, and wrote me a little apologue called "The Lark and the Cabbage." In this he compared himself, with his mathematical studies, to the cabbage; and me, with my supposed poetic aspirations, to the lark;—the upshot being that I had better not attempt the Mathematical Tripos, but reserve myself for Classics. I replied in a similar strain of nonsense, ending with—

It is a lark to be a lark,
'Tis green to be a cabbage.

Sometimes, however, he wrote more serious verses; and when I left Cambridge he was one of the half-dozen friends who entered their thoughts for me in a little manuscript book. What he wrote was striking and noble—far more so, I should imagine, than has often been written by one Undergraduate for another. It was as follows:—

"He that would enjoy life and act with freedom must have the work of the day continually before his eyes. Not yesterday's work, lest he fall into despair; not to-morrow's, lest he become a visionary—not that which ends with the day, which is a worldly work, nor yet that only which remains to eternity, for by it he cannot shape his actions.

"Happy is the man who can recognise in

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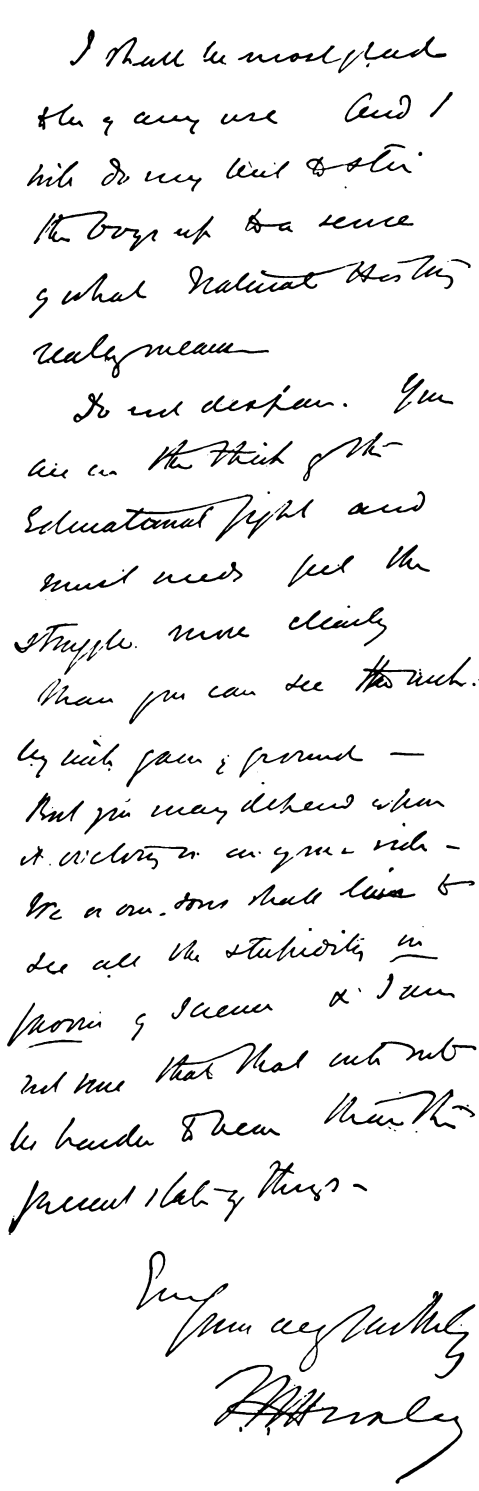
the work of to-day a connected portion of the work of life, and an embodiment of the work of eternity. The foundations of his confidence are unchangeable, for he has been made a partaker of Infinity. He strenuously works out his daily enterprises, because the present is given him for a possession. Thus ought man to be an impersonation of the divine process of nature, and to show forth the union of the infinite with the finite; not slighting his temporal existence, remembering that in it only is individual action possible, nor yet shutting out from his view that which is eternal, knowing that Time is a mystery which man cannot endure to contemplate until eternal truth enlighten it."

3. With CHARLES DARWIN, one of the greatest and certainly the most epoch-making man of science in our age, I was chiefly acquainted by correspondence. My intimacy with several of our greatest men of science dates from February 8, 1867, in which year I delivered, by request, one of the Lectures before the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. Being then a Master at Harrow, I boldly chose for my subject, "*Some Defects in our Public School Education.*" The system of spending many hours every week over Greek and Latin verse was, at that time, in full vogue in all schools, and I vigorously attacked it. I had founded a little Scientific or Natural History Society among the boys at Harrow. It did excellent work, giving scope to boys who, like the late Professor F. Balfour, cared but little for the ordinary curriculum; and my efforts to stimulate an interest in botany and other branches of study and observation left a permanent impress on the minds of several Harrovians. Struck with the good effect of interest in science on the intellectual development of many boys, I urged in my Lecture that the very artificial drilling in Latin and Greek verse should be minimised, and entirely abandoned in the case of boys who had no sort of aptitude for it. I had known boys who, after years of training in it, only succeeded in producing at last some limping and abortive Heptameter! Sir Henry Holland was in the chair; Professor Tyndall, Mr. Spottiswoode, afterwards President of the Royal Society, and other scientific leaders were present. They hailed my Lecture with the utmost warmth—paid it the unusual honour of printing it, not in epitome, but at full length, in the Transactions, and also begged me to publish it as a separate pamphlet. I was, of course, howled at as a hopeless Philistine by all



LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HUXLEY, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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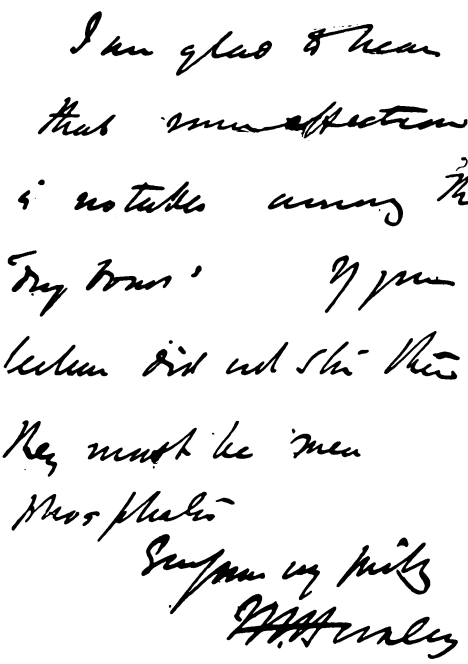
who were stereotyped in the old classical system. That is a result which invariably follows the enunciation of new truths or plans for necessary reform. But the Lecture produced a marked effect. At that time there was certainly not more than *one* well-known school which had a "Science Master"; now there is scarcely a school of note which has *not*. Then the "Latin verse" system—which for most boys was almost abysmally useless, or which, at the best, only produced very indirect results—was in all but universal practice: now it is almost entirely abandoned. This is not the only battle in my life in which outbursts of ridicule and anathema have been wholly fruitless to hinder progress in a cause which I had ventured to plead at a time when it was new and entirely unpopular. I had one reward in the lifelong pleasure of enjoying some intercourse with men who hailed my advocacy with the highest approval. It was in consequence of this, and events which followed, that I first received the following very interesting letter from Mr. Darwin. He wrote:—



LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HUXLEY, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

March 5, 1887.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind present of your Lecture. We have read it aloud with the greatest interest, and I agree to every word. I admire your candour and wonderful freedom from prejudice; for I feel an inward conviction that if I had been a great classical scholar I should never have been able to have judged fairly on the subject. As it is, I am one of the root and branch men, and would leave classics to be learnt by those who have sufficient zeal and the high taste requisite for their appreciation. You have indeed done a great public service by speaking out so boldly. Scientific men might rail for ever, and it would only be said that they railed at what they did not understand. I was at school at Shrewsbury under a great scholar, Dr. Butler. I learnt absolutely nothing except by amusing myself by reading and experimenting in chemistry. Dr. Butler somehow found this out, and publicly sneered at me before the whole school for such gross waste of time. I remember he called me a *Poco curante*, which not understanding I thought was a dreadful name.

"I wish you had shown in your Lecture how science could practically be taught in a great school. I have often heard it objected that this could not be done, and I never knew what to say in answer. I heartily hope that you may live to see your zeal and labour produce good fruit; and with my best thanks, I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES DARWIN."

It will, I think, be agreed that this letter has something of an historic interest in the annals of English education. With regard to the difficulty stated by Mr. Darwin, one may now say *Solvitur ambulando*; for now there is no large school which does not offer its pupils the opportunity of acquiring some practical and experimental knowledge of science, whereas formerly chemistry itself used to be sweepingly described by boys under the one comprehensive designation of "Stinks." Darwin's nickname at school was "Gas." The mistake of Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury with regard to the greatest intellect which ever passed under his tuition was, of course, a *vitium temporis non hominis*. And I think I may add that Mr. Darwin's kind wish has been fulfilled, and that I *have* "lived to see the fruits of my labour."

In 1871 Mr. Darwin very kindly sent me his *Descent of Man*. I had sent him my *Origin of Language*, in which he had been greatly interested, as the following letter will show:—

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"DOWN, BROMLEY, KENT,
"*November 2nd.*

"DEAR SIR,—As I have never studied the science of language, it may perhaps be presumptuous, but I cannot resist the pleasure of telling you what interest and pleasure I have derived from hearing read aloud your volume.

"I formerly read Max Müller, and thought his theory (if it deserves to be called so) both obscure and weak; and now, after hearing what you say, I feel sure that this is the case, and that your cause will ultimately triumph.

"My indirect interest in your book has been increased from Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, whom you often quote, being my brother-in-law.

"No one could dissent from my views on the modification of species with more courtesy than you do. But from the tenor of your mind I feel an entire and comfortable conviction (and which cannot possibly be disturbed), that if your studies led you to attend much to general questions in Natural History, you would come to the same conclusions that I have done.

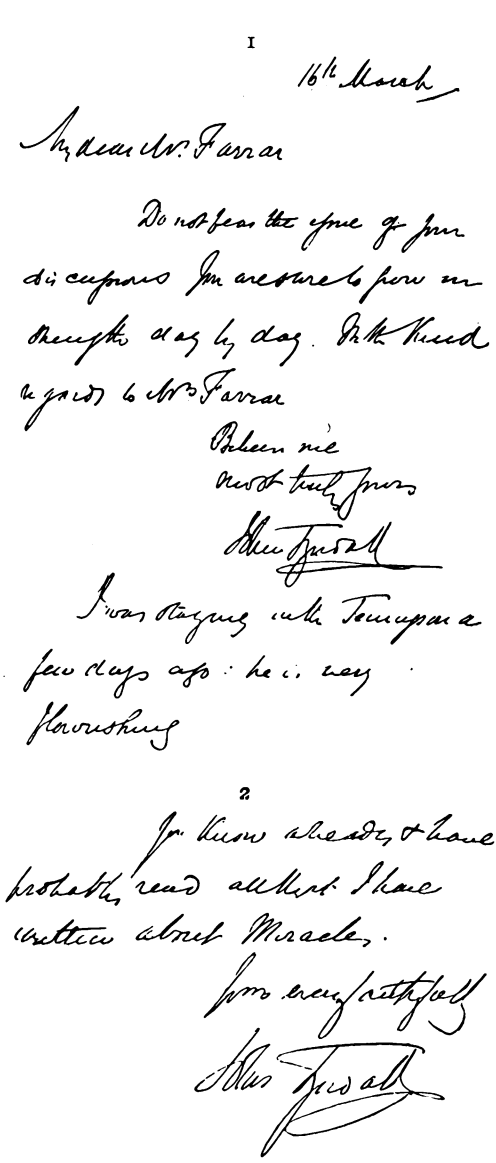
"Have you ever read Huxley's little book of Six Lectures? I would gladly send you a copy if you think you would read it.

"Considering what geology teaches us, the argument for the supposed immutability of specific types seems to me much the same as if, in a nation which had no old writings, some wise old savage was to say that his language had never changed; but my metaphor is too long to fill up.

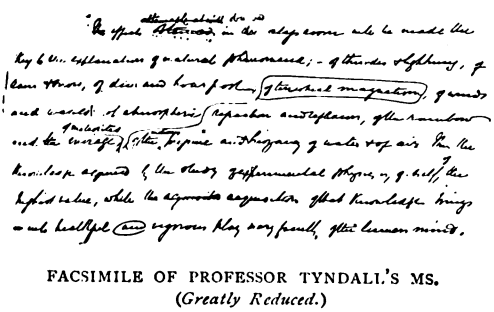
"Pray believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely obliged,

"C. Darwin"

Acknowledging his gift of the *Descent of Man*, I said that one insuperable difficulty in the acceptance of his theories was, that from all I had ever read about Anthropology, and from all my studies in Comparative Philology, it seemed to me indisputable that *different* germs of language and different types of race were traceable from the farthest prehistoric days. The argument has, since then, been indefinitely strengthened by the discovery of the earliest known skulls and remains of primeval races, which show that, even in those immeasurably distant days, there were higher and lower types of humanity. Mr. Darwin admitted the fact, but made this very striking answer:



LETTERS FROM PROFESSOR TYNDALL, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.



FACSIMILE OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S MS.
(*Greatly Reduced.*)

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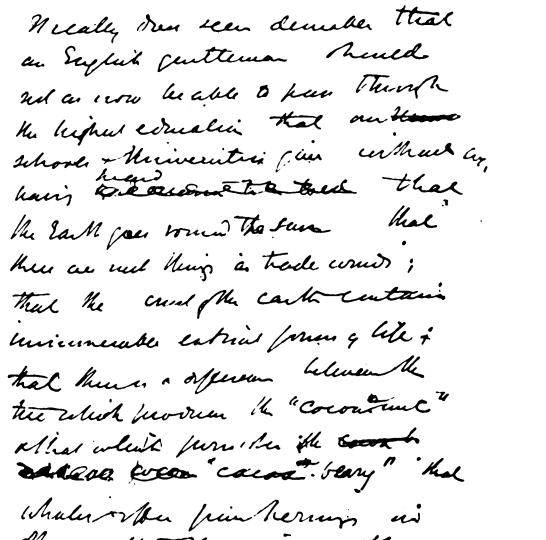
"*You are arguing from the last page of a volume of many thousands of pages.*"

I only actually met Mr. Darwin once, at the house of his son-in-law, my old friend, Mr. R. B. Litchfield. I was deeply struck by his sweet and simple dignity. It exactly corresponded with the estimate of his character which I had formed from the noble patience and reticence with which he had borne the savage and tumultuous attacks of hosts of ecclesiastical enemies. They had no terms of reprehension sufficiently strong for him, and their favourite witticism (?) was that he had not proved the development of the ape into a man, but had exemplified the degeneracy of man into the ape! When Darwin died, I happened to see Professor Huxley and Mr. W. Spottiswoode in deep and earnest conversation at the Athenæum. I asked them why no memorial had been sent to the Dean of Westminster, requesting that one who had been an honour to his age should be buried in the great historic Abbey. "There is nothing which we should like so much," said Professor Huxley. "Nothing would be more fitting; it is the subject on which we were talking. But we did not mean to make the request, for we felt sure it would be refused." I replied, with a smile, "that we clergy were not all so bigoted as he supposed"; and that, though I had no authority to answer for the Dean, I felt no doubt that, if a memorial were sent to him, the permission would be accorded. I said that I would consult the Dean, and let them know at once. Leave was given. I was asked to be one of the pall-bearers, with nine men of much greater distinction—Sir J. Lubbock, Professor Huxley, Mr. J. R. Lowell, Mr. A. R. Wallace, the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyll, the late Earl of Derby, Sir J. Hooker, and Mr. W. Spottiswoode; and on the Sunday evening I preached at the Nave Service the funeral sermon of the great author of "the Darwinian hypothesis." Ecclesiasticism was offended; but if what God requires of us is "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him," I would rather take my chance in the future life with such a man as Charles Darwin, than with many thousands who, saying, "Lord, Lord," and wearing the broadest of phylacteries, show very faint conceptions of honour, kindness, or the love of truth, and are sadly to seek in the most elementary Christian virtues.

4. My Lecture on Public School Education was followed by another, on January 31, 1868; by various papers in magazines; by various speeches; by a volume of Essays which I edited, and which were contributed by Mr. C. S. Parker, M.P., Lord Houghton, Archdeacon Wilson, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Seeley, Professor Hales, and myself. But perhaps the chief effect of the initiative I had taken was that I was asked to read a paper on the subject at the meeting of the British Association in Nottingham, 1867. At the reading of that paper many scientific men were present. The British Association granted my request to form a Committee on the subject of Public School Education. The members of the Committee were Professors Tyndall and Huxley, Archdeacon Wilson (then a Master at Rugby), the late Sir W. Grove, Mr. Griffiths, secretary of the Association, and myself. I remember a delightful dinner at my house at Harrow, at which, among others, Tyndall, Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer were present, when we discussed the subject. Another of our meetings was at Professor Huxley's, where we dined, and where I remember that Sir W. Grove, illustrating the general ignorance of the most ordinary matters of science, said that he had once vainly challenged any one of a society of gentlemen to tell him accurately the difference between a barometer



FACSIMILE OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S MS.

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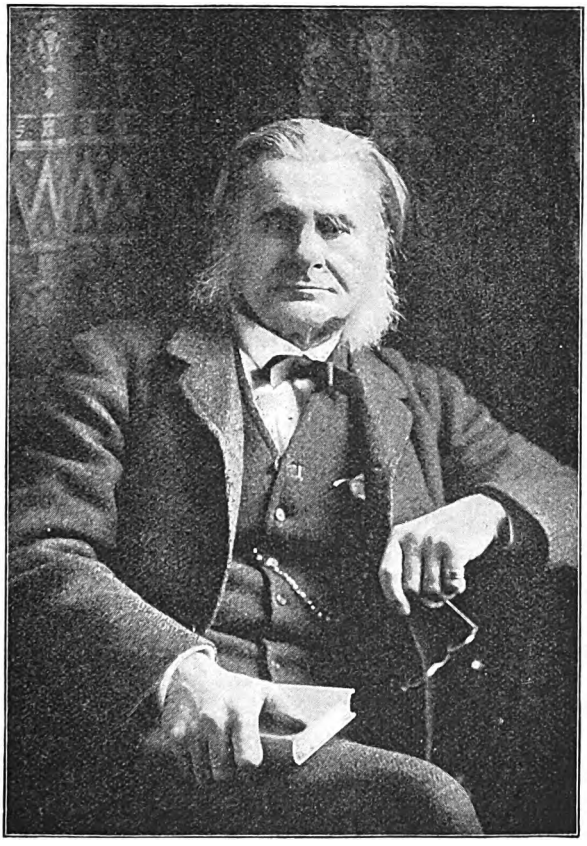
and a thermometer! As a result of the discussion, Archdeacon Wilson and I drew up a report, which was freely annotated by the other members, especially by PROFESSOR TYNDALL. I give a facsimile of some of his sentences on the previous page.

This report was accepted and printed by the British Association. The consensus of opinion in favour of our views grew constantly stronger, and the futile character of the old public school curriculum has been so far amended that it is no longer a subject of regret and complaint.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.
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5. I continued to know and to meet PROFESSOR HUXLEY for many years and on many occasions. I sometimes met him in company with Mr. Matthew Arnold, and nothing could be more delightful than the conversation elicited by their contrasted individualities. I remember a walk which I once took with them both through the pleasant grounds of Pain's Hill, where Mr. Arnold's cottage was. He was asking Huxley whether he liked going out to dinner-parties, and the Professor answered that as a rule he did not like it at all. "Ah," said Mr. Arnold, "I rather like it. It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh yes," replied Huxley, "but we are not all such *everlasting Cupids* as you!"

I sometimes had very earnest and delightful conversations with Professor Huxley on religious subjects, and I always found him perfectly open-minded, reverent, and candid. But in his case, as in the case of other eminent men of science and literature, I found that his conceptions as to what the clergy are bound to believe and maintain were exceedingly wide of the mark. He imagined that we are compelled to defend a great many opinions, especially with reference to parts of the Old Testament, which might possibly have represented the views of a hundred years ago, but which are now repudiated even by learned archbishops and bishops. When I showed him that some difficulties and objections to parts of the Christian creed which loomed large upon his mind had no connection with the faith at all—that they affected beliefs which had never been incorporated into any catholic formula—that some of the statements which he impugned were the mere accretions of ignorance, the errors of superstition, and the inventions of erring system, he would listen indeed with sincere interest, and promise to consider the points of view which I had tried to explain, but which were wholly new to him. I always fancied that he retained the notion that, while what I urged might represent the views of a few of the clergy, they were the reverse of the views of the many. I failed, I fear, to convince him that Christianity is one thing, and that *current opinions about Christianity* may be quite another. But conversations with him left on my mind the deep impression that what many men dislike is not in the least the doctrine and the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ, but something which has no necessary connection with it, and is sometimes a mere mummy painted in its guise.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Amy Dean runs away from the house of her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth of Stamer, to marry Arthur Milward. After fifteen years of poverty she returns, a widow with two children, Jack and Eve, aged respectively seven and three. Crossing Pentarnum Moors, she is taken ill, and dies. Jack goes off to get succour, and is lost on the moors, and ultimately is picked up by some gipsies. Eve is found and adopted by a farmer and his wife, Jasper and Leah Downderry of Cranlock. The mother's identity is not discovered, and she is buried in a pauper's grave. Jack spends eight years with the gipsies, and becomes a great admirer of a blue-eyed gipsy maiden called Pearl, who is to marry a gipsy prince when old enough. At sixteen Jack is led unwittingly into a burglary, but not before he has warned the Rev. John Treherne. He is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. After his release he discovers his sister, but resolves to win back his good name before making himself known to her. Relating his story to a young lawyer, Reginald Tremayne, and requesting him to find out, if possible, who his mother was, he sets out again to seek his fortune. Reaching Plymouth, he spends three days in searching for Pearl. Falling among thieves, he is robbed of his money, and half disposed to throw himself into the sea, that seemed to call him to rest and peace. Meanwhile, Reginald Tremayne, who had fallen in love with Eve, pursues his investigations, to the dismay of Isaac Pengarth.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WOOF OF LIFE

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.

IT is easy to philosophise on the vanity of life, and (under certain circumstances) to reason oneself into the belief that existence is a fraud, that hope is a cheat, and that the world is the worst of all possible places; but such philosophy generally breaks down at the crucial point. The instinct of life bears down all our arguments. We may envy the dead, but we still cling to life. We pine for the rest and quiet of the grave, yet sicken at the smell of its mould; we idealise death into a white-robed angel, but the X rays of our fears reveal the grim skeleton beneath the gauze. The gentle friend that is to hush us to sleep is, in spite of everything, "the King of Terrors."

Jack listened to the far-off moaning of the sea, and it seemed to him like a friendly voice calling him to rest and peace. He argued with himself that such as he had no chance in life, that they were in the way, that the world did not want them, that the sooner they took their place among those who slept, the better it would be for all concerned.

His religious beliefs were as yet very vague, not to say chaotic. His mother's teachings were becoming to him but as the memory of a dream. Moreover, such teaching of hers as he remembered—in which a kindly and sympathetic Providence always played the chief part—appeared to have no fulfilment in his own life. In looking back he could trace no providential hand. He had just drifted on the waves of circumstance; or, like an autumn leaf, was but the plaything of the winds—now swirled into a corner, now swept out into the open, and anon for a brief space left in quietness and peace. He could see no purpose in anything.

Nor had his prison-life helped him in this direction. The jail chaplain had preached to him every Sunday, it is true, and he had read his Bible with great diligence; for, on the whole, it was the most interesting volume the prison authorities supplied. But it seemed to him that the chaplain never explained anything that wanted explaining,

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while his narrow and attenuated theology only tended to confuse issues that otherwise would have been tolerably plain.

So, religiously as well as socially, he was adrift.

"I'm glad Eve is happy," he reflected. "She'll not want me. She is better without me. I'm sorry I told her that her brother was alive; that was a mistake. And I'm sorry I shall never pay back the old man's money; he'll think worse of me than perhaps I deserve. Well, well, it can't be helped. I wish it could. I've nobody to live for; if I had, the world would seem a different place."

The crowd jostled him on every side as he reflected thus, for, now that the lamps were lighted, the streets seemed to get more thronged. He missed his way, too, and wandered in an opposite direction from that which he intended. The pangs of hunger did not abate, and his weariness was greater than ever; but for some reason the voice of the sea called less loudly, and the thought of going down beneath the waves in the dark made him shudder. Then a working-man pushed past him, singing as he went a poor meaningless kind of song about some

blue-eyed Betsey Jane
Who lived down in the lane,
And her cheeks were like the roses in the spring, O.

Jack did not catch the rest of the song, and yet somehow it touched his heart in a way he could not understand. Life was not joyless for everybody. This working-man seemed happy enough. Perhaps he was going to see his sweetheart that evening, and was now enjoying the pleasure of anticipation. Then a group of girls coming arm in arm nearly pushed him off the side walk. They were laughing and chattering as though the world was in its springtime—as indeed it was for them. He paused for a moment and looked after them, for the face of the youngest reminded him of Pearl, and sent memory journeying back into the past, and tore his soul with a strange longing. For a little while he forgot where he was, forgot in what direction he was travelling, and the voice of the sea calling him to rest and sleep had become so feeble that he could no longer hear it.

The instinct of life was strong in him still. Life, empty as it was, seemed, after all, better than death. Moreover, it seemed cowardly to die because of one failure or ten. What would Pearl think if she ever got to know?

Then he paused at a street corner for a little procession of men and women to pass—mostly young men and women. They were marching two and two, and singing as they marched—

Oh, comrades, won't you come along with me?
I'm bound for the land of the pure and the free;
I'm going home to glory the King for to see.
Won't you come? Won't you come?

I don't mind the journey, for it won't be very long,
And the presence of the Captain makes me brave and strong,
So I march with face uplifted and sing my hopeful song.
Won't you come? Won't you come?

It seemed to Jack like a personal invitation, so he turned almost instinctively and followed the little band of singers. There was a cheery lilt in the doggerel, and a certain warmth and sincerity in the singing, that drew him on in spite of himself. Other members of the little band fell into line as they continued their march, till Jack found himself in the middle of the procession instead of at the end.

"It's a way these people have of enjoying themselves," he reflected. But he did not attempt to join in the singing.

At length they reached a long, low, but well-lighted mission room, the door of which stood invitingly open. Here Jack paused and stepped aside. The room evidently belonged to these people, and he did not know that he had any right to enter.

He watched all the others file in, until he stood outside alone. In a few minutes the singing began again—not a marching tune this time, but something more stately and solemn. The words he could not catch.

Then a man came out and stood in the doorway, and, seeing Jack leaning against the wooden fence that surrounded the building, came a few steps nearer.

"Bain't 'ee comin' in along of we?" he asked at length.

"I don't know," Jack answered. "What do you do inside?"

"Do? Why, us sings an' prays, an' feeds on the bread of life."

At the word "bread" Jack grew interested at once. "You have a meal, have you?" he asked.

"A mail? I shud think so. The richest mail that heaven can find. All the dainties ov paradise."

Jack was more interested still. "Have you to pay much for it?" he questioned.

"Pay, man? No, we doan't pay nawthin'. It's without money an' without price."

"That will just suit me," Jack remarked, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Be 'ee hungry, comrade?" the man asked.

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"Rather," Jack replied, with a feeble smile.

"Yer soul hungry?" said the man.

"I reckon so. I'm hungry altogether."

"You want washin', I reckon," was the reply. "Washin' in the fountain."

"Very likely I do," Jack said resentfully. "But you needn't be rude."

"Oah, then, you come along weth we," the man replied, without noticing Jack's remark. "Yer be weary an' 'eavy laden, bain't you?"

"There's no doubt about that," Jack said. "I've been on the tramp all the day."

"Oah, then, poor sinner, you come along weth we," was the sympathetic answer. "The door is oppen wide, an' still there's room. Come to the mercy-seat and you'll find rest to yer soul."

"I'll be glad of a rest on any kind of seat," Jack answered, "for I haven't sat down since morning."

"Oah, my dear brother, you do mix up speretual things wi' carnal," the man said pityingly. "Yer ears want onstoppin', an' yer eyes anointin' weth eye-salve that you may see. But you come inside. Come to the Rock of Ages, and eat the grapes of Eshcol, and smell the cedars of Lebanon, and drink the waters of Elim, an' let yer soul delight itself in fatness."

But Jack still hesitated. This style of talk was above his comprehension, though he began to feel, in a vague kind of way, that he had been taking things too literally.

Inside, the little band of singers had started a second hymn, the first words of which arrested Jack's attention in a moment, and held him as with a spell—

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

But the man at the door didn't heed the singing. He drew a step nearer still to Jack, and his voice thrilled with unmistakable earnestness.

"Oah, poor sinner, don't 'ee delay," he went on. "Now is the accepted time. The table is spread in the wilderness, an' is runnin' over wi' the fat o' kine an' the finest ov the wheat. The oxen an' the fatlings 'ave been killed, an' oal things be ready. Come to the marriage. Don't let nawthin' hinder. Don't resist no in'ard strivings. Come thou weth we and us will do 'ee good"—

And still the weird stately music of the hymn floated out upon the cold air, mingling almost grotesquely with the man's impassioned words.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

"Oah, poor sinner, the Philistines be upon 'ee," the man urged, growing more earnest and impassioned with each passing moment. "The Philistines be upon 'ee, an' Delilah 'ave cut off yer locks. But haste to the city of refuge. Look not behind 'ee, nor tarry thou in all the plain. Gird up yer loins an' run, for the avenger of blood is after 'ee"—

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

Jack had no ear for the exhortation, but the simple story of the gospel drew him like a spell. He walked past the man and through the open door, and sank wearily down on an empty seat in the corner. No one seemed to heed him. The people swayed themselves to and fro, with closed eyes and uplifted faces. The story of their song had reached their own hearts. They were under the spell they had helped to create.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Of what followed the singing of the hymn Jack had no very clear recollection. The warm air of the room seemed to steal over his senses almost like the fumes of a narcotic. His eyes closed involuntarily. The voice of the preacher seemed to come from a long distance, and grew fainter all the while. He forgot his weariness; the pangs of hunger no longer tormented him. In truth, he slept.

The exhortation ended. The congregation began to sing again, and Jack came back suddenly to the hard reality of life.

Jack never forgot that evening — never forgot the kind persistence of the leaders of the little band, their anxiety to make him see truth as they saw it, their pathetic eagerness to get him "saved" by a sudden method of which they possessed the secret.

Perhaps Jack's brain moved too slowly or was too dense. Perhaps he was too hungry and tired. Perhaps his new-found friends were too persistent and clamorous. Perhaps in a nature like his the seed needed time to grow and ripen. Anyhow, the results were

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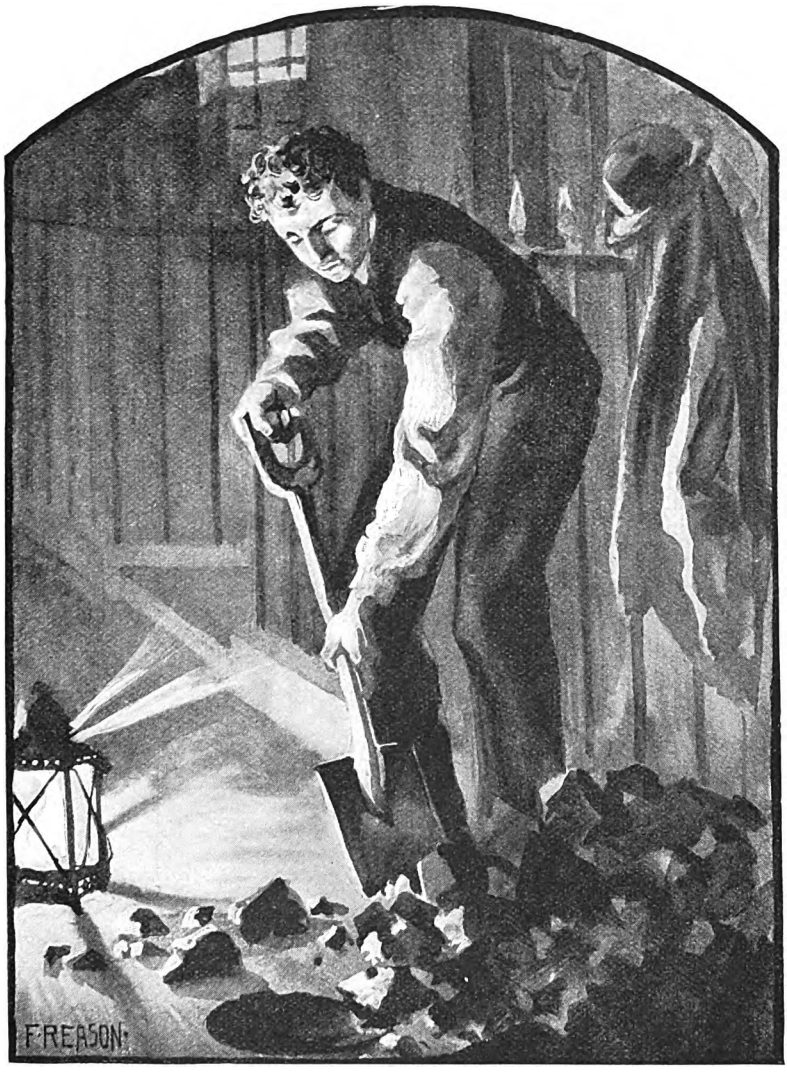
not entirely satisfactory to these simple kindly souls, who wanted to sow and reap in the same hour. And yet, though they did not know, that evening was another turning-point in Jack's life. Something had touched him, light as the breath of morning—and virtue had come into him. He was scarcely conscious of it himself. The world seemed a little less desolate. That was all. He was just as hungry as he was before, just as helpless, just as friendless; but the dull dead burden of despair was not so pressing. Perhaps there was just a glimmer of hope in his heart. He hardly dared to inquire, lest, if it did exist, it should suddenly go out in darkness. He stumbled on again through the streets quite aimlessly, choosing those that were least lighted, for the darkness seemed a kind of protection to him.



"IT WAS BY NO MEANS AN EASILY-EARNED SIXPENCE."

At length he fell prone upon a heap of coal that had been tipped up on the side-walk and left.

He was alert in a moment. "These coals want getting in," he said to himself. "Perhaps I may earn a supper, after all;" and he went boldly up to the door and knocked.

It was opened by a respectable-looking woman, who waited for him to speak.

"Shall I get your coals in for you, ma'm?" he asked.

"What will you do it for?" she said. "My man's been working overtime, and has just returned dead-beat."

"Would sixpence be too much?" Jack asked.

"I'll see," she replied; and she stepped back into the lobby and called, "Jim, there's a young man here as'll get in the coals for sixpence. Shall he do it?"

"Ay, an' thankee," came the answer. "We'll have the p'leece on our track if they stay there much longer."

"You can do it," said the woman to Jack.

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"I'll fetch a shovel and a light, so that you can find the grid."

It was by no means an easily-earned sixpence. Perhaps the woman felt that, for in addition to the money she gave him a large chunk of bread and cheese, and a cup of hot cocoa to drink with it.

The stars were shining when Jack again faced the streets. They were shining before, only he did not see them. Hunger has a bad effect upon the sight.

He came again at length in sight of the sea, but it no longer called him to rest and sleep. The desire to escape the misery of life by ending it had passed away. His natural optimism asserted itself once more. The world was before him still, and all things were possible to the man who was determined. He found a place at length where he could get a bed and breakfast for sixpence. It was not an inviting place, by any means, but he was thankful for any kind of shelter. He managed to get eight hours of unbroken slumber, and those who sleep under eider-down can rarely boast more than that.

During the next few weeks he earned a precarious living by doing odd jobs; indeed, during Christmas week he succeeded in saving a few shillings. But people were more than usually open-handed during that season; moreover, what was termed "odd jobs" were more numerous than usual. But when Christmas was over, the inevitable reaction set in. Sometimes he did not even earn his board, to say nothing of lodgings. So that by the end of the year his savings were quite exhausted, and life began to wear again its most cheerless aspect.

It is easy to sneer at the unemployed, and to assert with an air of superior knowledge that people can always get employment if they are willing to work. But people who make such assertions talk without knowledge. Jack honestly did his best to find steady employment; but employers naturally wanted references, and he had none to give. Moreover, he had no trade to his fingers; he was handy at odd jobs, but that was all. He could do a little tinkering, but he had no tools. He had some knowledge of brush-making and chair-mending, but he could not get a start in either of these trades. His one suit of clothes soon got to look threadbare and shabby, and that further decreased his chance of success. Indeed, from every point of view, the fates seemed to be against him. He appeared to be one of those unlucky individuals who are doomed to failure from their birth. Yet, after that day which we have described in detail, he never gave way to absolute despair. The influence that had touched him remained with him. Indeed, like a "beam in darkness," the thought grew in his heart and brain that there might be a purpose in his life, after all; that hardship and privation might be educational; that he might come into his rightful heritage through much tribulation. He could never trace the genesis of the thought. He concluded that it must have been a long time in his mind before he was aware of its existence; the only thing he knew certainly was that it was there.

The discovery that this thought—it almost amounted to a belief—had rooted itself in his mind and heart, proved of considerable value to him. He began to study life from a new standpoint—to regard events and experiences, not as ends in themselves, but as means to ends, links in the great chain of an unseen purpose. So, as actions are the outcome of thought, and life is ruled by ideas, Jack found himself early in the new year on the tramp again, with his face toward the south.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE SHADOW

I feared the darkness ere it came,
And now I wonder why.

JACK'S journey back into Cornwall was marked by an experience far more painful than usually falls to the lot of tramps on the march. Hunger, cold, privation he expected, and he experienced them to the full. But at last he had a definite end in view, and that gave him courage and saved him from despair. He had resolved to visit St. Denver and seek the aid of its kind-hearted vicar. This thought had been often in his mind, but only as a last resource. He did not want to depend on anyone's charity if he could avoid it. He had dreamed of winning his way single-handed, of fighting the world without help from anyone. To stand alone, firm and moveless in one's own conscious strength, was a consummation ideally beautiful, and therefore "devoutly to be wished."

Alas, however, for our ideals! Independence in the abstract had a pleasant sound and flavour. But in the concrete—? Well, he doubted if any such thing existed. Who was independent? What man could stand alone?

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The beginner in the art of locomotion must always have a hand to lean upon.

"I'm a beginner," he reflected. "What I need is a little help at the start. I'm willing to work, but nobody will have me; and the shabbier I get, the less chance I have. This is my last card. If Mr. Treherne refuses to help me—but there, he won't. If he's living he'll be glad to do me a good turn."

So his faith in a good man's sympathy kept hope and courage alive in his heart, and enabled him to battle successfully with the weariness and hunger incident to such a journey. He had scarcely crossed the border into Cornwall before it began to snow, and for a whole day the white flakes came down unceasingly, and the wind rose to half a gale. Fortunately, the wind was at his back, and so helped him rather than hindered. For the most part his way lay between tall hedges along deeply-rutted country lanes, with now and then a stretch of moorland crowning some hilltop. A more lonely heart-breaking tramp could not well be imagined. Often for miles on the stretch not a single cottage appeared in sight, and not a solitary figure would darken the white landscape. On such a day no one ventured abroad unless absolutely compelled; and the cattle were safely housed in their shippons.

Jack had purchased in the morning with his last twopence a loaf of bread. This he munched at intervals, and moistened it with handfuls of snow. He tried to put a cheerful face on the situation, but it was a difficult task. His much-worn shoes offered very little resistance to the snow, and were soon reduced to a state of utter collapse. His clothes became wet through, and clung like a plaster to his skin. His fingers and toes ached with the cold, until the pain was almost unbearable; his heels were raw with the friction of his shoes. Yet he tramped steadily on through the ever-deepening snow, and with constantly-increasing pain and weakness.

Just as the daylight began to fade the snow ceased, and a straggling village came into sight. Here Jack tried to retrieve his broken fortunes by offering to clean doorsteps and garden paths of the accumulated snow. But two difficulties met him: in the first place he had no spade of his own, and in the second place the Cornish are a thrifty folk, and usually do such small jobs themselves in preference to paying to have them done. As he consented, however, to work at an abnormally low figure, he managed to earn in the space of three or four hours the munificent sum of fivepence-halfpenny, threepence of which he spent in food, and twopence he gave to a blacksmith for the privilege of stretching himself on his tool-chest for the night.

Hard as his bed was, and dark and cheerless as was the smithy, Jack soon fell asleep. It would doubtless have been much better for him had he kept awake; but exhausted nature could endure no more. He slept profoundly in his wet clothes till the light of the morning began to creep through the chinks of the door and windows; then he opened his eyes with a start, and made an effort to sit up. He did succeed in raising his head a couple of inches from his wooden pillow, but the agony of it made him literally gasp. At long intervals he made one or two other efforts to move, but the pain was so great that he was glad to lie still. And yet all the while his sufferings grew more and more intense; and an hour later, when the blacksmith found him, he was literally writhing in agony.

"Come, young fellow, what be 'ee pullin' a face like that for?" the blacksmith questioned kindly. "Bain't 'ee goin' to git up, or do 'ee intend lyin' there all day?"

"I wish I could get up," Jack said, with a groan; "but I'm in such pain I daren't move."

"Little stiff wi' lyin' on the boards, I expect. Come, I'll give 'ee a hand;" and, catching Jack by his coat collar, he attempted to lift him up. But Jack gave such a piercing yell that Jonas Day dropped him as though he had been shot.

"Be 'ee really so bad as that?" he asked after a pause, looking at Jack with a bewildered light in his eyes.

"I am indeed," was the reply. "I'm suffering the torments of the lost."

"Got a chill, I expect," Jonas answered, looking at him pityingly. "Do 'ee feel cold?"

"Cold? No; I feel as though I were being baked. Could you give me something to drink?"

Jonas laid his hard hand on Jack's forehead. "You be terrible hot," he said after a pause. "I reckon you be goin' to 'ave a faiver of some sort;" and he went to the door, placed his two forefingers between his teeth and gave a shrill whistle.

A policeman was passing at the end of the lane, and, hearing the sound, halted and turned round. Jonas whistled again, and the man in blue came towards him.

Jonas walked out into the little yard in front of the smithy, and the two men held a

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hurried consultation. Then the policeman came in and looked at Jack, but he did not attempt to go near him. Jonas had mentioned the word "fever," and the man in blue was cautious. He did not mind robbers or burglars or garrotters, but he had a horror of fevers. As he said to his wife, "You can see a robber and arrest him—if you know your business. But a fever—why, you don't know what 'tes. It ain't got no body to git hold on, though it can git hold on you, and that purty sharp. An' to tackle a thing as you caan't see, and as ain't got no substance about it, an' is a-dancin' all about yer without yer knowin'—why, as I do say, there ain't no sense in it, an' I do give fevers an' all sich like things a wide berth."

In the present case, however, P.C. Davey could not get away. For the moment he was the one man in authority. The young man was evidently a tramp. He had no friends to look after him; he was unable to "move on"; he could not remain where he was. It was absolutely essential, in the interests of the public, that he should be moved. What then?

"I must go an' fetch a doctor," said the policeman; and he went. Jonas also went to his house and fetched a pillow, which he placed under Jack's head. He also gave him something to drink.

It was nearly noon when the doctor appeared upon the scene. He had other patients to see, and the life of a tramp is never of very much value.

Jack was in a state of collapse, and was scarcely thankful to be revived. It is, however, an unwritten law of our civilisation that people must be kept alive by every possible means, however much they may suffer, or however anxious they are to die.

The workhouse infirmary was two miles away, and P.C. Davey was despatched to fetch the ambulance.

"What's the matter with me?" Jack asked feebly.

"Acute rheumatic fever, with complications," was the reply.

"What sort of complications?" Jack asked, with a feeble smile.

"Can't say for certain yet, and you would not be any the better if you knew."

"Shall I pull through?"

"If you keep your heart up. But don't talk."

"I must talk or groan," he said, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

But the doctor made no further reply.

An hour later the ambulance arrived, and Jack, livid with agony, was lifted in, and the horse moved slowly away. He thought he suffered the torments of the lost while lying still upon the tool-chest, but in comparison with what he suffered on the way to the infirmary that seemed like paradise. Every movement riddled him with pain as though red-hot shots were fired into him and left to burn deeper into his flesh. He tried his best to keep from shrieking aloud, and bit his lips till the blood came; but the concentrated agony of that journey no words can picture.

On reaching the infirmary the doctors mercifully cut his clothes from him, and then lifted him, more dead than alive, into a warm bath; after which they wrapped him in cotton-wool, and laid him on the softest bed he had ever known.

The next week was almost a blank to him. Now and then he had a lucid interval, but his bodily pain was so great and the fever ran so high that he quickly relapsed into semi-unconsciousness or raved in delirium.

When a fortnight had passed, he appeared to be dying of exhaustion. The pain had almost left him, but his weakness was pitiful to see. Yet, strangely enough, his mind seemed to grow more and more active with increasing weakness. The sluggishness of his brain rolled away like a cloud, and all his old quickness of perception returned. He saw how stupidly he had acted again and again, how vacillating and uncertain he had been when he ought to have been firm and sure; yet he was too far gone to worry, too utterly exhausted to care whether he lived or died. He lay for the most part with eyes half closed, but seeing nothing of what was passing round him. The pictures he saw were woven of memories of the past. His imagination was often busy when his attendants thought him asleep. When the nurse came and stood by his bedside he would almost persuade himself that it was Pearl. He liked to fancy that she was near him—that it was her soft hand that smoothed his pillow and pushed the heavy locks from his hot forehead. Through his half-closed eyes he would sometimes watch the nurses as they passed up and down the ward, and his lips would shape to whisper "Pearl." Before his sister, before all else in the world, Pearl stood out—his heart's desire;—a youthful passion that grew with years—that time and distance and silence only strengthened and intensified. It might seem folly to some, but to him it was life and heaven.

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The doctors had regarded the case as serious from the first. In addition to the rheumatism, with its heart complications, congestion of the lungs set in, and pneumonia was warded off only with the greatest difficulty. Of course everything depended on the patient's strength; if that gave out, nothing could save him. That it was going out rapidly there was no denying. The food he was able to take was altogether insufficient to repair the wasting tissue. Each day marked a distinct loss of vitality, until at length the house-surgeon shook his head and intimated to the nurse in charge that there seemed no chance for him.

"I'm sorry," the nurse said quietly. "It's always disappointing to lose a patient."

"Well, it is," was the reply; "but we cannot expect to be successful in every case, you know."

"That is true. But, all the same, it is never pleasant to write 'failure' after one's work."

"I don't know that success would be altogether desirable in the present instance," the doctor said. "From what one can see, the young fellow's life has been a failure. It's doubtful charity to keep such people alive."

"And yet he has a good face," the nurse said. "He does not look like one who has led an evil life."

"I do not think he has led what may be called an evil life," the doctor said quickly. "Oh no, let's give the young dog his due. He hasn't ruined his constitution as some young fellows do, or he would have been dead a week since."

"Perhaps he's only been unfortunate,"

"IF I CAN ONLY KEEP HIM ALIVE."

the nurse said, with a smile. "You know success is not possible in every case."

"I should think he lacks what the Lancashire people call *nous*—the ability to get on," the doctor answered. "Some people somehow never do succeed. You cannot explain why; they simply fail, and, so far as one can see, for no particular reason; and the doctor hurriedly walked away.

The nurse went back to the bedside of her patient. She was young and sympathetic, and the thought of this well-built handsome

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young fellow passing away so swiftly and silently before her eyes moved her heart strangely. The majority of those in the infirmary were old and worn-out — men and women who had struggled through life's little day, who had fought their battle and were now anxious for rest.

To see these poor old paupers slip quietly and peacefully out of life awoke no regrets; but this young fellow was in the flush and beauty of early manhood, and to see him die was quite a different matter.

Jack looked at the nurse through his half-closed eyes, but he did not attempt to speak, it was too great an effort; he desired nothing but to lie perfectly still. He was in no pain now. He hardly felt tired. He seemed sinking away through endless space, and the sensation was by no means unpleasant.

The nurse thought he was dying, or at most was only semi-conscious; but she never made a greater mistake. His mind was preternaturally active; he was living all his past life over again, and living it over with a vividness that was an astonishment to himself. Things that he had long forgotten came back with all the freshness of yesterday's events. Faces, conversations, experiences, passed before him like a panorama. Nothing was lost, nothing obliterated; and, stranger than all, he remembered without regret or pain. Foremost among the faces that floated before his mental vision were those of Pearl and Eve; but he felt no anxiety on their account. Pearl might marry her prince, and be lost to him for ever; but he had got beyond regretting. Life was such a little thing; its joys and sorrows were so brief, so quickly past; its loves and hates so transient, so soon forgotten, that to worry about anything seemed worse than foolishness. At one time it seemed to him that this earthly life, with its promise of wealth and renown and love, was everything. But in those days he had no vision of anything beyond; he saw not the light on the farther shore, nor the land stretching into far distances. Now it was different. The walls of his tent had worn so thin that it seemed to him that he could see the shadows of what was passing beyond. Earth was slowly fading and disappearing, but life was not ending; his mind was as vigorous as it ever had been. He was but journeying to fuller life, to larger being.

It was like a new revelation to him. He had never thought much about a future life; and when he had done so, he had regarded it more as a pretty fancy than anything else—one of those sweet fairy stories told by mothers to comfort their children—a quaint poetic delusion that would not bear examination. He had never argued the question with anybody—never heard it argued except by the prison chaplain; and *he* only seemed to destroy all the poetry of the thing without being in the least convincing.

Now, however, without the aid of priest or preacher the truth had dawned upon his mind, and, so far as he was concerned, had become an absolute certainty. He knew from the whispers that passed between nurse and doctor that he was supposed to be dying, and yet every hour the conviction deepened that there was no death. Change there might be, but that was all. If life meant thought-consciousness, then he was more fully alive than he had ever been.

With the deepening of this conviction new possibilities seemed to open out before him. The teaching of the chaplain became invested with a new meaning. Even the allegorical utterances of the good man at the mission room contained hints of a reality that had never occurred to him till now.

The nurse disturbed his train of thought by administering to him some stimulant. "If I can only keep him alive, even with stimulants," she reflected, "nature may yet have a chance;" and she acted up to this idea.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" she asked when she had wiped his lips.

"No," he whispered, "I don't want anything."

"Is there no one you would like to see?" she questioned. "No friend you would like to have with you?"

He smiled plaintively, and for a while was silent. Then he whispered—

"Is St. Denver far from here?"

"Only about five miles," was the answer.

"Is the vicar living still?"

"You mean Mr. Treherne?"

"Yes."

"Oh yes, he's living. He visits us regularly. Several old people from his parish have come here lately. Would you like to see him?"

Jack answered by a feeble smile; it was too great an effort to speak.

"I'll send for him at once," the nurse replied; and she hurried quickly out of the room.

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Chapter XXIV

THE DARKNESS DEEPENS

Not words and creeds and litanies,
They do but hide His face.

By noon Mr. Treherne was standing by Jack's bedside. He had come in great haste, much wondering which of his old parishioners had so nearly reached his journey's end. When the nurse paused at the foot of the bed, Mr. Treherne gave a start. This young fellow, with lofty forehead and thin refined face, was no parishioner of his. Evidently, some mistake had been made. He was about to question the nurse, when Jack opened his eyes, and, recognising his old friend, stretched out his hand and smiled feebly.

Mr. Trenerne took the proffered hand in a moment, but was still puzzled. To the best of his recollection, he had never seen this young man before.

Jack saw at once that he was not recognised, and smiled again. "You do not remember me," he said feebly. "I expect I have altered a good deal."

At the sound of his voice the vicar started. He had heard that voice somewhere, but where he could not tell. "I seem to remember you," he said hesitatingly; "but —but"—

"My name is Jack," was the reply. "You remember the burglary—I—I"—

The vicar's face was all aglow in a moment. He did not let Jack finish the sentence. "Of course—of course!" he exclaimed. "How stupid of me to forget! But you have altered very much. And is this—is this—the—end?" and his voice fell away into a whisper.

"It seems like it," Jack answered cheerfully. "But it doesn't matter. I've got beyond the regretful stage."

The vicar sat down, and seemed unable to say another word. For the space of several minutes they looked at each other in silence. Jack was the first to speak.

"I was on my way to see you," he said feebly, "when I fell ill. I was caught in the snowstorm, and sleeping in my wet clothes was too strong a dose; so the end's come a bit sooner than I expected."

"Have you been here long?" the vicar questioned, with averted eyes.

"I think so; but I've lost count of the days. But that doesn't matter now. I reckon I made a mistake when I wouldn't take your advice. I didn't know all it would mean. You see, I was only a lad. However, it's over now. I'm afraid I've suffered to no purpose, but it can't be helped. I did what I thought for the best; but I didn't reckon upon the difficulties when I got free again."

"Have you been free long?"

"Since the beginning of December. I did not know before how hard a place the world could be to those who have no friends."

"Then your gipsy friends have forsaken you?"

"Not exactly. I never intended to go back to them again. You see, I wanted to make a fresh start on my own account. I'm not a gipsy born, and I thought there might be a chance for me if I did my best."

"And you have not succeeded?"

"I have managed to exist. But a young man without money, without friends, and without a character, doesn't stand much chance. I might have got along as a farm servant, but I thought I could do better. One learns a good deal by experience."

"I wish you had come to me at first; I could at least have given you a start."

"Well, you see, I did not wish to be a burden to anyone. I thought I could get along by myself."

"But you were coming to me?"

Jack smiled feebly and pathetically. "You see, I had got to what they call the far end," he said. "You will pardon me for troubling you."

Mr. Treherne felt a sudden mist come before his eyes, and for several seconds he was unable to speak. He felt thankful that prison life had not quite spoiled the lad. There was the same look of honesty in his eyes, the same ring of sincerity in his voice. Yet, on the other hand, it was inexpressibly sad that a youth of so much promise should end in such dire disaster. If only the boy had had a chance! But, alas! the history of the race is full of "ifs." Up to the present he had had no chance, and now it seemed too late.

It was on Mr. Treherne's lips to express his regret that Jack had followed his own bent. It comes so easy and so naturally to say, "There! I told you so." But the vicar wisely kept silent. No good could come of uttering words that might sound like a reproach. His mission as a minister was to comfort the stricken in heart. Yet somehow he felt dumb; he had no words to utter. He had a Prayer-Book in his pocket, but for some reason he hesitated to draw it out. The case was unique, and did not seem to require the ordinary treatment.

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At length he said in a constrained tone of voice, "Have you anything that you would particularly like to say to me? You did right to regard me as your friend. I would like to help you, if possible; and if there is anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to mention it."

"I would like to tell you a bit of my story," Jack said feebly, after a long pause; "and some time I'd like you to see my sister and tell her you saw the end of me. But I can't talk any more to-day. Could you come again to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will come again to-morrow. But I would rather you told me now. You may be even weaker to-morrow than to-day."

"It's a longish story," Jack said in a whisper, "and I haven't the strength."

For a while the vicar was silent. Then he said, "You will let me pray with you before I go?"

"If you will," was the feeble answer; "but there's something I'd rather hear than a prayer."

Mr. Treherne gave a little start of surprise.

"It's been haunting me ever since I've been lying here. I heard some folks singing it in Plymouth one night. It's about a green hill somewhere, outside a city wall. I should very much like to hear it again."

"God bless you, my lad," the vicar said, with a rush of tears to his eyes. Then he sat back in his chair and repeated in a low tone the sweet simple hymn that by its wonderful pathos more than atones for any lack of poetic merit.

Jack listened with closed eyes and a rapt expression of face. When the vicar left, Jack pressed his hand, but he did not speak. He seemed already far down among the shadows.

Mr. Treherne walked slowly and thoughtfully out of the large ward and into an adjoining room, where an old parishioner of his was recovering from a stroke. Peter Cobbledick was nearly eighty, and though he had had two strokes he looked as if he would be able to weather many storms yet.

"The old withered leaves hang on to the tree," the vicar mused. "The young leaves are nipt by the early frost and fall."

The old man was garrulous, and talked incessantly. The vicar sat silent. He did not really hear. He was thinking all the while of Jack.

Later in the day, after the lamps had been lighted, the vicar shut himself up in his study and tried to read; but it was a fruitless endeavour. Jack's face haunted him like an uneasy ghost, and would not be banished. He was half disposed to saddle Dobbin and ride across to the workhouse again. He feared that Jack would not live the night out, and he was anxious to hear the story he wanted to tell.

He started up at length and began unconsciously to button his coat. "Yes, I think I'll go," he said. "I'm rather old and tired for such a journey in the dark, but"—

Then the door-bell rang, and a moment later his nephew Sir George Treherne, was announced.

"This settles the matter," the vicar mused. "But I'll send Nathan. He's not done much to-day, and a ten-mile ride will not kill him."

Nathan, however, was not over-pleased with the commission. He could not understand why his master worried himself so much over sick people. When folks had been taken to the workhouse, Nathan considered the parish had done all its duty by them, and he did not see that any further trouble was necessary on their behalf. Moreover, the night was cold and dark, and Dobbin was but a slow-footed beast at best. To disobey, however, was as much as his place was worth, so he proceeded at once to the stable and began to saddle the nag. Half an hour later he had alighted at the St. Denver Arms to have a warm nip at the beginning of his journey, and when he mounted again he had more alcohol in his head than was good for him.

Meanwhile Mr. Treherne had persuaded his nephew to spend the night at the vicarage, and in truth the baronet was nothing loath. Lady Treherne was visiting in London, and the great house at Penlogan was desolate and depressing when only servants were in it.

That the conversation should drift round to Jack was only natural. The circumstances of the burglary and trial were still fresh in the baronet's mind. Mr. Treherne unburdened himself fully for the first time. "I never told you the whole story, George," he said, "and for the simple reason that before the trial I was under promise to the boy, and since—well, I have never felt quite satisfied that I did the right thing; and so, as I could not alter anything, I have remained silent."

The baronet listened to the story with quite unusual interest, and when it was ended he remained silent for a considerable time.

"No doubt the boy had reason to fear,"

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he said at length. "A gipsy's vendetta is no meaningless thing. Had he betrayed his companions, his life would have been forfeit. The gipsies are a strange race—a law unto themselves. I have no doubt, uncle, that I am childless to-day because I sentenced that gipsy to twelve months' hard labour for trespassing."

"I have heard you say so before," the vicar remarked, "but I have always doubted it. That half-mad servant you had at the time sufficiently explains to me the disappearance of your child. By the bye, what has become of the servant?"

"She is still in the lunatic asylum at Bodmin, and is now, as she has always been, quite harmless. No, uncle, I shall always believe I owe the loss of my little Pauline to the curse of that gipsy."

"Well, well, I suppose it is of no use discussing it. Perhaps the truth will leak out some day."

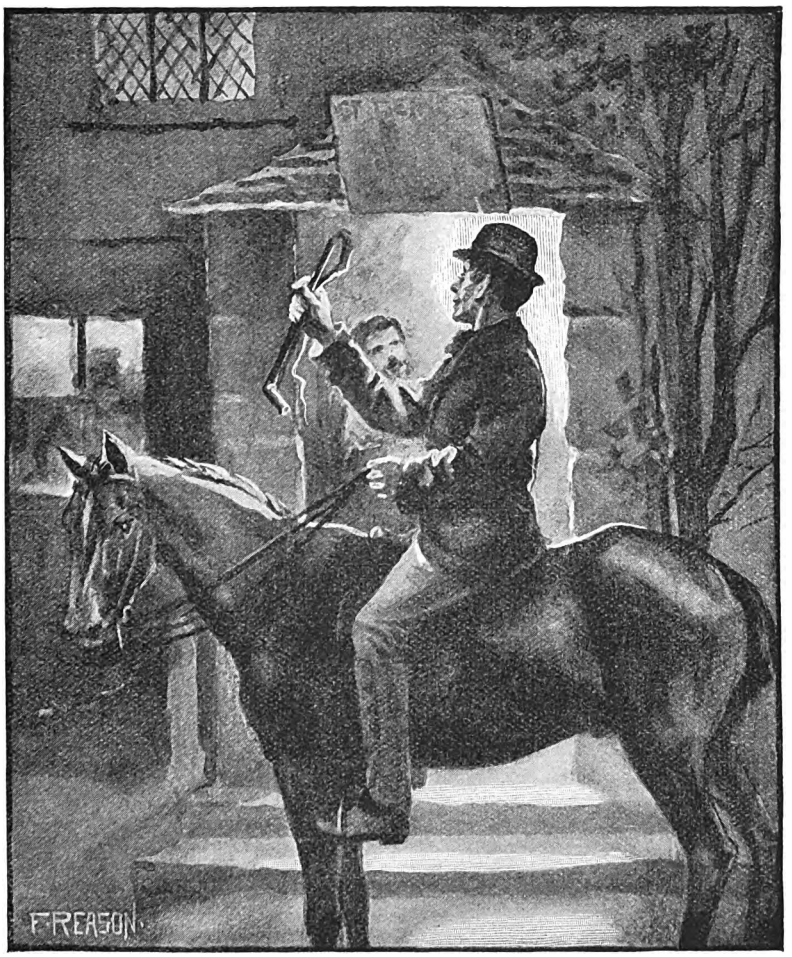
"Perhaps so; but I fear the truth will bring no comfort to me. Ah, uncle, what a different place Penlogan would be if my little maid had been spared to me!"

"Yes, a child in a house makes a lot of difference."

"Think of it. She would be nearly fifteen—almost a woman. If only another child had been born to us, the loss would not seem so great. But to lose an only child,—to lose her in such a cruel mysterious way—to be denied even the consolation of burying her—to doubt even at times that she is really dead,—I tell you, uncle, few things can be harder to bear. Time gets no chance to heal the wound. One is always on the *qui vive*, as it were. Sometimes I feel as convinced that she is still alive as I am that I am sitting here. At other times, of course, I am morally certain that the little darling is dead and dust."

"It is best you should think that," the vicar said after a pause. "Any suspicion to the contrary is bound to destroy your peace of mind."

"Alas! we cannot help our thoughts," Sir George answered pathetically. "It's not often I brood over the matter now. Lady Treherne and myself long since agreed that the subject should not be mentioned. But talking about that lad—or young man, as he



"HE HAD MORE ALCOHOL THAN WAS GOOD FOR HIM."

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is now—has brought it all back again. I feel very sorry for the poor young fellow. He is deserving of a better fate."

"He is indeed; but, alas! people in this world do not always get their deserts."

For another hour the two men talked, and then Sir George announced his intention of going to bed. Almost at the same moment there came a knock at the door, and the vicar rose from his chair and went out into the hall.

"Well, Nathan," he said, "what news?"

"He's dead, sir."

"Dead? Surely, surely"—

"Yes, sir; 'e went off very soon after you was there."

"Dear me, dear me!" the vicar said, more to himself than to the coachman. "I did not think the end was so near."

"Nobody did, sir. He were taken sudden worse, and went out like the snuff of a candle."

For a moment or two the vicar bowed his head in silence. "Thank you, Nathan," he said at length. "Good-night;" and he went back into the study.

"Dead, eh?" was the only remark Sir George made, and then he went thoughtfully upstairs.

The vicar drew his chair nearer the fire and piled on two or three lumps of coal.

"I shall not sleep if I go to bed," he said to himself. "Poor lad, poor lad!"

After a while he turned to his writing-table and began to write rapidly.

"He is beyond their vendetta now," he said, "and it is a duty I owe to his memory. I'm afraid we both of us made a serious mistake; but I can at least clear his character, though, poor boy, it can make no difference to him. Ah me! how irrevocable our actions are!"

For a full hour the vicar wrote. It was a relief to him to make a clean breast of the whole matter, and when he had finished he folded the sheets, placed them in a large envelope, and went out and posted them.

"It will be in time for the evening edition to-morrow," he reflected. And so it proved. Thousands of people on the following evening, and during the day following that, read the article headed "The Sad Story of a Burglary."

In the parish of St. Denver people talked of nothing else, and throughout the county the narrative excited an amount of attention that was quite unusual. Many people, of course, blamed the vicar of St. Denver for holding to his promise, contending that such promises ought never to be kept; while others were of opinion that he took the only honourable course that was open to him.

Jasper Downderry read the story, and shed tears over it. But he kept the secret from Eve. Reginald Tremayne read the story, and fell into a brown study. His client being dead (for he had little doubt that the narrative related to the young man who had called upon him), what was he to do? He had not been commissioned to take service for Eve; and to act for anyone without authority was, to say the least, unusual. After an hour's thinking, he went across to Crantock and talked the whole matter out with Jasper.

Jasper, as might be expected, was not in favour of making any further investigations. It was nothing to him who Eve's ancestors might be. He did not want to know. Eve was his—that was enough for him. He dreaded the thought of any possible relative coming between them, and rather resented any attempt to unearth the secrets of the past.

Reginald returned to his office not altogether satisfied. He had become so interested in the case that he was curious to probe it to the bottom.

"I'm not certain I shall give it up," he reflected. "Some day Eve herself may want to know." Nevertheless, for the present he decided to let the matter rest.

So closed another scene in this little drama of human life; and so the way was cleared for the final act, which was to exceed in interest all that had gone before.

(*To be continued.*)

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PREACHERS IN THEIR PULPITS

VIII.—MR. THOMAS SPURGEON AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

[*Drawn by* WILL MORGAN.]

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THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

WE come to our living Father with living praises sung by living hearts. We will turn away from the world, and its anxieties and tumults and trials manifold and vexatious, and we will lift up our eyes unto the hills whence cometh our help; our help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. We are strong in Thy strength, we are confident in Thy wisdom, we are at rest in Thy peace, O Thou who didst create and redeem the world. Fill us with thoughts of Thyself, we humbly pray Thee; great thoughts, and thoughts of tenderness, and thoughts of gratitude; then shall our whole soul go out towards Thee in shoutings of rejoicing, in wondrous words of praise for all Thy goodness; and, Thy house being filled with Thy glory, we shall find it to be the gate of heaven. We have come to thank Thee for Thy mercies: they have been tender mercies, Thy kindnesses have been loving-kindnesses; Thou hast been mindful of us with infinite care, Thou hast borne with us with infinite patience. What shall we render unto the Lord? We have nothing that we have not received, we are not our own; yet would we give Thee our whole selves in undivided strength and undistracted love, in proof that we have received from the Lord's hand good and not evil. Wondrous has been Thy way towards us! Thou hast been behind us and before us, and on the right hand and on the left hand; the clouds have concealed Thee, yet we have felt that they were filled with Thy presence; the darkness has been a mantle round about Thee, yet have we seen the stars gleaming through all the cloud. Thou hast been to us a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, and Thou hast guided us with Thine hand. What shall we render unto the Lord? Take us, body, soul, and spirit; sanctify us wholly to Thyself; may every thought be Thine, and every outgoing of desire be after Thyself: for we owe all we are and have to the infinite bounty of God. We confess our sins, we tremble in penitence, we are broken down in unutterable contrition; yet our broken-heartedness is our hope. Thou hast not forsaken us, and we quote our sorrow as a proof of Thy presence. This sorrow is itself the beginning of new and better life; we cry concerning the past, we are full of bitterness for the yesterdays we have spoiled, but because of this very bitterness we hope that Thy Spirit is striving with us and bringing us to better mind. Continue this holy work, we humbly pray Thee; perfect us in the beauty of Christ, fill us with the light of His wisdom, make us strong in the strength of His understanding, and make us great and good in His name and by the power of His grace. We remember the sick, we cry unto Thee that Thou wouldst have mercy upon the afflicted, and watch Thyself beside the bed of the dying: Thou knowest the way of the valley, Thou knowest all the gathering gloom, Thou canst prepare the hearing ear to catch the flowing of the final water: O Thou Living Christ, Eternal Son of God, Thou hast abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light in the gospel. We pray for the bereaved and the lonely and the desolate; we pray for those whose fire has gone out, and from whose windows the sun has retired for a moment as if in a frowning darkness: the Lord be gracious to such, and fill up their desolation with Thine own presence, then it shall become a very joy in the heart and house. We pray for the sons and the daughters who are struggling with their fortunes in various lands; we desire that they may be filled with the love of God, and that in that love they may find a daily companionship. We commend unto Thee all who are perplexed and distressed, all who are in great fear and darkness, all who are dreading the issues of experiments which are already in process. We pray for the strong and the rich and the riotously prosperous in this world, lest they become fat and kick against God, and know not the hand that has filled them with bounty. We pray for all who are in trouble, of every name, race, and degree of mankind. The Lord remember His own earth, and carry His light to every quarter of the world.

Hear us, we humbly pray Thee; for we bow at the Cross, we pray in the prevailing Name; our prayers are red with His atoning blood who died for us. Oh that for His sake we might now have a great answer of love and a great assurance and inheritance of peace! Amen.

THE MINISTRY OF CLOUDS

Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud.—Ex. xix. 9.

THE whole verse reads thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever." The Lord has always proceeded by priesthood. Do what you may, you cannot get rid of the priestly or mediatorial element in human history. We may pervert it, misconceive it, and degrade it, yet the idea of priesthood is central, essential, divine. If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, a Paraclete, the man Christ Jesus: He is able to save unto the uttermost all

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that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for them, for us—for the dead world, for rebellious hearts. Moses was the priest of the people—not nominally, but really, actively, beneficently. It was through Moses that Jehovah sent great messages to His people. What we have now especially to deal with is the presence of the cloud, in religious ministry and in providential guidance. Our reference is not so much to the living Lord Himself as to the cloud in which He is enshrined—the daily cloud, the cloud that has a purpose; not some wind-driven evaporation or mist, but a cloud with a meaning. "See that thou build it," said the cloud-enveloped God, "according to the pattern which I showed thee in the mount." In the mount He took the clouds and built them into tabernacle and temple and heaven. God is the original architect. He that buildeth all things is God. He gives them to us in type and figure and image and varied emblem, and we have to transfer all these parabolic and emblematic clouds into stone and timber and formal utility and beauty. Sometimes we are asked if biblical typology is historical or parabolical. It is both: what God hath joined together let not man put asunder. The parables of Jesus Christ were the clouds in which He came to human imagination and human hearts. The parable is a cloud, the cloud is a parable; every tint has an accent, every hue has a meaning, old as the love of God. The parable is based on history; the parable is a flower growing on a rock: the historical and the imaginative go together. The cloud and the enshrined God are not to be sundered in our present studies in this short-lived school, in which we begin the element and the alphabet of things.

Have you studied the place and ministry of the cloud? or are you amongst the foolish who think nothing of clouds, but regard them at best as but so many passing vapours, rather than translucent Bibles and revelations and poems that await to be transliterated into our mother tongue? The cloud-reader is a rich man, and never lonely. It is the fool who sits on the doorstep waiting for the hours to slow themselves off. The wise man cannot be alone so long as the sky of God is above him. Whenever God has come to the world He has come in a cloud—come in mystery, come with an atmosphere, come with a context, come with an environment. Whatever was the process of the natural creation, God comes to us herein clothed and cloaked with a great cloud. No man knows how creation came to be what it is. At best our wisest and foremost minds can only conjecture and suggest and infer, or build up a possible argument for which they are but partially responsible. Naturally, there is not a man amongst them who would say, I would risk another man's destiny on my hypothesis. If you ask any man to assume any responsibility on behalf of any opinion he may offer you, he will shrink from it in the degree in which he is a wise and just man; his answer will be, I can but speak for myself, I am not speaking with authority; I may change all my conception of things to-morrow, I can only therefore reveal my mind to you up to the present moment. That is the deliverance of wisdom, sound-mindedness. When a man speaks with authority, the authority is never seen; he backs himself upon God, he puts both feet on the steps of the eternal throne. This gave the apostles power, this gave the apostles energy and success. Do not look upon us, said they, as if we by our own strength and wisdom had wrought this miracle upon this man: far from it; we have done nothing of ourselves, we have done everything by the name, which is also the strength and the wisdom and the love, of the Son of God. So then, if God has come into creation by the way described in the first chapter of Genesis, He says in effect at the beginning and at the end: Lo, I come to thee in a thick cloud; I know thou wilt be puzzled and perplexed, I know the poverty of all language, I know how it fails at the critical moment, that it can never supply the climacteric and final word, and therefore, because of the poverty of your own language, you may sometimes be led to suspect the wisdom and reality of My design; moreover, I could not take you, the Lord would continue to say in effect, over cosmic periods, over infinite spaces; you could not understand even the punctuation of any revelation I can give to you: at best, and in love, I come to you in a thick cloud; but do not contemn the cloud, I will work wonders in the cloudy heavens; do not deny the God because you can only see the cloud.

In providence, as in the creation, God comes to us in a thick cloud. In the daytime He led them by a pillar of cloud—an aërial, nubial, flimsy, filmy thing; yet He made it worthy as a representative of His own presence. The clouds lie handy to the Creator. He knows how to shape them, and colour them, and blow them down upon the earth, that they may enrich the landscape with shadows. Who can understand the Almighty?

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or find out the Eternal to perfection? He has His way in the great waters, He makes the cloud the dust of His feet; He rides upon the clouds as a king might ride upon a thousand chariots. My feet had almost slipped, I myself was almost gone, said the sweetest of singers, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked: their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than heart could wish, there are no bands in their death, they are not in trouble as other men: when I thought of this the whole earth seemed to me to be slippery, I was tending downward, in rapid descent to an infinite abyss, and I had almost gone, until I went into the sanctuary, into the other cloud, the more spiritual enveilment in which things are sublimated and made invisible, and yet the more palpable and appreciable; then the ice became solid rock, and I took up all musical instruments, and I took up the instrument of my own voice and my own heart, and I praised the Lord; for I saw through the cloud and saw the Living One guiding, directing all things, making black poverty one of the steeds of His chariot, and fiery-eyed, malignant, cruel pain another steed in His chariot; and I saw the Lord driving through the ages, scattering on the right hand and on the left hand according to the sovereignty of His wisdom and His love, and I said in high psalm, resonant, ever-ringing, vibrant, filling the world with its music, "The Lord reigneth."

You have been disabled by the cloud, you have not looked beyond and behind the vapour; you have thought that God's universe was only God's exhalation, a wondrous vapouring, full enough of colour and of emblem, but practically worthless, and of no account in the strife and anger and bitterness of daily contention on the battlefields of the market-place, on the highways of history. Blessed shall we be if we see through the cloud of Providence into the Providence itself. This vision takes time. No man at twenty ought to have seen as much as a man at sixty; otherwise the man at sixty has lost his time, frittered away his opportunities, and has made himself very poor in wisdom where he might have been one of the pillars and leaders of society. We have divers theories of Providence; but, figure the great thought and reality as you will, you have no theory that will bear a moment's examination that is not beclouded, enwreathed with clouds, festooned with mysteries. The theory of Providence, which is quite mysterious but less mysterious than any other theory, is the theory which we find in Holy Scripture, whose starting point, whose middle point, whose crowning point is, "God is Love." You could manage things better? It is your ignorance that speaks. Who are you? A day old, with a day to work in, and a third day for judgment. Any man who has lived wisely three score of years will see that Divine Providence is not to be measured on a small scale. We have to wait for the next year, and the next century, and the next millennium. Time is only time to us, because in the depravity of our inventiveness we have made a clock. God never made such an instrument. We have made it, and we must bear the burden of it. It is full of vexation; it gives false dates, false lines of calculation; it cannot stretch its beating and throbbing pendulum over all that is to be taken into account, if we would righteously and justly judge our Father in heaven. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. We are in a world of fractions; we are in a place which itself has been shaken to its foundations by our own rebellion. Wait; wait on the Lord; be patient, and in your patience ye shall win your souls. I know your case is hard to-day, I know your suffering, I have passed through the very valley in which you are now struggling, but a mile farther up the bank becomes green, and a mile beyond flowers are growing, and in the third mile you have wheatfields and vineyards and oliveyards, and pastures rich with herds of cattle. The whole scheme only needs continuation, and in extension of time you will find answers to all the mysteries. If we had the answer now, where would be faith, and without faith where would be life in its highest, divinest, grandest signification?

When the Lord comes to us in redemption He comes to us in a thick cloud. No man can understand the Atonement. No human capacity can comprehend the whole agony and mystery and pathos of the Cross. God has made room for faith, and faith is the outgoing of the soul to God, the valiant effort of the soul to find its completion in the Divine. Remember always that you are not saved by any man's conception of the Cross of Christ; you are saved by the Cross of Christ itself. You are not saved because you have heard something about the gospel; you are saved by the gospel, the good news of the heart of God, the offer of pardon through faith in the blood of Christ. Keep away all theories and all conceptions of the Divine mysteries, and use them only as expedients or momentary helps and aids. No man will ever

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say, You are only to be saved by what I think about the Cross of Christ. Paul never said so; Paul never said, You must take my conception, or you cannot be saved. Paul brought us to the Cross itself, asked us to look at the Cross, to fix the attention of our love upon the Cross, and out of other theories than our own there may come light and leading and assistance and comfort and succour, no doubt. But these are not the guarantees of your salvation; there is only one guarantee, and that is that every soul must see the Cross for itself alone, and by that vision God comes into the heart and makes it His glorious dwelling-place.

We have been unjust to clouds; we have not taken them always in the right way. The Lord can be both beneficent and angry by the ministry of clouds. At a certain period the Egyptians could see nothing but clouds. The cloud and darkness of the Lord were towards the Egyptian side; on the other side was the kindling eye, the benignant countenance of the delivering God. You have not always thought of clouds as ministers of grace and of comfort. Why, the cloud of the Lord was on the tabernacle night and day. The cloud was the presence of God, the cloud was the image of the heavenly and the token of God's favour. "His favour," said one who knew Him well, "His favour is as a cloud of the latter rain." God keeps all the rivers; God fills up their channels when it pleases Him. There is not a river in all the green landscape that does not come from the river of God, which is full of water. Is the cloud a judgment to the farmer when he has been without rain day and night, week after week, and month after month? The cloud is as the presence of love to him; he welcomes that presence, and praises God for it. Clouds have been answers to prayers. Go up, said the prophet, and see what sign there is in the heavens. And the answer was, There is no sign; and the answer was so, again and again. At last the servant came back and said, I see a cloud only the size of a man's hand. That will do, said the praying prophet; after this will come the river of God, full of fertility, the beginning of harvests and great joy in the land. In the New Testament we have clouds. The cloud came upon the Son of God, and the disciples feared as they entered the cloud. They were human, like ourselves; we like plain radiant sunshine; when the cloud comes we wonder what it will mean. The disciples trembled as they entered into the cloud, but whilst they were actually within the cloud itself they heard a voice saying, "This is My beloved Son; . . . hear ye Him."

Recall your own cloud-history; recall your periods of depression and loneliness and bereavement; say if in those periods you did not hear voices you never heard at other times. If we have not heard such voices, it is because we have ears, and hear not; we have hearts, but do not understand.

I thus regard the text, therefore, as suggesting and teaching that we cannot escape the cloud of mystery. God always comes in a thick cloud, and it is for our good that He so comes; He knows what our eyesight can bear. Said Moses, "Show me Thy glory," and the Lord said, "Thou canst not see My glory, thou knowest not the meaning of divine words, but I will cause My goodness to pass before thee, the hinder parts of My raiment thou shalt see—the dazzling of the retreating prince-robe; but My goodness, My daily mercy, My continual attentions, these thou shalt see." And, rightly interpreted, goodness is glory. Do not stand, therefore, aside waiting for explanations of mysteries and disillusions and dispersions of clouds; you must take the cloud and the God together; for there is a sense in which, considering our partial life and understanding, they belong to one another, are in deed and fact parts of one another. There is a mystery of so-called simplicity. There is nothing really simple that God has ever made; the least pebble on the shores of His oceans came up from incalculable, immeasurable time. There is not a growing thing in all the field that does not represent processes that cannot be calculated or comprehended by mere human intellect. If you would get the least mystery, you will find it in the Bible. There is more mystery with unbelief than there is with faith. With faith there is a mystery of light; with unbelief there is a mystery of darkness. The cloud itself is translucent; the very cloud is a modified and an adapted glory.

We may easily mistake the cloud of Providence. We should be in no great haste about our movements. "As long as the cloud abode . . . they rested in their tents." That was a simple mode of life; that was life beautiful, a child's dear life, a babe's unquestioning trust in God. If they looked out, it was to see whether the cloud was there. So long as the cloud remained, the tent remained; as soon as the cloud lifted, the tent was struck and the march resumed. Oh, to be thus led by divine omens, signs and communications and revelations! That is life; that is faith; that is peace. Behind the cloud is the light. The cloud only conceals the light. Oh that we might rest in God! If you point out the cloud, I accept it, and I in God's name point out the bow on the cloud. Behold that wondrous trinity—the cloud, the bow, and, above, the God that set His bow there in token of promise, covenant, and perpetual presence and immutable love!

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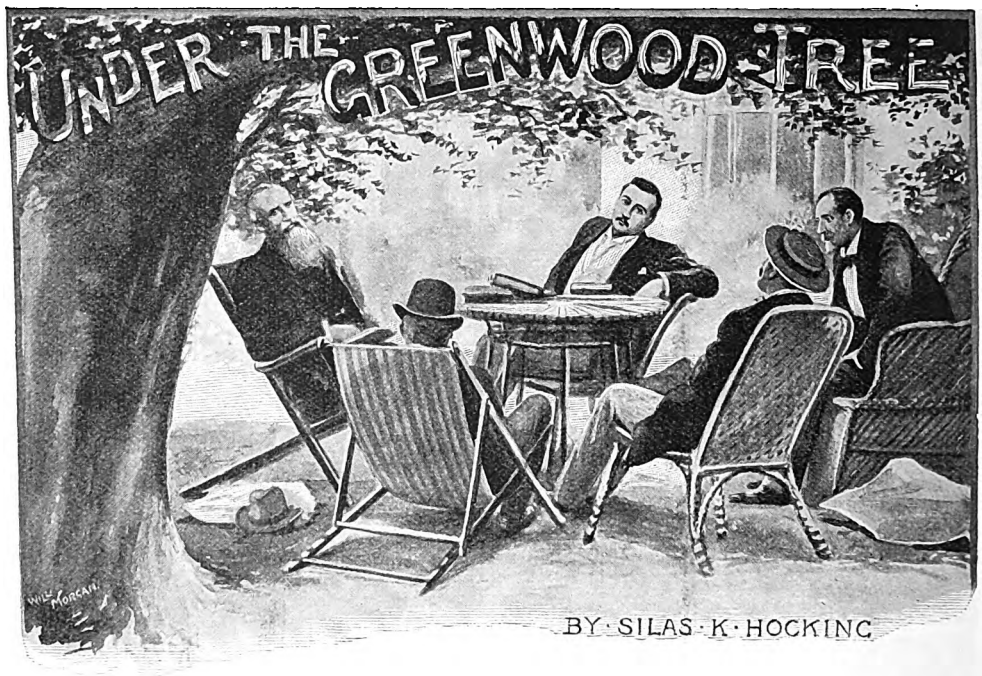

WE had adjourned from the study to the garden. The afternoon was warm, and the shadow of the elm tree proved grateful. For a while we talked of nothing in particular. After the noise and dust and turmoil of the city it was a relief to be still. From across a whole width of field the song of a thrush floated softly, and now and then the laughter of boys, who were sporting a raft on a pool. The shadows lengthened rapidly, and the odour of flowers became more pungent and pervasive. A long silence followed a desultory conversation; then the Doctor spoke.

* * *

"I don't think I agree with Dean Farrar," he began. "I mean in his article on Dean Stanley in last month's TEMPLE." "What part of the article do you refer to?" Johnson asked. "The reference to the Dean's death," was the reply. "Why should Dr. Farrar be so anxious that the Dean should be informed that he was dying? What good could come of his knowing? Dean Stanley had lived a beautiful saintly life. He had done his duty to the best of his ability; and if he had left undone anything, it was too late to accomplish it now. Why, then, disturb his last hours? Why not let him sink gently and painlessly to rest?"

* * *

"But if it were your own case," Johnson asked slowly, "would you like to be treated in that way?" "Most assuredly," was the answer. "If any possible good could come of knowing, the question would wear a different face. If it were possible for a man in a few seconds to undo the work of a lifetime, or if God were such a jealous Being that He demanded a dying prayer as a condition of entrance into heaven, then by all means let the poor sufferer be aroused, and let him gasp his last terrified prayer, and rectify the sins and mistakes of his threescore years during the remaining half-conscious moments of his existence. But we none of us believe this."

* * *

"Dean Farrar asked the question of those in the sickroom, 'Whether they would like to face death without even being warned that the solemn crisis was so near.' I wish it were possible to have had their answers to the interrogation. It seems to me that God Himself does not think it necessary that men should be specially warned at the last moment. In millions of instances death comes to men suddenly, and with no premonition of its approach. In the midst of life's activities, and sometimes when they are quietly asleep, God gently loosens the cord, and they awake to another life than ours."

* * *

The Doctor turned to me, but I did not pursue the conversation then. On a bright spring evening, with all nature bursting into life around one, the subject seemed almost incon-

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gruous. Nevertheless, in thinking it over since, I have to confess that I am at one with the Doctor. It seems to me a pagan idea that a soul can be prepared for death or for heaven by a prayer or a sacrament. A child returning home after a long absence at school does not fall on the doorstep with tears and supplications. He comes bounding in with laughter and happy greetings. God is not a tyrant, but an all-merciful Father; and if we have any confessions of wrong to make, He will surely be as ready to listen when we stand in the light before His face, as when we crouch in terror among the dark shadows of mortality.

* * *

The general conception of God seems to be still essentially pagan. We picture Him a Being of moods and impulses — given to favouritism and dislikes. We fancy Him standing afar off, stern and unapproachable, exacting the uttermost farthing of ceremonial and obedience, jealous of His dignity and prerogatives, and unrelenting in His judgments. So death is made terrible to us, because it means ushering us into this awful presence; and even heaven appears of doubtful felicity because He will be there.

* * *

But is not this foreign to the whole spirit and genius of the gospel of Christ? While people regard God in the light they do, the chief element in their religion is bound to be fear, and fear of the most abject kind. If we imagine that the great Being who made the world and all worlds, who scattered the planets like dust of gold through all the shining continents of space, can be pleased and appeased by toys and baubles and ceremonials, we shall go on with our little make-believes, and live in shadow and in fear, till our eyes shall open to the clearer light.

* * *

But if we believe in God as revealed to us by Jesus Christ, the Infinite Father and Friend of all—not petty, nor jealous (in our poor human rendering of the word), but kind and strong, and full of compassion toward His foolish and wayward children—more ready to overlook a weakness than to punish a mistake, and kinder to us than the kindest of our earthly friends,—then life will be delivered from the torment of fear, and death will be robbed of its bitterness and sting.

* * *

During the last few months a new name has been added to the long list of Immortals—the name of Margaret Ogilvy. Why this honour should be given to her may at the first glance be somewhat difficult to understand. She was not a great woman, nor a particularly wise woman, nor a specially noble woman. At least, she was no greater or wiser or nobler than millions of other women who have passed away into the great Silence and are forgotten. She was a good wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend; but she was not a genius, nor exactly a saint—at times. Indeed she was more than a little tiresome now and then, and gave a good deal of unnecessary trouble. And yet the story of her sayings and doings, as told by her son, is among the most beautiful I have ever read.

* * *

Margaret Ogilvy's name has been enshrined among the Immortals because she was the mother of J. M. Barrie. That is the only reason. There are thousands of mothers in England to-day who are her equals in every respect; but, alas! they have no sons who can tell with such infinite pathos and self-restraint the story of their lives. They live heroically, devoting themselves to their husbands and their children. Their lives are an endless sacrifice, borne with infinite patience. They love and suffer, and love and suffering make up the sum-total of their lives. In a few years they will pass out of sight and be forgotten. No printed page will record their names, no wizard pen will make a poem out of their homely speech.

* * *

I knew one such mother, knew her intimately. Her face was the first I saw in the morning, the last I saw at night. Her hands were strong when mine were weak, and clear her eyes of faith when mine had not begun to see. Among the nobler mothers of the world she deserves a foremost place. And thousands of my readers, I doubt not, could bear similar testimony to mothers they have known. They will live only in lives made better by their influence. So be it. Margaret Ogilvy's name deserves to live because she gave a genius to the world. And such distinction is all too rare.

* * *

And yet the most beautiful character in the book is not that of Margaret Ogilvy, but of her daughter. She occupies but a small space in the volume. I am sure she would have wished it so, and yet her spirit breathes through every page. It was just like her to keep in the background, always doing for others, never thinking of herself. Had a fuller portrait of her been given, we should have understood her less. She flits in and out among the pages of the book shyly, unobtrusively, as she flitted

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through the rooms of that quiet simple home, never very much in evidence, yet always near when wanted.

* * *

There is something almost tragic in the closing scenes of that patient heroic life. She gave herself *to* her mother, and *for* her mother, with a completeness and a self-abnegation which were as beautiful as they are rare. So self-forgetting was she, so devoted to those she loved, so absolutely unselfish in her strong opulent affection, that her own needs were overlooked, her own sufferings made light of. She was not aware, nor were the other members of the family aware, how rapidly the oil was being consumed in the lamp. The steady flame burned on from day to day, and burned, alas! all too fiercely. So all unexpectedly the light died down into darkness, and those who had been waiting for the mother's death saw the daughter carried out of the room. The over-weary heart had grown still, the hands that had so faithfully served were at rest for evermore.

* * *

Mr. Barrie has told the story with marvellous reserve. In no other book of his has he so strikingly displayed his native genius. The story is simple enough—commonplace, if you like—the surroundings such as are inseparable from ordinary village folk; and yet he has invested it with a charm and beauty, a dignity and reserve, that give it a notable place among the great prose-poems of the world. To many people, no doubt, the chief interest of the book will lie in the fact that it is a revelation of Barrie himself. The story of his mother's life is also the story of his own, and in this lay the difficulty and delicacy of his task. A man with a literary instinct less fine and pure would have bungled the whole thing beyond redemption. It would have been so easy to put into the picture a stroke too many or a stroke too few, to be over communicative or unduly reserved. Barrie hits the mean exactly. He could not well have said less about himself: had he said more, it might have savoured of egotism. The picture as it stands is perfect. We are glad to have the portrait of Margaret Ogilvy, because along with it we have the picture of her son.

* * *

The world is always curious to know something of the home-life of her great men. In public every man wears a mask. We touch our great men in the crowd, we look into their faces sometimes, and on rare occasions listen to their words; we may even snatch a few minutes' conversation with them across a dinner-table, or in the crush of somebody's drawing-room. But we never get to know men by meeting them casually in public places. It is only when we are admitted to the seclusion of their own homes, when the dress suit is exchanged for dressing-gown and slippers, when company manners and reserve give place to free unrestrained talk,—then, and then only, does the real man come into view, and you are charmed unspeakably, or—perhaps—disillusioned.

* * *

It is well for us sometimes, no doubt, that we should not know our heroes too intimately. We have idealised them perhaps for years; have surrounded them with a halo of sanctity; have worshipped them afar off, as though they were more than men. In such cases we had better keep at a safe distance. "No man," we are told, "is a hero to his own valet." Certain it is that the best of men are only men at the best, and he who expects perfection anywhere is foredoomed to disappointment.

* * *

I believe, however, as a general rule, that notable people improve upon acquaintance. There are exceptions, of course, as there are to every rule. Stars of the first magnitude sometimes twinkle very feebly in public places. I have known literary giants cut but sorry figures on public occasions. When a man is on show—shall I say—it is only natural that he should be diffident and ill-at-ease. I am told that Mr. Barrie shrinks from public assemblies, and that he shows to least advantage on such occasions.

* * *

No one, however, who has read *Margaret Ogilvy* will deny that he reveals a most charming personality in his own home. One likes him, too, because he makes no attempt to hide the comparative poverty of his early surroundings. Great as is the place which he fills in the public eye to-day, he gives no hint that he is at all conscious of it. With charming ingenuousness and naïveté, he recounts his adventures in housekeeping when the dear sister was too ill to get up and a servant-girl was not within reach. In literary circles there is a disease commonly spoken of as "swelled head." Men who jump suddenly into fame not infrequently suffer from it in an acute form. After reading *Margaret Ogilvy*, I do not think Barrie's bitterest detractors would say he was suffering from that complaint.

* * *

J. M. C. (Oxford), *E. V.* (Bristol), *J. W. P.* (Reading), and *O.* (Clapham), send me specimens of their poetry, with a request that I will criticise

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the same, and point out the excellences and deficiencies. To do that, however, I should have to quote the poetry in question; and it would not only be cruel to my correspondents, but to my readers also. *J. M. C.* shows the most talent, but his muse does not reach a very high level. With respect to the others, they have no poetic gift at all. They cannot even write decent rhyme; and how they got the notion into their heads that they could write poetry, baffles me competely.

* * *

When will literary aspirants learn that poetry is the highest form of literary art, and therefore the most difficult? It is not a mere stringing together of words in rhyme. In true poetry there must be thought, purpose, proportion, harmony. I get reams of rhyme sent to me every week that do not contain a single gleam of poetic fire, nor the faintest promise that the writers will ever produce anything worth calling poetry. Jonson has told us that "poets are far rarer births than kings,"—a sentence that expresses a great deal. A genuine poet is not the product of culture merely. Culture, no doubt, can do a great deal in the way of perfecting the gift; but it cannot create it. Men have been great poets—like Burns—with very little education. And yet had Burns schooled himself—after the manner of Tennyson, for instance — he might have done even better work.

* * *

Macaulay says—and the sentence is worth quoting—that "he who in an enlightened and literary society aspires to become a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries, and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind." I know that, in apparent opposition to this, Goldsmith has said that "poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and, could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet." But Goldsmith must have been having a little joke when he said that. Where one man finds it easy to write poetry, a thousand men discover that for them it is impossible.

* * *

I would like to warn some of my correspondents against a "fatal fluency" which they possess. They have an ear for jingle, and an easy way of stringing words in rhyme; and because rhythmic nothings will roll readily from their pens, they imagine that they are poets born. I can assure the majority of those who have written to me that they have made a melancholy mistake. One of my correspondents has gone to the expense of publishing his effusions in a small booklet. If he lives another ten years, he will regret his precipitancy; and his only consolation will be what is now doubtless an infinite regret to him, namely, that his poetry has no sale.

* * *

If *Bude Haven* will send me his or her name, I will explain the matter referred to. It is not possible to meet the wishes of all our correspondents, but really good suggestions are always welcome.—I very much regret the tone of the letter of *S. E. S.* (Sheffield), and cannot on that account reply to it.—*F. J. S.* (Newport), and others, are evidently unaware that magazines are not produced at the rate that newspapers are. I am constantly getting questions addressed to me about the middle of the month, with an earnest request that I will reply in the next issue of the magazine. Now, as a matter of fact, a high-class magazine has to be so carefully printed, and the illustrations so delicately handled, that—with a large circulation like ours —we have, on the issue of one number, to begin printing the next; hence the impossibility of replying to correspondents at once. And for this reason many correspondents never get answered at all; for the replies, if given, would be out of date and altogether useless.—*Beta, and others.* I cannot answer questions that are of no general interest. Any newsagent will give you the information you require.—*C. W. F.* Subjects vary slightly. Write to the College authorities.—*E. W.* Don't be impatient. Your article has been accepted and paid for; that should satisfy you. It will appear, no doubt, when the editor has room for it. — *Delta.* I do not agree with you. Effective public speaking is the outcome, in most instances, of careful training, combined with intense conviction. A man will rarely make others feel what he does not feel himself. Oratory is more than fluency, and eloquence more than rhetoric. The "perorating" style is at a discount in these days, and the habit of piling up adjectives is often a weariness to the ear, whatever it may be to the tongue, and generally destroys the effect it is intended to produce. Above all things, be natural. Affectation is fatal to success.

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THE TEMPLE PARLIAMENT.

THE FUTURE OF THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE

BY

REV. J. OSSIAN DAVIES
REV. C. F. AKED
MISS AGNES E. WESTON
MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD
AND
MR. T. P. WHITTAKER, M.P.

I.—BY THE REV. J. OSSIAN DAVIES

THE "great repulse" of July 1895 has not discouraged us as Temperance reformers, for it was not a *Temperance* defeat in reality. The squire and the parson had quite as much to do with that sudden rout as the publican, and they must be given a share of the credit for their "magnificent electioneering." But, as Temperance crusaders, we are neither disgraced nor dejected. Even the Prime Minister's cold *douche* has not damped our ardour—in fact, it has freshened us for the conflicts of the future.

Some of our timid friends advise us to "stand and wait" for the report of the Royal Commis sion. But the entire British nation has been sitting as a Drink Commission for the past forty years, and it cannot afford to wait six or seven years longer for the report of a body of gentlemen who wasted three whole days over the flimsy irrelevancies of Sir Harry Poland. With our terrible Drink Bill ever before us, we maintain that it is full time to pass from the stage of inquiry to the stage of earnest activity.

Now, in facing the great struggles of the future, shall we change our *modus operandi*? For our own part, we are in favour of following the old plan of campaign to a very great extent. Retrogression and compromise must not be entertained for a moment. We have manfully fought our way to our present position, and we must not step backward a single inch. Our opponents may brand us "faddists," but nicknames cannot kill. The principle of Local Veto must be kept well to the front, and clearly explained to the people. We cannot legislate in advance of public opinion; and it is our bounden duty to convince the British voter that our purpose is not to rob him of his beer, but to make him master of the situation by arming him with the power of veto. At the last election the Local Veto principle was grossly misrepresented by our opponents, and we must show the British public how to separate the kernel from the husk. This principle, lucidly explained, will certainly win its way into the heart of the nation at no distant date.

Then we must cover the land with Temperance missions, and they must be *educational* rather than rhetorical. We must emphasise the economics of the movement, and the medical aspect of the question must not be neglected. The perils of alcoholism must be effectively "rubbed in."

Then we must make a larger use of the daily and weekly press, and our pamphlets and leaflets must be scattered like snowflakes throughout the factories and workshops of the land.

Then we must capture the day schools for temperance, and teach the children our principles by means of chemical and other experiments. Once our children are well grounded, the voters of the future will not sell their birthright for a glass of Burton.

Then the Band of Hope movement must be strengthened, and annual examinations must be held, and prizes offered, as suggested by the Band of Hope Union. We must enlighten the children, for our opponents fear the light as much as they love the darkness.

Then our Temperance Friendly Societies—namely, the Rechabites, and the Sons of Temperance—must be made far more attractive to our working-men. Statistics show that of the Oddfellows (who are picked men, but not all abstainers) 11 per 1000 die yearly, while of the Rechabites (who are abstainers) only 7 per 1000 die. These facts must be repeated to the men of England over and over again.

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Since the last election Sir John Barleycorn has enjoyed a new lease of life, and there has been a great rise in brewery securities; but, as Temperance crusaders, we must not give him an hour's armistice. We must go forward in the name and strength of the Lord. When General Grant assumed the command of the Federal Army it was demoralised by disaster and failure. A council of war was held to see what best could be done, and their advice was that the army should retreat. To the astonishment of all, Grant gave the order to advance in solid columns, and in a short time Richmond was taken, and the American War practically ended. *And our policy is not to retreat!* God helping us, we are determined not only to hold our ground, but to advance until the bloodstained walls of this bacchanal Jericho shall fall, never to rise again.

II.—By the Rev. C. F. Aked

For the distant future of the Temperance crusade I am not greatly concerned. Crusades have a curious habit of taking their future into their own hands. Peel was converted by a rotten potato. Who could have supposed that an inspired madman would get himself incontinently hanged, and force the slavery issue to the stern judiciary of the battlefield? God dismisses His workmen—but completes His work.

It is different with the immediate future; and I cannot but think that you are doing our movement a service in opening The Temple Magazine to suggestions.

An experience of propaganda, laboriously and painfully wide, during the last few years, has led me to the following conclusions:—

1. We shall get nothing from the present Government; we must not ask for anything; we do not want anything. There is honour amongst politicians—politicians' honour. Politicians sometimes pay their debts—when they can't help it. And the present Government are under a deep debt of obligation to the Liquor men, who helped to put them in office. That is a debt of honour. And any legislation which they would initiate would be conceived in the interests of the men who gave them power. If the Government will do nothing, that will quite satisfy us. And we will ever pray for the saving grace of gratitude.

2. We must use the opportunity afforded by the lull in the storm of political life, in preparation for a bigger political battle than any we have yet fought. We must bring about, we are now actually bringing about, a revival of Temperance sentiment, of love and hate, of pity and passion. We must wake up and shake up all the Temperance forces of the country. We must put new life into all those who were beginning to get idle, tired, dull, and selfish. There are teetotallers who "haven't been working at it lately." They must be won again for consecrated service.

3. We must make more teetotallers. We must bring back the man who used to boast on every platform that he had taken a hundred pledges since the last meeting. We want to see the fanatic who went about armed with a pocket pledge-book, who fastened you in a chair in front of him, or gripped you at the corner of the street with fierce compassion until you took the pledge to get rid of him. We want "a million more," adults as well as children, and we won't be quiet till we get them—and not then!

4. We must attack the colossal ignorance of educated people. We must lay bare before them the philosophic and ethical basis of Prohibition. There are hundreds of well-informed people in our movement who think the people know what we are driving at. I know that nobody knows how much people don't know about the things they are supposed to know all about. The wisdom of abstaining from the use of all intoxicating liquors as beverages is seen in the injury which those liquors do to the people who drink them. But the right to prohibit the common sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages grows out of the injury which they do to the people who do not drink them. We have to explain that. The liquor traffic injures the Church, hurts the nation, menaces democracy, threatens the existence of our empire. In its own interest, and for its own protection, the community has a right to prohibit. This, during the next few years, must be explained, illustrated, enforced, by tongue and pen, in season and out of season, until the nation understands and is prepared to follow our ideal: "Total Abstinence for the Individual, and Total Prohibition for the State."

III.—By Agnes E. Weston.

As we stand in imagination upon some promontory and look forward into the future of the Temperance movement, which like a great ocean rolls up at our feet and then stretches away into infinite distances, it scarcely needs the eye of a seer to prophesy both good and evil, to warn as to danger, and to cheer on as to the success of the past. We are not pessimists, and we wear no crape for our losses and disappointments; we are not very optimistic as to the result of a Royal

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Commission, that is to sit for seven years, gathering evidence on a subject that has already furnished abundant evidence for itself, and which needs bold and determined handling, tempered with level-headed judgment.

In the history of our naval battles success has always attended *united* action; our ships of the line, cruisers, gun-boats, torpedo-boats, all act in concert, although each in its own way. We venture to think that Temperance reformers may take many leaves out of the book of that great industry that, sad to say, is called "the Trade." While these Temperance reformers are airing their various ideas, and are thoroughly determined upon one point—that unless these special ideas are carried out in their entirety they will not move a finger to help the cause—so long will those internal dissensions rend the good cause to pieces.

The idea of a united Temperance organisation is a grand one, and we heartily wish it God-speed; but the difficulties appear insuperable. The old story seems to be enacted again and again, that, unless your uniform is button for button like mine, we cannot act together.

A skilful commander does not pound away with his big guns at some impregnable fortress, but he takes advantage of loopholes and weakly-defended points to get a foothold. The reduction of the number of public-houses—Sunday closing—week-day closing, especially on a Saturday night, at an earlier hour—some stronger restrictions on the selling of drink to the young,—these and other points would ensure the co-operation of very many now considered enemies; even those connected with the Trade would be willing to concede certain reforms that would be of the greatest use and blessing.

The old proverb says that "half a loaf is better than no bread," but the attitude of the Temperance party, as a whole, has been unfortunately on the opposite lines to this time-honoured old proverb. United action on the part of teetotallers is absolutely necessary, and a willingness to accept any measure of reform, not as the end but the commencement of the upward movement.

We also need much more earnestness in enlisting fresh abstainers into our ranks. If the nation is to rise to any measure of reform, it must be by conviction; and conviction deep and strong can only be gained by a broad teetotal foundation, of the same breadth as the nation, and by a loving earnestness, showing to all that the essence of teetotalism is not a narrow Pharisaism, but a broad-minded loving Christianity, which always includes love of humanity.

IV.—By Frances E. Willard

THE Temperance movement "as such" is little more than a danger signal. It calls attention, and attention is the lightning-flash of the mind: wherever it strikes, execution will be wrought, and that right speedily. It has been now for well-nigh twenty-three years the work of Temperance women to point at the dram-shop and the drunkard's home, and cry, "Look there!" But the forces that are making the Temperance movement steadily a part of the daily life of the people are applied Christianity and applied Science. Between the upper and nether millstones of these two grinding powers the delusion that alcoholic liquors are necessary to a happy life is being worn away. Science proves that this is not true, first by a better analysis of the make-up of the human system and clearer understanding of the enemies to which that system is exposed, and next by the inventions that diversify the danger and delight of life,—for modern machines can be safely handled only by untrembling muscles. Meanwhile, the thousand new methods of enjoyment—among which the bicycle takes first rank—equally require nerves whose integrity has not been diminished by the use of alcohol or other stimulants. And every day Christianity, with its golden rule of mutual helpfulness, demands that even as "Christ pleased not Himself," so we shall not please ourselves, nor permit our liberty to be "a stumbling-block" to our brother. On these two hang all the law and prophets of the Temperance reform, by a chain as strong as the laws of God and the love of humanity, and the Temperance worker forges steadily on his way "without haste, without rest," as one who follows the plough to the furrow's end.

And "the best of all is, God is with us."

V.—By T. P. Whittaker, M.P.

TIME is on our side. Experience is day by day establishing the soundness of our contention. So long as intemperance and its attendant evils abound, wherever intoxicating liquors are publicly sold and used, the impossibility of getting rid of the result without suppressing the cause is continually demonstrated. Every experiment and device, short of Prohibition, fails, and in failing compels attention to our teaching.

The Temperance party is stronger to-day than ever it was. One proof of that is to be found in the fact that we were never more feared and never more bitterly opposed by the Trade than we are now. The measure of the efforts made by our opponents is the measure of their estimate of the danger which confronts them. The counter proposals of those who have not yet seen their way to join us are indications of a widespread recognition of the fact that something must be done. Even the appointment of a Royal Commission by the present Government is testimony to the extent to which that feeling prevails.

Out of these endeavours to find the truth, anywhere but where it really is, good must come. The more the problem is thought about and inquired into the more certainly and clearly will the fundamental facts evolve, if we are but true to ourselves, and make the right use of the opportunities for enforcing our principles which from time to time present themselves. Certainly there is no reason for despondency. On the contrary, there is every ground for confidence and hope.

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POOR PUSS

"PUSSY will love me because I am good," says the old nursery rhyme, and there is a good deal of truth in the remark. Domestic animals have more perception of character than we think, and we are fairly safe in concluding that the man or woman with whom a cat tries to make friends at the first meeting is an individual to be trusted. A contented prosperous cat is an ornament to any house, and to see a cat comfortably curled in front of the fire gives a homely look to a room that nothing else can. Cats are also most useful animals. A good mouser is worth all the traps and poisons that ever were invented. Moreover, cats are intelligent, too, and well repay kind treatment. They rarely steal when they are fed sufficiently at regular hours, when they know where to go for their food, and when they are not fed with scraps by people who are having their meals. There is no surer way of ruining a cat than to feed it at meal-times. Housekeepers should never allow this to be done. If food is thrown on the carpet, the latter is made greasy and dirty; but this is not the extent of the mischief. A cat that is fed by those at table gets into the way of looking out for oddments, and thus it gradually becomes a thief. When a cat that is well born and well reared takes to thieving, we may be almost sure that some member of the family to which it belongs is to blame.

Valuable as cats are, they are not always well treated in our homes. Young children who know no better are allowed to pull them about; they are not fed regularly, or they are left out of doors all night; and persons who do not like cats are harsh with them. Now, it ought to be understood that whenever a cat belonging to a household looks afraid when anyone speaks to it, or, though doing no harm, runs out of the way when anyone enters the room, the mistress of that household has cause to be ashamed of herself. Yes, the mistress—almost as much as the person who has been unkind to the creature. For the mistress ought to be the protector of the dumb animals attached to the house, and she has no right to keep dumb animals if she does not intend to see that they have a good time.

As has been already remarked, a cat "well born and well reared" rarely becomes a thief, and housekeepers may be inclined to smile at the notion. Yet there is a great difference in cats. A cat whose mother and grandmother have lived in a home where animals are kindly treated is altogether superior to a cat whose mother and grandmother have been left to prowl in the open air, hunting for their living. The fur of the home-bred cat is silkier; it is gentler; and undoubtedly it is cleaner. Nothing is more unpleasant than a dirty cat, and yet cleanliness in a cat is largely a matter of training. A mother cat that is clean is the best of all teachers of cleanliness to her offspring. It is a great advantage to the kitten that has a good mother to be left with that mother till it is fully grown, and the lessons which it learns from its parent will never be forgotten, but will remain with it through life, and very likely be passed on to future generations.

It ought not to be forgotten that cats are subject to most of the diseases that affect human beings; therefore they may catch fevers from us, and they may communicate disease to us when they are ill. Not long ago a physician of repute said that young children frequently caught diphtheria by nursing cats. When, therefore, a cat whines pitifully, seeks a dark corner, neglects her toilet, and has a hot nose, we may be sure she is ill, and the first thing we have to do is to keep her away from the children. This is a point the importance of which cannot be overestimated. Indeed, while insisting very strongly on the duty of treating cats with kindness, it is questionable whether it is ever wise to nurse them. Cats that are lifted and carried seldom make good mousers, and the dangers which exist when they are out of health are so real, that it is foolish to run a risk when nothing can be gained by it.

A great cruelty is often perpetrated on cats by leaving them in the summer months to hunt for themselves when the house is closed because the family have gone for a holiday. Housekeepers ought to make proper arrangements for pussy under these circumstances. They should either get a friend to look after her, or they should pay

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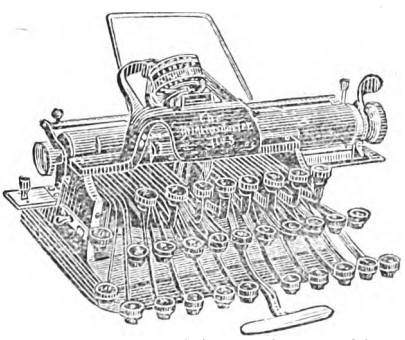

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the cat's-meat man or the milkman to feed her daily. It is much kinder to have the animal killed outright quickly and mercifully than it is to turn her out and let her roam abroad. Cats left to hunt for themselves become wild and savage; they lose their domestic virtues and their sleek beauty, and may contract loathsome skin diseases. Housekeepers have no right to neglect their dumb friends because bent on pleasure for themselves.

There are many varieties of cats in this country. The Persians and Abyssinians are foreigners, remarkable chiefly for their appearance. The following are understood to be the characteristics of the principal English varieties. Pure tortoiseshell cats are generally excellent mousers, very brave and affectionate. Pure white cats are tolerably good mousers, quiet and gentle, but delicate, and often deaf. Tortoiseshell and white cats are rather larger than the others, and a shade less virtuous. Pure black cats are often fierce and lordly in their manners; they are generally good hunters, but prefer birds, rabbits, and game to rats and mice. Brown tabbies are the commonest of all cats. They grow to an immense size if properly treated, are intelligent, and exceedingly affectionate, fond of their owners, and generally patient with children, are splendid mousers, and altogether homely and useful. It is of tabbies that most of the wonderful cat stories are told.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS

It is wonderful to see how often flowers are wasted because they are not effectively arranged. The fact is that our ideas of what a beautiful bouquet is have altered of late years. Who does not remember the orthodox nosegay of a few years ago? It was delightful, of course, because flowers are flowers wherever they are, but the person who plucked those never thought of trying to set off their beauty. A nosegay in those days was composed of every flower that was in the garden, put together as they caught the eye, and without any regard to harmony of colour. There were no leaves with it, and the stems were cut even, and tied together. As this market bunch left the hands of the gardener, so it remained until it had withered, for the housekeeper never presumed to rearrange it.

Artists and highly-gifted individuals sometimes tell us that skill in the arrangement of flowers is born in those who have it, and that those who have it not can never acquire it. This we hope is not altogether the case. Up to a point good taste is a faculty that can be cultivated, although it is very likely that the taste which is the result of education is never quite equal to the taste which is natural. Every day the arrangement of flowers is being more and more studied, and in large towns there are, it is said, ladies who add to their income by going from house to house caring for and arranging flowers. This shows that the arrangement of flowers is regarded as a detail of importance.

The first thing we have to do, if we intend to arrange flowers so that they shall yield all their beauty for our benefit, is to respect their individuality. We never ought to huddle all sorts together, with all varieties and any number of colours in a mass. It is very seldom that varieties can be satisfactorily combined, while colours should, by all means, either harmonise or contrast. The arrangements which have the most charm are usually those in which there is but one sort of flower, and not more than two colours at most apart from the foliage. We do not often gain a success when colours shout at each other! Yet not only should we avoid mixing flowers at random, we should also choose appropriate glasses for them. There are to be bought nowadays vases of such beautiful design and colour that we ought to have no difficulty in finding what is exactly suitable for our purpose; and if housekeepers would at all times refrain from buying common flower glasses because they are cheap, and would buy only those that are really pretty, they would very soon give an air of elegance to the home almost without knowing its origin.

Let housekeepers aim, therefore, at having vases of various shapes and sizes. Then showy flowers can be put into large handsome jars; flowers that have naturally short stems, such as pansies, can be put into low dishes; those which have tall slender shapes, such as daffodils and lilies of the valley, can be placed in high glasses. Costly hothouse flowers also look best in very handsome vases; if "popped" into a homely jug or tumbler, they would have the appearance of having quitted their sphere. Flowers are like human beings—they look happiest when their surroundings are congenial.

It is a mistake not to put greenery with flowers in a vase, and a rule worth remembering is, "twice as much greenery as flowers." Nothing really harmonises with a bloom better than its own foliage. Daffodils never look more lovely than when seen in a setting of their own yellowy-green narrow leaves, and roses go best with perfect rose leaves. But when there is a difficulty in finding perfect leaves of their own for flowers, we must look around for what we want. Ferns are universally liked, but unfortunately they wither soon. Carrot leaves and parsnip leaves are very pretty, and carrot leaves that have turned red are very charming; so also are the feathery sprays of asparagus. In spring, when leaves are scarce, dark ivy and sprigs of yew or holly form a lovely background for spring flowers, and they can be washed, drained, and used again and again for weeks and weeks.

In these days of cheap postage it is very usual for people who love flowers and live among them, to send blooms to friends who live in the midst of less pleasant surroundings. Many ladies also make a little pocket-money by supplying dwellers in towns with fresh flowers once or twice a week. The condition of these flowers on arrival, however, depends greatly upon the treatment they receive beforehand; therefore it is most desirable that the blooms should be skilfully packed. It is well to know that flowers should not be sent off as soon as they are gathered. They must be fresh, of course, but they will live longer if placed loosely in a large bowl of water for some hours after being severed from the parent stem. This rule holds good also for flowers that are to be worn. Flowers live longest when gathered in the early morning; or if they have to be sent off early, they may be gathered as late as possible the night before, then left in water all night in a cool place. If they look withered when the box is opened, the ends of the stems should be cut off and the ends immersed in a bowl of very hot water. This will sometimes make them revive quickly.

The box in which flowers are packed should be stout and thick, so that moisture cannot soak

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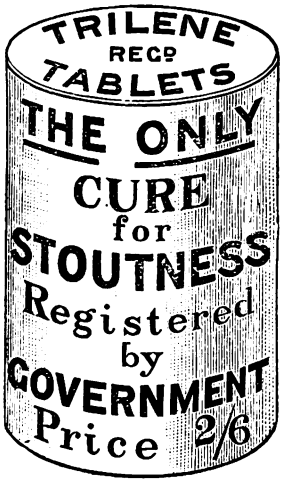

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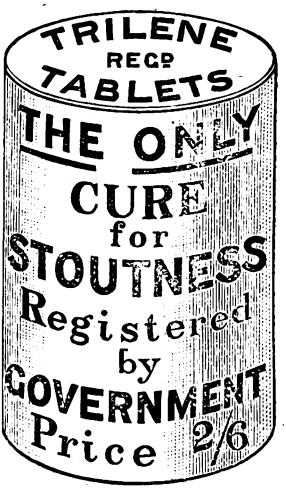

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87 Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct. 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid, and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was for many years growing too stout; but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.—Yours faithfully, "J. R. CANHAM."

"6 Brighton Terrace, Hull.
"MRS. JOHNSON has much pleasure in saying she has derived great benefit from your Tablets."

"3 Castle Road, Deal.
"MRS. J. PEARSON is glad to say she is much thinner."

"Convalescent Home, New Brighton, Cheshire.
MISS S. J. PRITCHARD says: "They have done me much good. I am 21 lb. lighter already."

Extract from *The Lady*, 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity. The Tablets are sold in boxes at 2s. 6d., and are obtainable from the Trilene Company, 66 Finsbury Pavement, London."

"25 Windsor Terrace, Penarth, Cardiff.
MISS M. FLAVELL says: "I have lost 2 st., and am much better in health."

"2 Chariot Street, Hull.
MR. JUBB, Chemist, says: "My customers speak highly of your Tablets."

"Windsor Hotel, Merthyr Vale, South Wales.
MR. J. THOMAS writes: "When I started the Tablets I weighed 17½ st., and have got down to 14 st. 9 lb."

"West Cornforth, Ferryhill.
MR. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17 st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15 st."

Extract from *Bury and Suffolk Times*, 15th June 1894: "MISS ATHERTON sings and dances as piquantly as ever, and is a marvel of agility, considering how much flesh she has put on of late. Her friends should induce her to take a course of Trilene Tablets, about which I hear wonderful things. One portly acquaintance of my own, by merely a few weeks' use of these little Tablets, has reduced his bulk perceptibly. I am assured the Tablets are harmless and tasteless, and that the Trilene Company, in Finsbury Pavement, London, are doing an enormous and ever-increasing trade."

MRS. HUTCHINSON, 46 Irwell Street, Widnes, Lancashire, writes: "I have taken three boxes, and am reduced 2 st."

A. D. BILLINGS, Bell Inn, Aldershot, writes: "Have derived great benefit already. Less in size and weight, breathing greatly improved."

MISS WELLS, Aldeburgh Hall, Saxmundham, writes: "I am pleased to say I receive great benefit from them."

MRS. MCGRATH, Bempton, Yorks, says: "I will recommend your very agreeable and satisfactory treatment—the *best* I have yet tried, as it is so simply and easily accomplished."

MISS DUGGLEBY, 16 New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½ st."

MISS C. E. SINGLETON, 3 Courtenay Terrace, Teignmouth, says: "They have done me a great deal of good, and I will do my best to make them known. You may use this letter as you please."

MISS MCPHERSON, Balnagowan Lodge, Methuen, Perth, says: "I have taken one box, and am reduced 1 st."

MRS. EDMONDS, Pontyguesta, Pontychin, Llantrissant, says: "I have lost more than a stone in a very short time."

MR. TAYLOR, Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says: "I have lost quite 2 st. since taking your Tablets."

MR. GILLESPIE, 50 Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, Essex, says: I have lost just 3 st."

E. NICHOLSON, Crossfield, Staniland, Halifax, says: "I am pleased to say your Tablets are lessening my size very much, and my two sisters are going in for your pleasant treatment."

THE TRILENE COMPANY, 66 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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through it. A tin box is the best for the purpose; the next best is a stout cardboard box. In a thin cardboard box the flowers will certainly be spoilt. The address should not be written on the box or on paper in which the box is wrapped, but on a label attached to the end. The label instead of the box will then be stamped, and the flowers will not be crushed.

Flowers should be packed between layers either of cotton wool, fresh leaves, or cabbage leaves. Line the bottom and sides of the box with waxed paper, and afterwards with a bed of leaves; then lay in loosely, one at a time, a row of flowers, the blooms turning one way. Sprinkle the foliage, not the flowers, lightly with a sprinkler; cover with wool, and repeat till the box is somewhat over-full, to prevent shaking. Let the topmost layer of wool or paper be large enough to tuck down the sides. The flowers must not be packed till close upon post-time, and they should not be on the journey on Sunday, when postage is irregular. If it is likely that they will be *en route* several hours, it is well to wrap the stems in damped wool or damped moss, and cover this with oilskin. If large flowers are to be packed, the blooms may have bits of cotton wool put inside as well as outside, to keep them in shape. Carnations, rosebuds, lilies and lilies of the valley, narcissus, jonquils, gladiolus, violets, fuchsias, Roman hyacinths, dahlias, asters, iris, chrysanthemums—all travel well. Flowers with thin petals should stay at home.

HOW TO AVOID DISASTER IN COOKERY

Housekeepers who wish to provide well for the family (as all good housekeepers do) are frequently advised to adopt new and pleasant ways of cooking food. Through following this advice they occasionally experience disaster.

In these days cookery recipes are as common as rain. They appear in print by the score; but, if the truth may be told, some of them are less valuable than the paper on which they are printed. An experienced cook reading them would see at a glance that they would not work out, and that the housekeeper who followed them would simply waste her supplies. Used by the inexperienced, the result is most disheartening. Food not fit to eat appears on the table, and the disappointed family provider returns to the accustomed routine of "hot joint one day, cold joint the next, and hash the third," thinking that this only is the safe course to pursue.

This decision is unfortunate. Sameness in the daily fare is very much to be deprecated. Stereotyped food is very monotonous; it may ward off starvation, but it does not promote health as food ought to do. Doctors apparently agree that variety of diet is a great aid to digestion, and it is certainly more appetising than commonplace food. A capable woman once said that to put the same dishes before a family, day after day and week after week, was no more worthy of being called housekeeping than is the feeding of animals in a menagerie. With this opinion people who are accustomed to varied fare will be inclined to agree.

It would be an excellent thing for the community if housekeepers would get into the way of trying new dishes before adopting them. Let them keep on the shelf of the store cupboard what has been

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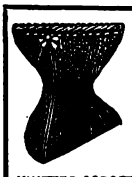

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called a "probation box." Into this may be dropped from time to time recipes as they are found which seem likely to be what is wanted. When a leisure day comes round, when the family circle is smaller than usual, when visitors are sure to be absent, and time can be given to the business, let one of these doubtful recipes be tested. Experiment with it; prove whether or not it is correct, and if it is wrong, ascertain where the mistake is. Perhaps a little alteration will effect an improvement, or economy can be secured by using fewer eggs or less butter than are set down. If the recipe is a success, it may be put on the list of dishes to be used constantly, and it may be employed again and again. But do not adopt it until it has been personally proved and approved, and do not turn away from all new ways of preparing food because one recipe turns out to be worthless.

When the probation box has been employed for a few months, housekeepers will have added largely to their knowledge of available dishes, but they will also have learnt that untried recipes are not of much value to anyone. This is undoubtedly a fact. It is very usual, we know, for enterprising housekeepers to make use of recipes which appear under the signature of well-known writers on cookery, feeling confident of a good result. This faith and trust are very complimentary to the writers in question; but if the persons thus honoured had a choice in the matter, they would prefer that recipes should be tried privately before they were used freely. In carrying out recipes, many circumstances may interfere with success. Ovens vary; the quality of the materials vary; the skill of the cook is an uncertain factor, for it is wonderful to see the different preparations which are produced from one formula. If, therefore, a housekeeper would avoid disaster, let her make and act on the rule that all recipes shall be tried before they are trusted.

CORRESPONDENCE

Careful Martha.—It requires not much time and no serious labour to keep silver always in good condition—that is, if the necessary articles are kept always at hand. Constant daily doing is the way to deal with this, as with many other household needs. Let your maid keep in her closet, so that it shall be ready for use when she puts out the silver, a soft clean chamois leather, and let her form the habit of rubbing the articles with this every day, as a matter of routine, before she lays them on the table. This will keep the silver always bright—that is, if it is washed properly after being used. When rubbed every day thus, silver does not need to be formally cleaned oftener than once a week, and of course a special day should be set apart for the purpose.

Daily Care of Silver.

A. G. (Manchester).—Here is an excellent recipe for a summer drink. Take the thin rind and the strained juice of five lemons, put them into a basin with an ounce and a half of citric acid. Boil four pounds of loaf sugar in three pints of water for ten minutes, pour the boiling syrup over the lemons and acid, and let the preparation stand for twelve hours. Strain, and when wanted put a couple of tablespoonfuls of the syrup into a tumbler, and fill it with seltzer water. The white pith and the pips of the

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lemons should be thrown away. If they are used, they will impart a bitter taste to the drink.

To make the House cool in Hot Weather.

One of Many.—If you want to keep the house cool, shield it from the heat of the sun. Watch the sun, therefore, and keep windows shut and blinds down on the side of the house where he is, and open the windows top and bottom and let in the air at the side where he is not. If you open the windows and draw down the blinds when the sun is beating down on them, you will simply admit the hot air, and not until the sun has gone down for some time will a room thus "aired" be endurable. To air a room properly, it is necessary to let the bad air out and the fresh air in. Now bad air rises, therefore it is quite reasonable to open the window at the top; yet, if real good is to be done, it must be opened at the bottom as well. The housekeeper who can have her windows open top and bottom at the side where the sun is not, even for a few minutes only at a time, will have done much to make the home fresh and healthy. Apart from ventilation, much may be done to make the home inviting and refreshing in hot weather, by suggesting coolness. Wear cool-looking dresses, remove superfluous hangings and carpets, and have the floors washed down with cold water when practicable. Have an awning over sunny windows and doors, and try to have at least one cool tempting dish at each meal, and persuade all the members of the family to adopt methods which promote coolness, and your home will be a refreshing refuge during the hot season.

Bookworm.—There is no denying that books are best preserved when they are kept in a closed book-case, or covered with a curtain, yet those who have learned to look on books as friends seldom like to have them caged or hidden away thus, and with intelligent attention plainly-bound books can be kept quite well in an open case. They ought not to be too near the stove, or they will warp with the heat; and especially they ought to be preserved from damp. Damp, smoke, and dust are great destroyers, and books hold dust readily. If, however, *Bookworm* will cover the books well with a dust-sheet when the room is swept, and take them down every now and then, clean them, and leave them down to air for half a day, having the shelves washed, scrubbed, and dried thoroughly before they are put in place again, she will find that the care bestowed will be well repaid. Books should never be packed tightly on a shelf, or their backs may be broken when they are taken down.

Care of Books.

J. A. W. L.—I do not think you can manage with less than the following number of articles: two flannel binders, three shirts, four barracoats, three night-gowns, two day-gowns, two dozen diapers (at the very least), two flannel squares, and one good shawl. With this supply, you will need to have things washed constantly, but I am hoping and taking it for granted that you intend to have "rational" infant's clothing. I mean by this, I hope you will have everything made of flannel, and not over long. If you contemplate having garments of the ordinary sort, the numbers I have given will not suffice. I will try to give you a few hints on the subject in next month's TEMPLE MAGAZINE. There is not space for it in this column.

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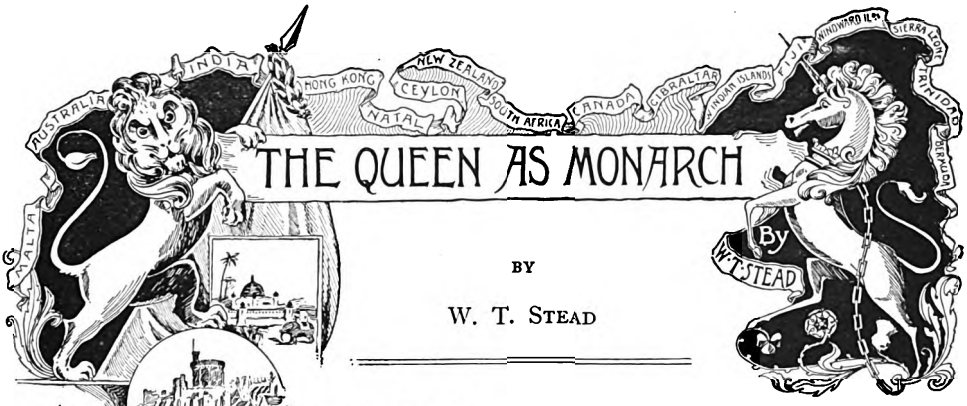
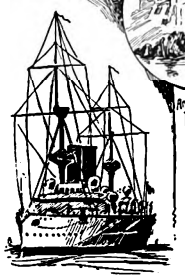


THE QUEEN AS MONARCH

BY

W. T. STEAD



At six o'clock on the 30th January, in the misty grey light of early morning, two men knelt down on the dirty pavement in front of the statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross, and, undeterred by the presence of astonished policemen, went through the Collect prescribed in the ancient English Prayer-Book for use on the anniversary of the execution of Charles the Martyr. On the Sunday morning following, a solemn Eucharist was celebrated in memory of the martyrdom in the Church of St. Margaret Patten, Rood Lane, Eastcheap. The altar was vested in crimson and gold, and ablaze with tapers. Round the altar were grouped a number of banners, including one in crimson silk with a portrait of King Charles bearing the palm branch, with the words "Sanctus Carolus Rex et Martyr" embroidered in gold letters. The Communion was celebrated by the rector habited in a crimson chasuble embroidered with silver, attended by a number of acolytes in scarlet cassocks and small caps. The congregation for the most part wore sombre mourning garb, although a few carried white blossoms in honour of the White King. The large choir sang to Mendelssohn's music the anthem "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The old service for "the Blessed Martyr" was used, after which a sermon was preached on the text, "The people stood up, the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed."

The celebration of the 30th January is in no way typical of the devotion of the English to their Monarchy. The amiable enthusiasts who annually provide this quaint and interesting spectacle for the amusement of a scoffing world are picturesque and inoffensive curios, who contribute an element of quaint absurdity to the national museum. But they could all be comfortably packed on board a single American liner, and their influence on English politics is considerably less than that of the grasshoppers in a summer meadow. They are interesting, however, as a survival of the last decaying remnant of the Royalist party, who still cling, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, to the belief in the old idea of an absolute Monarchy ruling by Divine Right.

For a specimen of the next stage of what Englishmen consider the Royalist superstition, we must cross the Atlantic; for it is at Washington, not at Windsor, where we must seek for a genuine representative of the monarchical idea. The President of the American Republic, as has frequently been remarked both by American and English writers, is simply the English monarch of the eighteenth century, made elective instead of hereditary. The American President is therefore the intermediate link between the Blessed Martyr who lost his head on the scaffold at Whitehall and Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Of the three typical representatives of English Monarchy which are visibly existent before the world to-day, the first is no more than a fly in amber—a relic preserved like the hair of the Pretender, or a flounce of Mary Queen of Scots' petticoat, but nevertheless a very real and living faith to the handful of amiable Jacobites who cherish their fantastic devotion to an extinct dynasty. In Washington we have George III. habited in the sober broadcloth of Mr. McKinley, possessed of great although limited personal authority, choosing his ministers, vetoing measures, directing the Executive Government of the country, reproducing in short, *mutatis mutandis*, the personal power of the Georges—the authority of a national vote having replaced hereditary right.

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Lastly, we have the latest evolution of the monarchical idea in the person of Queen Victoria, which in many respects is as much in advance of the monarchical principle embodied in the American Presidency, as the American Presidency in its turn was an advance upon the monarchy of the Stuarts.

It was not without reason that the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who more than any other living man represents the vast experience of the British Diplomatic and Colonial service, recently protested against the superstitious and conventional interpretation attached to the words "democracy" and "republican" when used in opposition to that form of monarchy which has been developed in England. Lord Dufferin remarks: "In America the words 'democracy' and 'republicanism' have a distinct and technical meaning, though to those Englishmen who are unversed in American politics they appear convertible terms. In any event, they are misleading, if they are intended to imply the direct rule of the people as distinguished from the efficacy of the national will under a constitutional sovereign. For, as a matter of fact, the popular verdict of the constituencies is much more rapidly carried into effect and transmuted into a legislative enactment in all those territories which owe allegiance to the British Crown than in the United States of America. In the American Republic the President and his Ministers are in a great measure independent of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, and can both delay, and often render futile, the conclusions of the two elective Assemblies. Indeed, in the American constitution there is a tinge of Cæsarism supplementing or acting as an antidote to the blind hysterical force of universal suffrage, whereas throughout the British Empire the Parliaments both of the Colonies and of the mother country are universally and immediately supreme." Nor is this any new doctrine on his part. When Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada visited the United States, he was frequently addressed with the playful suggestion that Canada would do well to unite her fortunes with those of the great Republic. To these invitations he says, "I invariably replied by acquainting them that in Canada we were essentially a democratic people; that nothing would content us unless the popular will could exercise an immediate and complete control over the Executive of the country; that the Ministers who conducted the Government were but a Committee of Parliament, which was itself an emanation from the constituencies; and that no Canadian would be able to breathe freely if he thought that the persons administering the affairs of his country were removed beyond the supervision of our legislative Assemblies." [1]

But while we claim with Lord Dufferin that the great American formula—Government of the People, by the People, for the People—is carried out much more completely under the Monarchy than in the United States, we never forget that if we have the full benefit of the Republican principle, in the shape of popular direct control by the people of the legislation and action of the Government, it is still a crowned Republic, and, for good or for ill, the Crown counts for much more than outsiders are apt to imagine. Under the present reign, which has now extended to a length unexampled in the history of Britain, that influence has been for good and not for ill.

Let us brush on one side, once for all, a very widespread delusion, the origin of which it is easy to perceive, that the Queen is a mere figurehead. A practical people like ourselves would not long tolerate an institution which did not earn its salt. If the Monarchy were but as the gilded figurehead of the Ship of State, as powerless to influence the navigation as the wooden bust under the bowsprit is to affect the movement of the helm, we should at anyrate be certain to find a very large and powerful party in the nation bent at least upon economising on the gilding, or even of doing away with the institution. But it is an extraordinary thing, which has by no means attracted as much attention as its significance deserves, that while the popular irritation against the powers of the House of Lords has continued in a more or less constant condition, the movement against the Monarchy, which in the first three-quarters of this century undoubtedly commanded considerable support, has completely died away. Many of those who, even five-and-twenty years ago, confidently looked forward to the coming of a British Republic, are now of opinion that, given an ordinarily tolerable sovereign, there is no institution in the Empire that is so likely to survive as the Monarchy.

How was this change brought about?

The Reign speaks for itself. The Monarch is the best argument in favour of the Monarchy. The universal dying out of the anti-monarchical sentiment in Britain is due

[1] *Queen Victoria: Her Life and Reign.* By J. Castell Hopkins, p. 9.

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THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN
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to the general diffusion of education and the introduction of the representatives of the working people into the inner arcana of our constitutional machinery. The facts which for the first half of the reign were the jealously-guarded secrets of the Cabinets have now become the common property of all Her Majesty's subjects. The chief agency in bringing this about was undoubtedly the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, the last volume of which appeared seventeen years ago. Although "Her Majesty's Historian-in-Waiting," as he has been sometimes satirically described, had only the intention of illustrating the character of Prince Albert and the spirit in which all his private and public duties were discharged, he was permitted to withdraw the veil which had hitherto concealed the political and public lives of the Queen and her Consort from the public view. Never before has any sovereign so unreservedly taken her subjects into her confidence. That this was due to the widow's devotion to the memory of him who was, as she said, "her husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser, and guide," rather than to any desire to demonstrate the utility of the Monarchy in the working of our constitution, added rather than

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detracted from its effect. The amplest materials were placed at Sir Theodore Martin's disposal, and he was given entire freedom as to how they should be used. His *Life of the Prince Consort* is therefore, and will probably always remain, by far the most valuable guide to the working of the British constitution, from the point of view of the Court. Its effect has been immediate, and it may fairly be said final. This being so, I naturally approached Sir Theodore Martin before commencing this little essay. He wrote me very kindly, and assured me of his cordial concurrence in the view which I have expressed about the Queen. But "it is only those," he wrote, "who have been Cabinet Ministers who could speak with authority of the ever-wakeful interest of the Queen in everything that concerns the welfare of the nation, of the immense value of Her Majesty's sagacity, of the importance of the knowledge accumulated during a long reign in a memory which forgets nothing, and of the truly royal courage and counsel which guides and strengthens the decisions of her Ministers in times of difficulty. Many of the men who could have borne the strongest testimony to these qualities are gone, but if their successors were free to speak I have no doubt they would have the same story to tell. I am not, and never have been, officially connected with the Court, and my position there has been, and is, one of perfect independence. But it has been my great privilege to have had unusual opportunities of studying Her Majesty's character, both as Woman and as Queen. All I can say is, you cannot, in my opinion, place it too high. It seems to me, if I may say so, that you have struck into the right line in the estimate you have formed of Her Majesty's qualities and of her influence. Well may other nations envy us a Sovereign who presides over the freest nation in the world, and whose whole life shows what Monarchy, worthily presented, can do for the good, not only of its own subjects, but also in helping on the cause of Christian brotherhood among the nations."

It is probable that the subject of Her Majesty's influence in foreign affairs could not be more appropriately illustrated than by a reference to the part she took in a very important crisis which threatened the good relations between Britain and the United States. The episode is familiar enough to the elder generation; but the popular memory is short, and there are, besides, many millions to whom what happened in 1861 is very ancient history indeed.

In the earlier days of the great War of Secession, on the 8th November 1861, Captain Wilkes, of the *San Jacinto*, an American man-of-war, stopped the British mail-steamer *Trent* a short distance from Havana by the summary process of firing first a round shot and then a shell across her bows. Captain Wilkes had been ordered to arrest Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were on board the *Trent*. Mr. Mason was accredited by the Confederate Government to the English Court, Mr. Slidell to the Court of France. They had run the blockade from Charlestown to Cuba, and were now on their way to Europe. After a vigorous protest on the part of the captain of the mail-steamer, the Confederate envoys surrendered, and were carried off by Captain Wilkes. Of course, looking at the matter after the lapse of nearly forty years, it is quite obvious that the action of Captain Wilkes was utterly indefensible. Captain Wilkes had no more right to kidnap the Confederate envoys when they were on the high seas in a vessel protected by a foreign flag, than he would have had to land an expedition in England and carry them off from a London hotel. It was, in plain English, a distinct act of war, and came perilously near involving the two nations in hostilities. There was a strong war party in both countries. English society as a whole was passionately in sympathy with the Confederates, and eagerly seized the opportunity afforded by this outrage on the flag, to force on a breach between London and Washington. On the other hand, there were not wanting those in America who imagined that it would be possible to bribe the Emperor Napoleon, by the offer of French Canada, to make common cause with the North against England should she espouse the cause of the Confederacy. The action of Captain Wilkes, however, by seizing the envoy accredited to France under circumstances incompatible with any theory of international law, led the Emperor to support instead of oppose the action of the British Government.

For a moment all Britain rang with the clamour and clangour of preparations for war. Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister, a man ever inclined to mount the high horse and "stand no nonsense." The case was clear. The law officers of the Crown advised the Cabinet that there could be no doubt whatever as to the merits of the question, and when the Cabinet met in the last days of November the atmosphere was electric

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with menace of coming war. The press was unanimous in resenting what was declared to be an unpardonable and intentional insult to the flag. Our arsenals were resounding with the din of warlike preparations. For the defence of Canada, eight thousand troops were being got ready to cross the Atlantic. The situation in short, was fraught with every element of mischief.

On the 30th November the Queen received from Lord John Russell, then Foreign Minister, the draft of a despatch which was to be sent—perhaps hurled would be a better term—at the Washington Government. It was an uncompromising document, the tone of which reflected with only too much accuracy the prevailing mood of public opinion. The Prince Consort at that time was stricken with his last illness—he had indeed but another fortnight to live. But the moment the draft despatch reached Windsor for the Royal approval, ill though he was, he roused himself to examine the momentous paper on which the issues of peace and war would probably hang. Rising at seven the next morning, he drew up a memorandum — the last political memorandum of his life — in which he embodied his objections to the draft despatched to the British Minister at Washington, and suggested alterations calculated to throw oil upon the troubled waters, and render it possible for the American Government to retire from an untenable position with dignity and grace. He was wretchedly ill, and could scarcely hold his pen while writing it. The Queen going over the memorandum with him, made one or two suggestions, modifying for instance the phrase "quarrel" into the milder term "a question of dispute," and sent it to her Ministers. Their sober second thoughts recognised the justice of the corrections of the Prince and the Queen. Lord Palmerston said he thought the changes excellent; Lord Granville, afterwards Foreign Minister, expressed his delight that the despatch had been rewritten in accordance with the suggestions of Her Majesty. When the despatch reached Washington, Mr. Seward told Lord Lyons how pleased he was that the despatch was courteous and friendly. Had it been as dictatorial and menacing as it was in the original draft, it would have been extremely difficult for him to have succeeded in reconciling the Government to the pacific course

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.
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which was at once adopted. Captain Wilkes was disowned, and the prisoners were cheerfully liberated. Before the news reached this country, the Prince had passed away; but both his widow and her Prime Minister recognised how much the peace of the world and the unity of the great English-speaking nations owed to the suggestions of the Prince Consort. "There can be no doubt," wrote Lord Palmerston, "that the alterations made in the despatch to Lord Lyons contributed essentially to the satisfactory settlement of the dispute." These alterations were only one of innumerable instances of the tact and judgment and the power of nice discrimination which excited Lord Palmerston's constant and unbounded admiration.

These facts were but dimly known at the time. It was not till 1874 that Mr. W. E. Forster publicly declared with what "grateful and profound sense of obligation" the British nation learnt how much it owed to its Sovereign at that profound crisis. Notwithstanding her solicitude for the health of her dying husband, every detail both of the *Trent* affair and of the steps taken in consequence had been carefully considered by Her Majesty from day to day; but when the despatch came, with its dictatorial demand for the release of the envoys, Her Majesty, says Mr. Forster, "was startled and shocked at the idea of war with America. Not liking the peremptory language and defiant speech of the despatch, the Queen took it to the apartment of the Prince Consort, who used the pen for the last time in modifying the language and tone of the demand."

The incident was of brief duration, but it is often upon moments that the destinies of empires hang. It is opportune to recall, when the nations are rejoicing in the conclusion of a permanent Treaty of Arbitration between the Empire and the Republic, that it was due to the constant vigilance of the Queen, and her passionate devotion to the peace and union of the English-speaking world, that war was averted at a time when, had it been declared, the breach between England and America would have become an impassable gulf, even if the ulterior consequences had not been the disruption of the territory of both combatants. The whole world's history would probably have been changed, and changed for the worse, had Britain not possessed at Windsor a Sovereign with a right to curb the violence of national passion by the calm wisdom of mature experience.

This episode by no means stands alone. The Queen has been doing similar things ever since she came to the throne. It is true there has been no other crisis fraught with such tremendous issues as that which threatened war between the British Empire and the American Republic. But there is another episode in European history which was hardly of less importance to the Old World than that which was affected by the seizure of Slidell and Mason. The greatest political phenomenon of modern Europe has unquestionably been the rise and unification of the German Empire. It is not generally known, but it is none the less true, that, but for the intervention of the Queen, England and France would have been involved at the very beginning of the movement for German unity, in an insensate war, the end of which no person could perceive. It came about in this wise.

Two years after the Prince Consort's death, the long smouldering dispute concerning the Dano-German duchies of Schleswig-Holstein came to a head. It is utterly impossible to explain all the ins and outs of that memorable feud. There was only one man in Europe, it was said, who ever really understood the question, and he could never explain it. The British public at the time did not trouble itself with all the intricacies of diplomatic and dynastic controversy. What they saw was that two great Powers, Austria and Prussia, "two great bullies," as they were called then, were setting upon poor little Denmark, a country closely allied with our own by race, and recently brought still closer to us by the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra. Popular feeling ran high in favour of intervention on behalf of the Danes. The French Emperor was understood to be more than benevolently disposed to such an intervention. Hardly anyone in France or England had the remotest idea of the strength of the forces which were impelling Prussia into the campaign against Denmark. I remember vividly a cartoon in *Punch* which hit off accurately enough the popular misconception as to the relative force of the great Powers. In the centre of the picture there was a dish on which some small German sausages were frying, fizzing and smoking; on either side of the dish stood the Emperor of France disguised as a great champagne bottle, while John Bull was plainly discernible in the shape of a huge sirloin of beef. They were exchanging notes with each other, remarking that if the little German sausages did not

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keep quiet it really would be necessary to look after them.

Lord Palmerston was still Prime Minister, and Lord Russell was at the Foreign Office. The two men, passionately patriotic, and Lord Palmerston particularly full of the insular pride of John Bull, were heading straight to war. But, as Lord Malmesbury has told us in the Diary which he permitted himself to publish, the Queen would not hear of such a thing any more than she would wantonly risk a war with the United States. It was necessary, of course, for her to sit very tight and say very little. She had been living in almost complete seclusion since the death of her husband. Her eldest son and heir was married to the daughter of the king whose territory was threatened with invasion. There was a strong feeling of hostility to Germany in English society and among the people. The slipway towards war was greased as usual by the Evil One with all those incentives which hurry nations into irremediable catastrophes. To add to the complications of the situation, many members of the Peace party so entirely misconceived the situation as to attack the Queen for her German sympathies, the Germans being believed to be the disturbers of the peace. By the Treaty of 1852, England and the other Great Powers had committed themselves to the union of Denmark and the disputed duchy. This union, however, was subject to the rights of the Germanic Confederation. Hence it was possible for England to avoid being drawn into the quarrel, because Prussia and Austria contended they were vindicating the rights of Germanic federation, which had been expressly reserved by the Treaty of 1852. The Queen did not like the Treaty, to begin with, which was one of Palmerston's making, and determined to prevent its being invoked as a pretext for English intervention. Lord Palmerston was very outspoken in his determination to prevent the conquest of the duchies. "Public opinion," he declared on April 18, 1864, "would be much shocked if we were to stand by and see the Danish army taken prisoner, and Denmark thus laid prostrate at the feet of Germany." But for the Queen we should have gone to war; but fortunately the Queen did not fail. She appreciated far more accurately than her Ministers the real balance of forces on the Continent, and she discerned the emergence of the German power, then ridiculed by our wise men, who pinned their faith to the ascendency of the Emperor Napoleon. It is curious to remember that the Queen's decisive intervention was exercised in the same way in Europe as it had been in relation to America.

On May 5th the Queen received drafts of despatches from her Ministers, which, if they had gone as they were written, would have led to war. Lord Palmerston had an interview with the Austrian Ambassador, to whom he had spoken a piece of his mind with considerable freedom, and then he got Lord Russell to embody the substance of his conversation in a despatch to the British Ambassador at Vienna. In this document there was a distinct threat that under certain contingencies, which were likely enough to happen, a British fleet would be sent to the Baltic to prevent the Austrians entering the duchies. The Queen sent word to Lord Palmerston that she did not like his conversation, and still less did she like its embodiment in a despatch to be adopted and approved by the Cabinet. In fact, she put her foot down so strongly that the conversation was ignored, and the despatch was never sent. The British fleet did not go to the Baltic, and Her Majesty's Ministers and subjects alike contemplated with no slight indignation the invasion of the duchies without a shot being fired either by England or France. But the Queen never budged; she knew well the consequences which would have followed in Germany had there been any intervention from without. Count Vitzthum, who was Minister for Saxony at the English Court in these days, declares in his Memoirs that nothing but the Queen's personal intervention could have warded off the threatened war. "Maligned, insulted, and reproached for German sympathies, Her Majesty has checkmated the dictatorship of her Prime Minister, and beaten him three times in his own Cabinet on the question of war or peace. The Queen has recognised the true interests, the true wishes of her people."

Thus we have it on record that at the two most critical moments in the foreign policy of the last forty years we owe it to the Queen alone that we were not launched into a conflict with the two Powers the unity of which has been of the utmost value in the civilisation of Europe and America. To have averted two such threatened crimes is an achievement which, had there been no other, would have entitled the Monarchy to a new lease of life. The day may come when even in the United States the nation may have reason to regret that in the

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machinery of its constitution, admirable though it is in many respects, there is no place left for the intervention of an impartial observer who has no party interest to serve, and no authority beyond that which arises from unique historical position and immense personal experience.

These two instances stand out supremely conspicuous in the history of the reign. There have been innumerable other instances, for nothing passes without the Queen's notice. It is almost incredible the painstaking care which Her Majesty bestows upon all the details of her foreign policy. She is the supreme exponent in England of foreign affairs.

She is indeed the *Doyenne* of European sovereigns. The Tsar of Russia has married her granddaughter, the Kaiser of Germany is her grandson—one of her earliest memories of whom was his misbehaviour in the Chapel Royal at Windsor at the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Little Prince William was placed between Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, who wore Highland dress, and it was their arduous duty to keep him quiet, both of whom, the Crown Princess said, "he bit on their bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet."

Her private correspondence has been intimate with the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe for many years past. This correspondence has been private, nor is it submitted to the supervision of her Ministers. Occasionally, publicity has been attracted to some of her letters, as for instance when she wrote to the Sultan, making a last despairing personal appeal to the man to arrest the unspeakable atrocities inflicted upon the Armenians, or the letter which she wrote to Prince Bismarck in 1877 urging him to use his influence to avert the Russo-Turkish War. But for the most part no inkling of her correspondence reaches the press.

In foreign affairs, on the whole, her judgment has been much better informed, and therefore much more valuable, than that of any of her Ministers. Her reign has been marked by only one conspicuous blunder. She took the wrong side during the Crimean War, and the memories of that costly blunder continued to haunt her as late as 1878; but even then it is only just to remember that, even in the hot fool-fury of the days preceding the Crimean War, she used her influence with the Prince Consort in order to warn Lord Aberdeen's Government as to the mischief that would come from the support of the Turk. The memorandum drawn up at Windsor Castle on October 21st, 1853, for the consideration of the Cabinet, brings into clear relief the difference between the statesmanship which opposed Russia on broad principles of international policy and the bull-headed infatuation with which men like Lord Palmerston championed the Turk out and out. The war which the Queen approved of was not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but merely for the interests of the European powers of civilisation. "It ought," so the Prince Consort wrote, "to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christendom, of liberty and civilisation, than the reimposition on the ignorant barbarians and despotic yoke of the Mussulmans over the most fertile and favoured portion of Europe." Lord Palmerston, who was shrewd and quick at discerning the drift of things, protested against the memorandum, saying that it pointed at expelling from Europe the Sultan and his two millions of Mussulman subjects. Well would it have been for Europe if the policy which Lord Palmerston opposed had been carried out in its entirety. But Russophobia is a blinding madness; and the nation having succumbed to the malady, with a light heart consummated the frightful crime of re-establishing the Sultan in his place of power. What use he has made of it all the world knows.

The Queen has of recent years modified her sentiments about Russia. Her glad acquiescence in the criminal blunders of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878 may be regarded as the last ebullition of a passion and prejudice now happily extinct. The relations which now exist between the Courts of Russia and of London are all that could be desired. They do indeed form a security for the world's peace which can hardly be overestimated. The personal relations between the Tsar and the Prince of Wales are characterised by extreme cordiality, while the reverence which the Tsar and Tsaritsa feel for Queen Victoria has on many occasions served to facilitate the settlement of diplomatic disputes. There is reason to believe that the sudden change which has been so happily effected in the attitude of Russia towards the Sultan has been largely due to the in-

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fluence of the Queen, which she was able to bring upon the Tsar when he was her guest at Balmoral.

It should also be remembered to the credit of the Queen, speaking of her and her policy in relation to Russia, that in 1863, when Lord Palmerston was on the verge of entangling this country in a war with Russia about Poland, it was the Queen's strong, resolute opposition which counted for most in the influences which succeeded at last in maintaining the peace of Europe.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* RUSSELL & SONS.]

It is impossible in an article like this to do more than merely glance in passing at theinstances in which the Monarchy has approved itself to the judgment of the people by the stand which it has taken on the side of peace, justice, and right. One of the most notable instances of this was the strong line which the Queen took immediately after the *coup d'état* when she practically cashiered Lord Palmerston for sending a despatch recognising the criminal usurper without having previously submitted it to Her Majesty. She put her foot down on that occasion also with such emphasis that no subsequent Minister has ever felt disposed to forget that the Queen is no *quantite négligeable* on such occasions.

The Queen has been so serviceable because she has never for one moment allowed the legitimate exercise of her constitutional influence to lead her to grasp at the assertion of unconstitutional power. She herself defined her position in a letter to Napoleon III. in terms which can hardly be improved upon. "I have no uncontrolled power of decision. I must adopt the advice of a Council of responsible Ministers, and these Ministers have to meet and to agree on a course of action, after having arrived at a joint conviction of its justice and utility." Although Her Majesty has no "uncontrolled power of decision," she has practically limitless power and opportunity for intervention. No Minister can refuse a Royal "command" to an audience, or can be discourteous to the Royal arguments, no matter with what pertinacity they may be pressed, and the Queen is pertinacious indeed when she sees her way clearly, as she very often does. She does not merely confine her communications to the Prime Minister; she addresses herself directly to the Minister

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personally responsible for the duties of the department in which she may be interested. Over them all she exercises a constant supervision, nor does she ever hesitate to express her opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of their speeches or their acts.

She has always deplored the fatal facility of ex-Ministers "on the stump," who make pledges they cannot perform, and expose the Empire to grave mischance in an attempt to reconcile their Ministerial performances with their electioneering promises. She watches with constant vigilance over the Services, both the army and navy. With "a memory" which, as Sir Theodore Martin says, "forgets nothing," she can recall the name and countenance of any one of the unnumbered host of high officials who have served her in the camp and field. With most of her ambassadors she keeps up a personal correspondence of a very confidential nature; and all her representatives abroad with whom she is on friendly terms are not merely authorised, but often entreated, to keep her well posted as to all that occurs within their area of observation which is likely to have any influence for good or evil on the fortunes of the realm.

All this means that the Queen works very hard; probably no old lady, from a charwoman upwards, works as constantly and methodically as the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Lord Beaconsfield's declarations in 1871 have often been quoted, but they should never be forgotten as the testimony of one who knew well what he was talking about. Speaking of the duties of the Sovereign, he said: "Those duties are multifarious, they are weighty, they are incessant. There is no despatch received from abroad, or sent from this country, which is not submitted to the Queen. The whole of the national administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign manual, and her signature has never been placed upon any public document of which she did not approve. Cabinet Councils are reported on their termination by the Prime Minister to the Sovereign, and they often call from her remarks that are often critical, and necessarily require considerable attention."

Lord Beaconsfield took some liberty with truth in stating that Her Majesty had never signed any document of which she did not approve. She has repeatedly been compelled to acquiesce in policies of which she disapproved, although she is much too loyal to allow the knowledge of such disapproval to be bruited abroad. This has specially been the case in Indian and Colonial affairs. It may indeed be said that for a very considerable period Her Majesty was in constant opposition to the whole trend of national feeling. It will seem strange to those of us who are living in a day when every great Power is more or less on the lookout for fresh territories that it may acquire, fresh provinces that it may annex, to be reminded that forty or fifty years ago the Empire was at a discount, Imperialism scoffed at, and the Colonies regarded as a burden rather than as a privilege or pride. In those days the Queen took her stand on the side of the Empire. She believed in the Colonies when most of her statesmen flouted them, derided them, and looked forward to the day when they could be cast adrift. The Queen, on the other hand, constantly fostered them, and did everything that lay in her power to strengthen the ties that bound them to the mother country.

Unable herself to leave Europe, she sent out first one child and then another to all the great self-governing Colonies and India, to establish a personal nexus between the Throne and its great dependencies over seas. The result has been that the Queen has triumphed all along the line. Her Majesty in her old age has the satisfaction of seeing that even those most opposed to the established order are nevertheless enthusiastically devoted to the unity, the consolidation, and the extension of the Empire. We have therefore good reason for regarding the Queen with loyal devotion and sincere gratitude. She has prevented the unfortunate divisions of the English-speaking race from being converted into lasting antagonism; she has saved us from being committed to a life-and-death struggle against the unifying of the German race; she did her best to prevent the Russian War from becoming a war for the establishment of the Turk; and, in relation to the Empire as a whole, she has shown herself wiser than her most sagacious statesmen, more far-seeing than her greatest Ministers, and, while loyally conforming to all the limitations of her constitutional position, she has succeeded in winning over the whole nation to views which at one time she held almost alone. If those things are not sufficient to justify our regarding the Queen with a sincere devotion which lacks nothing in sincerity because it is no longer expressed with the exaggerated metaphor of the Elizabethan age, then indeed it would be difficult to define what services rendered by one human being to millions could be held to entitle to grateful recognition.

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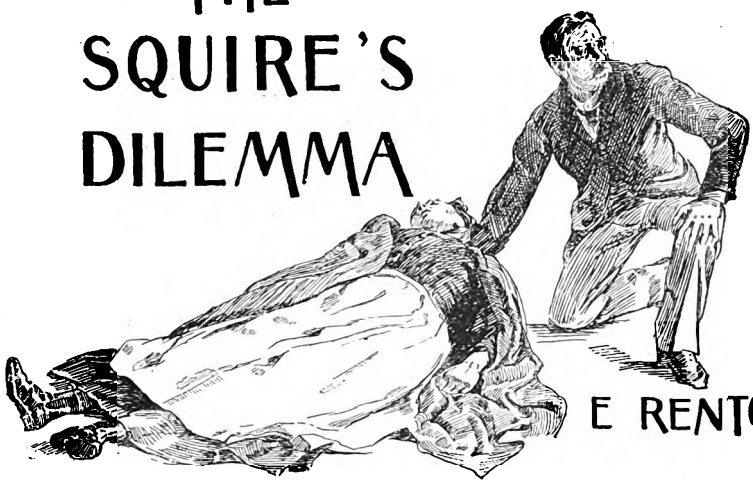
THE SQUIRE'S DILEMMA



BY

E RENTOUL ESLER

Author of "A Maid of the Manse," "'Mid Green Pastures," "The Wardlaws," etc.

THE young heir had come of age, and the festivities attendant on the occasion were over. They had been on a scale so extensive that in a neighbourhood little used to excitement they had produced a species of demoralisation. Men, sober in the main, dropped into public-houses, and remained there longer than was necessary on any pretext, because they enjoyed discussing the family at the great house, their guests, and the splendid prospects of Master Tom, the heir.

The village women, too, visited each other at irregular hours, and let some unpunctuality hinder their domestic duties, because they wanted each to find out what the others had thought of Lady Mary's gown, and of the Squire's unwonted geniality during the celebrations, and of Master Tom's rare good fortune.

Of course there were minor details to discuss also,—as why Mrs. Bradley, the head-gamekeeper's widow, had been minded to faint when the Squire asked her to stand up with him in the first quadrille. The faint was genuine,—there was no room for doubt on that point,—as when she recovered from it she went home, and missed the big supper and divers other portions of the proceedings. But the main feminine interest centred in the presents to Master Tom, the jewellery, the bay hunter, the Stanhope phaeton, the lovely fittings for his "den," but, above all, that gift of ten thousand pounds from his uncle Markham, who was also his godfather.

"They say the money was deposited for him on the occasion of his christening," said Mrs. Woods, a depressed person, whose husband followed the business of a farrier, "and that it has just doubled itself by lying at interest ever since. Well, well, the difference between what the Lord allots to the poor and the rich is mighty wide! Here the likes of us moils along all our days and never saves ten thousand pence to keep us from the workhouse, while for a bit of a boy money grows like seed in a rich soil, nobody mindin' it. There's one law for the rich and another for the poor, surely."

"Money is money," said Mrs. Moore sententiously,—she was of a more philosophic turn,—"and if a rich man gives it to his godchild, I suppose it's right enough. But there's folks that have more need of it surely than Master Tom, that's heir to the estate already. As sure as you sit there, he looked as if he didn't want the cheque when his uncle handed it to him."

"I should like to know who would not want ten thousand pounds?" said Mrs. Hook, who regarded the assumption as a kind of blasphemy. "But it was not a cheque, Mrs. Moore, askin' pardon for contradicting you; it was a deposit receipt—my husband told me so. Mr. Markham signed his name to it,—that was what he wanted the pen and ink for; and now Mr. Tom has only to present the paper at the bank and the money will be paid down to him — ten thousand golden sovereigns." Mrs. Hook sighed as she mentioned the sum.

"Well, I don't know what he'll do with it," Mrs. Wells said, speaking from behind the hand on which her chin rested. "There's not a wish he can have that's not granted before he can shape it. And to think of the

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multitude of us that is not sure of daily bread!"

Now, as a matter of fact Mrs. Moore's supposition was correct. Young Tom Hardwick had blushed as the paper that looked so small and meant so much was presented to him—and not with pleasure. His father had not prepared him for this great surprise in the day's proceedings, and the money met no wish he could formulate. Fifty pounds actually summed up all his desires in the way of immediate outlay, and he was given ten thousand! What on earth should he do with it, he who lived at home, had a good allowance, no expensive tastes, and his mother always to draw on in case he was a little behind at any part of the year?

He folded the draft and placed it in his pocket-book, whereat the rustic spectators cheered, and, until he had forgotten all about it, its possession seemed actually burdensome.

As he went upstairs to dress for dinner, he remembered his new accession of wealth, and was careful to lock the pocket-book in a drawer in his escritoire. On the morrow he would ask his father how the money should be utilised or disposed of. But while the heir sat at dinner—a very stately function, with the chief magnates of the county present—the desk was forced open with a rough tool and the pocket-book abstracted. No one discovered the loss till the long, exhausting, sensation-filled day was over, and then this final sensation proved the most momentous of all.

"The thing is as negotiable as a bank-note," the Squire said, his face white with fright and fury.

"Payment must be stopped," Mr. Markham said. "Let someone ride to the bank!"

Then Tom flung himself headlong on the first horse that could be saddled and brought round, and tore down the avenue through the still dawn of a new day. When he had left a message at the bank manager's house, he came home again soberly. After all, their fright was mere panic. Tom began to be rather ashamed that he had experienced it, and told himself that only an ass could have expected to annex property that the whole county knew of. Even if some speculative financier tried to negotiate the paper elsewhere, the Hardwicks were safe as long as the bank kept the funds.

The village had been discussing the festivities all morning, oblivious of the splendid sensation of the burglary.

A young footman brought the first news of that, on his way back from summoning the sergeant of police, and the crowd swarmed round him like bees, as long as he could be detained to narrate all the incidents over and over again.

Of course city thieves were suspected; in rural districts they get all the credit of such breaches of the law as are particularly daring, but a scrap of homespun that was caught on the trellis outside the window of the rifled room turned attention to a possible local culprit.

Then Squire Hardwick sent for all the servants and warned them that no rumour of the burglary must get abroad, lest the ends of justice should be frustrated; and the servants promised solemnly to be silent on the subject. They were silent about the piece of homespun, because they had not been told of it.

Two special detectives came from a distance, and the local police were very busy and very mysterious, and at the end of the week they had not only discovered cloth that matched the incriminating fragment, but the very coat from which it had been torn, and that was on the person of Harry Bradley, the son of the woman who fainted at the dance. Whereupon he was promptly arrested, and the missing paper was actually found in a crumpled ball in his pocket.

"A pretty scoundrel," said the Squire, "and a child of the estate, too! But he'll serve for an example to the district for a lifetime!"

Not the least curious feature of the affair was the effect the arrest had on Mrs. Bradley. She had been expected to faint on this occasion—there was cause enough; instead, she sat rigidly still, looking after the boy as he was led away, the words "O God!" and again "O God!" dropping automatically from her white lips.

"Dotty," the neighbours said, and touched their foreheads. But they tried to offer encouragement, nevertheless. The offence was a first one; it was well known that Harry had been not quite himself when the supper was over; Lady Mary was very charitable and kind, even if the Squire was not; and if she and Master Tom were appealed to, it was possible that their influence might be on the side of mercy.

None of all this did Mrs. Bradley seem to hear until the last argument was offered; then she rose like one in a dream, and, walking rigidly forth, took the direction towards the Hall.

Mrs. Levison ran after her, and flung a shawl over her shoulders and tied her bonnet strings beneath her chin.

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"SHE SAT RIGIDLY STILL AS HE WAS LED AWAY."

[*Drawn by* BERTHA NEWCOMBE.]

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"It's a sore trial to have an only child," she said as she rejoined the group of awe-stricken onlookers.

"She always spoiled Harry," another rejoined. "She never crossed him, and many a naughtiness that he should have been whipped for only made her cry over him."

"She never has been to call strong since he was a baby," a third speaker observed, "and then his father dying before he was half grown, left her alone to manage him. It is bad luck when girls lose their mother, or boys their father, before they have come to understand the ways of the world."

Meantime Mrs. Bradley had gone on to the Hall. The whole house was in such a state of excitement over the arrest of the culprit, that there was no debate about admitting the mother of the latter to Lady Mary's presence.

Mrs. Bradley entered the morning-room, where the Squire's gentle and faded wife had been writing to sundry of her intimates the true particulars of the burglary, with the same rigid step and the same horrified expression of face. Dropping on her knees at the lady's feet, she extended one hand and clutched her gown. "Mercy!" she said, "mercy!" All that was theatrical in the action was lost sight of in view of its terrible intensity.

Lady Mary tried to draw away from the woman's clasp, but feeling its force she desisted.

"He never meant to rob you, it was a drunken freak," the woman went on in a monotone that had something dreadful in it. "He is not as steady as he might be. Follow it to the end, my lady, and how could the paper be of any use to him? Do you think it is to a boy like that they would give such a mint of money, and him known about the place like a bad penny? Oh, my lady, my lady, say to the Squire that he's only a boy who never had a chance. Tell him that it is like God to be merciful, and that the Lord's Prayer says, 'Forgive as we have forgiven.'"

"It will only be imprisonment," Lady Mary answered in a low voice, "and perhaps not for a very long period, either."

"But a felon, my lady, a convict—there's no end to that, no getting away from it! Oh, my lady, let me see the Squire, let me kneel to him as I kneel to you. You don't know what it is to stand where I stand this day, and to see all that I see."

"It would not be of any use, I fear. My son has done his best with Mr. Hardwick, but he says the law must take its course."

The woman drew herself to her feet.

"Let me see him, let me speak to him," she said in a husky voice.

Everyone knew Lady Mary's good heart, and that another's pain would always reach it. "I fear you will only make the Squire more angry," she said, "but you may try what you can do."

The Squire wheeled round in his library chair and frowned at the name of the intruder, who came forward without, however, seeming to notice this, and stopped near him, leaning one hand heavily on the table.

"I come to beg mercy, sir, for my poor foolish boy," she said.

"On what plea, Mrs. Bradley?"

"On the plea that he is young, and that conviction will ruin him."

"All that can be stated to the jury," the Squire said coldly.

"Must it come before a jury?"

"Certainly."

"It must not—it must not!" the woman said in a passionate undertone.

"I am afraid you will not be consulted in the matter."

"It was only a freak."

"In that case he could have restored the pocket-book when the freakish mood was over."

The woman did not speak; she was staring at the carpet beneath her feet. The Squire stretched out his hand to ring the bell for her dismissal, and as he did so he said with what he probably meant for kindness, "The law may not take a harsh view of the case, in consideration of all the attendant circumstances."

He was an undersized grey-haired man, with a rotund figure and a pale face. His light eyes under heavy brows were cold, and his thick under-lip expressed a kind of self-centred pride. Nobody hated Squire Hardwick; he was too honest a man to have won hatred, but he was too harsh a man to have won love. People trusted his judgment, but they never hoped anything from his heart.

"In view of the occasion, in view of all the pride and happiness you have in your son, you will not ruin mine; I too have only the one."

The Squire drew up his short neck stiffly. "I don't think you improve the position by suggesting a comparison between Master Tom and a young housebreaker," he said.

The woman put her hand to her head. "Oh, dear Lord, don't give me more to bear than I am able to bear," she said in a tone of poignant entreaty.

The Squire jerked the bell sharply. "I

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am very busy this morning, Mrs. Bradley, and I must request you to go now. Your son will be fairly dealt with on the evidence."

"And who can give the only evidence that is worth anything? Your servants and people made him tipsy,—they were so glad that Master Tom had come of age,—and being tipsy, he took what he should have taken sober."

"Indeed? Then you approve?"

At that moment the footman opened the door.

"He took what was his own, every penny of it," the woman said in a sibilant whisper. "For God's sake, send that man away and let me tell you!" The cold perspiration was trickling in drops over her pallid face, and her blue lips trembled so that she could scarcely frame her words.

The Squire waved his hand towards the servant. "You may go for a few minutes," he said. Then he rose and leant his shoulder against the chimney, looking down on her grimly.

"I am willing to listen to you because you are in distress, but I must request you to be brief. I am unable to imagine what you can have to urge that will modify the facts in any way; but, as a magistrate, and since you are one of my own people, I will give you five minutes more."

She rested her hands the one beside the other on his desk; it seemed a precautionary measure lest she should fall.

"Harry is your son, and not him they call Master Tom," she said in a husky whisper.

"Indeed?" the Squire said, with a glitter in his eyes. "I suppose this is a case of changing at the nurse?"

"I will tell you the whole of it now, right enough," she panted. "You remember Jane Baxter; she was his nurse and my niece. Maybe you have forgotten the night of the ball at Aldermount, when the child was three months old, and you and Lady Mary had gone to Miss Madeline's coming out. Jane was less trustworthy than you thought. The baby was left alone, and by chance he fell from his cradle and got the scar across his face that's there to this day. Jane was like one demented; she soothed the child till he fell asleep, and then she flew across the park to me. I went back, and sat up with her all that night, hoping for the best, but fearing terrible things when you would see the child. Next morning there came a message that Lady Mary had been taken ill at the ball, and that her maid was to go to her. It was smallpox, you remember, and it was decided, when that was found out, that she should not come home till she was better, and all fear for the baby was over. It was then the temptation came to us. I had a blue-eyed baby too, and if the mother did not see the child for weeks no one else would detect the difference. We changed them that day, and the child with the mark on his face came to the gamekeeper's cottage, and my child came here."

"A likely story!" the Squire said, with a harsh laugh. "Clever, certainly, but not clever enough. Do you know that, if this story is true, the law will award you a punishment ten times more severe than that incurred by your precious son?"

"Do you think I care now? I would have gone to jail for life many a hundred times since, to undo what I did that day. I am not all bad—that is my misery. To see him bowing to Master Tom, and being always so proud to serve him, just broke my heart. If I had not loved him it would have been all right, but he grew into my heart as the other grew out of it."

"Have you any proof of this wild tale?" the Squire asked hoarsely.

"Not much," the woman said sadly. "Jane Baxter wouldn't bear me out; but she is no longer in this country, anyway. There's just this: the Hardwicks have a strange hand, the lines of the palm like a crescent moon. If you look at Harry's hand, you will find the half moon there."

The Squire glanced at his own hand, then waved Mrs. Bradley away with a savage gesture. "Go, go," he said. "You are a bad woman, whether this is true or false. You are bad—bad to suggest a doubt of his rights to the father of the finest fellow that ever grew up at the Hall, and the worst woman that ever obeyed the devil, if you have ousted the real heir from his own. I've a good mind to send you to jail too, for such a trumped-up tale."

"And do you think that could hurt me now?" the woman asked dully. "I would go to the scaffold more gladly than to a marriage feast, if I could undo the black day's work of years ago. I have died ten deaths in telling you this, and I would die them all over to save him. You will have mercy on him now? It was from your life he drew his life, as it is from me and mine he has drawn all his miseries."

"Go away, go. I promise nothing, but I will think it over. Go."

For more than an hour the Squire sat alone, his elbows resting on the desk in front

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of him, and his fingers pressed tightly on his throbbing temples. Being a man unused to much thought, it seemed as if the whirl of emotion in his brain must drive him mad. Could this thing be true? Was it possible that the child he had cherished in his heart of hearts, as the pride of his manhood, the hope of his old age, was no kin of his, but the offspring of the class he had always held inferior and despised? Could it be possible that it was his child who had been brought up as an underling, who had lived on the rough fare and acquired the dull ways of the village lout, while a servant's son had been throned at the Hall, and dominated even Lady Mary and himself? The beads of cold perspiration trickled from beneath his hair and ran down his face like tears at the thought. There was nothing but the woman's word for it; but if the story had been false, would she have told it in just the way she did, dragging it forth sentence by sentence? She had spoken without bravado, without cunning, heart-brokenly, indifferent to insult or repudiation of her words. The Squire was unable to deny that her manner was that of one who spoke the truth. If she did so, what then? He paced the room, his face red and corrugated, and his eyes furious and miserable, like those of some wild trapped creature. If this evil had been done, as God lived it should be undone now, and rights given where rights belonged. The woman's son should go forth bag and baggage, and his own son—

But Tom was his own son: the little lad who had danced on his knee and wept away many a childish sorrow on his breast, who had so naturally dominated the household, and grown to man's estate without ever giving him a sad heart, was his son, be his paternity what it might. And this other fellow, brutish, sullen, drunken, away with the thought that his parentage was other than the neighbourhood held it to be! The Squire's eyes flashed, and he ground his teeth together; and then a gleam of memory touched the past. He saw Tom a child, riding down the avenue on his pony, his fair hair flying behind him, and his little legs, too short to grip the pony's broad back, dangling aimlessly beside the stirrup leathers; a groom led the animal at a trot, and a child in the underwood looked on and clapped his hands at the brave show the young heir made. The Squire remembered that he had given that child half-a-crown because of the sympathy he had shown with Master Tom's performance, and also because the spring sunlight made the scar on his face pitiable. Was it possible to think that that was his own deeply-wronged boy? Rage and despair and pity were tearing like vultures at his dully beating heart; he threw out his arms with a harsh cry, and, dropping his face on the library table, wept the despairing tears that bring no peace.

The lunch gong sounded twice before the Squire came out of the library and walked across the hall with a heavy step.

"You need not have waited for me," he said.

Lady Mary glanced at his pale face. "Do you not feel well?" she asked.

"I have a headache, and I have been very busy."

"I fear Mrs. Bradley interrupted you. I would not have let her see you on any matter less urgent than this affair of her son."

"Oh, it was all right."

Neither she nor Tom spoke for a moment; then the latter said, a little diffidently—

"Did you promise to do as she wishes about Harry?"

"I did not promise anything, but I think I will let him off. He has had a very severe lesson, and he is only your age."

Lady Mary glanced at her husband in much surprise. Over such an unprecedented decision on his part, astonishment drove her to his former view.

"He committed a very serious offence," she said.

"Yes, and so do many people. I suppose it is our manner to punish doubly the culprits we catch, in view of the many culprits who escape. But for once it is my humour to try the quality of mercy."

He looked at Tom intently as he spoke; but Tom was helping himself to cold game, and observed nothing.

The charge against the young housebreaker was withdrawn,—as a magistrate, the Squire was able to take the matter out of the hands of the police,—and, for once, an act of his was approved by the whole neighbourhood.

But all the time the thoughts that wreck the brain were seething in his mind. If Tom was not his son, to provide for him would be easy enough; he would have his godfather's ten thousand pounds in any case, and all that could be alienated from the estate in addition. What to do with the other would be the difficulty. An uneducated village lout to be transplanted to the Hall, to behave there in the only way his past experiences fitted him for, while the county would hold

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"'A LIKELY STORY!' THE SQUIRE SAID, WITH A HARSH LAUGH."
[*Drawn by* BERTHA NEWCOMBE.]

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its sides with laughter over the Squire's discomfiture and folly! And they would be right too. To think of him attaching any importance to the trumped-up story of a wicked woman who wanted to save her child at any price!

The Squire felt like a lassoed bull: whatever way he looked he was helpless. He strove to put the matter from his mind, he contemplated dismissing the Bradleys from the estate, and then doubt tugged at his heart and rendered him helpless.

What he did finally was to send for Harry, and talk to him reasonably and kindly.

"People often become violent because their limits are too small for them," he said. "A man who runs great risks when he is tipsy might be capable of great deeds when he is sober. How would you like to leave home and become a soldier?"

The colour rushed to the young man's face; he drew himself up, and his eyes glistened.

"I should like it well," he said.

Then the Squire made a curious request.

"Let me see if you have a soldier's hand," he said.

Young Bradley extended his hand, and the Squire turned it palm upwards, and there were the lines like a crescent moon. When he saw these, he turned so white that his companion thought he was going to faint.

"You are ill, sir," he said.

"No, no, it is nothing. I am subject to sudden attacks." Then he laid his hand on the shrinking fustian-covered shoulder near him. "Go into the army," he said; "there are gentlemen there—and all sorts; if you do well, you will find that you are not without an influential friend. Promotion from the ranks is not impossible where men are brave. I will never lose sight of you. You can prove to me that you have it in you to—to retrieve the past."

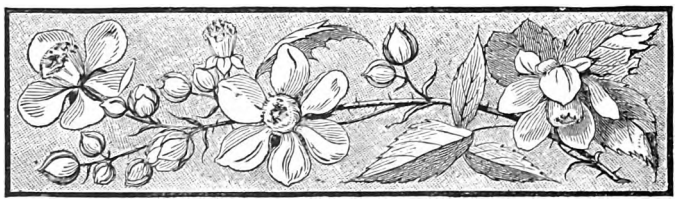
When Harry Bradley went abroad on military duty with his regiment he had already won one good-conduct stripe, and the eyes of his superior officer had taken note of him, so that it was a disappointment to all who knew him when he fell, desperately wounded, in an obscure action on the Gold Coast. But he had done so valiantly in defence of a wounded comrade, as long as he could hold a sword, that his captain said the Victoria Cross was certain to be his if he lived. The promise was safe enough under the circumstances.

Harry smiled wanly as he heard this, then he said in a whisper—

"Let Squire Hardwick know."

The Squire failed in health suddenly after that news from abroad. He lost all his boisterous dogmatic ways, his love of hospitality, his zeal for dominance. He is more easy to live with at home than he was; and abroad, people see little of him. His chief pleasure is to walk up and down one of the avenues with his hands behind him and his head bent down. Sometimes he says "My boy!" softly; and then it is not of young Tom he is thinking, but of a private soldier in a nameless Eastern grave.

He never told Lady Mary of Mrs. Bradley's confession—there was no use in breaking her heart also; but, now that the problem of his duty has solved itself, the Squire thinks there were several better ways out of the difficulty than that which enabled Harry Bradley to die a hero.



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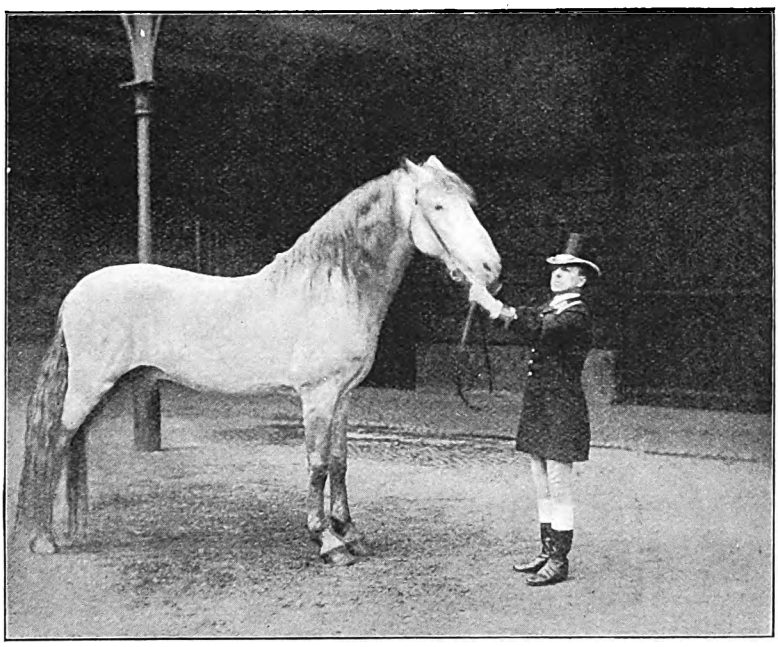

ONE OF THE FAMOUS CREAM TEAM.

THE QUEEN'S HORSES AND CARRIAGES

By Mary Spencer Warren

[*Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*]

The Master of the Horse, and everybody and everything in his domains, will play an important part in the imposing ceremonies that are presently to celebrate the longest and best reign of the most beloved of British monarchs. State horses and coaches are coming in for, if possible, more than their usual share of attention; and their disposal, appearance, and general fitness is a matter of supreme importance. At the present moment, then, a visit to the royal mews is of much interest, and armed with the requisite permission I enter the gateway adjoining Buckingham Palace, and, after a few words with Lieutenant Nicholas, the active and courteous superintendent, I am conducted round on a tour of inspection. Nearly everybody in London knows the entrance, but little can be seen from the exterior of what lies beyond the Doric archway surmounted with its clock tower—which clock, by the way, is a genuine Vulliamy.

Just now the courtyard beyond this archway has a busy appearance. It is of large dimensions, and makes a first-rate exercise ground for pairs and teams. A brakesman is tooling round a fine chestnut team of Her Majesty's, and Major-General Sir Henry P. Ewart, the Crown Equerry, and a group of officials, are interested spectators. State coaches are being busily cleaned outside the various coach-houses, a drum is being vigorously beaten to accustom the horses to State processions, and, to add to the animation, a number of the married grooms' children are indulging in various lively games; it is their school holidays, and the great courtyard is their legitimate playground. To photograph the Queen's team is the first business, and drums are beaten anew and whips cracked, to call the pretty creatures to attention. About five of these perfectly-matched teams may be seen in the stalls near by.

Who has not heard of the Queen's famous cream horses, the like of which are never seen? Nine of these beautiful animals—which were originally introduced from Hanover—are kept here; needless to say, these are only used on very great occasions—in fact, only for coronations, the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign in person, etc.; but you will be interested in knowing that they will draw the Queen on June 22nd. The breed of these horses is maintained in the royal stables at Hampton Court, and, should accident or death arise in the team here, the

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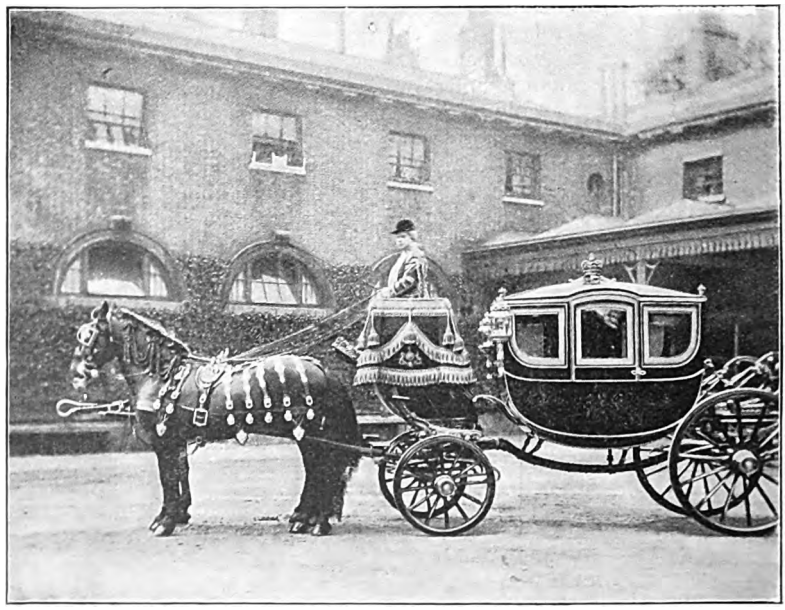
THE QUEEN'S CHESTNUT TEAM.

when fully harnessed. This consists of gold-coloured metal-work with red morocco. The entire outfit for each horse weighs over one cwt. It is the most costly set of harness in the mews, and is rarely used—not even on Queen's Drawing-room days. The last time I saw it out was on the occasion of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York; then it was on different horses.

Next in interest are the famous black Flemish horses, standing each of them above eighteen hands high. These are only used by the members of the Royal Family, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in teams; or on some very special occasions six of them will draw Her

Hampton Court supply is drawn upon. Emergency, however, is pretty well provided for by the presence of the ninth animal in these mews. One of them is brought out for me to photograph, and certainly a more beautiful animal could not be seen. Its coat has the appearance of the most glossy cream satin; its silken mane is flowing and wavy, while its tail actually sweeps the ground.

If you should be near the mews any summer morning about six o'clock, you may see the entire team driven out to the Park for exercise by Mr. Miller, the State coachman; then they are, of course, minus their State trappings, which form no inconsiderable part of the show they make



STATE COACH OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, WITH THE "STATE COACHMAN," MR. MILLER.

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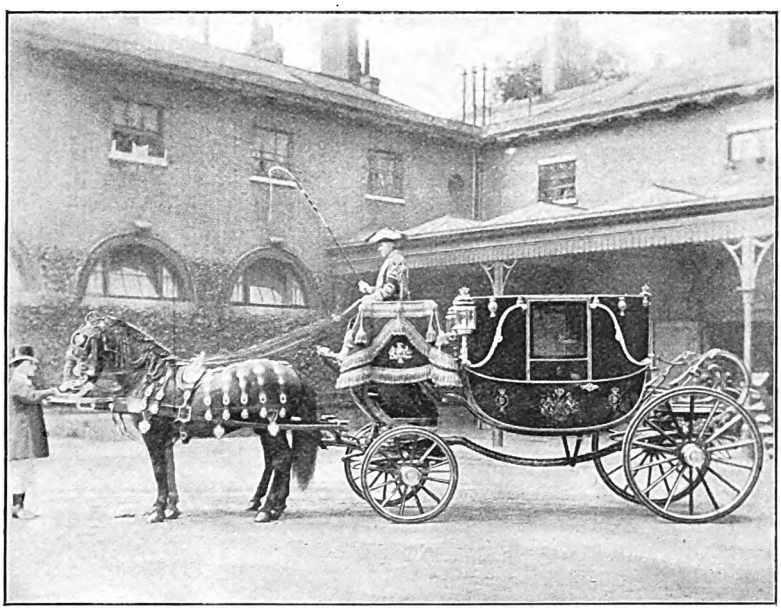
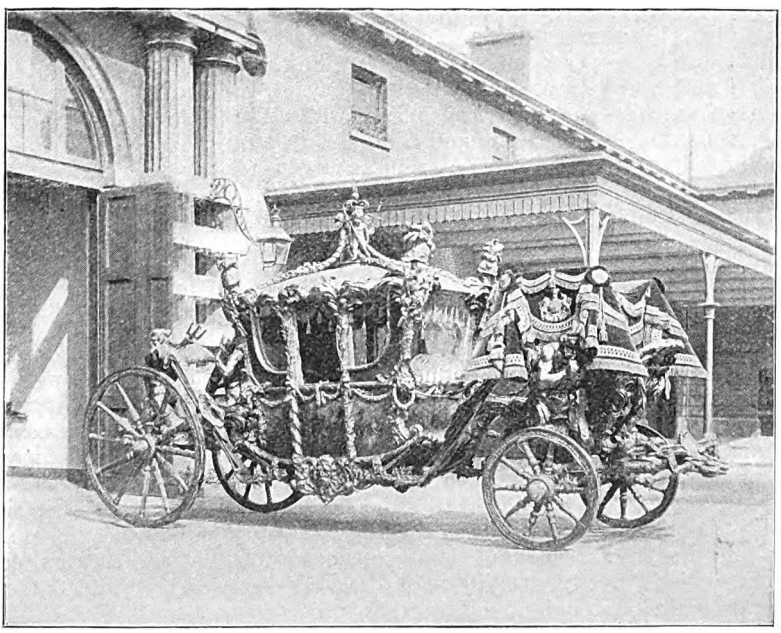


READY FOR THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM (FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK).

Majesty. If at any time the Queen should be driving behind the team of cream horses, the coach of the next personage of importance would be horsed by six blacks.

I am fortunate in visiting the mews on a Queen's Drawing-room day, and so have the opportunity of seeing the start of the State coaches. First in importance comes the coach for the Princess of Wales; this is Her Royal Highness's own property, and is a recent addition. She holds the Drawing-room to-day on behalf of the Queen, and so Mr. Miller—the State coachman—drives her carriage. It is a fine equipage, painted in chocolate and blue, with wheels of red and gold, and elaborate gold dressings to the entire coach. The hammercloth is of scarlet and royal blue, with the arms in gold relief. A large amount of plate-glass window will presently give the sightseer a good view of the royal occupants. The interior is artistically lined in blue figured silk rep, with a drawn lining of blue silk to the roof. In the centre of the outside top is a large gold crown, while smaller ones appear at the four corners. The rumble behind will to-day accommodate four State footmen.

Next comes the carriage which is to



STATE COACH BUILT FOR CORONATION OF GEORGE III. AT A COST OF NEARLY £8000. LAST USED IN 1861.

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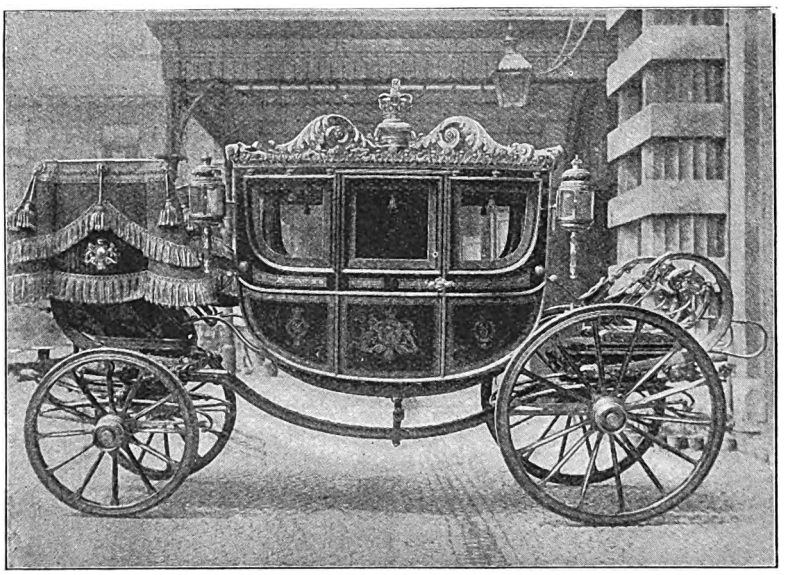
fetch the Duke and Duchess of York; this is one of a number technically called semi-state coaches, and can be used either open or closed. Royal guests are accommodated with these; on such occasions they are harnessed with blacks, and



HER MAJESTY'S SEMI-STATE COACH,
BUILT FOR THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT IN 1845.

postillions are mounted. The visit of the German Emperor and Empress to the City, for instance, was made in this way. These coaches are highly decorated with cords and tassels of crimson and gold, and a multiplicity of straps. The panels and hammercloth also are fully emblazoned with the royal arms in colours. The interiors are lined with blue watered silk, and riding in them must be particularly easy, as they are hung on C springs. The top of the coach is not so elaborate as is the one of the Princess of Wales, neither is the dress of the coachman; and to-day two footmen only will occupy the rumble.

While I have been inspecting and photographing these, stablemen have been busy running out the old State coach and placing it in position. By the side of this, the Lord Mayor's coach fades into insignificance. It is of the most wonderful and gorgeous construction, and was built at a cost of nearly eight thousand pounds for the coronation of George III. It never goes out now: were it to do so, it would be sure to attract a huge crowd, so elaborate and highly ornamented is it in appearance. It was designed by Sir William Chambers, and has some magnificent paintings on it by Gpriani. To give you an idea of the extreme beauty of these paintings, I may tell you that ten thousand pounds has been offered for the panel of one doorway should the coach ever be broken up. It has only been seen in public twice during our Queen's reign—at her coronation, and again in 1861. The carriage and body is composed as follows: Large Tritons support the body by braces covered with red morocco leather; the two figures in front bearing the driver, whose footboard is a large scollop shell. The body of the coach itself is composed of eight palm trees, which, branching out at the top, support the roof. The victories of Great Britain in war are illustrated in trophies supported by lions. On the centre of the roof three figures represent the genii of England, Scotland, and Ireland, who support in their hands the Sceptre, Sword of State, and Imperial Crown. The whole of the paintings are allegorical. Taking it entire, the coach is so elaborately ornamented with beautifully gilt carved work of every description that it is perfectly impossible to go into details. The inside is lined with rich scarlet embossed velvet, laced and embroidered with gold; the imperial crown, arms, and various orders being also displayed. The harness used in conjunction with this coach is made of red morocco leather, and decorated with blue ribbons, royal arms, and other richly gilt ornaments. I may say that its entire length—without horses—is twenty-four feet, with a height of fourteen feet; the total weight is upwards of four tons.

The Queen and the Prince Consort did not much approve of this gorgeous but lumbering old vehicle, and so when they went over to

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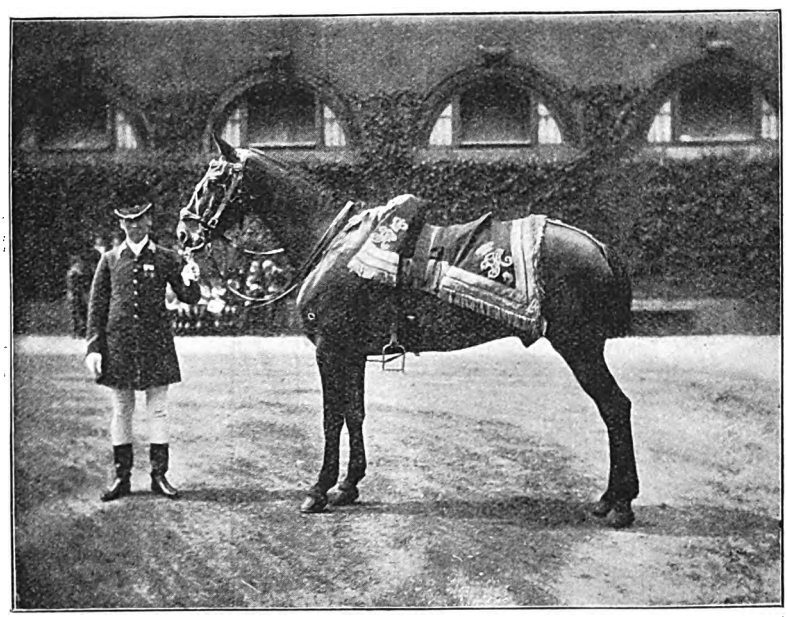
Dublin in 1845 they ordered another one to be built there. This is in much the same style as the coach of the Princess of Wales, but the royal arms here are inlaid and not painted. It is, of course, on C springs, and has the most finished indiarubber tyres, which secure perfection of easy motion.

Here a little diversion is created by the arrival of the horse in its State trappings, which is the property of the Duke of Portland, the popular Master of the Horse. Very elaborate are these State trappings of blue and gold, and a pretty picture the creature makes as he is led up and down to get him docile for being photographed. He is a spirited animal, and the portrait is secured not without difficulty. Only on very great occasions does he appear outside the mews in full dress, for the Master is not often in State attendance upon Her Majesty.

Now the Queen's semi-dress carriage is ready. This is interesting, for it was built for the Thanksgiving Service held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales. The Queen used it for the opening of the Imperial Institute, and in fact has often used it for great functions. The Prince of Wales went in it to open the Tower Bridge and the Royal College of Music. The coach is beautifully but not gorgeously decorated, the royal arms appearing in the centre and side panels, the wheels and dressings being in red and gold. The hammercloth is resplendent in gold lace and arms in gold relief. With this, postillions are always mounted, the rumble being reserved for the Queen's State footman and Highland attendant.



STATE TRAPPINGS OF "MASTER OF THE HORSE."

Another carriage, known as the Queen's landau, is always used to fetch Her Majesty from the stations or to take long drives. It is painted in black, picked out with red, lined with blue silk rep, and has massive rubber tyres. This is generally horsed by four bays. Then comes the Queen's two-horse carriage, of similar but lighter build. All these are used by the Sovereign only. Of course, in addition to the special carriages I have mentioned, there are a large number used by the various members of the Royal Family. For instance, when the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, or any other of the Queen's family opens a bazaar, or attends any one of the many charitable institutions under their patronage, the horses and carriages are supplied from the royal mews. Even for these ceremonies the formula is very careful and exact, the royal servants, generally speaking, driving over the ground to be traversed the day before, in order to form a correct estimate of the time taken, and allow of the punctual arrival for which the Royal Family are distinguished.

Go when you will to the mews, there is always someone or other to be fetched from the stations, or driven out, either to the aforesaid functions or to dinner or reception. This being the case, then, a large number of carriages and horses is necessary. To meet the Queen at the station quite a procession is despatched, generally consisting of two four-horse carriages, a number of pair-horse carriages for the attendants, with a succession

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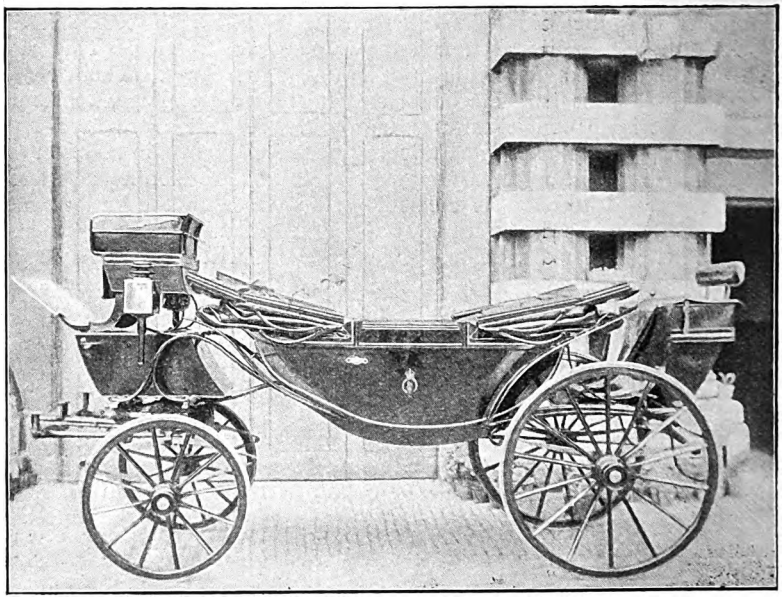
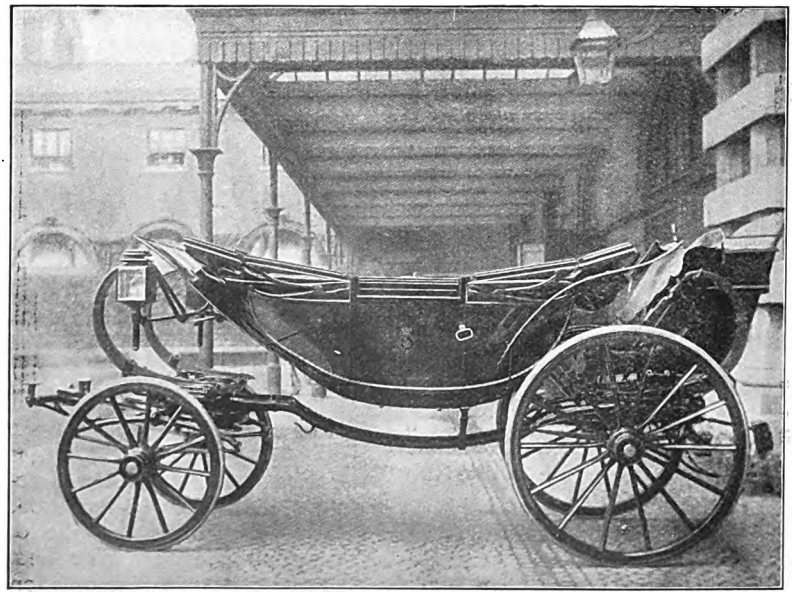
of baggage vans in addition. You will not be surprised to hear, then, that there are upwards of a hundred and twenty horses in these mews; these are, of course, in addition to the animals kept at the other palaces of the Queen. During the season there are often from sixty to eighty carriages kept in constant use; so when one takes into consideration the continual cleaning that these must be subjected to, and the daily feeding, grooming, and exercising of the many horses, it will be seen that there is plenty of work for the large staff of grooms and stablemen employed.



THE QUEEN'S SEMI-DRESS CARRIAGE,
BUILT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES THANKSGIVING.

The stables, of course, are not of modern construction; but they are capacious and splendidly ventilated, and it is hardly necessary to say that they are kept up to the pitch of cleanly perfection. The creams and blacks occupy one large stable to themselves, over each box appearing the name of the animal occupying it. One or two of them are remarkably clever in understanding what is said to them, and it was with supreme delight that the State coachman showed me some special tricks of one of the black Flemish horses. Many of these animals are named after British battles: thus you see Tel-el-Kebir, Kassassin, Chitral, etc.; these names are chosen by the



THE QUEEN'S ROAD LANDAU
(USED TO FETCH HER MAJESTY FROM RAILWAY STATIONS.)

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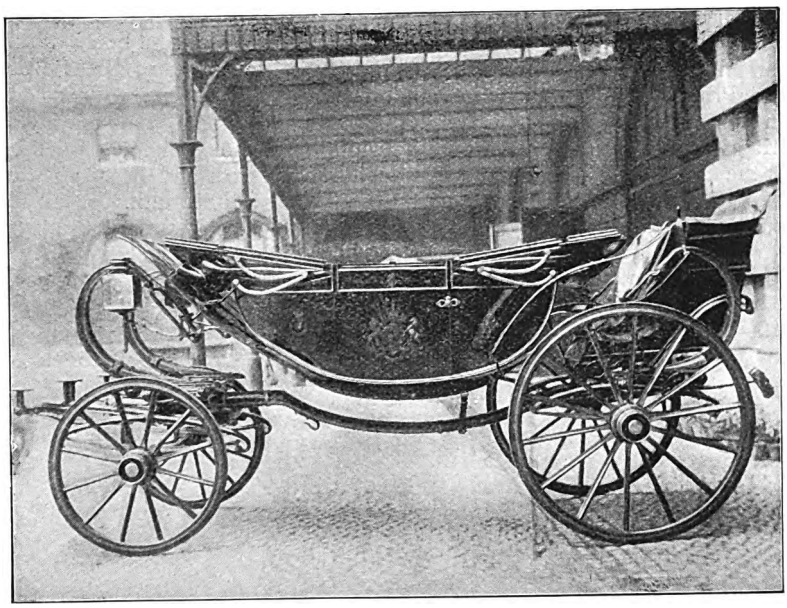
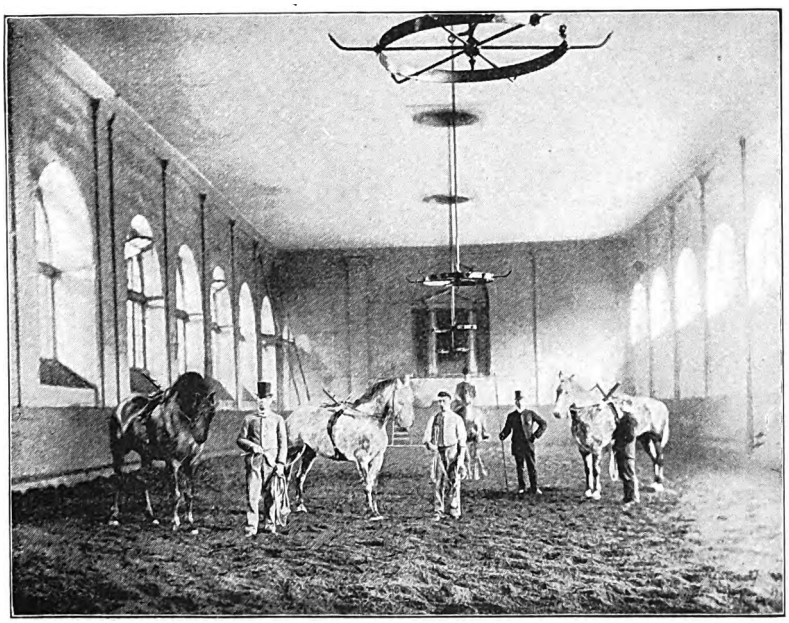
Grand Equerry. When the Royal Family are in town this stable is a favourite afternoon resort of the Princes and Princesses, who most of them take very great interest in these rare animals, and make a practice of feeding them with sugar and apples.



THE QUEEN'S PAIR-HORSE CARRIAGE.

There are many other horses — special ones, well worthy of note amongst those reserved exclusively for riding. One is a favourite of the Duke of Connaught, and another was often used by the late Prince Henry of Battenberg; those, too, that are ridden by the Equerries in Ordinary are fine animals, and very pretty they look in their semi-military dress; in fact, there is little to distinguish them from the one which is ridden by the Master of the Horse himself.

I must not dismiss the animals without some mention of the cats, for these are a feature at Buckingham Palace Mews. There seem to be any number of them about the stables, a few of them being very fine Persians with famous pedigrees. Indeed, to some of the men employed, the pedigree of these cats is of as much importance as is the pedigree of the horses.



THE RIDING SCHOOL.

The riding school of the mews is situated on the same side of the quadrangle as the coach-houses. It is of large dimensions, with its floor, of course, thickly covered with tan. Here some young animals are being exercised; in

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fact, this is the chief purpose to which the place is put now, for actual riding lessons are few and far between. Nevertheless, most of the Princes received their instruction here in former days, and it is said that Her Majesty has often watched from the window at the far end her children and grandchildren taking their riding lessons. During the last century the riding school was for a time turned into a menagerie, for Queen Charlotte's elephants were here exhibited to such of the public as had the necessary tickets of admission. Its ninety feet odd of length makes it a fine training ground, and leaves plenty of room for the bars and hurdles for jumping. Just now there are two very fine greys exercising here: of these animals the Queen is very fond, and nearly always uses them at Osborne, where a fine stud of them is maintained. For Her Majesty's use at Balmoral special horses are kept there, the many hills requiring a really strong breed.

MR. MILLER, THE "STATE COACHMAN."

It may be interesting to state that one of the offices connected with the royal mews is filled by a lady, technically known as "the Queen's lady rider." It is many years ago now, though, since this lady rider had any active duties. A very important personage is Her Majesty's State coachman, also a very imposing one when in full dress. He is a perfect blaze of scarlet and gold, and I should not like to say how much the coat alone weighs. I felt the weight of it in my two hands, and wondered how Mr. Miller could bear it on his shoulders in a hot summer sun, as he often has to do when driving Her Majesty on State occasions. It is no light office to have the control of six or eight horses and the charge of the Sovereign of Great Britain, especially when one takes into consideration the blare of trumpets, the playing of massed military bands, ringing of bells, waving of handkerchiefs and flags, and, above all, the shouts of the multitude—all of which attend the Queen's progress, and have a tendency to startle the best-behaved of animals. It wants a very cool head and firm steady hand for the performance of such duties.

The real superintendence of all the work carried on here is performed by Lieutenant Nicholas, a gentleman who formerly held a commission in Her Majesty's army; his onerous duties keep him perpetually busy in issuing orders and seeing them carried out. But the official who is actually responsible for the proper provision of horses and equipages for processions, and all other requirements, is Sir Henry P. Ewart, the Crown Equerry. In comparison to Sir Henry's duties, those of the Duke of Portland, the Master of the Horse, are really light, his actual attendance being not often requisite. The office is a political one, so that he goes out with the Government.

In the season, visitors to the mews are numerous; for on certain afternoons in the week such are admitted by ticket and conducted round by grooms. One astonishing feature is the immense interest displayed by our American cousins in Her Majesty's horses and carriages; these come in hundreds, and their delight at what they see is unbounded.

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On the Cliffs by the Sea

By Netta Syrett

Part I

Trewyn is a village on the glorious Cornish coast—just a score of cottages scattered in a trough-like valley between two bare hills.

Behind the village the land rises into desolate treeless uplands. A little grey church stands on the heights, its square tower clear cut against the sky. Below it a few fields of oats and barley clothe the rolling hillsides, and in summer-time rob them of their dreariness.

The steep village street, hemmed in by bleak hills, ends abruptly in a little land-locked harbour, which widens out to the shining sea. On the calmest day, milk-white flying spray dashes against the feet of the cliffs, and the thundering boom of waves fills the silence as with an onward rush they sweep grandly into the caves they have fashioned.

Above these dim wave-filled caverns the cliffs tower, their dark walls enriched with stains of purple and russet and tawny orange-coloured lichens, right up to their grass-crowned heights.

One Sunday afternoon in early summer three people lazily mounted the steep path leading to their summit.

They walked slowly, one behind the other, for the path was narrow. The white dresses of the two girls were thrown out in vivid relief against the green slope behind them. Down, far below, at their feet, the sea splashed lazily. The man who was with them opened a little gate at the end of the path, and all three began to climb the steep hill to which it led—a hill which broadened landward, but sloped off in a jagged peak overhanging the sea. They toiled doggedly on till the summit was reached, and there one of the girls threw herself down on the short dry turf, cropped like velvet by the sheep, and burnt brown and slippery by the sun.

The other woman did not rest. She walked a few steps in advance of her companions, and then stood with her hands clasped loosely in front of her, gazing out to sea.

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Esther Kinsman would hardly have been taken for a country girl.

"A queer maid," the women of Trewyn had long ago decided uneasily.

Her face was delicate. It had a sort of pale transparency, which her large grey eyes, clear as crystal, and calmly serious in expression, served to accentuate. Their long upward-curling lashes showed dark against the clear whiteness of her skin. Her rippling red-brown hair was all drawn back from her face, but as she stood facing seaward the light breeze blew about her forehead tiny curls that had escaped their rigorous confinement. There was a slight touch of severity about her face as a whole, due perhaps to the expression of her tightly-closed lips. She was tall and very slight. The plain white gown she wore seemed to harmonise with the air of delicate austerity that characterised her whole presence.

She stood very still, looking out over the summer sea. To right and left the jutting cliffs and crags loomed mistily through a veil of blue transparent haze. Down below, in their shadow, lay pools of translucent green, like melted emeralds, separated by broad splashes of foam, where treacherous rocks lay hidden. Everything was very still, except for the sudden shrill scream of a gull at intervals, and the ceaseless monotonous murmur of the sea.

Esther's husband looked at her furtively now and then, and there was a vague trouble in his glance.

Mixed with his deep affection for his young wife there was a certain feeling which very closely approached wondering awe—a feeling, indeed, which had been strong within him from childhood upwards, as far as Esther was concerned. When, as a half-grown boy, he walked to school beside the little grave-faced maiden, he had experienced it in a vague childish fashion. She had always been *Esther*—not to be named in the same breath with the other noisy romping girls and boys, who teased him for carrying her books and talking to a girl.

Though she had been his wife four years now, the wonder of it had not yet ceased for him, in spite of the fact that the somewhat curious surprise the marriage had occasioned in the village had long ago subsided. At the time, the generally expressed opinion was that Esther might have been expected to look higher. Not that her family was any more socially exalted than Dick Kinsman's, but that the villagers vaguely felt the girl's superiority. She was *stuck-up*, so to speak, they agreed with some irritation. She was clever at her books, for one thing. At school she had far outstripped Dick Kinsman in mental acquirements, and her mother had always hinted vaguely that Esther might be school teacher if she liked. At all events, she played the harmonium every Sunday at chapel. She had unconsciously acquired a way of speaking, too, that was almost like the gentry "over to Launceston"; and it was this refinement of speech and accent, perhaps, which was chiefly responsible for the slightly resentful attitude of the villagers towards her. Viewed merely on its own merits, however, the match was an equal one enough. Dick's people were moderately well off, and Dick himself worked on his father's little farm, which would be his own when the old man died.

Seeing that his wife was engrossed in her own thoughts, Dick presently turned to his companion.

"Well, Jenny, you haven't told us what you think of 'un," he began pleasantly. "Not much like Lunnon, eh?"

The girl turned a pretty, pert little face towards him, and shrugged her shoulders with a discontented gesture.

"Like London? No. I just wish it was!" she replied, glancing from cliff to cliff, then back over her shoulder across the grass-covered crag where sheep were placidly feeding, and finally forward over the wide shining sea.

"Beastly poky 'ole!" was her final verdict.

Impossible as it seemed, even after the most cursory glance at the two women, Jenny was Esther's cousin. She was recovering from an illness which had been the means of throwing her out of employment in the little fancy shop at Brixton where she had been serving, and her visit to her aunt at Trewyn was mainly for the sake of her health.

Her barbarous accent, her cheap finery,—to which, however, she managed to give a fashionable appearance,—and her impertinently attractive little face, stamped her with the true Cockney hall-mark.

Dick vaguely marvelled at Lunnon fashions, but strove honestly to be polite to Esther's cousin, sick and weakly as she was, poor maid.

"I wish you and Esther lived at Margit, Dick," Jenny went on petulantly. "There's sea *there*, you know, but not like this. There's sands, and a pier with a band plying, and niggers, and the 'All by the Sea, and lots of young fellows to taike one about. Glad

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enough of the chance too!" she added, with a glance under her eyelashes at Dick.

"Av coorse! T' lads be glad enough to take out a pretty maid, all the world over," he returned good-humouredly.

"Go along!" said Jenny, with a giggle, giving him a little push.

"Whatever do you do with yourselves all dy?" she asked presently. "No theatres, no 'ops, no anything!"

Dick looked puzzled.

"There bain't much time for anything but work, you see," he confessed. "On Sundays, when it's fine, we take the little maid out for a walk with us. Sometimes Esther brings a book along wi' her. We'm fond of reading—leastways Esther is, and I like to listen to her. We sit here often. Esther likes the sea, and it *does* sound soothing like of a hot day. Then sometimes we go out rowing round the bays. It's beautiful out there." He pointed westward. "The water's so green and calm, you can see the seaweed wavin' down at the bottom—and all the rocks, striped, just like snakes. Then there's the sails to catch now and again"—

"THE CHILD TODDLED OFF ALONE.'

"The *what*?" inquired Jenny, wrinkling her brows.

"Sails," Dick repeated. "I b'leeve you can zee 'un up to Lunnon in they Zoological Gardens."

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"*Seals* you mean, I s'pose?" she exclaimed, breaking into shrill laughter. "'Ow funny you do speak down in these parts! It ain't like London talk, I kin tell you."

"Yes—sails," Dick continued innocently. "The carse Carnish sails you've heard tell of, maybe. They'm difficult to catch. You row right into the caves when the tide's out, and then you zee 'un, lying artful like on the ledges, with the water all drippin', and"—

"Well, all that my suit you! It ain't my notion of 'avin' a good time," observed Jenny, yawning. "If I was Esther, I should go stark staring mad in a week."

Dick did not reply. He glanced again furtively at his wife's slight motionless figure. The clear outline of her face stood out against the intense blue sky; her loose crinkled hair was lifted gently by the breeze, and fell again on to her white forehead.

"Won't you come and sit down, Esther?" he asked gently. There was always the faintest trace of ceremoniousness in his manner towards her.

"No," she answered, without turning. "I'm going in to put Essie to bed in a minute. Mother wants to go to chapel."

She stood a moment longer, and then turned away from the sea.

"There is no occasion for you to hurry," she said quietly, looking at her husband before she began to walk down the hill towards the little swing-gate.

She had a singularly clear low voice. It was calm—a little cold, even—perhaps just the sort of voice her appearance might lead one to suppose her to possess.

There was a moment's silence when she had gone. Jenny began to tear up blades of grass and scatter them aimlessly about her. She shot a swift glance at Dick.

"It bain't time yet for th' little maid to go to bed, sure*ly*," he remarked presently. The trouble in his face had deepened.

Jenny stared at him a moment. Then she broke into a short laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked in a puzzled tone, looking down at her.

"Oh, nothing!—yo're sich a sorft!" she replied. There was a touch of contempt in her tone; but Dick was preoccupied, and perhaps therefore did not notice it.

"Let 'er go!—stuck-up thing!" she broke out in a moment, with a reckless laugh. "You an' me 'ull enj'y ourselves better without 'er, Dick!"

She sprang to her feet as she spoke, and the young man also rose and stood before her.

The slow colour began to burn in his sunburnt cheeks. Jenny raised her daring blue eyes once, but dropped them immediately, and shrank back before the look she saw in his face.

"Please remember you are speaking of—my wife, Jenny," he said, slowly straightening himself. There was a dignity about the words and the way they were uttered that subdued the girl, though she could hardly tell why.

She moved farther away from him, and her lips began to tremble. She was enraged to find herself on the verge of tears.

"Stuck-up things!—both of 'em!" she confided to a friend subsequently, with a sort of concentrated fury. "*She* gives 'erself airs as if she was a titled laidy; and as for *'im*! I b'leeve 'e thinks 'isself a *gentleman*—a country bumpkin like 'im!"

At the sight of the girl's frightened face Dick was at once disarmed. The poor child was not strong yet, he remembered—he had frightened her—he was a brute! Of course she hadn't meant to be rude to Esther—it was just her way; and he had been a blundering fool, as usual, to take offence.

"All right, my lass, all right!" he repeated soothingly. "No offence meant! I didn't mean to scare you. Why, you'm all of a tremble. Here, take my arm; we'll go back to Esther. You'm not just strong yet."

Jenny leant against him, and he looked down at her, full of self-reproach for his roughness—she was so small, and he felt so big and brutal beside her.

Just at the moment Esther's figure reappeared. She had passed the swing-gate, and was walking quickly along the path on the face of the hillside opposite. She turned her head for a moment, and Dick's heart gave a sudden leap for gladness to think she had remembered him. But it was such a fleeting glance that the warm feeling died out, leaving a chill sense of something wrong in its place.

Later on in the evening he sat alone on the oak settle out in the porch of their cottage. Jenny had been taken off to chapel by her aunt. The dusk gathered, and twilight fell while Dick sat and smoked. The lattice window overhead was open; he could hear his wife singing softly as she rocked the child, who was wakeful and restless. Her voice rose and fell in time with the monotonous thud of the rocking-chair on the wooden floor. The jessamine round the porch flung out its sweet faint scent on to the night air.

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Dusky bats wheeled noiselessly overhead, mysteriously coming and going. Every now and then the stillness was broken by the sound of passing feet down the village street. Dick's pipe glowed red in the gloom as he sat motionless. Presently the sound of Esther's voice and the rocking ceased. He took his pipe from his mouth, turned halfway to the window, his head a little raised, and listened. For some moments he remained in this attitude of expectation, but there was no sound of a step on the stair. After a long time he put his pipe once more to his lips, with a stifled sigh. The little maid was restless; perhaps that was why Esther did not come.

Part II

It was harvest-time at Trewyn.

Early and late, Dick worked in the cornfields that overhung the sea.

"Eh, but you'm got a good husband, Esther!" exclaimed her mother more than once that summer. "Works just for all the world as hard as they bees of mine, getting honey for you and the little maid. Now he's got a fam'ly to think of, he thinks it's necessary, I s'pose. He works *too* hard, say I! Why doan't 'e tull 'un to lave it more to th' men, my dear?" But Esther said nothing, and Dick worked on.

Early in August Jenny went back to London. The change had certainly done her good. There was colour in her cheeks, and she talked more than ever. Dick drove her the twelve miles to the station in the market-cart, waved a somewhat abstracted farewell in the direction of the handkerchief which fluttered out of the window till the train disappeared round the bend of the cutting, and then straightway forgot her existence. During the long homeward drive other thoughts occupied his mind so fully that Dandy stumbled more than once unrebuked by his master, who sat behind him with bent head, holding the reins carelessly, as though he had forgotten they were in his hands.

One morning, a week afterwards, he was working in the harvest-fields as usual. He had been there many hours already. Overhead, the sun blazed in a cloudless sky. Before him, the uncut corn swept, a sheet of gold, towards the blue of the sea. Wrapped in violet mist, the cliffs leant over it as though they dreamt. The air danced and quivered in the noontide heat. Through a shimmering veil of haze the grassy slopes of the next hill and the jagged rocks out at sea were faintly visible. Somewhere in the hot blue vault overhead a lark was trilling rapturously, flooding all the stillness with ecstatic song. Listening intently, one was conscious of a harmonious accompaniment to the thrilling bird music in the subdued but ceaseless murmur of the sea.

Up and down, in parallel lines in the fields on the cliff, went the reaping machine, and right and left the corn waves rose and fell as the sharp knife swept pitilessly through them. Dick walked at the horses' head and mechanically guided them, though he was not thinking of them, nor of the yellow corn, nor of the noontide heat. His head was bent, and his eyes were fixed on the ground. Esther was unhappy, and he did not know how to content her. She was so strange, so indifferent of late. Reserved she had always been; but once—not long ago, either—there was a lump in Dick's throat as he thought of the old days—she had been happy enough. He was sure she had been happy. He remembered how she used to sit in the porch, with the jessamine flowers like little white stars round her head. In imagination he saw her put down her work as the latch of the garden-gate clicked, and come down the chequered path to meet him, with her rare smile on her lips. She never came to meet him now. She never smiled except with a bitter mockery of mirth that Dick shuddered to recall. When he spoke to her she answered quite gently and calmly, but with an indifference that chilled him. He did not often speak to her now, because the sound of her voice, this new voice of hers, unnerved him—he was *afraid* to hear it.

What had happened? How had the change begun? He did not know—he could only puzzle over it in hopeless bewildered fashion. Lately, however, he thought he had discovered the reason. Esther was growing tired of him—tired of the monotonous village life. No wonder! She was so clever! She ought to live with clever people. He had always known it. She was like a lady, and she was tied to *him*—Dick Kinsman! He had spoilt her life by daring to love her. There were tears in his eyes as at the end of the field he turned the horses round again.

He had spoilt her life, and he could not give it back to her now. Perhaps if it had not been for him, she might have had all she wanted.

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He thought of the young painter who lodged at her mother's house last summer. He had talked to Esther as though she were a lady. He had lent her books to read. Dick had heard them discussing these books together afterwards.

Perhaps—Dick's hand shook as he laid it on the bridle of the horse next to him—perhaps she cared for the painter. A great wave of tenderness for her, of remorse, of hopeless misery, swept through him. It was all so overwhelming, so irretrievable!

Absorbed in his own wretched brooding, he saw and heard nothing.

Over the other side of the low stone wall, across the field already dotted with wheat-sheaves, Esther was coming towards him, holding with both hands a covered jug of cider for the harvesters. Little Essie trotted beside her, clutching her mother's light print gown with one chubby hand, every now and then loosening her hold to snatch at a scarlet poppy or a large-eyed daisy which the scythe had spared. Esther reached the wall, and put the heavy jug on the top of it, while she leant against the stones and shaded her eyes from the glare to look for the men who ought to have been in the next field.

The child toddled off alone, balancing herself with difficulty amongst the prickly stubble. Presently she came to a gap in the dividing wall, through which she promptly crept, and with a gay little chuckle, which she suppressed by pressing both hands against her mouth, she prepared to "s'prise daddy."

Esther stood silently in the heat, vaguely conscious of the monotonous whir of the reaping-machine somewhere near.

All at once it stopped abruptly, and, almost before it ceased, the still air was cut by one quick shriek, followed by blank silence.

Her face blanched. For one second she stood cowering against the wall, then an awful fear gave her wings.

A second later, Dick stood facing his wife.

She stood tall and erect before him. Clasped in her arms she held a little quivering body that Dick shuddered to watch. It was a relief when it ceased to move, and the soft fair head sank motionless on her mother's shoulder.

Esther did not speak a word. Her wide eyes blazed. She kept them fastened upon Dick's face. There was not a sound except the chirp of grasshoppers from the fringe of grass along the cliff's edge, and the low sound of the pulsing sea.

The sun beat fiercely upon her uncovered head. Her white dress was dazzling in the glare. Against it the scarlet poppies in the child's clenched hand showed vividly. Dick noticed the spot of colour. He thought it looked like blood. . . . Ah! there was a real stain now — it spread — the dress was no longer white! In the midst of the hush, the sudden ecstatic song of the lark overhead broke the stillness.

It was only a moment, probably, that husband and wife stood confronting one another, with the child between them. To Dick it was a lifetime of agony. His tongue was tied, he could not break the silence, yet if it lasted he should go mad! To stand there, and see that widening stain—

All at once Esther spoke, and her voice was like a two-edged sword. Dick staggered back as he heard the words—

"You have killed the child while you were thinking of another woman. *Now*, are you satisfied?"

In after days the time that followed lingered in Dick's thoughts like the memory of a frightful dream,—the rush over the hills in the blinding heat for the doctor; the glimpse he caught of the darkened parlour and the child's white face against the pillows on the table where she was laid; the strange subtile smell of ether every time the door was noiselessly opened; the groups of whispering officious neighbours round the gate.

He hung about miserably, tortured with suspense, while Esther's words ceaselessly rang in his ears: "You have killed the child—thinking of another woman—are you satisfied?" First one bitter sentence, then another, over and over again. While Essie lay in there—dying! *He* had killed her! Esther would never forgive him. He could never forgive himself—never—never!

Would the suspense ever cease? The door opened at last, and Esther's mother came out. She held her apron to her eyes. Dick could hear her sobbing. He sat in the porch, and as she came he turned his haggard face and beseeching eyes towards her. She had come to say the child was dead!

At the sight of him she controlled herself.

"Dick," she cried, "for the Lord's sake, doan't take on like that! Her's not dead, man! Her 's goin' to live, pretty lamb. Doctor says so."

Dick's trembling hands groped for the supports of the seat.

"Her 'll live, thank God; but her 'll be a cripple all her life through. Poor little maid! Dear little maid!"

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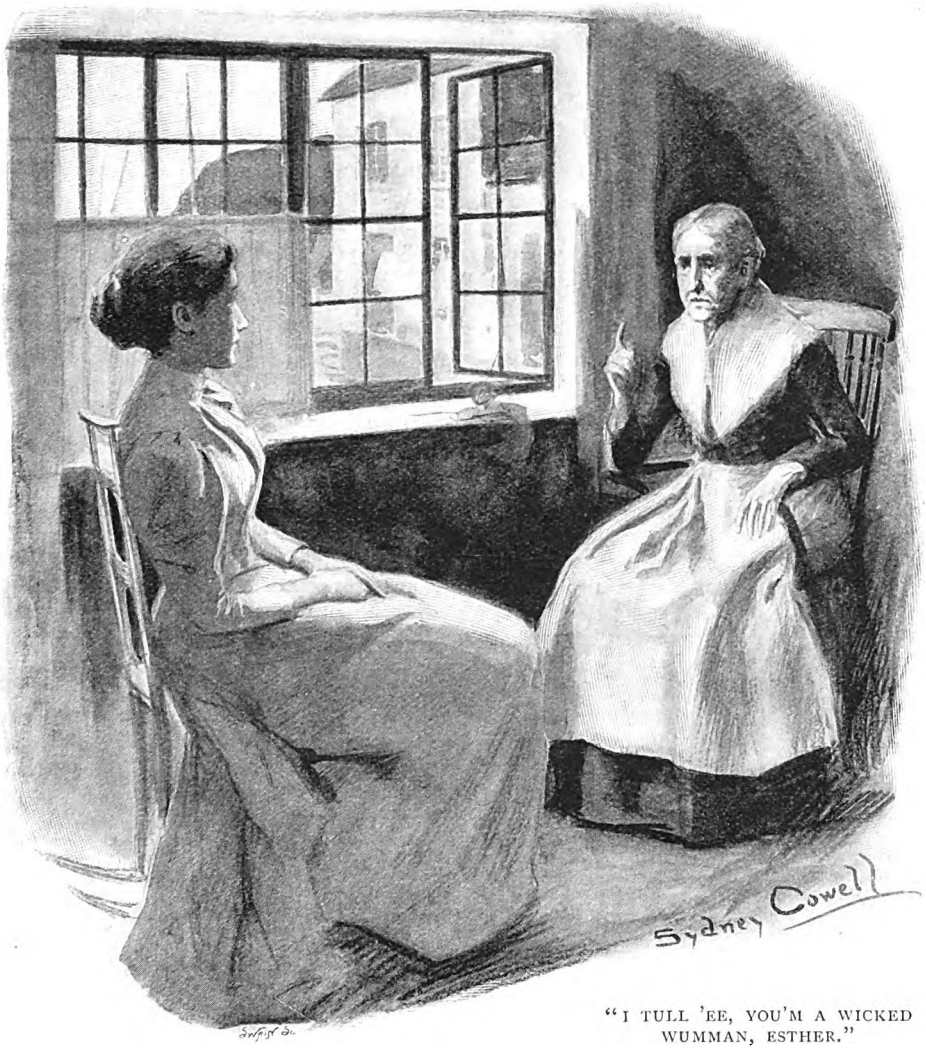

"I TULL 'EE, YOU'M A WICKED WUMMAN, ESTHER."

She burst out crying again.

Dick turned his head sharply and groaned.

"Now, doan't 'ee—doan't 'ee," urged his mother-in-law gently, through her tears. "Poor lad! it bain't thy fault. Us knows that, right enough. It's harder for thee than for anny one, us knows that too. But thou must thank God her bain't dead, lad!—that's the way to look at 'un."

Days and weeks passed, for the child recovered slowly.

All through the days and nights of anxious watching Dick never once spoke to his wife. She passed him without a glance, stealing in and out of the little darkened parlour with a white set face.

Dick never even crossed the threshold. Once he had stood at the door for a moment and looked wistfully towards the little figure stretched out on the mattress. Esther, who sat at the child's side, merely raised her eyes and glanced at him, and he turned miserably away.

In the evening he used to sit motionless on the settle in the porch, and when the parlour window was open he could hear his wife speaking in tenderest tones to the child, singing softly to her sometimes.

"Daddy!—me wants daddy!" she exclaimed once fretfully.

"Mother's here, darling! What shall mother do for her little maid—her dear little maid?" Esther's voice answered.

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Tears rose to the eyes of the patient listener outside in the silence and darkness. For him her voice would never again grow soft and tender.

One Sunday afternoon, some weeks after the accident, Esther and her mother sat together in the sickroom. The little girl was much better. She had fallen asleep, one hand tucked under her cheek, the other clasping her much-loved doll. Her soft hair was all scattered on the pillow. There was a tinge of colour in her face. Esther bent over her and kissed her gently before she sat down in the rocking-chair by the window. Mrs. Jeffrey sat opposite. For a long time she watched her daughter's pale downcast face in silence.

"The little lamb 'ull do now," she began tentatively, with a glance at the sleeper.

"Who will make her run about again?" Esther demanded, with trembling lips.

Her mother was silent a moment.

"I'm 'most feared to tell 'ee what the doctor hopes," she burst out suddenly, "in case he's mistook. An' *he* fears ter tull 'ee, too—just yet; but he do say that p'raps after all she'll walk well-nigh as good as ever. But don't 'ee build on it too much, dear," she urged anxiously. "It's but a chance, and"—

Esther was gazing at her with parted lips. Her colour came and went, and she breathed quickly. But she said no word. Presently she rose, and stood long by the cot gazing at the sleeping child. Her mother glanced at her anxiously once or twice, but her half-averted face was inscrutable. She understood it no better when at last Esther resumed her seat.

"When the little maid is well enough," she began, in a low monotonous tone, "I'm going to take her to Exeter, mother. Aunt Susie will take me in, and I'm going to live there, and find some work that will keep me and Essie. I'm not coming back again."

Her face was stern and pale. She sat quite still, her hands clasped in her lap.

There was a long silence.

"Esther," said Mrs. Jeffrey at length, solemnly, "you be killing your man. If he dies—and, God knows, he looks like it—it 'ull be *your* doin'."

Esther started.

"Doan't 'ee think I doan't know what's in your heart, my dear," her mother continued, in a softer tone. "But you'm wrong, Esther, you'm *wrong*," she repeated with conviction; "an' you're lettin' your jealousy *kill* your man. You think he's set on that little vool Jenny, just because he's that simple and good he never noticed the designin' little minx she was, an' he spoke civil and kind now and again because she was your cousin an' she was weak like. Why, *anny* one with eyes in their head can zee he worships the ground you step on—an' more vool he, say I! An' more than that, I say you ain't fit ter be his wife!—no, not for all you think yourself so grand! If you'd had eyes in your head, and hadn't been tearin' mad with jealousy all these weeks, you'd ha' zeen him gettin' to look fit to drop—an' no wonder, with him not sleeping a wink o' nights! There he is, pacin' up an' down, up an' down, hour after hour, an' sometimes I'll go up to 'un, an' say, 'Do 'ee lie down now, Dick.' 'I *can't*, mother,' says he. 'I'm *afraid* of goin' to sleep. Direckly I'm off,' says he, 'I zee it all over again! There's the big knife movin'—an' then I hear the child scream—an' Esther stands in front of me—an' there's blood on her gown!' An' he stands there, all white an' shakin', an' *daren't* sleep. An' never one kind word have you said to 'un, Esther! I've watched it, an' wouldn't interfere between man and wife,—God forgive me!—but now I've spoke, I won't zee 'un killed afore my eyes! Sometimes in the day I make 'un go an' lie down a bit, an' then if I pass the door there he is, talkin' to himself, same as if he was off his head a'most. Sayin' over an' over, 'My little maid! my little maid! What *have* I done—*what* have I done?' I tull 'ee, you'm a wicked wumman, Esther; an' if he dies, you'm to blame!"

Esther sat motionless, but she was trembling violently. Words, and certain wistful looks on Dick's part, recollections of Jenny's half-resentful half-defiant attitude towards herself, came crowding back to her as her mother spoke.

"Mother!" she cried at last, in a shaken voice, "don't—! Are you sure, are you *sure*?" She lifted great beseeching eyes to the woman opposite. But Mrs. Jeffrey had risen, and was leaning against the window, trying to look into the porch.

A neighbour passed at the moment, glanced at the window, hesitated, and then stopped. "Is Dick Kinsman ill?" she called.

Esther rose, grasping the back of the chair.

"No—why?" returned Mrs. Jeffrey hastily.

"I met 'un, down along just now, an' he looked ill like, scared. I thought mebbe th' little maid were worse, or"—

Mrs. Jeffrey turned to where Esther stood, white and shrinking.

"Esther," she whispered, "go an' find thy

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man! He was in the porch when you spoke of leavin' 'un, an' sich-like. He's overheard 'ee. Be quick, if thee's afeard to have his blood on your head."

Twilight was falling when Esther reached the cliff. Her breath came in quick sobbing sighs, her eyes were wide with terror, as she leapt from stone to stone along the steep hill-path. Instinct had led her to the sea; and as she ran, straining every nerve in her frantic speed, its voice called to her to hasten. She heard the soft treacherous lapping of the waves on the rocks, and forced herself to turn the sharp corner of the hillside.

A man lay stretched full length on a seat fashioned out of the rocks overhanging the sea; it was the seat where she and Dick used to rest on their way home from their Sunday walks, in the days of their courting.

A cry burst from Esther's lips.

"Thank God!" she said, and then, trembling from head to foot, she fell on her knees by the bench.

Dick turned his head and looked at her. His face was white and drawn—there was utter misery in his hollow eyes.

"Why did you come?" he asked in a dull toneless voice. "I should have been out of it soon, Esther. I—did not mean to stand in thy way—if there is anyone else"— He paused, and then went on brokenly. "But I passed the seat, you know,—we sat here the day we was married, do you mind?—an' it all came over me, somehow, an'"—

"*Dick!*" whispered Esther entreatingly; and then he paused again, gazed at her incredulously, and put out his arms.

"There never was anyone but you, Dick," she said presently, between her tears. "Mother is right: I am a wicked woman!"

"You'm not tired of me, then?" he asked, trembling wonder in his voice.

She did not reply, except by drawing closer to him.

The moon had risen, and began to silver the heaving flood down at their feet. The sky was pierced by one glittering star. On either side of them the cliff frowned black and terrible. Save for the lapping of the waves, there was utter silence. Esther's eyes were fixed on the grassy headland on the left —the peak that she and Dick and the child had climbed a hundred times. Watching her face, Dick saw tears glittering on her eyelashes. All at once she broke into low sobbing.

Dick's face whitened. The lines of pain round his mouth, which had been almost smoothed away, came back. "And *I* did it!" he cried brokenly. "She will never walk up there again—and I did it! Esther, you will never forget that!" he added bitterly.

Esther checked her sobs, and raised her head. Her face was all white and tear-stained in the moonlight; but she looked at Dick bravely, and her eyes were sweet.

"Don't 'ee say that, lad!" she cried incoherently. "Never say that any more. I was crying to think of a happiness that seems too great to be borne—if so be that what the doctor thinks"—

Dick gave an inarticulate cry.

"We don't know yet," she broke in hurriedly; "and oh, Dick, don't hope too much, in case—in case. But listen: I must tell you," she whispered. "Dick, I'm a wicked mother, but I can't help it: I love thee best. I'd sooner have had the little maid hurt—God forgive me!—than have lost thee, lad."

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MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

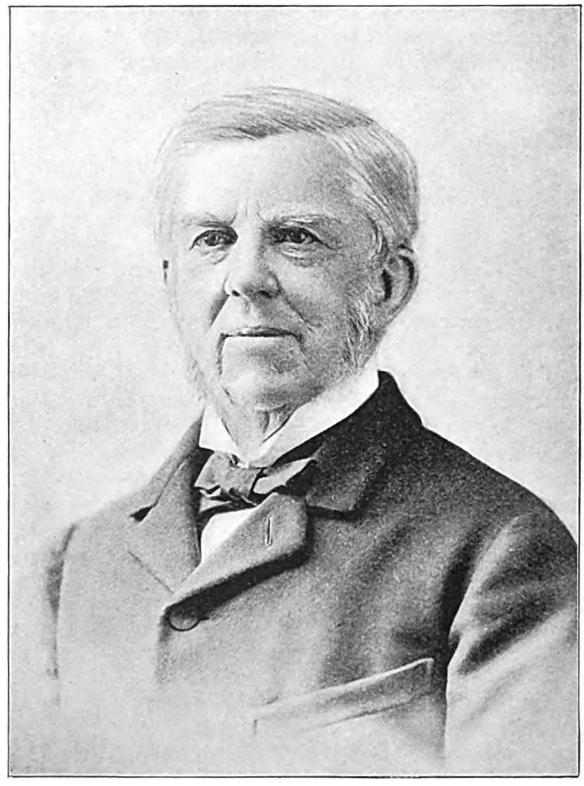
By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

VI.—A GROUP OF EMINENT AMERICANS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; J. R. LOWELL; J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER; BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS; GEO. W. CHILDS; CYRUS W. FIELD

There were two eminent Americans whom I should have greatly liked to know who were dead before I visited America.

Ralph Waldo Emerson I never saw. He is known to me solely by his brilliant Essays, his poetry, the interesting records of his intercourse with Carlyle, and the careful appreciation of his genius by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Perhaps this appreciation—delivered as a Lecture in America—was less warm than the Americans would have desired. On delivering it at New York, Mr. Arnold apologised for expressing himself frankly, even if his estimate seemed inadequate. He told me that the great orator, Wendell Phillips, was present on this occasion, and in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer used the striking expression, "Mr. Arnold has not the least need to apologise for speaking exactly as he feels. *One must toe the line, even if the chips fly in one's face.*"



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
[*From a Photo by* Notman, *Boston.*]

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow I did once meet, on the occasion of his visit to England. It was at the great dinner given in his honour at the Langham Hotel. At that dinner Mr. Gladstone was present, and the Duke of Argyll, and Admiral Farragut, and many illustrious Englishmen and Americans. I was then a young man, and do not know to what circumstance I owed the honour of an invitation. There were to have been no speeches; chiefly, I believe, because Longfellow — in that respect like Robert Browning, but unlike the majority of his countrymen —felt insuperable difficulties in ever making a speech. But as Mr. Gladstone was present, the desire of many to hear him got the better of the rule, and he proposed Longfellow's health. The menu-card had photographs of Longfellow and his home, and quotations from his poems. It was very interesting, and I suppose I still possess it "somewhere, if one knew but where." I remember that I sat next to a near kinsman of the guest of the evening, who told me many interesting particulars about him. It is pleasant to me to know that though I was never introduced to the venerable poet, he spoke very kindly about me to common friends, and once expressed his pleasure at helping to

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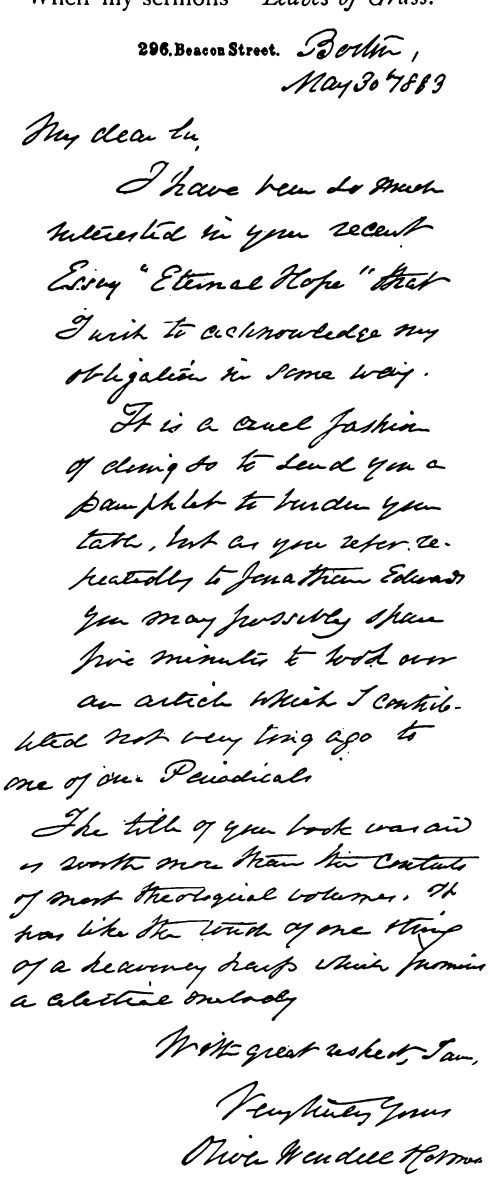
gather a gift of dried leaves from his garden, sent me by a lady who knew us both—leaves of every hue of purple and gold and crimson—during a season when, in America, Autumn had, with unusual splendour, folded

his jewelled arms
Around the dying year.

My acquaintance with the witty and vivacious "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—was begun in a most interesting way. When my sermons on "Eternal Hope" were published, they fell into the poet's hands. They expressed, and as he thought demonstrated, a view of which he had always been profoundly convinced, but which—at that time, though it is different now—was thought heretical in America, except among Universalists. After reading my book, he sent me the interesting letter which is reproduced with this article.

The pamphlet which he sent me was a very eloquent and interesting paper of his on Jonathan Edwards, written with that inimitable grace which marked so many of his prose writings no less than his poetry. Afterwards, when I met him in America, he told me that in writing to me, an entire stranger at that time, he had broken a rule of his life, which had been *never* to write to anyone whom he did not personally know.

I first met him at Boston, at a small but most interesting dinner of the very select literary society in that city, known as "The Saturday Club." I went with Phillips Brooks and both O. W. Holmes, his son Judge Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Winthrop, and other distinguished men, were present. I sat next to Mr. Holmes, and found his conversation most interesting. He talked a great deal about Walt Whitman. He seemed to think that he had been greatly over-estimated, and, though he had sent a subscription to relieve his poverty, vehemently disapproved of some passages in his *Leaves of Grass*.



296 Beacon Street. Boston,
May 30 1889

My dear Sir,

I have been so much interested in your recent Essay "Eternal Hope" that I wish to acknowledge my obligation in some way.

It is a cruel fashion of doing to lend you a pamphlet to burden your table, but as you refer repeatedly to Jonathan Edwards you may possibly spare five minutes to look over an article which I contributed not very long ago to one of our Periodicals.

The title of your book was said to be worth more than the contents of most theological volumes. It has like the touch of one string of a heavenly harp which promises a celestial melody.

With great respect, Sir,

Very truly Yours
Oliver Wendell Holmes

A LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

When he visited England, in 1886, I saw him on several occasions, which he has kindly mentioned in his *Our Hundred Days in Europe*. I lunched with him at the Speaker's — Viscount Peel's; and he dined with us at a very pleasant party, at which the guests were Sir John and Lady Millais, Professor Tyndall, Sir John and Lady Lubbock, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Phelps, the Dean of Westminster, Sir W. Overend and Mrs. Priestley, and others. I had the great pleasure of showing him and his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, over Westminster Abbey. He was an old man, and his diminutive figure perhaps showed that he could never have had great physical strength. It is a fatiguing thing to go over the Abbey, and he undoubtedly felt tired, and was glad to get back to my house for a cup of tea. But he has recorded the intense pleasure the visit gave him, and he told me that he thought those two hours "in the great Temple of Silence

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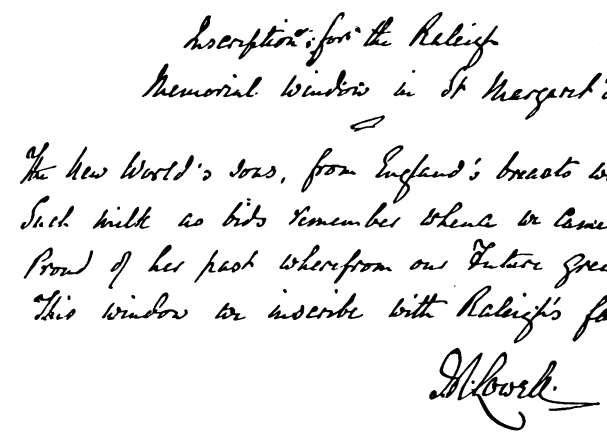
and Reconciliation" were among the most interesting he had ever spent. He mentions also the curious fact that we are often more struck by little things than by great. "Amidst the imposing recollections of the ancient edifice," he writes, "one impressed me in the inverse ratio of its importance.


Inscription for the Raleigh
Memorial window in St Margaret's.

The New World's sons, from England's breast do press
Such milk as bids remember where we came;
Proud of her past wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's fame.

J. R. Lowell.

LINES BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

The Archdeacon pointed out the little holes on the stones [of the cloister benches] where the boys of the choir [he should have said "of the Monastic School"] used to play marbles, before America was discovered probably—centuries before, it may be. It is a strangely impressive glimpse of a living past, like the graffiti of Pompeii."

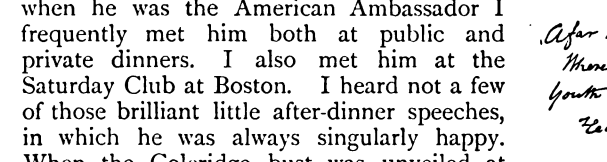
When my dear son, Cyril Lytton Farrar, died at Peking, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Holmes wrote for me the quatrain which is carved on his memorial tablet in St. Margaret's. I give a facsimile of his beautiful lines with this article.

I never knew MR. J. R. LOWELL so intimately as I knew O. W. Holmes, but when he was the American Ambassador I frequently met him both at public and private dinners. I also met him at the Saturday Club at Boston. I heard not a few of those brilliant little after-dinner speeches, in which he was always singularly happy. When the Coleridge bust was unveiled at Westminster Abbey, he gave the address, in the Chapter House, not far from the spot where his own memorial was soon to be placed. There is some quality about the human voice which causes peculiar intonations of it to linger for years in the memory, and I shall never forget the sort of vivid picture which he called up before my imagination as he quoted Coleridge's beautiful description of a very common scene—

> Beneath yon birch, with silver bark,
> And boughs so pendulous and fair,
> The brook falls scattered down the rock,
> And all is mossy there.

I have often talked with Mr. Lowell about literary subjects, but his conversations have not impressed themselves on my recollection. When the fine west window to Sir Walter Raleigh, "the Father of the United States," was given to me by Americans to commemorate the fact that the headless body of that brilliant explorer lies buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, I chose Mr. Lowell (who was then the American Ambassador) as the fittest poet to write the memorial quatrain. I sent him at the same time the four lines which Lord Tennyson had written for me to be engraved under the window which the printers of London presented to me in memory of the first great English printer, who lies buried in the same church. I am able to give a facsimile of Mr. Lowell's letter and lines.

Mr. Lowell was present at the sermon which I preached after the unveiling of the window. I had occasion in the discourse to mention his name and quote his lines. He was sitting just under me in the Speaker's pew, and told me afterwards, when he lunched with us, that to hear himself spoken of as I had done made him as nervous as an M.P. might be supposed to be when he is "named" by the Speaker in the House of Commons!


Afar he sleeps whose name is graven here
Where loving hearts his early doom deplore;
Youth, promise, virtue, all that made him dear
Heaven lent, earth borrowed, sorrowing to restore.

LINES BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

With the Quaker poet, JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, I spent part of a delightful day, in his own house, with Dr. Phillips Brooks. I had a warm admiration for the venerable poet. He has, in his verses, given splendid expression to the convictions which I tried to set

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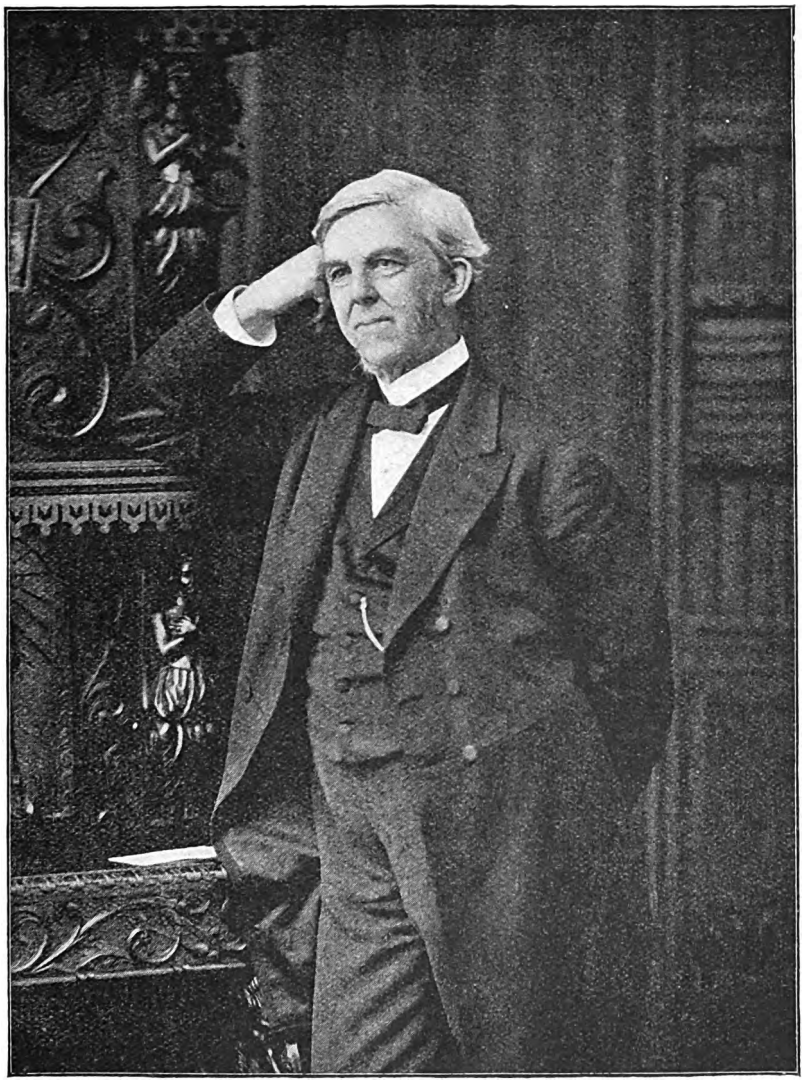

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

[*From a Photo by* NOTMAN, *Boston.*]

forth in "Eternal Hope." He was one of the most modest and most saintly men I ever saw. The deepest yet most tolerant religious feeling breathes through all his poems, from those of his early youth to those written in advanced age. I was further drawn to him by the noble passion with which, all his life long, he had thrown himself into every movement in the cause of humanity and mercy. Further, I found in his writings a far nearer approach to the true religion of Christ than I did in most books professedly religious. Of course Mr. Whittier was, in one sense, not a very great poet: he did not stand in the front line. Some of his poems lack intensity and compression. But his best verses will undoubtedly live. What concentrated force there is in his lines on the great orator, Daniel Webster, after the sort of *volte-face* through which he went on the subject of slavery on becoming a candidate for the Presidency:—

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
For evermore!

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All else is gone! from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead!

Again, how marvellously touching are his lines in contemplation of death!—

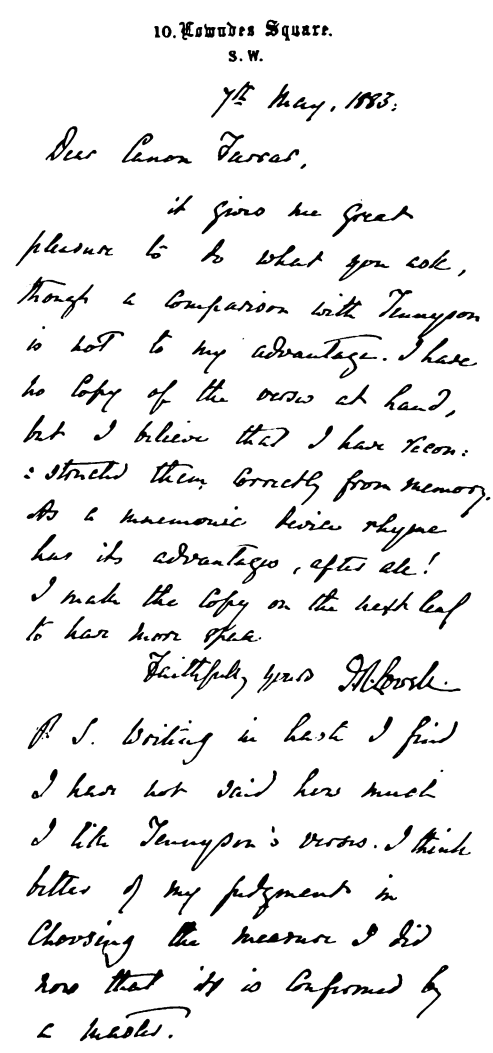
When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness, calling
My feet to paths unknown,

I have but Thee, O Father! let Thy Spirit
Be near me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door, amid Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace!

Mr. Whittier's home was as simple and unpretending as it could possibly be, yet all about it there was an indescribable air of refinement. No one was at lunch except Phillips Brooks and myself; and though the meal was as plain as possible, it was truly delightful. We were waited upon by the poet's niece, and I felt so uneasy at seeing her come in with the dishes and hand us the plates, that at last I said, "This is a reversal of the proper order of things! What we ought to do is to wait on the young lady, not she on us." "Not at all!" said Mr. Whittier. "You are the guests; there is nothing in the smallest degree derogatory in a young lady enjoying the pleasure of waiting on you. This is our old simple New England custom." We had to be content! Immediately after the meal the young lady put on her riding-habit, and mounting her horse, which was led to the door, she went for a ride with the young gentleman to whom she was engaged.


10. Lowndes Square.
S. W.

7th May, 1883.

Dear Canon Farrar,

it gives me great pleasure to do what you ask, though a comparison with Tennyson is not to my advantage. I have no copy of the verses at hand, but I believe that I have recon: structed them correctly from memory. As a mnemonic device rhyme has its advantages, after all! I make the copy on the next leaf to have more space.

Faithfully yours J. R. Lowell

P. S. Writing in haste I find I have not said how much I like Tennyson's verses. I think better of my judgment in choosing the measure I did now that it is confirmed by a master.

A LETTER FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

After lunch I asked Mr. Whittier to sign for me his photograph. This led to a conversation about autographs. He said that the number of letters in the year which he received, asking for his autograph, was immense, and at last became embarrassing. This I can easily imagine; for in America, at one time, there was such a rage for autographs that I have often had birthday books, etc. left in a carriage which was merely standing at the door of a shop into which I had gone to buy something! He asked Emerson how he treated requests for his autograph. Emerson said that he, at one time, always sent his autograph to anyone who wrote to ask for it. But when the applications came to be counted by hundreds, he had ceased to do so. "But what do you do," asked Whittier, "when they enclose stamps?" "Oh," said Emerson, "*the stamps come in handy*"! This, however, was a bolder impropriation than the conscience of the Quaker poet could permit, and whenever a stamped envelope came he enclosed his signature in it.

I give the facsimile of a letter from Mr. Whittier to my friend, the famous philanthropist, Mr. George W. Childs, together with the quatrain which he wrote for the

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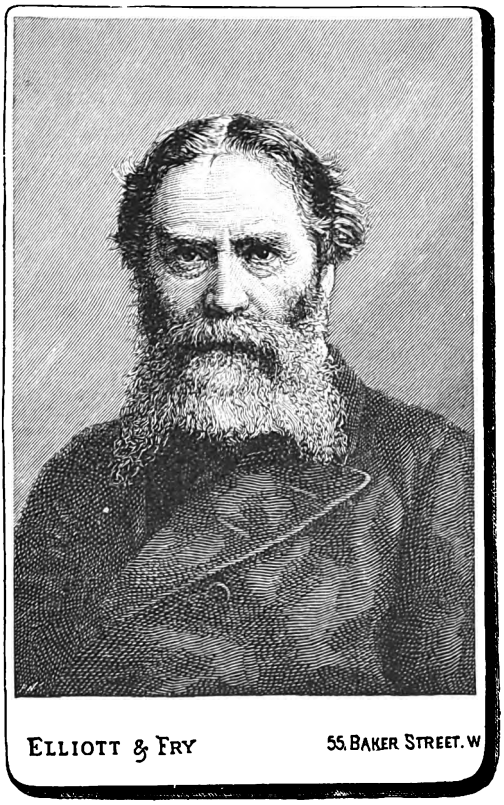
Milton window in St. Margaret's. Of this window Mr. Childs was the donor, and I asked Mr. Whittier to write the inscription.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS was for many years the owner of the *Public Ledger*, one of the most honourable of the American papers. He never made any secret of the fact that he had risen from the very humblest and lowest position. I believe he once swept out the office as a penniless office-boy. By conduct and character he rose rapidly to wealth, influence, and universal respect. I never knew a kindlier, more large-hearted, or more lovable man. I was his guest at Philadelphia, and I met him at dinner at Mr. Vanderbilt's, and in other houses. He gave me two memorable receptions. One was to the clergy, black and white and of all denominations in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, to the number of seven hundred. Not a few of them were very poor, and the large and loving heart of Mr. Childs delighted in showing them an act of kindness. I was also the guest of the evening at an entertainment to which he had invited all the numerous representatives of the Press in Philadelphia and the neighbourhood. I had the difficult task of addressing them almost on the spur of the moment, and I spoke of the immense power which they wielded, and the awful temptations to abuse the safeguard of anonymity by using the poisoned dagger as well as the mask. I spoke of the intense and ruinous pain which a single careless paragraph in a newspaper might cause. Such a paragraph might have been written with no villainous intention, but merely in thoughtlessness to make "copy," and yet might be reverberated a millionfold, as though through a colossal telephone, microphone, and phonograph all in one. And I told the Pressmen, in all humility, that if they abused the enormous power which they were thus enabled to wield, they might do more mischief than the madman, who, in Scriptural phrase, "scatters firebrands, arrows, and death." Mr. Childs was most deeply interested in what I said—ordinary as it was. "From the first day that I owned the *Public Ledger*," he said to me, "I made up my mind that nothing mean or dishonourable, no malignant gossip, no debasing reports, should stain its pages. To that I attribute its success; and I would rather have given a thousand dollars than that you should not have said what you did to our journalists." He then made me accept a gold pocket-knife and a gold pencil-case, which I possess to this day. More than any man I ever knew, he found his highest, almost his exclusive, happiness in doing works of personal kindness and public munificence. He was almost the only living man (Dean Stanley used to say) who, for more than half a century, had given a purely spontaneous gift to Westminster Abbey; the gift was the beautiful window in honour of the poets George Herbert and Cowper. When I told Mr. Childs how closely Milton had been connected with St. Margaret's, Westminster, where his banns of marriage were published, and where his dearest wife ("my late-espousèd saint") and infant daughter lie buried, he gladly consented to give a window to Milton's memory. When it was executed, he sent at once the sum which it cost — which was, I believe, more than £600. He,



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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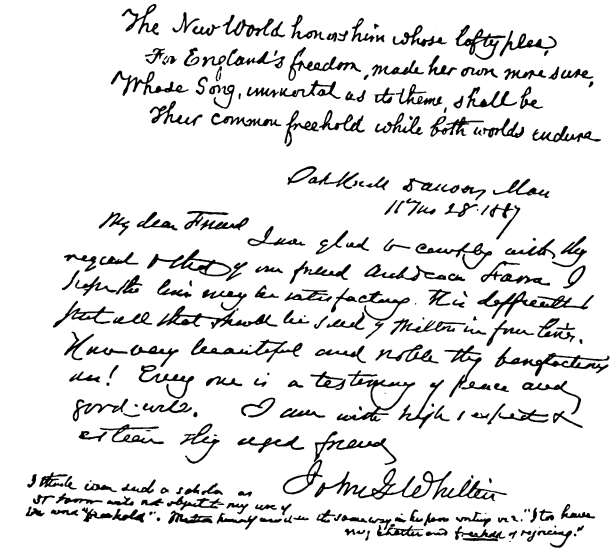
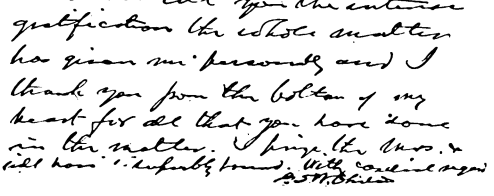
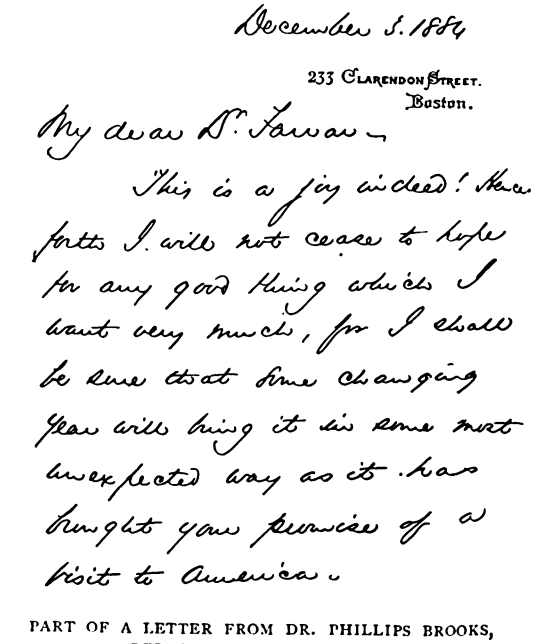


QUATRAIN AND LETTER FROM JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

too, it was who erected the memorial fountain to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, and the memorial windows to Bishop Ken at Winchester, and to Keats. The name of one of the humblest and most unassuming of men will thus be permanently connected with some of the noblest and fairest names in English literature. And what was very remarkable was that, so far from making much of his munificence, he regarded himself as indebted to those who had called it forth. This very rare characteristic will be illustrated by the following paragraph at the end of one of his letters to me :—



Another illustrious American whom I knew and who was twice my host was MR. CYRUS W. FIELD, to whose indomitable energy and perseverance was so largely owing the laying of the Atlantic telegraph. It was he who in 1854 procured a charter for the submarine telegraph from the American continent to Newfoundland, which he meant to connect with the cable to Valencia in Ireland. He devoted many years and a large part of his fortune to this effort, organised the "Atlantic Telegraph Company" in 1856, and accompanied the expedition sent out to lay the cable in 1857 and 1858. After two failures—failures which would have been found fatally disheartening to most men—he succeeded; and he began to operate with the Atlantic telegraph in August 1866. I was his guest at New York, and he was mine more than once in England. He was a genial, hearty, hopeful man, and a man, as it seemed to me, of very sincere and simple piety. Some writer has said that many a man would do one a kindness, yet would not on any account get up at seven in the morning to make himself of use. I can only say that, when I arrived by steamer at *three* in the morning at New York, the streets of the great city were empty and deserted, but Mr. Cyrus Field was there in person to meet me with his carriage! I remember being struck with the simplicity with which his nephew, a fine handsome youth, lifted my heavy portmanteau, put it on his shoulder, and walked with it up the flight of steps to Mr. Field's house, and then to my room. I wondered whether there were many members of the families of millionaires who would



PART OF A LETTER FROM DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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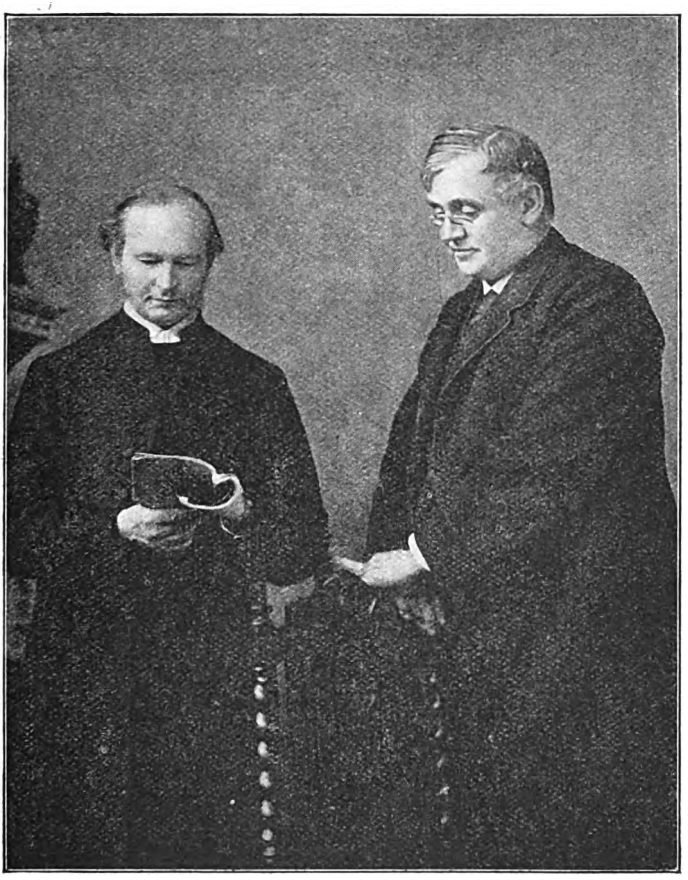
have turned porter, without a moment's hesitation, and with such delightful simplicity!

Mr. Cyrus Field loaded me with kindness both in New York and at his splendid house on the Hudson, and he asked many of the most distinguished Americans — including one ex-President—to meet me at dinner. I went with him to the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and heard a sermon from Henry Ward Beecher which I still vividly remember, for its wit (in the higher sense) power, and large humanitarian philanthropy. After the service I went with Mr. Field to Mr. Beecher's house to tea, and had some interesting conversation with him. It was at Mr. Field's house that the clergy of New York of all denominations presented me with a very kind and cordial address of welcome—their spokesman being the eloquent and highly respected Rev. Dr. Storrs.

One more great American I must mention—my dear friend, BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS. He called and introduced himself to me in Dean's Yard at Westminster, about the time that he preached his sermon in the Abbey on "The candle of the Lord." I was very deeply struck with the sermon, and at my persuasion he published it with others in the admirable volume to which it gives the title. It was the first volume of sermons he ever published. After that, he used to preach at St. Margaret's whenever he came to England. He was the fastest public speaker in America and England: he uttered two hundred and thirteen words a minute in the pulpit, and was the despair of reporters. He not infrequently repeated his sermons in his own church (in which, like many English visitors, I preached for him). It was well that he could do so, for his discourses were unusually full of thought and



DEAN FARRAR AND DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.
[*From a Photo by* J. NOTMAN, *Boston.*]

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power, and the only drawback to their magnificent effect was the lightning-like pace at which they were enunciated. I asked him if he could not correct this defect, which made it difficult for some of his hearers to follow him; but he replied that it was not possible. As a youth he had suffered from some slight vocal difficulty, and it was only by very rapid speaking that he could get over it. If space permitted, I might have much to tell of the delightful talks I had with him in his beautiful bachelor home at Boston, and of all his superabundant kindness; but I will here pass them over.

His popularity in America was wonderful. I travelled with him to Portland, where we both were guests in the house of the venerable General Neal Dow; to Salem, where I looked with deep interest on the relics of the old witch-hunting days; and to other places. Whenever we came to a town where there was a university or a large school, I invariably had to go and give the youths an address; and when I had finished, they always tumultuously called on Phillips Brooks to say something too. What he said was generally quite simple, but delighted the "boys" by its large kindliness, and his hearty greetings to them were always welcomed with enthusiasm.

There were tremendous currents of opposing feeling when he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts. His election was really carried by the overpowering enthusiasm of the

233. Clarendon Street
Boston.

Sept. 19. 1885

Dear Dr. Farrar,

It is good indeed to get a glimpse of you through all this wage of rumors & reports & letters which the Papers are surrounding you. I thank you heartily for your kind letter — And I am glad of course that our good people are going to hear you more than you threatened when you first came.

My Bachelor's Shanty will be very simply after Cyrus Field's Splendor — but perhaps you will not mind a bit of simplicity & nowhere surely will you have a heartier welcome —

You are most good and kind to promise that you will preach for my brother Arthur. He will appreciate your kindness deeply as do I.

And this is what we call Rest! & the Letters you must be writing & the People you must be seeing & the talks you must be talking! I am so sorry for you — but so glad that you have come!

And so, my dear friend, may you have strength for all this that is before you & if it is too much for you, let it all go & come straight to your affectionately

Phillips Brooks

A LETTER FROM DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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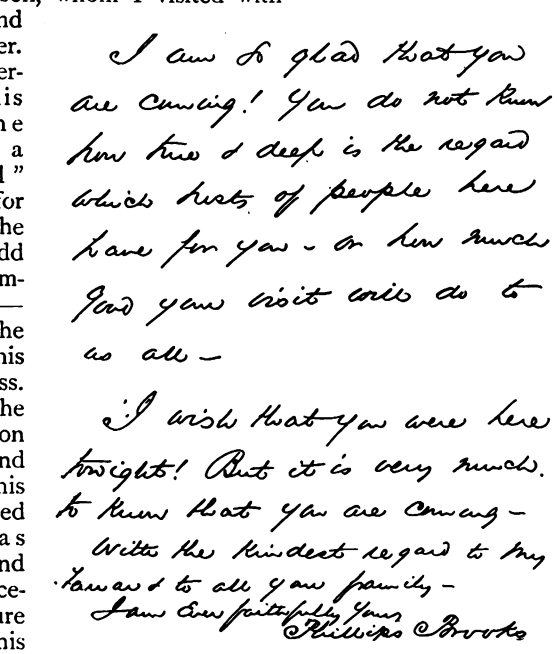
laity, especially of his own devoted people, who thronged the immense and splendid Church of Holy Trinity, Boston. It is certainly the finest church in America, and is a standing memorial of the genius of the American architect, Richardson, whom I visited with Phillips Brooks, and who died soon after. But the warm determination of his people that he should become a "Right Reverend" was not, I think, for his happiness. The distinction could add nothing to his immense influence — especially over the young — or to his genuine greatness. The virulence of the attacks made upon him pained him, and the work which his new office entailed upon him was overwhelming, and destroyed the peaceful happy leisure which had been his delight. His admirably good-humoured lines during the fury of the attacks which assailed him are worth recording. On seeing a caricature of himself in the columns of a certain journal, he wrote—



I am so glad that you are coming! You do not know how true & deep is the regard which lots of people here have for you - or how much your visit will do to us all -

I wish that you were here tonight! But it is very much to know that you are coming - With the kindest regard to Mrs Howard to all your family - I am Ever faithfully Yours Phillips Brooks

AN EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER FROM DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

And is this then the way he looks,
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks!
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try
To give these doubtful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
Even as a bishop to be meek;
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shirk;
To quite forget what folks have said,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men, laying him to rest,
Shall say, "At least he did his best." Amen.

I fear that it was the bishopric which really killed him. Being a bachelor, there was no one who could so closely look after him, and prevent him from being overworked, and nurse him when he was poorly, as a wife would have done. Colossal frames like his—he was six feet four and proportionally broad—look strong, but do not wear so well as those of average proportions. I think that his episcopal work tried him severely, and he died prematurely, to the irreparable loss of many friends in America and England, in consequence of a chill caught at one of the many evening meetings which he was constantly obliged to attend.

I have had the happiness of experiencing great kindness at the hands of many friends both among the rich and the poor, the unknown and the famous. I never met with any who were more kind and generous than those whose friendship I formed or deepened, and whose warm-hearted hospitality I enjoyed in the Western World.

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STRANGE TALES FROM THE SLUMS

III

"It wus the tomatoes as did it; for the rest, I wus allus pretty but proper," remarked a young woman, with a certain sigh of satisfaction, to her pal, as she twirled her wedding ring round her finger.

The "home" was a cellar, not small, but sparsely furnished. A big bed held a tiny infant wrapped in a huge shawl; a small shakedown contained two puny boys, cheek resting against cheek, sleeping the dreamless sleep of infancy.

The other occupant was the speaker, a young woman of twenty-four, with a face always known as the Madonna type, oval in shape, features regular, hair plentiful, softly waving down either side of cheeks transparently pure in complexion; but the resemblance was destroyed by the eyes, which were dark and fierce and incessantly roving, showing that in civilised society she would not have been regarded as quite "all there." Asleep she was purity personified, awake she combined the tigress and a purring kitten. Her companion was a woman double her age, full as to flesh, and ruddy-hued, with the ruddiness that comes from alcohol and fresh air judiciously blended.

They were drinking gin, and cowering over some dying embers in a very dirty grate.

"Well, Poll, we allus knew you must have come down to this," answered the guest, with a theatrical wave of the hand. "Folks said you were a cut above us; you look so genteel, even when dressed in cast-offs."

Poll gave a little purring sound of complacency, but she merely remarked—

"Yes, when my 'usband married me 'e wus makin' ten pounds a month, an' kep me like a lady."

"An' 'ow did you lose it, Poll dear?" queried Mrs. Bonnor, edging nearer, and filling the girl's cracked cup.

"It was the tomatoes as did it, I tell you," replied Poll querulously. "I wus allus powerful fond of tomatoes."

"Well, that is a queer taste when you can git sperrits," observed the other soothingly; "but perhaps you indulge in 'em both."

"I 'ad only tasted wine till then," responded Poll fiercely; "'e drove me to it, bad luck to 'im!"

She flung her hair back defiantly, and stared angrily into the fire.

"An' where did you meet such a fine gent?" queried her crony, who dearly loved to know the affairs of her neighbours.

"Not such a 'fine gent' in my eyes, after all," cried the deserted wife, tossing her head proudly. "I have seen better days, Mrs. Bonnor. My mother let lodgings in Islington, and I was bodice-hand at an Oxford Street shop. He wus a commercial traveller then, an' I took 'is fancy, I suppose. Leastways, 'e found it convenient to escort me 'ome

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"SHE FLEW ON 'IM AN' SCRATCHED 'IS CHEEK AWFUL."

most nights, an' to take me to the the-atre on Saturdays. But if I wus pretty I wus proper," she repeated in a tone of conscious pride, "an' I very soon showed it. He was introduced to my mother, an' 'e paid 'er every attention, comin' to tea every Sunday, an' walkin' us to evenin' service with a Prayer-book in each 'and. He asked mother if 'e might pay me 'is addresses, an' she said I wus too young (just seventeen), an' 'e must wait. She wus that artful, she wus; she thought 'e wus flash, an' wanted ter make some inquiries. So we went on with our courtin', an' she went on with 'er watchin'; an' one night when we come 'ome after a concert, an' expected a nice little supper of tripe an' onions, she met us with a howl like a tiger, an' she flew on 'im an' scratched 'is cheek awful, callin' 'im an imposter an' deceiver. He wus too much of a gentleman to hit back, but 'e got into the passage and shut the door, demandin' explanation through the key'ole. Mother told 'im as how 'e wus forty-five, an' a widower with four children, though pretendin' to be a gay young bachelor, an' she said 'er innocent

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child ad been basely deceived. But 'er innocent child 'ad enough of 'er tantrums, an' told 'er so pretty sharply. Then mother declared she would treat me the same, an' tried to scratch my face too. But I was 'er match, an' we 'ad a set-to, Richard lookin' on through the key'ole. She never did touch my face, but she dragged my 'at (my very best) off my 'ead, feathers an' all, an' trampled it on the ground. I'll never forgive that!" cried Poll, warming with genuine passion. "A scratch or two nobody minds, an' a black eye is neither here nor there; but feathers—real tips—it would have made a Red Indian pale.

"Richard, 'e could not stand it, an' shoutin' to me 'e would write, 'e bolted to visit the chemist.

"But no letter reached me, she took jolly good care of that; for she locked me in my room—till I came to my senses, she said. Then I found out I loved 'im, an' didn't care 'ow many wives or children 'e 'ad 'ad, an' that was the message I sent 'im when 'e managed through a sailor friend of 'is to let me know 'e wus willin' to marry me. If I would go away with the sailor to France, Richard would meet me there, an' make me 'is wife. As the sailor remarked, it wus not in reason to expect 'im to fetch me an' get 'is other cheek scratched. It 'ad cost 'im 'is place, but 'e 'ad got another as currier (courier), through 'im knowin' seven languages.

"So one night I slipped off to Boulogne, an' sure enough we were married. We travelled on the Continong for a year, he gettin' place after place for 'is good looks an' aristocratic ways. I 'ave 'eard lords call 'im 'Richard,' an' 'e wus friendly with all the swells. But 'e wus very kind to me, dressin' me in silks an' lovely bonnets an' real pearls. An' 'e taught me nothin', tellin' the gentlemen when they noticed me, 'I wus a dear innocent child.'

"An' 'e forbid me to speak to them, for says 'e, 'If you utter a word, they will know from yer accent I 'ave married beneath me; but your teeth are the prettiest part of you, so just smile at 'em, an' they will think all the more of you.'

"It wus a 'appy life," continued the young wife, the hungry eyes growing wistful for a moment. "We went to Paris, an' Monte Carlo, an' Nice, an' I cannot tell you how many places. Louis was born at Marseilles, an' called after the patron saint. I came to England for Maurice's birth, an' there our troubles began.

"He furnished a room for me, an' left me with plenty of money for a nurse an' doctor, an' then 'e 'ad to go on one of 'is tours. Well, somehow, the money went. We did no 'arm with it; but after all the goin' about, an' seein' fine sights, 'ome was mighty dull. Richard 'ad forbidden me to associate with my family, so I picked up new friends, an' gave little parties, an' somehow the money went. I couldn't write, an' 'e sent me no more; so the end of it was, little Maurice was born in the workhouse.

"When Richard came back, 'e kicked up an awful shindy, an' wus for disownin' me there an' then. But we made it up, an' started again in another little 'ome. 'Ow-ever, 'e wus never quite the same. Jealous 'e 'ad allus been, now 'e wus sulky too; 'e watched me, an' that put my back up, so I played 'im a little trick.

"At one time 'e used to bring me, every time 'e came into the 'ouse, a present of sweets or fruit or toffee. He dropped that; but the small pleasures of life I could never do without, so, as 'e wouldn't give them to me, I got 'em myself.

"One night I took a powerful fancy for some tomatoes, an' bein' alone I slipped out and bought some. When I got back I went to my room, an' sat on my trunk in the dark chawin' 'em.

"When I wus about 'alf through, I 'eard 'im comin' upstairs. Richard liked tomatoes too.

"'No, my lord,' says I to myself; 'you shall 'ave none of these, not if I know it,' an' I up an' locks the door.

"Of course 'e wants to come in, an' of course I answers never a word, bein' too busy chawin' my tomatoes.

"'When I've done my tomatoes I'll let you in, an' not a moment before,' says I to myself, laughin' at 'is kickin' an' bellowin'. Then 'e began to abuse me awful, an' my laughin' gave way to anger. But I would not budge an inch.

"He swore I wus not alone, an' the tomatoes stuck in my throat.

"He said he would break the door open, and turn me into the street, an' I gobbled them ever so fast in my 'urry to answer 'im back.

"But I swore I'd not speak till the last 'ad gone, an' I listened, chokin' 'em down as 'e threatened to murder me an' my friend as soon as 'e got inside.

"The last tomato was just in my mouth when 'e smashed the door in, an' in the moonlight saw me sittin' on my trunk with an empty paper bag.

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"'E SMASHED THE DOOR IN."

"Then the devil seized me, an' I laughed 'im to scorn for misjudging me, an' I took the plate an' threw it at 'im, splittin' one side of 'is face open."

There was no Madonna about her face now; it was all tigress, and tigress only. She crouched down like an animal, as a yellow light shot from her eyes.

"Then he deserted me," she said after a pause, "and—that's the end."

"Perhaps he will return," suggested Mrs. Bonnor.

Poll shook her head. "A queer thing life is—a married pair, some tomatoes and a joke, then desertion or death, an'—heigh ho!"

She stretched out her arms and yawned.

. . . . . .

It is a lovely moonlight night, and only half-past eleven. The air is balmy as June, though May Day has but come and gone. Even over the feverish Strand a lull of hushed life has fallen, and a monotone of peace seems to vibrate with the gently rustling breeze. All but humanity seems calm with the calmness of a softly-breathing child.

But humanity in little clusters still throbs and pulsates with the strained sensations that go by the name of pleasure and amusement and joy. Glitter and glare in patches dull the moon's mild radiance; laughter and song drown the lullaby of the wind; and

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faces marred with passion, tainted with sin, blur the vision in its upward flight to the fleecy clouds and dome of steely blue.

On the pavement by a theatre stands a woman young and beautiful. A single glance reveals that the soul is in strange discordance with its body. The finely-chiselled features are in no harmony with the bold and roving eyes; the demureness of the contour accords not with the mutinous mouth which, slightly parted, seems ready to emit a snarl.

A man tall and swarthy, with traces of habitual dissipation, passes swiftly along, with the swaggering air of one who has mixed much with his superiors and tried to acquire their ways.

The moonlight falls full on the girl's face; he catches sight of it, and an exclamation is strangled in a sob. He hastens forward, and catches both her hands.

"Oh, Polly, has it come to this?" he cries, and there is the genuine ring of passion in his voice.

Wild and wayward as an untamed animal, she flings herself into his arms, panting and trembling with excitement. Ever a thing of emotion, Poll is swayed now with the delight of the meeting.

He draws her aside into a dark street, and tenderly smooths back the pretty waving hair.

"I ought never to have left you, child," he said in bitter self-reproach, and a scar down his right cheek stands out livid with the keenness of his pain.

"Never mind, Richard," she says, clinging closely to him. "Let us forget it all now. You have come back to me, have you not?"

"What did you do it for?" he asked, ignoring her question.

"I was hungry," she said simply, "and the children cried for bread."

He cursed below his breath as he drew her closer to him. The smell from a fried-fish shop near but intensified his agony.

"And I have only one shilling," he muttered savagely. "This is more than I can bear."

He was a man of deep feelings, too deep to be really good with the training given to such as he.

"Poll," he said sternly, "come with me, and listen to what I have to say. Since we parted I have had no luck. I meant to make a pile and seek you out. I failed all along the line, and in my desperation have done something for which the law will catch me if it can. I have only a shilling and my revolver. You shall not live that life, yet there is only one escape. I will shoot you, my wife, and then kill myself."

He clutched her arm so tightly it must have hurt; but she seemed unable to grasp the depth and force of his pain.

There was stillness between them for a while—a stillness fraught with anguish to the desperate goaded man. To her it but wafted towards them the fumes of cooking from the shop close by.

She broke the silence by saying—

"You have a shilling, Richard: let us spend it in—fried fish."

The revolver was not used that night, and the fried fish was eaten.

They separated: she to reform, he to evade the law. Reform was made easy to her by a series of apparent accidents. The visiting nurse of the district called on her in mistake for someone else, was attracted by the children, and hearing *her* tale, or *a* tale, induced a charitable lady to befriend them.

Arrears of rent were paid up, sewing was found for her, and the Madonna curves came out in stronger force. But with health of body a curious development took place in the girl's disordered mind. She had never had any inclination towards vice, but when thrown off her mental balance by trouble she resorted to it as the expedient that presented itself most naturally.

With every step, however, she took now to a higher life, a grudge against her husband increased, because she chose to consider that but for him her way would always have been along the path of virtue. He ought never to have left her, he ought to come back, but if he did she would spurn him as a tempter and one that drove her astray. Then these moods of a regenerate sinner alternated with wild frenzies of the old sweet love, and she would pace the room with bright and glittering eyes, wild with fear that he had gone for ever, and life must always be this dull monotony of cold colourless goodness.

The district visitor had never seen such a promising case, and mentioned her publicly on platforms. Poll was an abstainer, and a model of domestic virtue, devoted to her children, diligent at her work, tidy and cleanly in her home.

Further, she expressed loathing for the past vaguely, and read with attention the pamphlets for improvement lent her. But as she imbibed a taste for literature, she did not stop at pamphlets of improvement. Various excitements were now debarred her: she found their equivalent in tales and novels of a strong and debasing character.

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But this the district visitor did not know, as Poll let her lead the conversation and seldom initiated a remark. So Miss Grant encouraged a holy hatred of the husband, as one who had dragged her down; and Poll agreed, fanning her smouldering discontent, that he who should provide her with all worldly goods never so much as sent her a box of chocolate creams to show he was still alive.

But to balance Miss Grant and her righteous wrath was the fiery language of her yellow-backed books, which awoke in her the former flame of ardent panther-like attachment, which was all she was capable of.

One night her work was early done. Under cleanly coverlets lay her little ones; the grate was brightly blackleaded, the kettle sang on the glowing coals. By a small table, on which burned a lamp, Poll was seated reading a novel.

Her eyes were cast down, her mouth was in repose; never had she looked so Madonna-like as now. The forehead, undisfigured by a fringe, was smooth as alabaster and as fair. Demureness was in her attitude, chastened sorrow stamped the surface-countenance.

There was a knock at her door, but immersed in her story she failed to hear.

Someone pushed it slightly ajar and stood on the threshold. It was a man grizzled and deeply lined, though prosperity was denoted in his strong well-made clothes.

He was struck dumb with surprise, and surveyed the neatness and order of the tiny cellar home with a feeling akin to amazement. This amazement deepened on beholding his wife, so calm and sedate in demeanour, with a touch of something like dignity, which awoke a new feeling in his heart.

What he meant to say she never heard, for he could only realise his wife as he saw her in the present, and himself as he really was.

"Poll, may I come in?" he said humbly.

She looked up and then down again at her book.

"Please yourself," she answered coolly, "and you will please me."

He advanced a step farther into the room, and she saw he had a paper bag in his hand.

"Little one, shall I come in?" he asked again, with a touch of lover-like tenderness.

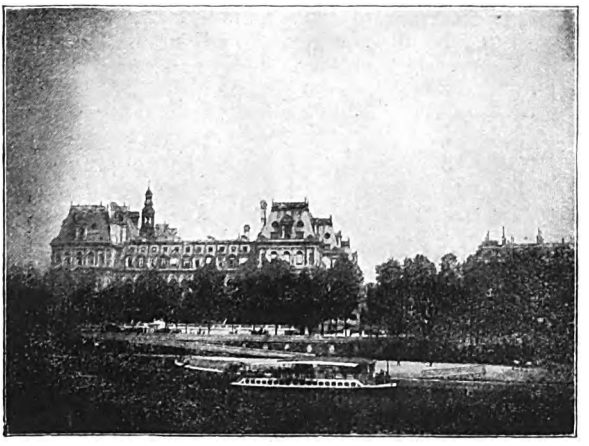
She raised her head and looked him full in the face, and he saw the old expression hovering round the lips.

"Please yourself, and you will please me," she repeated, but there was a touch of nonchalant coquetry this time in the tone.

He knelt down beside her, placing a bag of tomatoes on her lap, and he saw the well-remembered gleam flash into the great wild eyes.

"Wife, it would please me to come," he whispered, and an arm went round her waist.

"What pleases you pleases me," she returned, tremulously, as she placed one hand in his and laid the other on the rich ripe tomatoes.



A SNAP SHOT IN PARIS.

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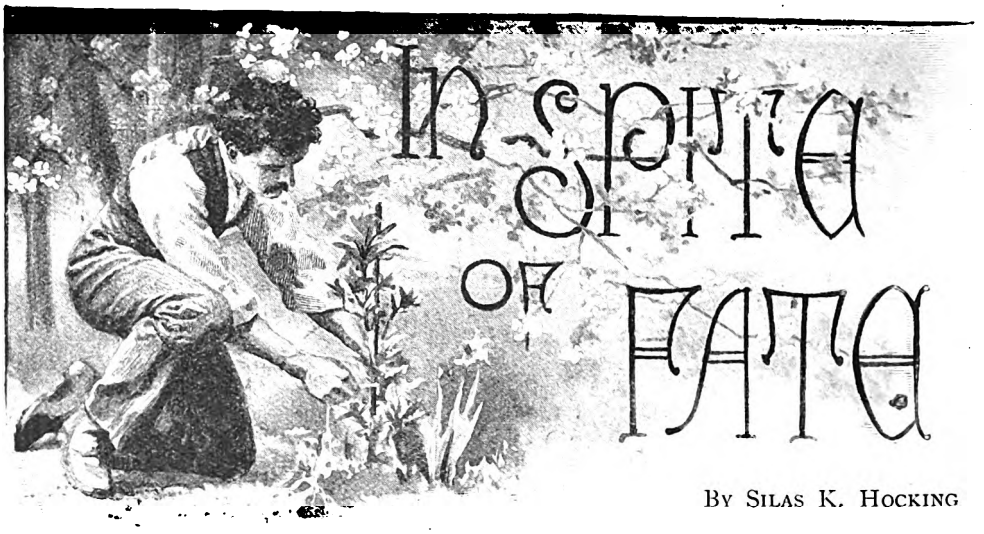

By Silas K. Hocking

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Amy Dean runs away from the house of her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth of Stamer, to marry Arthur Milward. After fifteen years of poverty she returns, a widow with two children, Jack and Eve, aged respectively seven and three. Crossing Pentarnum Moors, she is taken ill, and dies. Jack goes off to get succour, and is lost on the moors, and ultimately is picked up by some gipsies. Eve is found and adopted by a farmer and his wife, Jasper and Leah Downderry of Crantock. The mother's identity is not discovered, and she is buried in a pauper's grave. Jack spends eight years with the gipsies, and becomes a great admirer of a blue-eyed gipsy maiden called Pearl, who is to marry a gipsy prince when old enough. At sixteen Jack is led unwittingly into a burglary, but not before he has warned the Rev. John Treherne. He is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. After his release he discovers his sister, but resolves to win back his good name before making himself known to her. Relating his story to a young lawyer, Reginald Tremayne, and requesting him to find out, if possible, who his mother was, he sets out again to seek his fortune. Reaching Plymouth, he spends three days in searching for Pearl. Falling among thieves, he is robbed of his money, and half disposed to throw himself into the sea. Meanwhile, Reginald Tremayne, who had fallen in love with Eve, pursues his investigations, to the dismay of Isaac Pengarth. Jack meets with the Salvation Army. Is charmed with their singing "There is a green hill." Lives a hand-to-mouth existence till the New Year. Starts for Cornwall. Is overtaken by a snowstorm. Sleeps in his wet clothes. Gets rheumatic fever. Is taken to workhouse infirmary. Rev. John Treherne visits him. Later, sends his servant Nathan to inquire, who returns with the news that Jack is dead. Hearing which, Mr. Treherne writes to the papers the true story of the burglary.

Chapter XXV

Nathan's Mistake

I had no hand in this:
The pattern grew without my will.

A history of mistakes would form a deeply interesting and instructive volume. How often have they changed the history of the world, and sometimes changed it for the better! A thousand instances might be given where the most stupid mistakes have led to the greatest good fortune; where the thing grieved over to-day has been rejoiced over to-morrow; and where the false move, as it has been called, has led to brilliant success. Is there a providence in this?

Jack Milward won back his good name and had his character cleared from every shadow of reproach by the mistake of Nathan Blight, the vicar's coachman. It was not an unnatural mistake, perhaps, under the circumstances. The vicar had sent him to the workhouse with very brief instructions: he was simply to inquire how the young man was who was ill, and bring back word. Nathan listened with a scowl, and rode away in a very bad temper. His tarrying at the Denver Arms did not mend matters, and by the time he reached the workhouse his brain—sluggish at best—was in a condition that need not be described.

"I'm come," he said to the porter who opened the door, "from the vicar ov St. Denver. He wants to know 'ow that chap is as is ill. Will 'ee let me knaw quick, for it's cowld?"

The porter knew the vicar—knew that Peter Cobbledick was one of his parishioners, and had heard a whisper during the afternoon that the old man had had a third stroke.

"I believe it's all up wi' him," the porter answered; "but I'll go an' inquire, an' make sure."

"An' be quick about it, plaise," said Nathan.

In a few minutes the porter was back again.

"Ay, he's dead enough," he said in reply to Nathan's inquiring glance. "Tell the vicar as 'ow he was took worse d'rectly after he was here. An' he went out, the nurse says, like the snuff of a candle."

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"Humph!" Nathan grunted, and turned on his heel at once and made for home. It is doubtful whether his inquiries would have been more explicit had he been in a better humour, or his brain less under the influence of John Barleycorn.

The vicar's thoughts were so completely centred on Jack that he never once thought of Cobbledick, or considered for a moment the possibility of a mistake being made. So it came about that the letter was written to the newspapers, and all the country knew that the nameless lad who three years before had received such a heavy sentence for housebreaking was perfectly innocent of the crime.

The vicar rode over to the workhouse on the evening of the following day, his heart swelling with the resolve to give Jack decent and Christian burial in St. Denver Churchyard. His surprise on learning the true state of affairs must be left to the reader's imagination.

For several moments he stood stock-still, as if all power of speech and locomotion had been taken from him. The porter—who was not without some sense of humour—looked at him with an amused smile lighting up his face.

The vicar lifted his head at length. "Well," he said, "I'm—I'm—I'm—'m"—

"Blowed," suggested the porter.

Mr. Treherne looked at him severely.

"Beg yer pardon," said the porter, quailing before the glance.

Mr. Treherne walked past him and up the broad flight of stairs. In a few minutes he was standing by Jack's bedside, his face working in a way that was suggestive of both laughter and tears.

Jack greeted him with a smile, and held out his wasted hand, which the vicar grasped eagerly, and held it firmly between both his own.

"I can hardly trust myself to speak," he said at length, his lips trembling. "I've had such a surprise. Dear, dear! how can I explain it?" and he drew out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope?" Jack questioned.

"Oh dear no, the very reverse," was the quick reply. "Really, it is very funny, when I come to think of it;" and he drew up a chair and sat down.

Jack waited for him to continue, which he did after a lengthy pause; and when he had finished he handed Jack a copy of the evening paper, which he had brought with him. Jack read the printed letter with eyes that seemed to grow wider every moment, then laid it on the coverlet, and stared off into vacancy.

"Well?" the vicar questioned after a long interval of silence.

"I hope none of them will read it," he answered, without moving his eyes.

"You mean the gipsies?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't betray them."

"But I laid a trap for them. That they were not caught was not my fault."

"You are afraid of them still?"

"They never remain unavenged if they know it."

"They are not likely to read the papers," the vicar answered; "and if they see this, why, you see, it states that you are dead. So they'll trouble no further."

Jack's face brightened instantly. "Let the matter stand as it is," he said. "Jack the gipsy *is* dead. My old life is ended. Jack Lazarus is no more. I've come into my own name. Jack Milward is alive, and is going to get better."

"But," said the vicar in alarm, "shall I not be bound at an early date to explain that I have made a mistake? I see your point. But really, I must be careful not to compromise myself."

Jack looked troubled. "I see the difficulty," he said at length. "You must do what you think best. I should be sorry for you to compromise yourself in any way. I hope you won't compromise me. Now we'll talk about something else."

How the vicar got out of his difficulty was never quite clear. He did write some kind of correction to the newspapers; but if it appeared, very few people saw it, and those who saw were not much the wiser. It may be presumed that his communication was not good copy, and so in the majority of instances was consigned to the waste-paper basket. Anyhow, the vicar satisfied his conscience, and Jack crept slowly back to health and strength, feeling as though he had less connection than ever with the old life, and that—since the vicar evinced the deepest interest in him—the future held a better promise of success.

By the end of March he was installed as under-gardener at Penlogan. Sir George was just as anxious to give Jack a helping hand as the vicar was; and though the position was by no means a lucrative one—for there were many under-gardeners at Penlogan—it was at anyrate a start, and Jack was thankful for that. He was no longer at the mercy of

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every wind that blew. He had a fixed wage, and that in itself seemed almost a fortune. At first the work seemed terribly hard, and when night came he was so tired that he could hardly drag himself upstairs to bed; but as he came gradually to his strength this gave place to a feeling of ease and freedom and buoyancy that was most delightful.

Penlogan was beautifully situated not far from the sea, and surrounded by extensive plantations of larch and elm. A quiet and secluded bay came up almost close to the house, into which yachts and fishing-smacks often ran for shelter. The house was large and substantially built,—rather too much so for picturesque effect,—but within, it was comfortable in the extreme. The gardens were among the finest in the county. The prizes Sir George had won at horticultural shows made quite a formidable list.

It was fortunate for Jack that he entered upon his work in the early springtide. Nearly every day was a revelation to him. The constantly unfolding bud and blossom gave a new interest to life, and stimulated all that was best in his heart and brain. He had always loved the springtime. And, indeed, who does not? The lengthening days and the greening woods seem to bring a fresh promise of life. Jack entered into the spirit of the season with a zest and enthusiasm born of a new hope and a ripening purpose. He revelled in the fresh cool air of the morning, and the delicious fragrance of the dew-laden flowers. He watched the growth of grafts and shoots with an interest and delight begotten of genuine love, and nurtured the feeble and sickly plants with a care and solicitude that were almost touching. It seemed to him that he had got into a new world. He never dreamed till now of the almost boundless possibilities that lay in plants and flowers, of the endless varieties that could be produced by cultivation. This drove him to a study of books on botany and horticulture and kindred topics. Sir George in his way was something of a philanthropist, and had provided a free library and reading-room for the young men of the parish. Polduly was about a mile from Penlogan, a long straggling village inhabited mostly by fishermen and market-gardeners. The ground rents from Polduly formed a considerable item in Sir George's income, hence he felt in a measure bound to do the best he could to meet the social and intellectual needs of the place. It was a matter of regret to the baronet that the villagers did not appreciate his gift as much as he had expected. They had not come of a reading stock, and the taste for books had not yet been begotten in them. The young men speedily converted the reading-room into a smoke-room, and preferred spinning yarns themselves to poring over the printed page. To Jack, however, the library with its cosy reading-room proved a perfect godsend. It contributed more than anything else to the re-awakening of his intellectual life, and led to the formation of one or two lasting friendships.

The librarian — Richard Trethewey by name—a pale delicate-looking man, with a broad forehead and large dreamy eyes—attracted Jack's attention from the first. He was such a genuine enthusiast. He seemed to know every book in the big library, and to be acquainted with every subject under heaven. Jack would listen to his talk with a species of wonder; and to see him handle a book was a revelation in itself.

That he should be attracted to our hero was not surprising. Genuine students were few at Polduly. It was a daily grief to Richard Trethewey that the young men of the village cared so much about developing their muscles and so little about strengthening their intellects. How often he had recommended them to read certain books, and had gone to infinite trouble to map out for them a course of study, and it had all ended in failure. He could have cried sometimes when they returned volumes that had been as the bread of life to him, and declared that they could see nothing in them—that they wanted something less dry and prosy—something that would keep them awake in the evening. Richard would sigh, but say nothing. To call a book dry that dropped nectar on every page—to say that it was prosy when every line made music and warmed his blood like wine—seemed almost sacrilege, and if they had struck him he would not have felt it more, nor resented it so much.

So it fell out that, when Jack evinced genuine interest in books, Richard's heart warmed to him at once. He was not long in discovering Jack's intellectual tastes and the peculiar bent of his mind. He suggested a course of reading to him, and hunted up the most suitable books. Jack's quick insight was an astonishment to him, and the ease with which he mastered figures and details afforded him the most genuine delight.

Jack felt as though he had suddenly awaked after a long mental sleep, and was in danger of producing mental surfeit by the ravenous way he devoured all the volumes the librarian found for him.

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One evening soon after their acquaintance Richard invited Jack to his own home.

"We can talk better there than here," he said. "Besides, Tregonning may drop in; he does sometimes. He's a good fellow is Tregonning, and I'm sure you'll like him."

"I've not heard of him before, I think?" Jack said in a questioning tone.

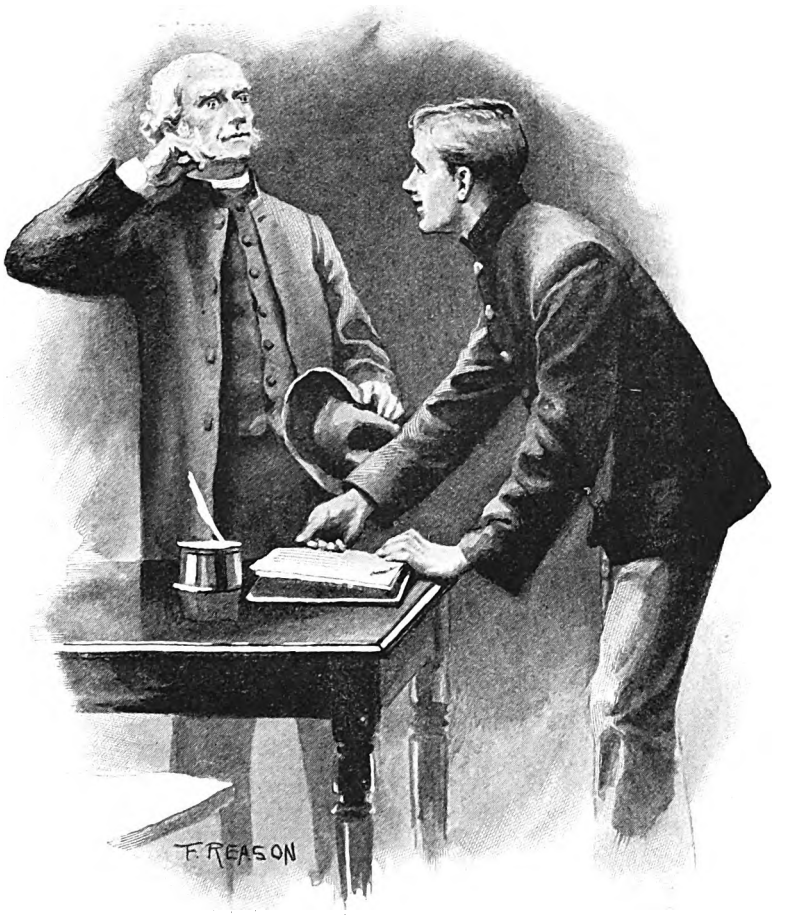
"Oh, he's the schoolmaster," was the reply. "A very able fellow. Completely buried in a place like this; but he's happy, and that, after all, is everything."

"Yes, I suppose that is so," Jack answered thoughtfully.

"He might win a very much better position if he were ambitious," Richard went on. "That is, he might get a very much bigger salary, and perhaps have less to do. But a big salary is nothing to a man who has very few wants, and who loves quiet, and hates being jostled in a crowd."

"Do you hate a crowd?" Jack asked.

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Tregonning and I are different in that respect. I am a little unreasonable, perhaps; but I would like a more strenuous life—mentally, I mean. I fear I pine sometimes for a place where the pulse of life beats more vigorously. Were you ever in London?"



"'WELL,' HE SAID, 'I'M—I'M'— 'BLOWED,' SUGGESTED THE PORTER."

"I believe I was born there, but I know nothing about it. I left when I was about seven."

"Ah, London is a world in itself. Many worlds—yes, many worlds. But there is one world of London I should like to see. Ah! to stand on the edge of it for an hour would be worth a lifetime. Did you ever hear of Grub Street?"

"No."

"A mere nickname, I expect. But oh, how full of suggestion! The mere mention of it makes me creep all down the spine. You've heard of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith?"

"No."

"Ah, then, you cannot sympathise with me. But some day you will, if you go on reading at the present rate."

"I shall never read a hundredth part of what you've read. I haven't the time."

"But you have the taste, and that's everything. Ah, I've lived on books; they've been my meat and drink. But to see the people who write them, to rub shoulders with them, to hear them talk"—

"They are just like other folk, I expect," Jack answered.

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"Outwardly, yes. But—but—oh, I cannot put into words what I feel. When I read of their great literary gatherings, their club life, their fraternals—when I think of an assembly composed of poets and painters and novelists and historians, my brain swims almost. To mingle one evening with such a crowd would be worth a lifetime. But such a vision is not for me—not for me."

Jack looked up into the librarian's pale face, and was silent; he did not understand such hero-worship, such enthusiasm for literature. Fortunately, they had reached by this time the humble cottage in which Richard resided, and so he was not called upon for any further reply.

"You see I live quite alone," Richard said as he bustled about to get ready his evening meal.

"I thought you were married," Jack said, sitting down on a rickety sofa.

"No, not yet," Richard answered, with a slight blush. "Not yet."

He always spoke of marriage in that way, and had done so for the best part of twenty years. Richard was no woman-hater. On the contrary, he loved them all so much, and with such genuine reverence, that he had no special love for any one in particular. Nevertheless, he had no idea of remaining a bachelor all his days. Some day, he had no doubt, a heavenly vision would be vouchsafed to him—a vision of a face that would captivate his heart and set all his nerves to music. How—when that time came—he would be able to summon up sufficient courage to propose was a question that caused him a considerable amount of anxiety; for he was not a vain man, and was haunted by the fear that he was not the kind of man that women like.

A little later in the evening Tregonning arrived. Jack had expected another pale-faced enthusiast, and so was agreeably surprised when the schoolmaster turned out to be a jolly, not to say boisterous, individual, with a big hearty laugh and a free rollicking manner that was distinctly contagious. A greater contrast than these two men could not be well imagined; perhaps for that reason they were so fond of each other.

Tregonning worshipped books almost as much as Trethewey did, but he cared nothing about those who wrote them. Ideas were everything to him, but he never concerned himself about whose brain evolved them.

The trio remained talking till nearly midnight. To be strictly accurate, the schoolmaster and librarian did nearly all the talking. Jack was quite content to listen. He felt as though he had got into a new world—a world that offered possibilities of endless pleasure and delight.

That evening was an epoch in Jack's history. He received not only fresh ideas, but a fresh impulse. It was another turning-point. His education was progressing very slowly, but fortunately it was advancing in the right direction.

CHAPTER XXVI

A SURPRISE

Our speech is froth. The words that live
Are those we write in deeds.

OUTWARDLY Sir George appeared to take no notice of his new hand; in reality he was greatly interested in him. There were certain elements in Jack's character that he felt were worth watching, perhaps worth developing. True, he was suspicious of the gipsy influence and taint; but on the other hand he was more than pleased with a certain definite tone of sincerity that ran through all he said and did.

He discovered early that Jack had "work in him," as the head gardener put it. He could never be accused of being lazy. Not that he loved hard work more than other young fellows of his age, but he loved meanness less. Moreover, a sense of gratitude impelled him to do his best. He could not help feeling that Sir George had very largely engaged him out of charity. He knew nothing about gardening when he began his work; he had everything to learn. For the first few weeks he was more of a hindrance than a help; hence it would not only be mean but ungrateful if he in any way attempted to shirk his duty.

By nature Jack was quick to learn; he had proved that in his old gipsy days. There were few things he attempted that he did not master in the end. Taking trouble was very much less painful to him than to have to confess to failure; hence he rarely undertook anything that he did not succeed in accomplishing.

Before he had been at Penlogan a month all his old brightness and alertness returned. The apathy and incertitude born of his prison treatment slipped from him like a mantle. He entertained his mates during the dinner-hour by sleight-of-hand tricks and gymnastic feats, which he had learned in the old days

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when Lockett and Bradley and Lazarus were his teachers. His conjuring performances were a source of endless amusement to the rustics with whom he worked, and had he lived twenty years earlier would have been ascribed to satanic agency. As it was, some of the older men shook their heads dubiously, and were only convinced that he had not dealings with the devil when he let them into the secret and showed them how the tricks were done.

At Polduly fair—which is always held during the second week in May—Jack created quite a sensation. A certain "Professor Vulcan," as he called himself, astonished and mystified the natives night after night by performing a number of stock conjuring tricks, which he said were accomplished through the agency of disembodied spirits. Jack went evening after evening, and watched the whole business with great attention; and on the last night of the show he accepted the Professor's noisy challenge, and performed the whole set of tricks, and showed the spectators how they were done. The face of the Professor was a study during the performance, and his sudden and humiliating collapse is laughed over in Polduly to this day.

These little performances, however, only served as pastime. The best part of his leisure he gave to serious study. For this purpose he gave up his lodgings with one of the gardeners, and joined Richard Trethewey in keeping house.

Sir George Treherne smiled when he heard of the change. "The young fellow intends making a man of himself," he reflected. "He shows his bent clearly enough, and, given a fair chance, he will succeed."

The months that followed were a delightfully happy time to Jack. Every day after half-past four he was his own master, and he could get away at once to his favourite books and studies. Tregonning and Trethewey, who were both painstaking students, were always at hand to help him. And to help such a pupil was a positive delight to them. He was like a young enthusiast climbing his first mountain; his constant cry was "Higher." He would have given himself no time for rest or recuperation had they not held him in check. Richard would sometimes lock up his books, and insist upon a ramble or a game of dominoes.

That Jack's progress was rapid was not to be wondered at. He came to his studies in the plenitude of his power. He was not like an unwilling schoolboy, with cramped and aching fingers, struggling painfully with pothooks and figures. He had a glimpse of the end from the beginning. He apprehended the meaning and purpose of all the preliminary toil. And so he learned as much in three months as the average schoolboy learns in three years.

Richard treated him as a younger brother, and loved him partly because he loved books, and partly because he was so totally unlike himself. Jack's robustness, his healthy hilarity, his strength of limb, his freedom from mawkishness, attracted the pale librarian irresistibly. Richard himself was inclined to be pensive and morbid and dull, and Jack acted upon him like a tonic. His smile was brighter when Jack was about, and sometimes he was heard to laugh quite boisterously. So the days passed on, and grew into weeks and months. Spring lost itself in glorious summer, and summer faded into autumn, and autumn into winter, and winter gave place to spring once more, and then something happened—several things happened, in fact—which must be recorded in their proper order.

It was the anniversary of Jack's coming to Penlogan. He went whistling to his work in the happiest frame of mind. The year had been one of great satisfaction to him. He hardly felt the same individual. He was no longer cowed and depressed and downtrodden. He was free and self-reliant and full of hope. He walked with a buoyant step, and an air of conscious strength that there was no mistaking. His future might still be uncertain, his early dreams might never come true; but at least he was no longer a disgrace to his sister Eve; and possibly he might yet be able to find Pearl, and steal her from the prince, and make a little home for her such as she would love and had longed for all her life. It is true this was but a vague and shadowy hope. He had not seen Pearl for more than four years now, and, there is no use denying the fact, her image was slowly fading from his memory. A lad's love may be very beautiful and very true; but generally, like the burnished gold of dawn, it fades before the white light of the day. Now and then he saw her in his dreams just as she used to be, with cheeks of alabaster, and wealth of flaxen hair streaming in the wind, and eyes of blue that vied with the dome of heaven. But in his waking hours he knew full well that if he ever found her again she would be very different from the picture he carried in his brain. "She will be nearly sixteen," he would say to himself, "and a girl of sixteen is

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almost a woman. Perhaps I shall never see her again. Perhaps it is best I never should."

He was not thinking of Pearl, however, on the morning in question. He was not thinking of anything in particular. The morning was lovely, the air was fresh and cool, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and over all there was that indefinable something which spoke of the coming of the spring.

The head gardener met him at the gate. "Sir George wants to see you," he said. "He has left word that you must go up to the house at once."

This was a message so unusual that it almost staggered Jack for a moment. "Sir George wants to see *me*?" he said, speaking more to himself than to the gardener.

"That's what he says," was the reply, "so you'd better be off at once. You've not been getting into trouble, I hope?"

"I hope not," Jack said, looking grave, and feeling as though his bright hopes were going suddenly out in darkness.

"Well, anyhow, you'll gain nothing by loitering," said the gardener; and Jack instantly turned round and walked away toward the house.

"Was his evil fortune about to return to him again?" he wondered. "Had he done something that had displeased Sir George? Was the baronet angry that he sometimes practised his old juggling tricks for the entertainment of the villagers? Or had he failed to make sufficient progress with his work as a gardener?"

He racked his brain all the way to the house, but he could think of nothing that he had done that was likely to make his employer angry.

The servant who answered the door bell ushered him at once into a small library or office. To Jack it seemed a palatial room. A thick Turkey carpet lay on the floor; handsome bookcases of carved oak covered most of the wall space; the chairs and couch were upholstered in a rich brown morocco; whilst the writing-table was the most elaborate piece of furniture Jack had ever seen. He had no time, however, to examine anything in detail. The servant had scarcely left when the door opened again and Sir George himself entered. One glance at his face and Jack felt reassured. He did not look at all angry; on the contrary, he might have heard news that had pleased him very much.

"Won't you take a seat?" he said to Jack, pointing to a chair, and seating himself at the same time at his writing-table.

Jack sat down on the edge of the nearest chair, feeling very uncomfortable and ill-at-ease.

Sir George drew towards him a scribbling diary and began to con some of the entries. Jack watched him eagerly and with a fast-beating heart. And yet an element of curiosity was mixed with his anxiety. There was something in Sir George's face that reminded him of another face. But where? Ah! that was what he could not remember. He had only seen Sir George once before with his hat off, and that was at his trial more than four years before, and the same question had haunted him then. It was tantalising to be reminded of something and yet not be able to discover what. But there was no help for it. Whatever the secret might be, it eluded him.

"I find it is just a year since you came to Penlogan," Sir George began, without looking up from his diary.

"Yes, sir," Jack answered in a half whisper.

"And during that time it seems you have been trying to improve your mind as well as your estate?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Tregonning and Richard Trethewey have been very kind to me. But I hope I have not neglected my work in any way."

"No, I think not. At least I have heard no complaints; and Tregonning tells me you have made quite remarkable progress with your studies."

Jack blushed and felt still more uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid I've had everything to learn," he said hesitatingly.

"That may be an advantage," the baronet said, looking up with a smile.

"I don't know, sir. It's not easy to catch up the years that have been lost."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not. But you've evidently been trying your best, and I like that. Tregonning tells me you're good at figures, and have quite a remarkable gift for detail. Forgive me mentioning these things, but you will see I am interested in you, and have been making inquiries."

"You are very kind," Jack said, much wondering what all this was leading to.

"When I gave the library and reading-room at Polduly," Sir George went on, "my object was to give young men of talent and ability a chance of getting on—a chance they were not likely to get without such an institution. I must say that, so far, my hopes have not been realised. Intellectual distinction is not an ambition of the Polduly

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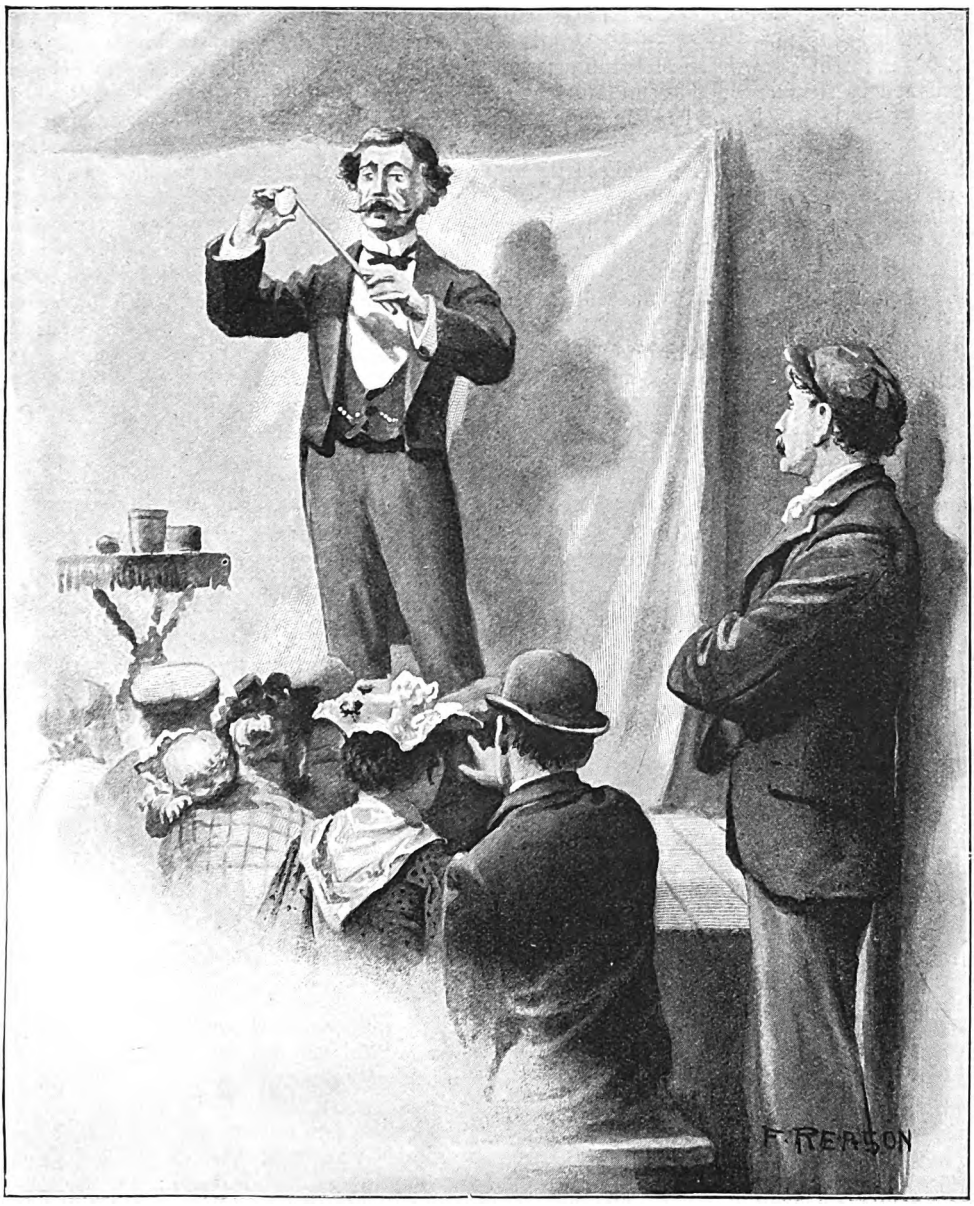

"JACK WATCHED THE WHOLE BUSINESS WITH GREAT ATTENTION."

young men. I believe, upon my honour, they would rather win a football match than a university scholarship."

"I suppose, sir, most young men, when their day's work is done, want a little recreation," Jack replied.

"No doubt that is so. Moreover, I'm a great lover myself of our old English sports. Nevertheless, it's a great mistake for any young man to let all his energy run to muscle. But I sent for you this morning to talk of other matters. My steward, Mr. Teague, is getting old, and he wants an assistant, and I have decided to offer the post to you. The salary will be more than double what you are getting at present, and to one of your nature and habits the work, I judge, will be far more agreeable. At first you will be necessarily a good deal in the office. But you will soon get into the way of it, no doubt,

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and in time—well, we none of us can tell what time will bring forth.'

For a moment or two Jack felt too utterly astonished to speak. Such a sudden stroke of good fortune was beyond all he had ever hoped or dreamed.

"I am afraid, sir," he stammered at length, "that I am quite unfit for the post."

"You will have everything to learn, it is true," Sir George answered; "but there is nothing to alarm you in that. Mr. Teague will take all responsibility, and you will work under his direction."

"And if I fail, sir, will you let me go back again to the gardening?" Jack asked, with an eager look in his eyes.

Sir George laughed good-humouredly. "Yes," he said, "*if* you fail, I'll take you on again as a gardener; but I don't think you will fail."

"And when shall I begin, sir?"

"Oh, you'd better begin at once. There's nothing to wait for that I know of, and the sooner you start the sooner you will get into the way of it."

Jack rose from his chair, looking very white and nervous, but with such a light of hope shining in his eyes as had not been seen there for many a day.

"Perhaps you will be able to dispose of your corduroys to one of the gardeners," Sir George said, a little hesitatingly. "Mr. Teague is somewhat particular about appearances."

"I understand," Jack said, with a blush.

"He will be expecting you about noon," Sir George continued, rising and opening the door. "I hope you will enjoy the change. I think you will. Good-morning."

Jack walked out into the open air and into the spring sunshine, feeling as though he had got into a new world. Everything seemed possible to him now.

"I'll go back to Eve the first holiday I get," he said to himself; "she'll not be ashamed of me now. And when I return the three sovereigns to Mr. Downderry I fancy the dear old man will smile."

Jack felt that he would like to take a journey to Stamer at once. He wanted to share his joy with his sister, and let Jasper Downderry know that he was not hopelessly lost although he had spent three years in jail.

Richard Trethewey actually shed tears when he heard of Jack's good fortune, and was just as pleased as if his own salary had been doubled.

"We'll be able to keep a servant now," Jack said. "Some decent old soul, who will be able to darn our stockings and keep the buttons on our shirts, as well as cook our victuals."

"Ah, Jack," said Richard pathetically, "you will become a great man some day, and go to London perhaps, and mix with those people who write books and paint pictures and edit the newspapers. Oh dear, what a time you will have!"

"Wait till the chickens are hatched before you begin to count them," Jack said, with a laugh. "But if I go to London, Richard, you shall go too."

Richard's pale face glowed. "Ah!" he said, with a little gasp, "if I could once walk up Fleet Street, and see with my own eyes"—

"And be disillusioned—?" Jack interposed.

"Ah, you are clever, Jack; but you lack imagination."

"And you are rather overdone with it," was the good-humoured reply.

So Jack went into Mr. Teague's office, and wore his Sunday clothes on week-days, and was spoken of as "the under steward," and was regarded as a young man of considerable cleverness and importance. The work, it is true, was what any third-rate clerk could do, and the salary was only eighty pounds a year. But then wealth and position are relative. In the eyes of the Polduly folk Jack became a gentleman at once, and stood on a level with the schoolmaster and curate. Indeed they were not certain that he did not occupy a higher niche; for Mr. Teague was getting old, and some day Jack might have the management of the Penlogan estates entirely in his own hands; and that meant a great deal to the Polduly folk, for the steward was almost more important than Sir George himself.

Jack quickly settled down to his new position. The work was not at all difficult. Copying letters, and filling in the blanks in printed agreement forms, and keeping some very simple accounts, did not tax him greatly either mentally or physically; and when evening came he was always fresh for his studies under the direction of Richard or Tregonning.

So two months passed away, and then he awoke to a truth that almost made his blood curdle, and changed for the moment the whole current of his life.

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CHAPTER XXVII

A PAGE OF HISTORY

You ask me whence I came.
Ask me rather: "Whither bound?"

IT came about in this way. Jack had been eight weeks in Mr. Teague's office, and had quite won the heart of his chief. Jack was a good listener, and Mr. Teague was garrulous. Moreover, Mr. Teague soon discovered that Jack was profoundly ignorant of the history of the Treherne family, and so—as in duty bound—set to work to enlighten him. Jack, it must be confessed, was not deeply interested. He had great admiration for Sir George, and for his uncle the vicar; but for the long line of dead Trehernes whose bones mouldered in Polduly and St. Denver churchyards he had no reverence whatever. Some of them, no doubt, had been very important people in their day; and some of them, according to Mr. Teague's showing, had lived much longer than they deserved. But, good or bad, it was not a matter that concerned him. He was too unsophisticated to care whether a man's ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or whether they were in the country before that ruffian was heard of.

But when Mr. Teague came to talk of present-day matters, Jack grew interested at once. Several times the old man had alluded casually to the sad and mysterious way in which Sir George had been left childless, and had seemed to assume that Jack knew all about it; so one day Jack pulled him up.

"You credit me with knowing much more than I do," he said. "What was the mystery connected with the death of Sir George's heir?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" the old man asked in surprise.

"I know nothing," Jack answered.

"Well, well, that is strange; but I am forgetting you are not a native. And then, of course, people have given up talking about the matter. Of course, of course! People cannot go on talking everlastingly about the same thing, though at the time folks could talk of nothing else."

"Well, what was it all about?" Jack asked.

"I don't think I'm good at making a long story short," Mr. Teague said, with a smile; "but I'll try. You see, I'm getting old, and apt to rush off at a tangent, and sometimes I get away so far that I forget what I was driving at. Let me see: where was I?"

"You were going to tell me"—

"Why, of course I was. It's really a stupid habit I've got into. I remember once starting to tell Sir George of a certain circumstance that happened in Bodmin when I was a boy, and, believe me, in the middle of the story I got started off on another tack, and to this day I've never told Sir George the end of that story."

"That's unfortunate," Jack said, with a smile.

"Oh, I don't know. It's a story that will keep. But to come back to what I was talking about: Sir George, you see, had set his heart upon a son, and some people say it's a judgment on him for grumbling at what God sends."

"What's a judgment?" Jack asked.

"I'm coming to that directly. You must know they'd been married five years when the little maid was born. Sir George was on the Bench at the time trying a gipsy who had been caught poaching, and when they brought him word that the baby was a little girl he got terribly angry, so it is said, and inflicted twice as severe a sentence on the gipsy as he ought to have done."

"That was very wrong," Jack said.

"Of course it was; and some people think he owes all his troubles to it. I believe he thinks so himself."

"In which way?"

"Well, when the little maid was less than two years old, she suddenly disappeared, and there's never been any certain trace of her from that day to this."

"Disappeared?" Jack questioned. "She didn't die, then?"

"That's more than anyone knows for an absolute certainty. Sir George and his lady were away at the time, and were sent for post-haste. When they got home the whole house was in confusion, and the servants appeared to be completely off their heads. It seems they had been having a little picnic on the headland, and had remained there till it had grown quite dusk. The baby was with them, and was trotting all about the place. When they got home, however, little Pauline was nowhere to be found. The nurse declared that she left her in charge of one of the housemaids. This was denied by the housemaid in question, who said that the cook was looking after the baby when last she saw her. The cook admitted that the baby was with her part of the time, but that she left her long before it grew dusk to go to nurse. On the way home, it would seem, no one troubled about the baby. Each one thought she was in the care of one of the

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others. To make matters worse, the nurse, who had been just a little strange for some considerable time, went off her head completely, and had to be sent to the lunatic asylum—where, I believe, she remains to this day. Of course search was made everywhere, but without result. Some people think she strayed to the edge of the cliff and fell over, and that her body was carried out by the tide, or else that it got entangled in the seaweed, and so was never brought to light. Others think she may have slipped into one of the huge rabbit-burrows with which the headland is honeycombed, and so found death and burial a foot or two from the surface; while others, again, believe that the nurse, who was no doubt more or less demented at the time, made away with her, which she might easily do in such a place. Sir George, however, favours none of these theories. He still persists in the belief that the child was stolen—perhaps murdered—by the gipsies."

"Why should he think that?" Jack asked quickly.

"Well, you see, he had been very hard on them,—too hard, no doubt,—and they had vowed vengeance on him more than once. For my own part, I think Sir George is entirely in the wrong; but he still persists in his belief in spite of everything."

"But has he any special reason for thinking as he does?" Jack asked.

"I should not call them 'special' reasons," Mr. Teague answered. "Of course there is the fact that the child's body was never found. It is true, a child's body—much decomposed—was washed up by the tide about six months later, and some people think it was the body of Sir George's little maid; but the baronet would not have it. I don't know if birth-marks disappear when decomposition sets in. At anyrate, the body washed up by the tide was without such mark, and that, to Sir George and Lady Treherne also, was conclusive evidence that the child was not theirs."

"What was the mark like?" Jack asked, with a curious thrill in his voice; for he had grown deeply interested in the story, without exactly knowing why.

"I believe it was just like a bunch of black grapes—Sir George knows the number of them—on the left arm, between the shoulder and the elbow. If she should ever be found, there will be no mistaking her identity."

"And does Sir George cherish the hope of finding her yet?"

"I hardly know what he hopes for. I believe some old hag who once came to his door made him very uncomfortable by pretending to tell his fortune, in which she threw out some vague hints respecting the missing child, and the possibility of her turning up again in a way and manner that would make him curse the day he had ever been born."

"But surely Sir George would not attach any importance to what an old woman might say."

"I can't tell. I am sure it would be a great relief to him if he knew for a certainty that the child was dead."

"Why?"

"Why? Surely you must see what room for complications exists if she should happen to be living."

"I'm afraid I don't."

"You don't? Well, let me help you. Suppose she should be alive—an ignorant country wench, a half-civilised gipsy—?"

"Time and schooling would rectify that," he answered, thinking of his own struggles in that direction.

"Yes, if he found her now. But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that she was stolen by the gipsies, and that she is living amongst them now,—mind you, I don't accept such a theory for a moment,—but for argument's sake we will assume that it is so."

"Well?" Jack questioned eagerly.

"Well, suppose in a year or two she should marry a gipsy, and then turn up with her gipsy husband and claim her rights. Don't you see— Good heavens! what's the matter with you?"

Jack had leaped to his feet as though he had been shot. His face was whiter than the dead, and he was trembling in every limb.

"Can't you answer me?" said Mr. Teague in alarm. "Why do you stand staring and shaking in that way?"

"Please excuse me!" Jack gasped at length. "Would you mind opening the door and letting me get into the open air?"

Mr. Teague opened the door at once, and Jack rushed out into the road. Leaping over a stile, he struck out across the fields in the direction of the cliffs. His excitement was so great that to remain in one place was an impossibility.

He saw everything now. His memory, which had been like a clouded mirror, became suddenly clear. Hints, half-truths, suggestions, which for years had danced on his

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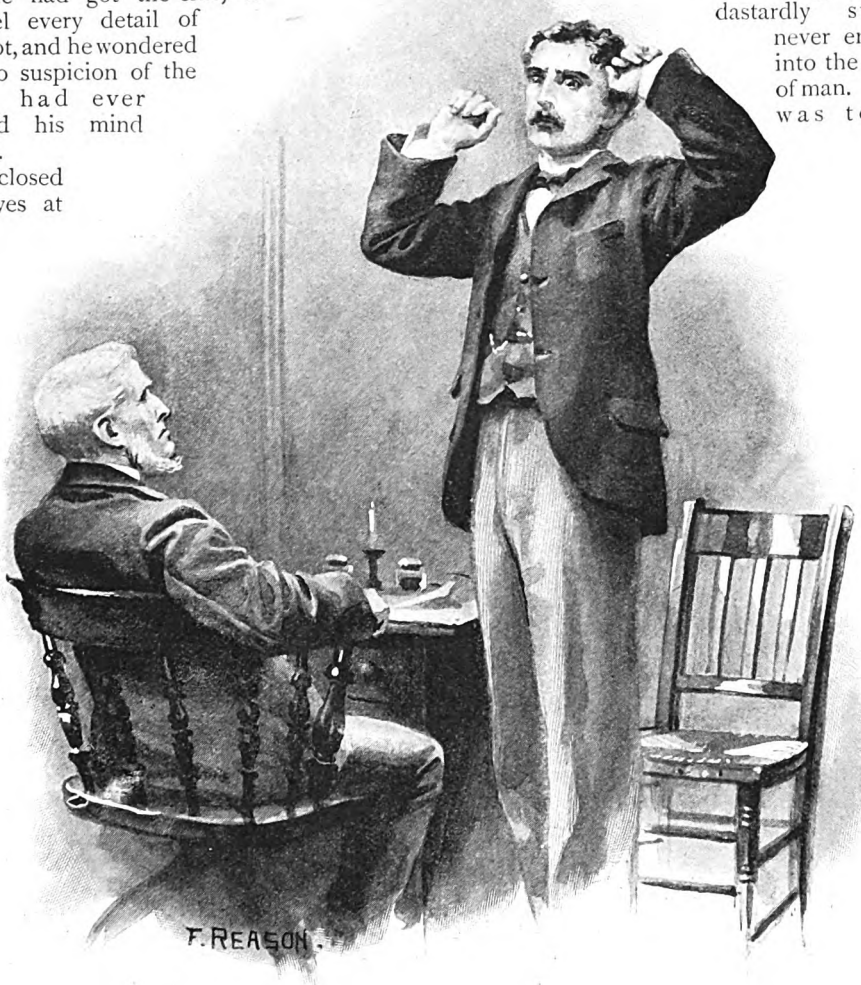
mental horizon like moths in a sunbeam, without meaning or order or sequence, fell into shape as before a magician's wand. Things long forgotten, conversations to which he had listened, all came back to him fresh as the events of the previous day.

When he reached the cliffs he threw himself on the grass and tried to think calmly and consecutively. It was easy enough, now he had got the clue, to unravel every detail of the plot, and he wondered that no suspicion of the truth had ever crossed his mind before.

He closed his eyes at his long captivity rejoicing in a bride with skin so fair and eyes blue as heaven itself." He understood now what the "torture worse than death" meant--understood why Pearl was unlike all the gipsy tribe, and why she was treated with so much consideration, and watched over with so much solicitude. A plot more fiendishly wicked and cruel he could not imagine. A revenge more dastardly surely never entered into the heart of man. Pearl was to be



"JACK HAD LEAPED TO HIS FEET AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN SHOT."

length, and memory gathered up every detail of the conversation between Banfylde and Lazarus which he had overheard so many years before. He understood now what Banfylde meant when he spoke of "a daughter of the house of Treherne becoming the mother of gipsies," and of "Bill after made the wife of Banfylde's convict son, and when the marriage had been consummated, perhaps children born, Sir George was to be allowed to discover his long-lost daughter. That, to the proud baronet who boasted of his long and illustrious descent, would be torture indeed a thousand times worse than death.

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Jack started to his feet at length with set lips and a white face. "I must stop it somehow, though it may mean death to me;" and his eyes went wandering out over the great shining sea.

He felt as though it would mean death to him, in any case. If he succeeded in restoring Pearl to her father, it would put an end to his own hopes, and blot out for ever the one sweet dream of his life. Pearl the gipsy maid he might hope to win in spite of all the machinations of the Banfyldes; but Pearl the daughter of Sir George Treherne would be as much out of his reach as the farthest star.

Then something whispered in his ear, "Keep the secret to yourself. Win her as a gipsy and marry her, and only let the secret out when the knot has been safely tied. You would be a more satisfactory son-in-law to Sir George Treherne than Will Banfylde."

Jack trembled as though a storm had shaken him. Such a temptation had never assailed him before. The alternative grew more terrible and forbidding the longer he looked at it. On the one hand was fortune, and Pearl for his own. On the other hand was the loss of everything — not only of Pearl, but most likely of life itself; for if he restored Pearl to her father, and cheated the Banfyldes out of their revenge, they would hunt him down without mercy, and never tire till they had compassed his death. Of course there was one other alternative. He could take no action at all. Why not let matters drift and take their chance? He was not called upon to meddle in other people's affairs.

But he quickly put that thought from him. "I'm bound to do something," he said to himself; "inaction would be the hardest thing of all;" and he thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered away down a cliff path toward the bay. A boat was rocking idly at anchor not a hundred yards from the shore, and in the boat three fishermen were seated mending their fishing-net; and while they plied their shuttles they sang as Cornish fishermen usually do. As Jack descended lower under the shadow of the cliff, he caught the words that floated slowly and musically out over the shimmering water and up the jagged face of the rocks.

Jack paused suddenly and listened, and while he did so a mist came up before his eyes.

> Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
> And we must love Him too;
> And trust in His redeeming blood,
> And try His works to do.

The last line was repeated two or three times as a kind of refrain, and then the plaintive melody died away into silence.

Jack waited a few minutes longer, then turned and retraced his steps. He was never quite certain if that little hymn alone decided him, or if other influences were at work of which he was not conscious. He only knew that at last his duty was quite clear. All the way back to the office the words kept ringing in his ears, "And try *His* works to do."

He could not escape them. He did not try. It was a great relief to be able to get back to what he felt was a voice of Authority. *His* works, *His* will: to know what they were and to obey, that would be better than following any selfish desire of his own.

When he got back to the office he opened his heart to Mr. Teague. The old man listened aghast. The story seemed more like a page out of some romance than a chapter in real life.

"Now, what are we to do? What am I to do?" Jack asked when he had finished his story.

"You are certain of your facts?" Mr. Teague questioned.

"As certain as I can be."

"You never saw her arm?"

"No."

"Everything hinges on that, you see."

"Yes, I understand."

"I think we'd better say nothing to Sir George yet. Let's be certain first. Yes, let's be certain. If we should let him into the secret and it came to nothing, it would kill him. No, we must act cautiously."

"I shall be glad to do what you think best," Jack answered.

"Then to-morrow you must go in search of her. I'll supply you with all the money you will require. Find her you must; and when you have found her, get to know if she has the mark. If she has,—why, she must know the truth. You are clear-headed enough to find some method of getting her safely away. I don't think it will be well to set the law in operation. The law is clumsy and slow. Moreover, we can't prove that they kidnapped the child. You understand?"

Jack nodded his head.

"That is well. Now you can go home for the rest of the day; you will do no good here."

The next morning Jack took the first train to Plymouth, feeling that he had reached at last the greatest crisis in his life.

(*To be continued.*)

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"IT LOOKS LIKE JAM ON THE HANDLE."

By G. B. Burgin

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are "Hout, sir. Call agen."

I suppose that I must be growing old and lazy, for I do not seem to like interviewing as much as I did some years ago. Then it was a wonderful thing, the open-sesame to that great literary world which is the only world for anyone who is bitten with a desire to write. And this same despised interviewing, although it cost me many pangs, until I became case-hardened, also brought me dear friends. Imagine the feelings of a youngster who has read a great man's book, and is told that he may interview the great man, breathe the same air with him, meet him in the flesh and not as an abstraction; that the great man has actually consented to the operation, and does not seem to mind it. Why, it is the opening of a new world, the placing one's foot on the threshold of an earthly paradise. He is to come in contact with the great writers who have swayed the universe, to sit and listen to them until a corner of their mantle descends to hide his own literary nakedness. When he gets more used to the work, however, his chief anxiety is to make a good interview.

At that time the only author I knew was Jerome K. Jerome, who was then beginning to write for *Home Chimes*. Occasionally we met at a restaurant, and he introduced me to other men. I wanted to know more authors, and one night as I sat in my den gloomily calculating the amount I had spent during the last month for postage on MSS. which, like curses, always came home to roost, I received a telegram from a certain editor, "Come at once. Important." I went, and he condescended to see me. "What do you want?" I asked. "I've brought a novel, some verses, and a leading art—"

"Put all that trash in the fire." He said "trash" although he hadn't read them. How could he have known the truth without looking at my bundle?

I pocketed the affront, and my papers, and tried to listen indifferently.

"I'm starting a paper, and want a series of authors at home—interviews. Gosse will be at home the day after to-morrow. Try him."

"But"—

"Yes or no?"

"Ye-es."

"Good-night."

It was a foggy night, but London seemed the most beautiful, the most entrancing city in the world. "Gosse" lived in it, and was predestined to be my victim. I was sorry for Gosse, but knew that everything must have a beginning.

Mr. Gosse was an old hand at the business, and took compassion upon my inexperience. I began with a poetic description of his doorstep, waxed passionate over the hall mat, and finally worked my way up to the garrets. This was too good an opportunity for *The*

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National Observer to lose. It parodied my interview, and I hid myself until I was summoned to attack Jerome K. Jerome. One trait we had in common was that in our hot youth we had both written to that saintly soul, Henry W. Longfellow. Here is the poet's reply to Jerome K. Jerome:—

"CAMBRIDGE, U.S., *July 22nd*, 1879.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Your letter has given me much pleasure. I am happy to know that any words of mine have strengthened and encouraged you.—With my best wishes for your happiness and success in life, I am, yours very truly,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

My work was not parodied again, and I received a command to go to Teddington and interview the author of *Lorna Doone*. This reminds me how a friend of mine, who had been waiting for years to meet Blackmore, missed his chance. He called one Sunday evening, was very hospitably received, and was just getting into his stride when he heard the church bells ring for evening service. "I think you'd better go to church," suggested Blackmore; and he went.

When I reached Teddington, Mr. Blackmore came in from his garden and hurriedly protested that he did not want to be interviewed. I pleaded very hard, but he was inexorable. Then we fell to chatting, and I heard how a lady interviewer, "a fearsome thing in skirts," had come to interview the author. By mistake, she took the wrong turning, caught the local clergyman, who was also gardening, interviewed him under the impression that he was Mr. Blackmore, and rushed back to town with a vivid account of the great man. Mr. Blackmore gave me some roses, and shook hands with me. I should like to have those roses buried with me, only I can't die just yet, as I want to do something to justify that shake of the hand from *Lorna Doone's* creator.

Then I fell upon evil days as regards interviewing. Mr. Andrew Lang did not care to be interviewed; but I had a very amusing chat with Whistler. He had just thrashed a man at the theatre, and said some demoniacally biting things about it. He is the best *raconteur* I ever wish to hear, and has a white lock amid his black hair, which stands aloft like the plume of Henry of Navarre. Mr. Rider Haggard was not at home. He must have spent the whole of that week out of doors. Mrs. Humphry Ward "was sorry that she could not accede to my request, as she had been obliged to make a rule about interviewing." She did not say what the rule was, but I respected her wishes. Then the *Dead Man's Diary* appeared, and I asked the gifted author if I might interview him in Hades, as it would afford a fine opportunity for descriptive writing. Something like this: "I hied me to the brink of the Styx, and, as the barge drew near, I was 'ware of myriad hands from out the flood holding fast the vessel's sides, only to fall again into the gloom; and as they fell, new hands arose to stay a moment there. Little children's hands—sweet, dimpled, rosy as the dawn; long slender fingers, as of maidens fair; hard rough hands, knotted and seamed and scarred, etc." But as the author said it seemed personal, and implied doubts as to his ultimate destination, I had to give it up. This was hard, when you come to think what a lot of style was involved in that paragraph.

Grant Allen was very frank when I tracked him down to Brighton. He did not disguise his desire to write scientific works. Fiction he regarded as trash. Later on, I went to him at Hind Head, and (it was his first walk there that spring) he knew every tuft and plant for miles round, and just when it would appear. I learned a lot about Roman barrows that day, although I made the initial mistake of thinking that he was alluding to the more familiar ones in Seven Dials.

Then came a nervous moment. I had to interview a lady "in society" who wrote books. The books were too dangerous to discuss, so we fell back, metaphorically speaking, on a Belgian barge hound—a dog without a tail—a dog who was always conscious of his difference from other dogs, and sat down all the time in a vain attempt to hide the deficiency. The British public heard a great deal about the dog during that interview. There was nothing else to talk about.

Sir Walter Besant was delightful. "I wouldn't open that door if I were you," he suggested as we roamed about the house. "It looks like jam on the handle. My little girl must have been in there to practise this morning." And it was jam. Sir Walter (he wasn't Sir Walter at that time) told me about Gilead P. Beck and the Golden Butterfly. His youngest brother had found the butterfly in Sacramento. It was just as described in the book—two little plates of gold wrought like a butterfly's wing, and of the exact shape, but twice as large.

Mr. Anstey gave me several lessons in the art of polite letter-writing, but no interview.

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This was the way in which he bade my fluttering heart be still:—

"I need hardly say that I feel much gratified by your request for an interview, and especially by the very flattering terms in which your request is put. At the same time—although I am sure the process would under your hands be a painless one—I must decline to submit myself to it. I do not for a moment question the necessity and the usefulness of the system in most cases; but in my own I have nothing to tell either about myself or my work or anything else which could be of the smallest public interest, and I much prefer to remain uninterviewed under the circumstances.—With many thanks for the compliment of your application, and regrets that I cannot feel able to avail myself of it," etc.

"THERE WAS A PROPHECY THAT IT WOULD KILL YET ANOTHER VICTIM."

I was so touched by Mr. Anstey's genuine modesty that I wrote again, but without success. Mr. James Payn entreated me not to suppose that it was through any disinclination to see me that he was obliged to decline to be interviewed. It was simply that it would seem very invidious, and also bad manners, as regarded the other journals which had paid him the same compliment. It was only recently that I was able to decipher the whole of the letter. Mr. James Payn has always written a bad hand. One evening I was dining with three celebrated authors, and our host produced a scrap-book, in which he had pasted a letter of Mr. James Payn's. We could all of us read some of it, but Mr. J. M. Barrie was the only man who could read every word.

Mr. Stead's fellow-feeling made him wondrous kind. He was quite ready to be interviewed; but, said he, "I have never refused to be interviewed by anybody, on one condition, namely, that the proof is submitted to me before publication. You will find me any morning; but I do not think, if you wish for my opinion, that an interviewer who takes down notes in shorthand will make much of an interview." The interview lasted three-quarters of an hour. If I had taken down Mr. Stead's discourse in shorthand, it would have occupied about seven ordinary newspaper columns—say seven thousand words. He is wonderfully fluent. I felt drowned, submerged, confused. Then he opened a little side-door, and I found myself, like the infant MacStinger, sitting on a cold slab trying to collect my thoughts.

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He is a most interesting man to meet, and his charity is boundless.

"John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Arthur Stannard) introduced me to "the Twins," and gave me the following sentimental poem, called

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

I remember in the sunshine
Of my childhood's happy days
A little maid with fair blue eyes
And sweet and simple ways,
Years and years ago.

We wander'd 'mid the fragrance
Of the smiling summer flow'rs;
And we play'd among the shadows
Of the fire-lit winter hours,
Years and years ago.

I remember well the breaking
Of our early childhood's dream,
And our parting in the twilight,
On the bridge above the stream
Years and years ago.

Encouraged by this experience, and strongly influenced by the desire to meet one who has ever since then proved to be a staunch and true friend, I wrote to Mrs. Lynn Linton. In reply she said: "I find 'No' the hardest word in the language, but it *must* be 'No' this time. I have been interviewed and photographed so often that I *cannot* consent to any other experiment of the one kind or the other. It takes up my time, which I cannot afford; it humiliates me by its appearance of vanity; it wounds my sense of *rightness* by its necessarily imperfect and fragmentary presentation. I hate the whole thing, the whole system, and have never given myself but for kindness and consideration to those who have asked me. Now do you ask me to do something else for you that I *can* do, and I will—but not this." And then her kindness and consideration came to my aid in the face of the deep disappointment I experienced, and she, "whispering, I will ne'er consent, consented." Is it a wonder, therefore, when people tell me that she is stern and bitter in debate, that my sword leaps from its scabbard and I rush into the fray on her behalf? She is the most dignified and gracious of all the literary Englishwomen I have ever met.

Of course I interviewed Rudyard Kipling. He was very pleasant, roamed about the room in that curious restless fashion of his, and told me heaps of good stories. Just as I was thinking what a splendid interview I had, he expressed a wish that I should not publish it; and I never have done so to this day. I can still remember the feeling of awed fascination with which I regarded a dagger of his. It had tumbled from the wall, and he told me that there was a prophecy that it would kill yet another victim. It had last been taken from between the shoulder-blades of a woman. I suggested that we should throw it into the Thames; but perhaps that might have precipitated things, so we did not.

Another great man whom I interviewed finally changed his mind, but told me a story to comfort me. A well-known brother author was just having his books brought out in a collected edition. Unfortunately, the "copy" was rather bad, and the printers made many mistakes. This so exasperated the author that he used very strong language on the proof-sheets. Instead of saying, like Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, "Allow me to observe in the politest possible manner in the world," he launched forth into very strong language indeed. This irritated the printers, and the heads of the printing firm warned the author that it must not happen again. He promised obedience, but had a relapse in a day or two, and simply filled the proof-sheets with lurid adjectives. With the aid of a foreman, the printers concocted an elaborate scheme of revenge. The first volume of the series was ready, but they "set up" a couple of pages containing this abuse, numbered them properly, worked them into the middle of the book as if they were a genuine part of it, and sent the "faked" copy to the author. At seven o'clock the next morning a wild and dishevelled object was seen to be waiting on the doorstep of the printing office. He was ruined, disgraced for ever. He would buy up the whole edition of this first volume, and have another printed. He would emigrate to New Zealand. He would commit suicide. At last he was persuaded to go away, some specious explanation was sent to him that the mischief could be remedied; and he breathed again. He does not know to this day that he was the victim of a practical joke; but the lesson has not been lost upon him.

By the time I had interviewed another dozen people, most of the novelty had worn off. I had seen several great men, several betwixt-and-between, several little ones. One man told me that he was "really great," but I did not believe him. Another wrote his own interview. As an introduction to the heads of one's calling, interviewing has its delights; as a means of earning a livelihood, it is unreliable.

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WE recently addressed a letter to a number of leading men asking them to tell us what in their opinion was the most striking characteristic and most beneficent achievement of the Queen's Reign. We think the following replies, with the autographs reproduced in facsimile, will be of interest to our readers :—

I.—By Dr. Conan Doyle

I AM often sent conundrums of this sort by various magazines, and I never remember answering one before. Since you make a point of it, however, I send my opinion for what it is worth—which is, that Chloroform is the most beneficent invention of Her Majesty's Reign.

Yours very truly
A Conan Doyle.

II.—By Dr. Joseph Parker

THE grandest and completest illustration of the divinity of true womanliness in wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood.

III.—By Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.

I AM narrow-minded enough to have no care whatever for military glory, and no interest in territorial annexation. To my mind, the great achievements of the Queen's Reign have been the Legislation lightening the labour in mines, factories, and workshops; the expansion of the Suffrage; the development of science in the directions of dulling or lessening pain in surgical operations; the marvellous improvements in travel and in postal service; and the Queen's own strictly constitutional government.

Very truly Yours,
Justin McCarthy

IV.—By Dr. Monro Gibson

President of the Free Church Council

THE feature of the Queen's Reign which most impresses me is the rapid development of the power of the people, accompanied by the remarkable transition of public opinion from the selfishness of individualism to the Christian conception of brotherhood and mutual responsibility. When asked for the "most beneficent achievement," my mind turns first to the settlement of the Alabama claims by arbitration, and the prompt payment of what is proved to have been an unreasonably large demand—pointing as this does to the fact that Britain makes more of righteousness and peace than of money and pride.

Yours faithfully
T. Monro Gibson

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V.—By the Rev. S. Baring Gould

Is it not rather remarkable that in the Queen's long Reign we should look to the great things done rather by the people than by Her Majesty? Henry VII. founded Eton College and King's College, Cambridge; Henry VIII. founded Trinity College, Cambridge; Edward VI. founded numerous grammar schools; Queen Anne surrendered the Ecclesiastical Tenths to aid poor benefices; William and Mary gave up Greenwich Palace to become a hospital; but the House of Hanover has done nothing of benefit to the people of England, and the great feature of Her Majesty's Reign is that it has seen the people do all that they have needed, and have not looked to the Royal Family to do more than sanction their contributions by giving their names. This is a great thing to teach the people self-reliance.

Yours truly
S. Baring Gould

VI.—By the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon

It seems to me that the most strikingly beneficent result of the Queen's Reign has been the mutual understanding of the sundered classes of Society, and especially of the rich and the poor. This result has been due to many various agencies, but chiefly to the ministries of religion and philanthropy in the great cities.

In the first year of the Queen's Reign Lord Beaconsfield made one of his characters in *Sybil* say that the Queen reigned not over one nation, but "two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws." These two nations have, in the sixty years of her reign, tended more and more to become one.

J. E. C. Welldon

VII.—By Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace

In my opinion, the most striking characteristic of the Queen's Reign is the continuous growth of ideas of broad Humanity and Justice, as shown in our factory legislation, in checks to injurious manufactures, and in the protection from cruelty of children and animals. We are also beginning to recognise—far too late—that the inferior races have a right to justice and fair treatment as well as ourselves. Though these principles are as yet very imperfectly recognised and but partially carried into action, there seems to be no doubt that they have attained to a force in public opinion far beyond that of any earlier period of our history, and they may be thus said to form a most gratifying characteristic of the present long reign.

Among the most beneficent achievements I would rank—

(1) Anæsthetics and the Antiseptic treatment of wounds.

(2) The spread of Arbitration in settling international differences; and our reparation of an act of national injustice, by the restoration of the Transvaal to the Boers in 1881.

Alfred R. Wallace

VIII.—By the Rev. Newman Hall, D.D.

In reply to your inquiry as to what I regard as the most striking characteristic of the Queen's Reign, I am reminded of what I once saw when quite a youth, acting as reporter on the county paper of which my father was proprietor. I stood on a small scaffold, outside the great prison at Maidstone, with a number of policemen and other officials. Thousands of people thronged the space in front waiting for the appearance of the victim, and eagerly watching the gallows on which his corpse would soon be hanging. To him the Holy Communion had just been administered. Fast pinioned, and in a sort of stupor, taking notice of nothing, and seemingly helpless, he was supported by the hangman and assistants. A cap was drawn over his head, concealing his features. The Funeral Service was read by the surpliced chaplain—the service appointed for the funeral of the dead for the man still alive to hear. In the middle of a sentence, as he stood helpless and senseless, the fatal sign was given, and the body dropped heavily, lifeless save for a few brief struggles, and all was over. I was horror-struck, and feel so now after sixty years. The man was hung for setting on fire a stack of corn at a time of great agricultural distress. I have witnessed sentence of death passed not alone on forgers, but on those who, often ignorant of what they did, were convicted for "passing" false coin. Frequently men were hung for stealing a sheep, in their hunger; or breaking, entering, and robbing houses by night. Hanging was considered to be a necessary preventive of crime. But the

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substitution of imprisonment has diminished the number of offences. Conviction has been more sure, because juries often acquitted convicts in order to avoid the possibility of taking away the life of the innocent, for whom reparation would be impossible. Another memorable improvement has been in the place where executions take place — in the interior of the jail, witnessed only by a few, instead of in public, as in the open space in front of Newgate, where multitudes would spend most of the preceding night in buffoonery and drinking, waiting to witness the strangling of the victim, turning a scene so solemn and sad into one of hideous and demoralising revelry.

Newman Hall

IX.—By Mrs. Fenwick Miller

Nothing is so extraordinary, or in my hope and trust so certain to prove beneficent to the human race, as the enfranchisement of women in this reign. The increased freedom granted to them has not been in one or two directions, but in all; and only a person who cares to compare what women are doing to-day with the work that they performed at the beginning of the reign can appreciate the difference that has come over our social state, and the vast improvement that has taken place in the means of well-being and the happiness of our own half of the human race, and in our opportunities of service and helpfulness to the community.

At the beginning of the reign, all women but the hard labouring class were engaged in domestic avocations only. It was held derogatory to men for their daughters or sisters to work for money; and therefore thousands of women, who had powers of mind and body for valuable work, sat at home and consumed their time and abilities in frivolity, causing themselves to suffer from "vapours" and "ennui," and eating in unhappy idleness the produce of others' toil, drones in the human hive. Other thousands of these helpless women were to be seen who had been thrown on the world in middle age, unable to do anything but teach a little or to sew, and they were starving on the small wage of these two overcrowded and uncongenial employments. The influence of women on public affairs was non-existent. The fine brains amongst them were refused cultivation: no good schools, and of course no universities, were open to them. A married woman had no rights of property, or freedom of person, or of guardianship of her children; and even a widow was not the legal guardian of her own offspring, not even if her husband had died intestate without appointing any other guardian. In the year 1831 the Census enumerated only the one occupation of domestic service for women. Charitable organisations officered and managed by women were unknown, and even as missionaries to the heathen they were not recognised.

We are finding out now what fine material was wasted under that régime. The change that has taken place is marvellous. There are now over three hundred occupations followed by women. Charities for their own sex and for the community as a whole—improved dwellings, hospitals, reforming and helping societies—occupy them equally with charities for men and boys,—clubs, evening classes, Miss Weston's mission for sailors, Miss Robinson's for soldiers, Miss Skinner's letters to policemen, and many others. There is an army of trained nurses at work in and out of hospitals; and a notable phalanx of nearly a thousand women working without pay as members of Boards of Guardians for the care of our pauper children and old people. They vote in and influence all elections but those for Members of Parliament, and some thousands give organised help even in the latter. The most oppressive laws that confined the liberty of wives are altered; and women, though married, now carry on all sorts of trades, because they can own property and can make contracts alone, like men. Above all, their brain capacity for the highest studies is so well proved that *all* the universities of the kingdom are now in one way or another opened to female students, who take such advantage of this chance of pursuing the studies once thought far beyond their powers, that twice in ten years have women taken the Gold Medal of London in medical examinations; that at Cambridge there has been one lady above the senior wrangler, another has been the fifth, and another the eighth wrangler; that a lady has been the senior classic, and another has stood alone in the first class of modern languages at Cambridge; and so on at all the seats of higher learning. Girls' High Schools cover the land, and the girls pass the school examinations provided by Oxford and Cambridge for both sexes in rather larger proportions than the boys. But, above all, there is now wide personal freedom for women: they may do any work that they believe themselves capable of; they may walk alone in town and country, and swim, and cycle, and play games of an athletic sort, and may travel alone, and may speak on platforms and

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in committees, and write at their own discretion on all subjects.

In short, a previously unknown and unsuspected force has been set free to act; the results it is already producing are remarkable, though it is by no means yet fully displayed. But already, if we can imagine a sudden return to the state of the early part of the reign,—no wage-earning occupations but domestic ones, no learning, no works of organised charity, no public interests, the "blue-stocking" despised, the wife (legally always and sometimes actually) a slave, and the daughter guarded and suppressed as a permanent infant till her hair was grey,—if we can, in short, imagine all the tasks in which the woman of to-day is so usefully employed dropped, and all the avenues in which she is freely and independently walking abruptly shut, we may perhaps realise how great and how vast in its action is the force of the new and noble free womanliness.

Florence Fenwick Miller

X.—By A. E. Fletcher

Late Editor of "The Daily Chronicle"

The most remarkable characteristic of the Queen's Reign has been, I think, the general acceptance of the theory of evolution. To admit this is to imply that the greatest man who has arisen during the Victorian period is Charles Darwin. I believe that future historians will be of this opinion. Every age in which mankind has marked a degree higher on the scale of existence has been dominated by some great personality, some prophet, poet, philosopher, or deliverer, who has roused men to attempt the realisation of a higher ideal of life and duty. The Victorian age has not been wanting in representatives of each of these four classes of great men. It has had Browning for its poet, Ruskin for its prophet, Darwin for its philosopher, and Gladstone for its deliverer. The greatest of these is Darwin. The influence of the other great men of the reign has not been so widely felt as that of the author of the *Origin of Species*. Neither Browning nor Ruskin has been widely read beyond the confines of the English-speaking world; and though Mr. Gladstone has commanded the sympathy of peoples struggling to be free in various parts of the earth, he has made some serious blunders which have to a great extent counteracted the effect of his beneficent policy. Darwin, however, has been recognised, all the world over, as the central scientific figure of the eventful century now drawing to its close. His discovery, or rather explanation of the principles of evolution, has influenced every department of action and of thought, and the general effect of his teaching has been to enlarge our ideas of God and the universe. We have abandoned the old doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Bible in favour of the doctrine of progressive revelation; and this idea of the progressive revelation of God is not confined to our interpretation of the Bible, but chiefly influences also our interpretation of Nature and of history. The expansion of the empire in the form of fresh acquisition of territory, during the Queen's Reign, and the increase of material wealth by the application of machine power to production, have been of far less importance than the expansion of our ideas and the widening of our sympathies which have resulted from the new conceptions prompted by the discoveries of Darwin, who must for ever take rank as one of the greatest rulers in the Empire of Thought.

A. E. Fletcher

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CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

ALMIGHTY GOD, we thank Thee with joyful hearts for everything that reminds us of the coming of Thy Son in the likeness of human flesh. We bless Thee for Emmanuel—God with us; we thank Thee that we have heard His name, that we have sat at His feet, and drunk in somewhat of His holy teaching. If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature: may Christ Jesus be born in us the hope of glory; may we find Him room in our hearts, may every heart be Bethlehem; then shall there be great joy among the people, for a new life will overflow their souls. We bless Thee for the Saviour of the world, the Prince of Peace, the Teacher and the Redeemer of men; may we understand His spirit and His purpose, and represent them in our own thought and action, that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and have learned of Him. We humbly pray Thee to teach Thy people, by the power of the Holy Ghost, that if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His. May we remember that that was a spirit of purity and peace and nobleness and unutterable love, and in that spirit may we live our whole life; living or dying, may we know the power of the spirit of Christ. We thank Thee for all Thy tender love, coming with every morning, shining in all the stars of evening, breathing around us in every wind. Thou hast kept our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our soul from death; therefore are we gathered in Christian fellowship and in unity of spirit and thankfulness to bless the name of our common Lord. May we remember that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and His the fulness of the sea; may we know that the whole earth in every climate and every land is precious unto the heart of Christ; may we be stimulated by the consideration that He desires to bring all nations to Himself in pardon and purity and peace and eternal hope. The nations are Thine; all powers and forces lie in the hollow of Thine hand, Thou Eternal King. We therefore will not be afraid, nor give way to the spirit of fear, but lovingly and constantly trust in the living God, our Saviour. We thank Thee for all family reunion, for times and seasons when men retire from one another in public association, that they may find the quietude and the joy of the family circle. We pray Thee to look upon all the families of the land; be Thou with all households gathered in sweet reunion; make every fire bright by Thy smile, and every feast glad by Thy presence. Be with those who are not with us, and cannot be with us, by reason of distance and other engagement beyond the sea; be Thou with every ship that sails; and go Thou before every man in the wilderness who is seeking tracks and paths in the sand. Be with the lonely and the sad and the grief-stricken. And grant unto us the sure confidence that the Lord's Christ is reigning in us, subduing, controlling, sanctifying our whole nature. God save the Queen! God prosper her throne and reign! and may she continue many days to rule in righteousness and in the love of charity and peace. God bless the President of the United States of America! and give him counsel from on high. Be with all the kings, princes, rulers, and magistrates of the world, that they may be conscious of their responsibility, and answer every rising occasion, not out of the vanity of their own wisdom, but out of the strength of the holy counsel of God. And now hear us for the great and the small, for the rich and the poor, for divided families, for perplexed hearts, for troubled spirits, and in Thine own due time bring us, if it may be through sorrow and loss and great trouble manifold and many-coloured, still bring us, in Thine own way and in Thine own time, to the city of habitations whose builder and maker is God; and there we shall see the little earth-period in its right relation and proportion and colour; then we shall see the meaning of the mystery of pain, then we shall know how it was that we were torn and distracted and perplexed, and we shall rejoice and thank God in a new song, seeing as He sees, and concluding according to His mind and purpose. The Lord forgive all our sins; the Lord's grace be dealt unto us in great and needful measure day by day; the Lord show us how to do our next duty, and take our next step, though it be in comparative darkness. And when all the scene has passed, and we behold it from the higher levels, we shall say, through the power of the Cross, He hath done all things well. Until that consummation shall take place, reign in our hearts, and control us by Thy love and gentleness. Amen.

THREATENINGS REGARDED AS PROMISES

Not a terror, but a praise.—ROM. xiii. 3.

TAKEN in the right way, approached in the right spirit, or conceived under the inspiration of true wisdom, Divine threatenings are to be regarded as Divine promises. We have not rightly conceived the spirit of Divine threatening. We have murmured over it; we have in our unbelief exclaimed, if not in words yet in spirit, How hard, how severe, how angry! It is possible that we may be quite wrong in all this. The truth may read exactly from the

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other end, and express itself ultimately in a truer, larger, tenderer music. What if there be no threatenings? What if the voices which we have regarded as threatenings have been voices of admonition and warning; gentleness with emphasis; not a terror, but a praise; not anger, but love on fire? This may be a quickening thought to some of us, and may in itself amount to an exposition of very much in the Scriptures that sometimes distresses not our imagination only, but some attitudes and aspects of our conscience. We need not be so troubled. All the threatenings of God are also the promises of God. It is because there are promises that there can be threatenings; and if the threatenings are construed as warnings, then verily God is love.

Let us look at an instance or two. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This is what God said to innocent man in the garden of Eden respecting a particular tree. We have thought of it as a great threatening; we have imaged the occasion to ourselves as representing God, so to say, with uplifted finger threatening a human creature that if he should pluck fruit off certain branches he should surely be killed—he should verily die because of his transgression. There may have been no threatening in the case. This may have been the beginning of warnings; this incident may have initiated the ministry of admonition, urging finite intelligence not to overstep its divinely-appointed boundaries. The parent does not threaten the child when he says, "If you put your finger into that flame you will surely be burned." The parent is not in an angry mood; he does not mean to threaten the little child; his whole meaning is an admonition. He assumes an attitude of solicitude and love; he says in effect, It is for your sake that I tell you this, because I wish to save you from distress and pain and trouble of every kind: now take heed! That would not be a threatening, in an angry minatory sense; that would be not only a gentle warning, but a wise word, necessary word, if the parent really and truly loved the child. But this so-called threatening is also a promise. What is the threatening when it is correctly read? It simply amounts to this: Obedience is life. But man is so backward a scholar that he needs his lessons to be given first from one hand, and then from the other; sometimes in a cloud, and sometimes in daylight. To have laid down the beautiful, profound, unchangeable doctrine that obedience is life might have been to have failed in the full application of the doctrine. Some of us have to be startled from the side of fear. God has therefore a ministry of fear, distress, loss, trouble, by which He does, so to say (accommodating the occasion to human language), frighten us into obedience and loyalty and faith. What a new meaning this gives to dark words! In what a glorious flame of light does this set the dark figure of Trouble! Trouble is a veiled angel; pain has been sent to gather harvests for God; loss has been inflicted that the man himself might be saved. You know what it is to have to teach children from all points of view: now a promise, now a warning, now a parental but severe threatening. What does it amount to? It amounts in one holy word to Love. If one aspect of the case would have sufficed, you would not have given two; you gave two to give your emphasis its right weight and colour. It is so with God. He speaks many words which we call promises, and rightly so call them. I want to know whether there may not be in the darkness of threatening some light of love.

Take another instance:—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." We have trembled at this threatening. We need not have done so. It is a great promise; it is part of the security of the universe. What is the promise? That righteousness is salvation. Tread its paths, long and dreary and uphill and wind-swept they may be, but he that endureth unto the end shall be saved. It is wickedness that shall be drowned in hell. This is right. Wickedness must be got rid of. God has undertaken to cleanse His world of iniquity; let Him take His own way. Such a world as ours without a hell would be a tax upon human imagination and conscience which they could not stand. We know what we ourselves often need. Perusing the records of wickedness and cruelty and oppression, we need not have any misgiving about the need of a perdition deep beyond all the lines of human measurement. Such a perdition is needed in the present state of development and education. God has undertaken to cast death and hell into the lake of fire, and to burn them; let Him take His own way: His destruction is salvation. When wickedness has ceased, the universe will be at peace. You cannot outwit, outrun, the Almighty; you cannot build the walls of wickedness so high as to menace His heaven. This monster called wickedness must give way: it can give way by penitence, contrition, heartbrokenness, coming and saying to the

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holy God, I have sinned against Thee; pity me, pardon me! Or it can take another course and bring upon itself the final judgment, the exterminating lightning, the everlasting curse of God. But, whether in this way or in that way, wickedness has to be got rid of. Leave the problem with Him who alone can answer it.

Take a third instance:—"It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you." That is more than a threatening, and it is more than a warning; it is a reassertion of the principle of eternal righteousness. What is the promise of this so-called threatening? It is that men shall be judged by their opportunities. Tyre and Sidon had fewer opportunities than Chorazin and Bethsaida and Capernaum: when the day of judgment is set, it shall be more tolerable for those who have had few opportunities than for those who have had many. Some are to be beaten with few stripes; some are to be beaten with many stripes. God is just, God is merciful; whatever be our doom, it will justly fit our character. What can we plead by way of deficiency of opportunity? Every excuse has been smitten from our trembling lips. We know the saving truth of God. There is not a man in civilisation that may not know the gospel of Jesus Christ from its beginning to its end as a redeeming, purifying, and ennobling ministry. Where shall we stand in the judgment? If we had never seen the sanctuary, if we had never heard of Christ, if no kind voice had ever called us to His cradle, to His cross, to His throne, then had our opportunities been few, and our punishment would have been proportionate. What is there that we have not heard concerning Christ, His spirit, purpose, incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection, intercession? Who is there that has not the Holy Scriptures in his mother-tongue? and who is there who cannot understand enough of the great ministry of atonement and reconciliation to bring him into harmony with the will of the Holy God? We have no answer; we have done the things we ought not to have done, we have left undone the things that we ought to have done; there is nothing for us in the nineteenth century of the Christian era but to fall flat down on our faces before God and say each for himself, God be merciful unto me a sinner! Nor can we escape by saying that if we are to be judged by our opportunities we decline to know of their existence, we will turn our back upon the sanctuary; if we should meet a man who would declare the counsel of God to us, we will put our fingers in our ears and become deaf as adders; we will run away from him, so as not to increase our hell. We shall be judged not only by the opportunities we have had, but by the opportunities we might have had; we will not be judged simply by the little light with which we were content, but we shall be judged by the light which was offered to us—a light that shone into every corner of the sky and into every wave of the sea. When, therefore, we read "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment" than for Christian lands, the Lord is not threatening Tyre, He is warning the nations that have seen His beauty and have heard His voice.

Take a fourth instance:—"Say ye to the wicked, it shall be ill with him." Is this a threatening? It is a warning; it is, when rightly read in all the fulness of its meaning, a gospel. Are you not preaching a gospel to a man who is running to his ruin when you stop him and tell him that, as certainly as he is breathing, his last step will bring him into utterest distress? You are not threatening the man in any narrow and sordid and impetuous sense; it is not your petulance or your vanity that is speaking, it is your anxiety for the man's welfare. It is precisely so with the living God:—"Turn ye, turn ye! why will ye die?" It is not minatory, it is evangelical; it is not a denunciation, it is a gospel. God does not confound the unrighteous and the holy; He does not look upon us simply as great masses of men, accumulations which we call peoples and nations and tongues. He looks upon individual character and upon individual purpose, and He distinguishes between the bad man who is bad because he wants to be bad and the bad man who is ashamed of his badness and cries that he may be liberated from the oppressor of his soul.

Let us, then, see the bright aspects of the Divine revelation. Do not let us think that God delights in excommunicating men from His altar. The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. When the Son of God said, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites!" He was not denouncing them in any miserable and invidious sense; He was pointing out to them that such character as theirs ended in bitterness of soul, in woe upon woe, sevenfold, even to intolerableness. We say sometimes in our ignorance, How could the Son of Man be so eloquent in denunciation? Let us be careful lest we pervert His meaning; He may have been

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preaching the gospel where we thought He was pronouncing a denunciation. As we said at the beginning, so now, some men have to be warned, some men have to go to righteousness through a spirit of fear and even selfish apprehension. Some men are to be saved, as it were, by the sting of fire. Deeply looked into and carefully pondered, the whole revelation of God is a revelation of promise, love, welcome, hospitality. The whole Bible glows with gospel fervour.

As with the threatenings, so with the promises. For the promises are conditional. God does not scatter His promises in order that He may give licence to self-indulgence and to all manner of vice. He does not say, Once in grace, always in grace, whatever you may do. He never teaches that because grace abounds sin may also abound; He never offers His promises as an encouragement to disobedience. We have to watch daily, constantly, with every breath we draw; that is our life of discipline. And if any man boast himself that he is superior to others, and can discharge the law of discipline, let him hear the Saviour's voice: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It is true here as everywhere that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. We are never so near falling into the hands of the enemy as when we boast of our righteousness and feel that we may relax the discipline of prayer. Pray without ceasing: be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make known your requests unto God; and then on the walls of the heart's citadel He will set His angel-sentinels, and they will guard you, and enrobe you, and secure you with the garment and with the pavilion of the Divine peace.

What a strong conception of life we find in the Bible! How reasonable, how strong in argument, how built upon a rock, and yet towering away into the cloud and into the paths of the morning! The Bible is the most reasonable of all books. The ladder which it reveals does indeed rest at the top on the cloud-line and in the star-spaces, not to be followed by human penetration; but the foot of the ladder is amongst ourselves, on the rock of our experience, in the very midst of our daily life; it is the foot of the ladder that is marked by the solidity and reality of fact, that can be proved and tested and demonstrated at every point. This is the conception of life taken by the Bible. Wickedness shall be punished; righteousness shall be rewarded. The flames were prepared for the devil and his angels: punishment existed before the devil. Shall we imagine that God was surprised into some new economy of providence by the unexpected revelation of sin? There is nothing to support that theory in all the Bible. The Lamb was slain from before the foundation of the world; the Cross is older than the rocks; and as for that burning penal fire, it glowed in God as a blessing before it fell upon sinners as a curse.

Let us study the Bible in this light—that is to say, in the light of the doctrine that every threatening is but the darker aspect of a promise. It is imaged by the chariot of God which, so to say, separated between Israel and Egypt in the olden time: God stood between His people and the enemy; there were two distinctly opposite revelations of the Divine presence: towards Israel there was light, there was assurance of love and protecting care; towards Egypt there was a burning eye that struck the chariot-wheels and broke them in sunder. So it is with the presence of God in human history. There is an aspect towards providence and love and redemption and ultimate and complete salvation, and there is a side of the Divine providence, which means death to sin, distress and pain and anguish to every evil-doer, not for the sake of punishing him personally, but for the sake of showing what righteousness means and claims and must insist upon. Let us go closer to the Divine Teacher, the Jesus of the Gospels, the Son of Man. His words are words of gentleness, and yet He spake the word of warning and appalling admonition. Of Himself we read, "the wrath of the Lamb." That brings into one sentence the whole thought of this meditation. "The Lamb"—gentleness and beauty and kindness and love; "wrath"—not the wrath of ignorance, but the wrath of wisdom; not the wrath of vengeance, but the wrath of love. No wrath is so terrible as the anger of a heart that loves us even unto death. When a heart representing that solicitude and love is wounded, who can bear the look on its face? That face is incarnate Grief.

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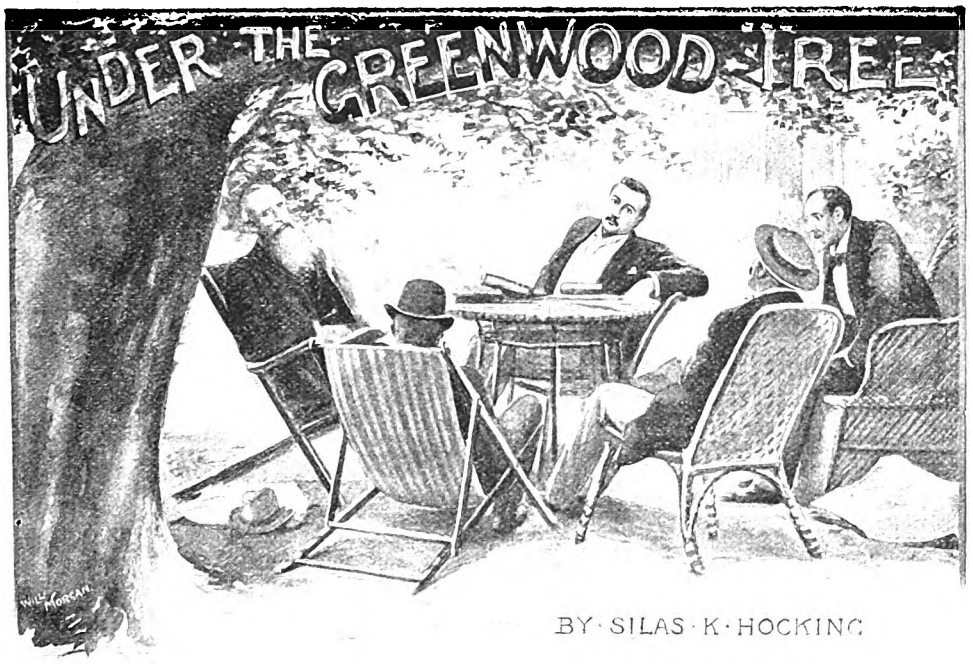

THREE letters lie before me dealing with precisely the same subject. An extract from one of them will sufficiently explain the position. "I have often wanted to write to you," says my correspondent, "but never before had the courage. I have only been married a few years, but for the last twelve months I have been greatly troubled. The reason of my trouble is this: my husband has turned theosophist. He has studied theosophy a great deal, and tells me it is the truth. I cannot believe it; it seems to me very dreadful. He believes that when we die we wake up on the astral plane, and after some process come back again to this earth to live. He does not believe that we shall meet again except by accident. Can you tell me, is there any truth in theosophy? My husband is a very good and intelligent man, but we have had some very miserable times since he started with theosophy. What can I do?"

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In such a case it is not a question of *doing*, but of *being*. No good can come of bickering or abuse; nothing will be gained by mere lamentation; while discussion and argument will only aggravate the mischief. Religious beliefs strike deep. Men do not change their faith and creed for the sake of variety. In most instances it costs a man much to avow himself a convert to some strange doctrine, but when he has once taken the step he is all the more enthusiastic in consequence. He fancies that he has at last found "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and so is frequently contemptuous of the religion he has discarded, and intolerant of all opinions that do not agree with his own.

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It does not surprise me, therefore, to learn that husband and wife have had some very miserable times together. Excepting politics, nothing is more calculated to engender heat and bad blood than discussions on religion. "I came not to send peace but a sword," said Christ — a saying that has proved itself profoundly true all down the centuries. If we believe at all, our faith becomes to us not only a very real thing, but a very sacred thing. It touches us where we are most sensitive; it weaves itself into, and becomes a part of, all that is best in our life and thought; it colours all our hopes and aspirations, and supplies the only clue to the riddle of our existence. Hence it is impossible to treat religious questions with the same indifference and unconcern that we treat the thousand and one matters of tweedledee and tweedle-dum that meet us from time to time. Religion goes down to the very roots of our life. Amid the tumult of the years it is our anchor and refuge, and when all else fails it holds out the promise of immortality.

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"To me it seems very dreadful," says my correspondent. And I do not wonder at it. Such a separation in sentiment and belief can be no light matter. To see a husband cut

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himself adrift from all the beliefs of his childhood, and fling overboard the promises that have been as the light of life, must be to any true-hearted wife as the bitterness of death. Yet she should remember that the truth is none the less true because her husband no longer believes it; and the fact of God's fatherhood is not in any wise affected by the mental bewilderment of His children. "Though we believe not," says the Apostle Paul, "yet He abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself." Whatever may be our opinions of God, His relationship to us is not affected thereby. Moreover, no truth can be set forth more clearly than that we shall not be judged by our opinions. Mere matters of belief will count for little in the final reckoning. I suppose that no man living is wholly responsible for his creed. How can he be? We learn our Catechism when we learn the multiplication table. We grow into our beliefs without knowing how or why. It is very largely a question of geography or environment; and there is no creed, no "ism," but contains some measure of truth. "That is the true light," said the Apostle John, "that lighteth *every* man that cometh into the world."

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I grant that, to a Western mind, it seems a strange perversion of both heart and intellect for a man to put himself under the dominion of any of the superstitions of the East. I am not saying that there is no truth in theosophy. The presumption is that there is some truth in it, or it would not exist at all. Its name implies that its devotees are seekers after God. (And it may be assumed that they are sincere and earnest seekers: at least I shall not throw any doubt upon their sincerity.) As most of my readers know, theosophy is a compound of two Greek words—*Theos* God, and *sophia* wisdom. From which it will be seen that modesty was not exactly a distinguishing trait in the founders of this strange faith. To claim God-wisdom above all others—as theosophists do—appears not to have been justified by results. And after all, the average man to-day cares very little for what is merely empirical. The religion which in the long-run will command his sympathy is that which produces the noblest type of men and women. Abstract theories and speculations may be interesting as a mental effort, but in religion he wants something more. The tree will be judged by its fruit. "By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left,"—these are the tests by which men will judge the value of our religion. Our delicately-spun theories, our rhapsodies, our shibboleths, our elaborate ceremonies, will go for nothing, unless the fruit thereof be righteousness in word and deed.

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The burden laid upon my correspondent is not merely the grief that comes from her husband's apostasy. She has also to show by patience and gentleness and long-suffering the power of her own religious faith. If she cannot do this—if her own religion will not lift her above peevishness and bitterness—if Christianity will not yield in the home a sweeter bloom than theosophy—there will be but little hope of the husband's return to the faith he has discarded. Invective will not win, nor argument, but love only. I would advise her, therefore, to avoid discussion as much as possible; to exercise a large forbearance and a gracious charity; to be tolerant and gentle; and, where agreement is impossible, to agree to differ. Some men after marriage appear to change their character, which is very much worse than a change of opinion or creed. In the present case the husband is intelligent and kind: let that suffice for the present. In his search after God he may yet find Him who is not only the Truth, but also the Way and the Life.

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The question raised by one of the other correspondents, as to whether the fact that Mrs. Besant has become a theosophist is not presumptive evidence of the truth of theosophy, may be answered by a simple negative. Mrs. Besant is no doubt a clever woman, but she is altogether too erratic to be a safe guide for others. She changes her opinions much too readily and with far too little preparation. I question if anybody would be surprised if she announced next week that she had discarded theosophy altogether. Among her co-religionists there is abundant evidence that she is not altogether trusted. Her public utterances give no very clear evidence as to her mental and spiritual whereabouts. It is doubtful if she knows where she is herself. She has been many things in turn, and nothing for very long together. She is scarcely more than a middle-aged woman, and yet she has skipped from narrow pietism to blank materialism, from evangelicalism to infidelity, from rationalism to theosophy. Such evidence of mental incertitude does not mark out the leader. In all her changes she has doubtless been conscientious, and when she has become convinced of error she has done her best to rectify it. She abhors to-day the Mal-

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thusian doctrines she once preached with so much energy, and is applying the antidote when opportunity serves. But who can tell where she will be to-morrow, or what new craze will next captivate her imagination? For my own part, I prefer to take the Book that has stood the test of so many centuries, and walk in its light to the end of the chapter.

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In my bundle of letters this month I find quite a number from local preachers and Sunday-school teachers. One wishes me to name what I consider the best Bible Commentary; a second wishes to get hold of a good theological magazine; a third is interested in homiletics, and asks my advice; a fourth asks me to name a good book on systematic theology; a fifth would like a list of subjects for general study; whilst *J. H. M.* and several others ask all these questions, with a number of others of no particular importance. This is confessedly a somewhat large order, and I hope my correspondents will not object to being "lumped" in this general way; but the exigencies of space make it impossible to answer each letter in detail. It is only by grouping subjects, as well as correspondents, that anything like justice can be done to the increasing number of inquirers who write on all conceivable questions, as well as to the general reader, who may feel no interest whatever in many of the topics raised in this column.

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If local preachers and Sunday-school teachers must have a Commentary—and I would lay emphasis on the *if*—then I do not know anything better—taking an all-round view of the question—than Matthew Henry's. I grant that it is somewhat antiquated, and, in the judgment of many, out of date. But I am assuming that local preachers, in most instances, have neither the time nor the necessary equipment for entering deeply into questions of modern biblical criticism. Also, they are not expected to give learned and critical disquisitions on difficult texts, and they would be very foolish to make the attempt. The average village—or town congregation, for that matter—cares absolutely nothing for the finer shades of exegesis. The turn of a Greek article may seem infinitely interesting and important to the pedant or scholar; but to the average man or woman who goes to church on the Sunday in the hope of finding a ray of comfort or inspiration, it has no interest whatever. Hence for a local preacher, whose work lies mainly in the village, the time-worn Commentary I have referred to will answer all his needs. It is practical, sufficiently critical, and withal simple and devout. Of modern Commentaries, their name is legion; any bookseller will supply a list. But, speaking from my own experience, all Commentaries are disappointing. In three cases out of four they avoid the very difficulties you are anxious to have cleared up, and in the fourth, more frequently than not, they make confusion worse confounded. I do not know that anyone is to blame for this. Men can only do their best. There are some parts of the Bible we had better pass over in silence. It is yet, in parts, unknown country.

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The *Expositor* is a good magazine for advanced students, but beginners would be likely to find more help from *The Local Preacher's Magazine*, published by Kelly, Paternoster Row. With respect to a general course of reading, I would say most emphatically, Don't let theological books choke out everything else. In some senses, no doubt, a preacher must be a specialist. Particularly he should know his Bible; of all books he should know that the best—know it not in detached fragments, but as a whole. A man may be able to quote proof-texts by the dozen in support of every doctrine and dogma in his creed, and yet have no real knowledge of the Bible. But when he has explored his Bible thoroughly—not only its green pastures, but its desert places also—he would be wise not to trouble himself overmuch about what other people say concerning it. A preacher who reads nothing but theology will be but a poor kind of specialist, after all. Specialist he must needs be; and yet if he is to accomplish his task satisfactorily, he will need to bring all kinds of knowledge to bear upon his special work. The mischief with too many preachers is that they are altogether and absolutely theological. They begin with Adam, and they end with the Apostles, and they never get beyond them. The world might have no history save what is written in the Old and New Testaments, and the human race no dwelling-place except the small fragment of the globe marked on the maps "Palestine."

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While it may not be possible for preachers to know "everything of something," they should endeavour to know "something of everything." It would be an infinite gain if many preachers would read fewer sermons and more "reviews"; if they would eschew theology for a while, and turn to poetry; if they would give metaphysics

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a rest, and study botany or geology or natural history; if they would leave Jerusalem for a space, and take a peep at London or any other modern city. Christianity is not a local thing; it touches every phase of our complex life. Redemption is for the whole man—physical, social, intellectual, as well as moral and spiritual; and the preacher who is not alive to all modern tendencies—to the currents of thought and influence that are sweeping on with almost irresistible force—is in very much the position of a surgeon who knows nothing of anæsthetics or antiseptics, and has not even heard of bacteriology.

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Hence, personally, I care very little for theologic and homiletic magazines; whilst those ponderous tomes of systematised theology which poor divinity students have to swallow, whether they can digest them or no, are too often not only a weariness to the flesh, but a bewilderment to the brain. I always shudder when I see a volume labelled "Systematic Theology." In my younger days I suffered much through having to swallow unreasonably large doses of this undiluted mixture. I sometimes wonder how I managed to survive. I endured agonies from metaphysical dyspepsia, and broke out all over in heresies and heterodoxies and divers other grievous complaints. Had these eruptions been suppressed, or broken inwardly, the probabilities are I should never have recovered. It was a slow process at best, and many of my early friends think even now that I am not "sound." I am not conscious of any defect, save that catechisms produce an unaccountable nausea. My cheerfulness has quite returned, for at the time of which I speak it had entirely left me, and my sleep is no longer disturbed by those distressing dreams which once made my nights a torment. If people must go through a course of systematic theology, let it be as mild as possible. Drs. Dwight, Coke, Pope, Watson, and others, have a good deal to answer for.

* * *

In the long-run every thinking man will write his own theology. If it is essential that we should have creeds, let them be as brief as possible. At best they can only be suggestions of truth. No creed can contain the whole gospel, any more than a bath tub can contain the sea. Systems of theology are too frequently elaborate briefs for some particular view of divine truth—special pleadings for this "ism" or that. The thinking man will interpret the Bible for himself. Hence I would urge my correspondents to read widely. Read history. Study the writings of our best essayists. Read poetry, especially the poems of Browning, Whittier, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Read the leading articles in some good daily paper. Read fiction. Above all, read the great book of humanity. Study human nature in its manifold phases and manifestations. Look at life with wide-open eyes, and face the truth wherever it may come from, or in whatever guise. In short, don't trouble so much about preparing your sermon; prepare yourself, and the sermons will come without difficulty.

* * *

M. (Glasgow) should consult the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and he will doubtless find all the information he requires.—*Celie* (Nottingham) had better write to the Sunday School Union, Ludgate Hill, E.C., for a catalogue of their books, or order *Object Lessons for Children* from a local bookseller. The price is 3s. 6d., and the publishers, Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier, 21 Paternoster Square. — *M. T.* (Manchester) could not do better than get a volume recently published by Adam & Charles Black, Soho Square. It is entitled *Who's Who*. It is an old publication, this being its forty-ninth year; but under its new editor, Mr. Douglas Sladen, it has taken a new form. Originally, I understand, it was a mere alphabetical list of more or less aristocratic personages; now it is a bulky volume of over eight hundred pages, containing a brief account of everybody who is anybody. It would be difficult to mention a name distinguished in any walk of life that is not to be discovered within the backs of *Who's Who*. When the further facts are mentioned, that the volume is beautifully printed and bound, and that the price is only 3s. 6d., the wonder grows how it is done for the money.

* * *

The story sent me by *S.* has no merit as a story. As a tract it might serve its purpose, but even that is doubtful. The heroine is an unmitigated prig, and the hero, though physically big, is but a shadow. Personally, I raise no objection to a story with a moral. Purpose in fiction is not necessarily any more out of place than purpose in architecture. But when the moral is everywhere and the story nowhere, one is bound to protest.—If one could only decipher the handwriting of *Eda*, he might, and probably would, discover that the story is not at all bad. I have an impression—after wrestling long and painfully with the MS.—that it is much above the average. The plot, certainly, is not amiss,—that much I have been able to make out; but beyond that I can say nothing. If *Eda* will cut her paper, condescend to such small matters as paragraphs and full stops, and make an earnest effort to write legibly, she may yet succeed.—*Vyvyan Tonkin* and *W. M.* have yet a good deal to learn, particularly the latter. The former should persevere.—*C. L. G.* Try Bell's *Standard Elocutionist*. — *Winni* must do much better work before she can hope to succeed.—*Alpha* writes fairly well, but the subject is scarcely of general interest.—There is not much promise in the story of *G. N. B.*; it is amateurish to the last degree.—*A. E. M.* (Edgbaston) must learn to write in simpler English.

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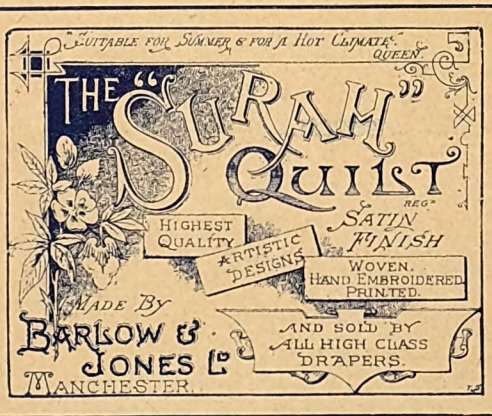

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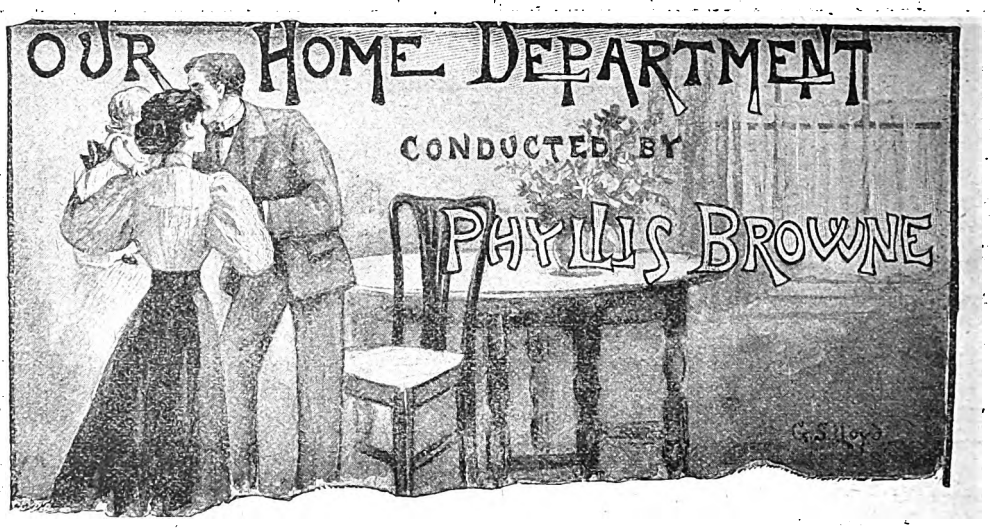

ECONOMICAL HOLIDAY TRIPS ABROAD.

It is wonderful how many people manage to go abroad for a holiday in these days. At one time foreign travel was regarded as the exclusive privilege of the rich and leisured class, and for busy workers a trip on the Continent was as impossible as a trip to the moon would have been. But enterprising organisers have changed all that. They have smoothed away difficulties for the would-be traveller, have reduced expense to a truly marvellous extent, and have opened the way for the timid and inexperienced, so that it has become quite easy for them to cross the seas and get the benefits for mind and body which are the almost invariable consequence of a successful thorough change.

It is a great thing for housekeepers to know how to make ready for a holiday trip abroad, whether the pleasure is to be enjoyed by themselves or others. Wise preparation made beforehand adds greatly to the prospect of a successful trip. In many of the personally-conducted tours a certain quantity of luggage only is allowed, and prospective travellers are usually much exercised as to what they should take with them and what they should leave behind. Whether the limitation is made or not, it is very certain that the less luggage there is, the pleasanter the travelling. Much luggage is a great nuisance, a great hindrance, and a great expense, because in nearly all parts of the Continent luggage which cannot be taken into the passenger carriage is charged for by weight. Those who own it have to pay for it, to wait for it, and be hampered by it; while those who have simply baggage which they can carry for themselves, are free and can enjoy themselves.

Now, economy of luggage is best effected by taking very few clothes. The readiness with which underclothing can be washed abroad does away with the need for more than one change of linen; while travellers who are in earnest when they say that they wish to dispense with a weight of luggage will find that for a tour which is to extend over a fortnight or three weeks, two dresses for ladies—one for walking and one for dinner—and two suits of clothes for gentlemen will be sufficient. The washing blouses which are now worn make it very easy for ladies to be prettily and suitably attired; for it is always to be remembered that although dresses and suits must be few in number, there is no reason why they should not be neat and becoming. British travellers bring disgrace on their country when they are quite regardless of appearance.

It is said that a well-known commander was once asked what he considered the most important items in the accoutrement of an army. He replied, "Boots." "And what next?" "More boots," was the answer. It would be safe to say that the equipment needed for an army is necessary also for a holiday trip abroad. Travellers who intend to do only a very little walking (even though the exercise is to be limited to going up and down the stairs of picture galleries) should, before everything, take pains to have the feet made thoroughly comfortable. Therefore they should take with them plenty of well-fitting woollen stockings (cotton stockings being very tiring for walking) and good boots and slippers. The stockings should not have been darned, and they should be of exactly the right size. If too large, they will wrinkle in the boots, and cause pain; if too small, they will cramp the foot. For an individual who proposed to climb or walk every day, eight pairs of stockings would not be too many. There is no doubt that the possession of a supply of warm comfortable stockings, so that frequent changes can be made, has prevented many a cold, many an attack of rheumatism, and many a headache.

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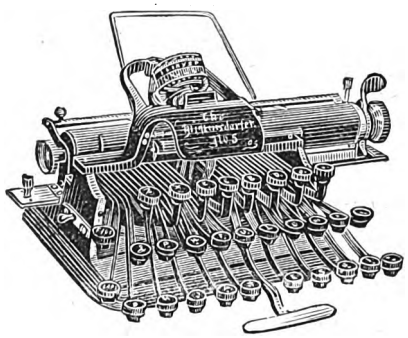

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attempt to wear such boots would be to court misery. What bootmakers call Alpine boots are the best, with broad double soles, wide flat heels, waterproof tongues, and made to lace up the front.

Amongst the luxuries which intending travellers may be advised to take, are the following :—

A travelling spirit stove, with a small supply of tea and lump sugar. At all good ironmongers most delightful little stoves can be bought, which take to pieces, and which can be packed in very little room. With one of these, a cup of tea can be made at any time with very little trouble ; whereas odd cups of tea provided at foreign hotels are by no means up to our English standard of excellence, and are sometimes charged at ridiculous prices as extras. The spirit for burning can be bought almost everywhere at a low price.

An indiarubber water bottle for those liable to cold feet. This bottle will, when empty, occupy very little space ; and if the weather should turn cold, it can easily be filled with water made hot on the spirit stove, and it may be a great comfort.

An air pillow of the sort now sold in all good shops. This pillow can be used as a cushion both in the train and on the steamboat. It can be made either hard or soft to suit the fancy, and when not in use it can be rolled into a very small packet.

An indiarubber bath. This article is not costly, and it can be folded to occupy only a few inches. Britons have sometimes a mania for bathing ; yet in many districts to hire a bath is an impossibility. It is to be remembered, however, that to rub the body all over with a towel wrung out of cold water is a fairly good substitute for a bath.

Soap, candles and candlestick. In every country except England, soap in the bedrooms is an extra. In hotels, lights constitute a serious item. The light provided in the bedrooms is sometimes very poor, while, if an additional candle were ordered, the expense would amount to an extravagance. Even when it is understood that *bougies* are to be provided, it is just as well for the traveller to have at hand a couple of pounds of wax candles and a candlestick the parts of which can be unscrewed and screwed together.

When packing luggage, small economies of space can be effected. Take, for example, mending requirements, such as sewing cotton, silk twist for mending gloves, darning cottons, etc. Let the traveller wind a little of each upon one paper, instead of taking a number of reels. Materials of the sort must be taken, because common necessaries, such as needles, pins, hairpins, cotton, thimble, knife, scissors, are expensive to buy abroad, and they are poor in quality ; yet a complete stock would be very cumbersome.

Simple remedies, in case of illness or accident, it is always well to provide when about to travel abroad. A gauze veil will protect the face, and a gold-beater's skin, too, may be wanted. For the rest, it may be well to conclude by quoting a part of Baedeker's advice to travellers :—"For wounds and bruises, zinc ointment is a good remedy. For inflammation of the skin, caused by the glare of the sun or the snow, cold cream or glycerine and starch are recommended. Another remedy is an ointment of equal parts of almond oil, white wax, and spermaceti. For diarrhœa, fifteen drops of tincture of opium and aromatic tincture, mixed in equal quantities, may be taken every two hours until relief is afforded. The homœopathic tincture of camphor is also useful."

AN INFANT'S REQUIREMENTS

When housekeepers are about to become mothers for the first time, they are often, and quite reasonably, a little puzzled to know what clothing it is necessary that they should prepare for the expected stranger. Indeed, one of our readers who is thus circumstanced has written and asked that advice on the subject may be given in this portion of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, explaining that her money is not abundant, and that therefore she wishes to provide as few garments as possible. It is in accordance with this request that these notes have been written.

The number of garments required for a baby depends upon the style of dress which is adopted and the material used. If only mothers could be persuaded to have every garment which a baby has to wear made of flannel or wool, they would find it easy to lessen the number of clothes provided, and thus to save expense, in sewing and washing, and in trouble. Some people have a notion that to make a baby look pretty it must have robes elaborately trimmed, and that it must have plenty of embroidery and fine lace about it. The truth is, however, that a healthy, happy, comfortable baby is in itself such a lovely and delightful object, that people who have learnt to understand what real beauty is would never dream of looking at the apparel. They would be too much occupied with the child. It is always to be remembered that a baby is never any better for having fine clothes; it is the worse for them if they are heavy, long, and stiff with starch.

Years ago, a great authority on babies said to a young mother, "If you would have strong children, bear in mind that there are three requisites : plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel." When baby's clothes are made of cambric, muslin, and calico, it is very usual for five or six garments to be piled on the little frame. When flannel is the material used, only three garments are needed, after bands are discarded—that is, a woollen shirt, a flannel petticoat or "barracoat," and a flannel frock. These three garments will give as much warmth as the six garments used to do, and yet they will be light ; and a baby's body is not strong enough to carry a heavy weight. They ought to be made to cover every part of the body alike, and should come well up to the neck to protect the chest and shoulders. They should be loose, so that there will be no pressure, and plenty of room for growth, and should be made so that no pins will be needed when putting them on, and so that the infant will not need to be turned over and over when being dressed. The shirt and the frock should have arms reaching to the wrist. The barracoats or flannels should fasten at the side, not at the front, and should be a foot longer

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than the little frock, so that the lower part can be turned up, while the child is an infant, to keep the feet warm. The nightgowns, too, should be of flannel.

Last month in the correspondence column a list was given of garments indispensable for a baby. It must be understood that this list was severely circumscribed on account of expense. If a few more articles could be allowed, the mother would have fewer difficulties. At the same time, it is no advantage to have a large number of garments for a baby. The more clothes there are, the more to wash and look after. This is a consideration for mothers who have not very efficient domestic helpers.

One word must be said to prevent mistakes about the saving of expense, claimed for the new garments. So far as the first outlay is concerned, there is no saving. Flannel is more costly than calico, yet fewer garments are needed; therefore the cost of the old style and the new style is about the same. The saving is made in the laundry department and the sewing department; the benefit is found in the increased comfort and health of the baby. A disadvantage which belongs to flannel garments must, however, be noted. They do not wear as long as calico clothes. Flannel is liable to get the moth into it, therefore it is not likely that a set of infant's clothing made of flannel will even, when cared for, do for more than three children. On the other hand, clothing made of fine linen, muslin, and calico will endure for years, and it is quite usual in careful families for little babies to wear some of the clothes that their fathers and mothers wore before them. When "reformed" babies' garments are used, this arrangement is seldom made. On the other hand, the original owner of the clothes can wear them for six months. When a baby's garments are of a reasonable length to begin with, there is no need to "shorten" him at the end of three months. This is a decided saving.

Where there is a difficulty in getting patterns for infants' garments, prospective mothers are advised to write for paper patterns of barracoats and shirts to the Ladies' Sanitary Association, 22 Berners Street, Oxford Street, London. This Association supplies paper patterns by post for a small sum. It is to be noted, however, that mothers who can knit quickly and well can make most delightful small garments for infants. There are no infants' shirts that are so excellent as knitted woollen shirts. They are soft, warm, and comfortable. They can be washed with the greatest ease in a few minutes, and they need no starching or ironing, —but merely to be pulled out as they dry.

THE FAMILY SWEET TOOTH

Apricot Cream.—Procure a tin of apricots, and measure out as much fruit as will fill a pint basin. Stew this for a few minutes with the syrup which belongs to it, and when soft rub the apricots through a sieve. Add sugar, if not sufficiently sweet, and a few drops of essence of almonds. Whip half a pint of cream till thick. Dissolve separately half an ounce of well-soaked gelatine by stirring it over the fire for a few minutes, then let it cool. Mix the whipped cream with the pulp, add the cool gelatine and a few drops of cochineal. (The apricot cream will be an ugly colour without

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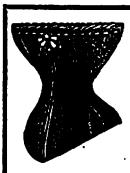

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cochineal.) Mould when the cream is beginning to firm.

Swiss Cream.—Take a quarter of a pound of macaroons and lay these in a deep glass dish. Moisten them with lemon syrup, or, if it is usual for wine to be used in cookery, pour a little white wine over the cakes. Rub the grated rind of two lemons upon lumps of sugar, and add more sugar to make five ounces. Mix four teaspoonfuls of arrowroot or ground rice to a smooth paste with cold milk, and pour on one pint of milk boiling hot. (If a very rich dish is required, cream might be substituted for the milk, or half cream and half milk may be taken.) Return the preparation to the saucepan, and stir it without ceasing over the fire till it thickens. When almost cold, add the strained juice of two lemons, and stir this well in. Pour the cream over the macaroons, leave till next day, and garnish the top with red currant or apple jelly before serving.

Imperial Syllabubs.—Take the thin rind of a lemon, put it into a pint of cream, and boil for ten minutes. Stir till nearly cold, then take out the lemon rind, mix in gently the strained juice of two lemons, and add powdered sugar to taste. Serve in glasses.

Birds' Nests.—Beat two eggs well, and mix with them two ounces of castor sugar, and very gradually two ounces of fine flour. Butter the inside of small round tartlet tins, half fill them with the mixture, and bake. Turn out the nests, scoop a spoonful of the crumb out of the centre, and put in the hollow two or three preserved cherries, or two or three green gooseberries boiled in syrup till soft.

CORRESPONDENCE

S. T. C., Brixton.—The number of cloths needed depends on the size of the family. You do not say the size of yours. For a moderate-sized household it is not advisable to have fewer than twelve tea cloths, twelve glass cloths, four round towels, four knife cloths, four oven cloths, four sink cloths, three basin cloths, three chamber cloths, three boot cloths, and three grate cloths. The common sorts are usually made of coarse crash, which can very often be had for nothing, or of worn tea cloths. If not supplied, superior cloths will be used in their stead. Of course these goods should not be given out haphazard. There ought to be a fixed day for giving out the weekly supply, and, before the clean ones are handed over, the dirty ones should be counted and sent to the wash.

Household Cloths.

A Young Manager.—At what height from the ground should an ornamental shelf be placed?—In a matter of this sort there is abundant room for difference of opinion. The height suitable for a shelf depends upon the character of the object to be placed upon it. Under ordinary circumstances, would it not be safe to say that the edge of the shelf should be level with the eye of an adult who was sitting down? So often it happens that, when one is seated, one sees the under side only of a shelf, having a full view of the arrangements for fixing the shelf securely, but gaining no idea of the treasure placed upon it. This is very annoying.

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however, has repeatedly been most successful. Cleanse the part of the fabric which has been stained, by rubbing it gently with a flannel which has been dipped in clean warm water; when doing this, wet the velvet no more than is absolutely necessary. Have ready a very hot iron, and, when the stain is removed, fix the iron upside down, and pass the wrong side of the velvet quickly backwards and forwards over it. The iron should be hot enough to make the steam rise and to dry the fabric, at the same time making the pile rise. Sometimes when the handle of the iron is hot, and the stain is not large, the velvet can be more readily passed over the rounded handle than over the other part.

To remove Stains from Velvet and Plush.

A Worker.—You will find that the easiest way to clean your picture glasses so that they do not look smeary, is to dust them, then rub them all over with a soft leather which has been wrung out of clear cold water, and leave them. They will dry bright without any polishing, though if any little marks are left they can be taken off with a duster

How to clean Picture Glasses.

Alice.—It is said, I know not how truly, that to take six drops of olive oil with a pinch of mustard just before getting into bed, is a cure for snoring. The oil lubricates the larynx, while the mustard acts as a counter irritant. Individuals given to snoring are certainly most unfortunate,

Cure for Snoring.

Grandmother.—Quite true. Housewives who own gardens frequently collect rose leaves and preserve them for the sake of their perfume. An easy way of doing this is to gather the petals of roses in their prime without dew, and if possible in the freshness of the day. Take a large china jar with a lid, sprinkle salt at the bottom, then rose leaves; add fresh petals, with salt, every day for a month, and stir with a wooden spoon whenever more flowers are added. Now pour off the water, transfer the mass to a china jar, and add one tablespoonful each of ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, and dry lemon and orange rind, or grated fresh rind. An ounce of orris root, with sage leaves, sprigs of lavender cut small, may be added, if obtainable. Shake and stir the jar once a week, and keep it covered, excepting for a short time daily, when the room is to be perfumed. Add each season fresh rose petals, salt, and allspice.

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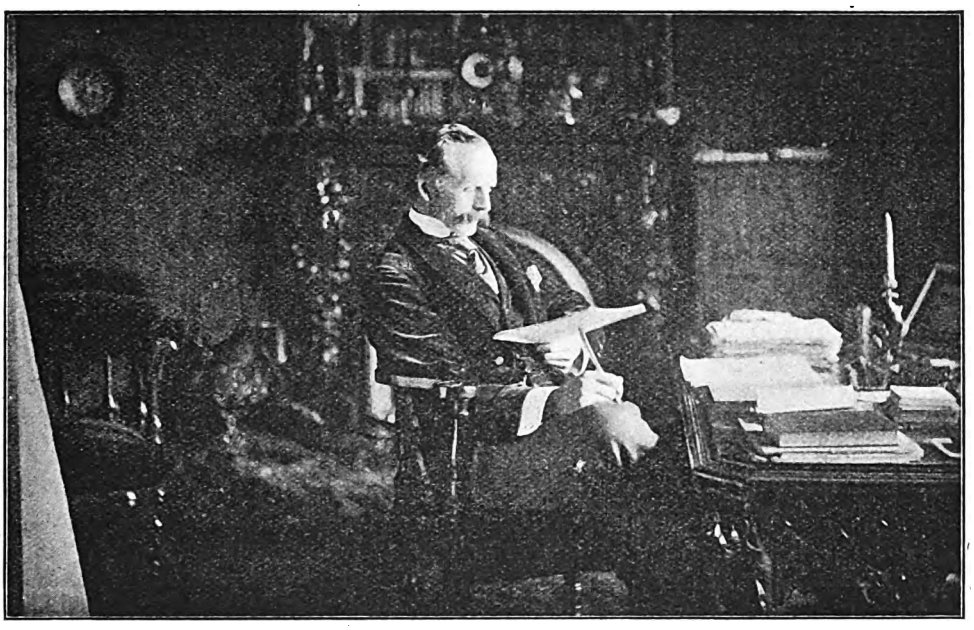

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AT WORK.
[*From a Photo by* T. & R. ANNAN & SONS, *Glasgow.*]

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS I KNEW HIM[1]

BY THE REV. D. M. ROSS

IN one of Canon Mozley's Oxford University Sermons there is a beautiful paragraph which some of us have instinctively associated with Henry Drummond. "I do not see why we should object to admit . . . that some persons are, even in point of character, if we may use the expression, favourites of heaven. . . . I mean that some persons certainly exhibit from the first dawn of their existence as moral agents a spiritual type that is not only a law written in their hearts, but an implanted goodness and beauty of character, which carries them instinctively to that good which others reach only by many struggles and perhaps many falls. Such have many of us seen—sometimes in humble life, faithful and devoted, loyal to man and full of melody in their hearts to God, their life one act of praise; sometimes in a higher sphere, living amid the pride of life, but wholly untouched by its spells; free and unensnared souls, that had never been lighted up by the false lights and aspirations of human life, or been fascinated by the evil of the world, though sympathising with all that is good in it, and enjoying it becomingly; who give us, so far as human character now can do, an insight into the realms of light, the light that comes from neither sun nor moon, but from Him who is the light everlasting!"

Such "a favourite of heaven" was Henry Drummond from his boyhood, full of brightness and frolic, on to that sickroom at Tunbridge Wells, which was transformed by the beautiful spirit of the sufferer into a kind of temple. There was a unique charm alike in his personality and in his writing and speaking; and the secret of this charm is to be found, partly at least, in Canon Mozley's suggestion that it "does please the Almighty to endow some of His creatures from the first with extraordinary graces."

Henry Drummond was singularly fortunate in his home life, with its congenial environment of affection, culture, and robust evangelical religion. He was a schoolboy to his finger tips—fonder of extra-academical life than of Latin grammar and the dates of English history, an enthusiast in sports and holiday rambles, "an easy first" in puzzles, tricks, and conundrums, and a keen observer of "the wonders of nature." The schoolboy's instincts, indeed, never died out of his heart, and no religious teacher of our day could win his way so quickly to a boy's confidence.

He was but a lad of fifteen when he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1866. In his undergraduate course he gave no indication of achieving future distinction:

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nor, indeed, did his college contemporaries Robert Louis Stevenson and "Ian Maclaren." He did his class work conscientiously, but he was bitten with no enthusiasm for classical studies or philosophy. The only chair whose subject fascinated him was one outside the ordinary curriculum—the newly-instituted chair of Geology. Here he gained the Class Medal, and formed a lifelong friendship with the Professor of Geology, Sir Archibald Geikie. Outside the University classrooms, the tall stripling, with his finely-cut features and athletic figure, was a *persona grata* in the social life of his fellow-students. His breezy sunniness, the kindliness of his fun and humour, the sparkle of his quiet remarks, and his never-failing courtesy and evenness of temper, made him a favourite in every company. He was less versed in Thucydides and Kant than some of his companions, but then he knew about interesting books—Ruskin's and George Eliot's and Mark Twain's. No student could have been more human, more social, more alive to the interestingness of the world he lived in; but there was in Henry Drummond, even in those early days, an ethereal element which added piquancy to his personality.

In view of what has been so often and so justly said of the magnetic impressiveness of his platform speaking, it is worth while recalling that in his undergraduate years he was a successful mesmerist. One of his fellow-students he had so completely under his power, that by touching a certain spot on his head with his finger he could make him do or say anything he willed—sometimes with grotesque results in the students' Debating Societies. On one occasion, a mesmerised subject mistook what Drummond wished him to do with the poker, and only by the exercise of a ready wit did the mesmerist avert a dangerous blow. Occasionally he was induced to delight an evening party with a mesmerising *séance*, but, from a conviction of the possible harm that might be done to the persons mesmerised, he had renounced the exercise of his peculiar gift long before the close of his student days.

Drummond entered the New College—the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the Free Church of Scotland—in 1870, along with Dr. James Stalker, and the friend of his boyhood in Stirling, Dr. John Watson. During the first three years of his theological course he still gave no sign of his brilliant future. He was a winsome personality, beloved by all, and sought after by the brightest students for his ever-delightful companionship, but he was no intellectual leader in those days. Like "Ian Maclaren," he had a keen interest in the great English writers of the Victorian era, but he never threw himself with zest into theological study. His chief academic ambition, even in his theological course, was to obtain the degree of Doctor of Science in the University.

During the summer of 1873 he spent a *semester* at the University of Tübingen, in the heart of the charming scenery of the Swabian Alps. It was my privilege to live under the same roof with him for those three months, and to cement a friendship which for four-and-twenty years has been one of the choicest blessings of my life. As with Scottish students, so with German *Burschen*, Drummond, wherever he was known, was a universal favourite. He threw himself with his whole heart into the social life of the *Burschen*, and was eagerly sought after by the German students for *Kneipes*, for evening walks to the picturesque *Wirthschaften* in the surrounding villages, and for holiday excursions to Lichtenstein, Hohenzollern, and the Schwarzwald. There were some dozen Scottish students in Tübingen that summer, and we all scored in the kindness accorded to us by the warm-hearted Teutons from our association with *Herr* Drummond. Not that Drummond impressed the German *Theologs* with his intellectual power: he had a greater reputation as a consummate chess-player than as an expert in the New Testament criticism, for which Strauss, Baur, and Zeller had made Tübingen famous. It was his radiant personality that attracted the Germans, his perennial interestingness, the fascination of his manner, the charm of his character.

One of the chief features of the social life of the University of Tübingen, as of Heidelberg and other German universities, is the existence of different clubs, with their distinctive caps and sashes, their weekly reunions (*Kneipe*) in a restaurant (*Wirthschaft*), and their mutual rivalries and jealousies. The chief gymnastic exercise of the German students is *Fechten* (fencing with a long thin rapier), and the skill acquired in the gymnasium is turned to account in the settlement of quarrels between the clubs. Twenty-five years ago not a week passed without a rapier duel (forbidden, at least nominally, by the University and police authorities) taking place between representatives of clubs or

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between individuals in the woods behind a quiet village *Wirthschaft*. These duels, which were attended with no serious danger to life, interested Drummond for the insight they gave into the life and temperament of the *Burschen*. Oftener than once his friends in the clubs let him into the secret of the time and place of a duel, and in after years his keen observation of the extraordinary skill of the combatants (or athletes, I should rather say) in attack and defence provided him with striking illustrations in addressing young men on their struggle with temptation.

His interest in the workings of human nature sometimes would show itself in forms original as droll. Three of us were walking along a quaint Tübingen street to the University lecture-room. "How easily," said one, "a crowd can be gathered." "Yes," said Drummond; "just let us stop at this grating in the pavement, and bend down with an intent look." In a minute or two a crowd was round us; we passed out of the crowd; as the crowd still gazed at the grating, and still increased in size, Drummond looked back with an amused smile on his demonstration of the ease with which a crowd can be gathered.

During the New College Session 1873–74, when Drummond was in his twenty-third year, came the turning-point in his career—the awakening of his intellectual life and the quickening of his spiritual enthusiasms. In the years when Drummond was at the University and the New College there was a keen interest amongst the better students in the questions raised for debate between materialistic science and spiritualistic philosophy, and in the questions raised by the newer biblical criticism. Drummond took no special interest in these discussions. Philosophy was simply a subject in the Arts curriculum which he had to "get up" for his degree. The theological atmosphere of the New College had been electrically charged by the influence of men like Professor Robertson Smith and Professor W. G. Elmslie, who had championed the newer views in the weekly meetings of the Theological Society; but Drummond stood aloof. He had little experience of religious doubt and struggle for faith; as far as outsiders could judge, he was content with the traditional evangelicalism of his Church. Neither in the theological nor in the philosophical sphere had his intellectual awakening begun. Nor had he yet thrown himself with enthusiasm into any sphere of practical Christian activity. But from the session of 1873–74 he was another man—with the same fascinating personality, with his fascinating personality indeed indefinitely accentuated, but with a keenness of intellectual edge and with a contagious warmth of spiritual enthusiasm that excited the increasing wonder of his friends. The occasion—I will not say the cause, for Drummond himself would have been slow to admit as much—of this extraordinary renascence in his life was the first visit of Mr. D. L. Moody to Scotland. Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings were held in the Free Assembly Hall, which forms part of the New College buildings. He produced a deep and widespread impression upon the spiritual life of Edinburgh. Drummond was fascinated by the personality of the American evangelist, and was fairly caught in the sweep of the movement of which Mr. Moody was the centre. Along with several of the foremost students in the New College, he took part in addressing evangelistic meetings. His power of impressive speech and his gift of dealing with individuals in the inquiry-room attracted Mr. Moody's notice, and nothing would satisfy the evangelist but that Drummond should consent to accompany him in his evangelistic tour and be especially an evangelist to young men. Drummond was within a few months of completing his theological course; but he was hot in this new work. He gave up his classes, and spent the next two years in evangelistic work among young men in the chief cities of Scotland, England, and Ireland. From 1874 onwards, evangelism was the master passion of his life.

Even in those early years Drummond had his own message to deliver, and his own way of delivering it. He had no quarrel with the traditional evangelicalism, but there were many points in traditional evangelicalism on which he simply laid no emphasis. He found the heart of Christianity in a personal friendship with Christ, and it was his ambition as an evangelist to introduce men to Christ. Friendship with Christ was the secret of a pure manhood and a beneficent life—the true strength for overcoming temptation, and the true inspiration for manliness and goodness. It was a simple message; but, delivered with the thousand subtile influences radiating forth from his strong and rich personality, it evoked a wonderful response in the crowded meeting and in the quiet talk in the streets or in young men's lodgings. There was little dogmatic teaching in his message; it was not to a theo-

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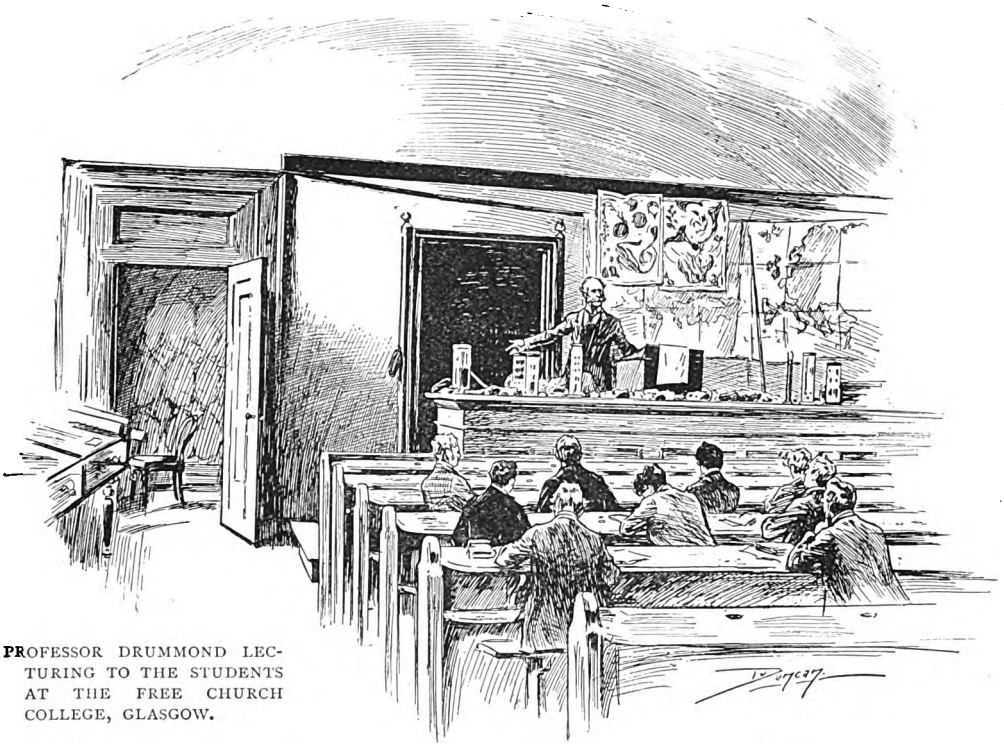

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND LECTURING TO THE STUDENTS AT THE FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

logical creed, but to Christ, that he burned to get men introduced. He had little of the ecclesiastical instinct: what interested him was not connection with an ecclesiastical organisation, but that which constituted the heart of Church fellowship and activity—a personal link with Christ. This was at the root of the extreme individualism of his earlier years. He had not learned, as he learned later, to appreciate the spiritual worth of organised social life, and he was quick to detect the weakness of Churches and ecclesiastical methods. He was a man of one idea: the sphere of his vision was monopolised with the incomparable worth of the friendship of the individual with Christ. After all, a noble kind of individualism, and an individualism which goes far to explain his non-ecclesiastical temper and catholicity of spirit, and which goes far to explain also the success of his early evangelism.

Mr. Drummond returned to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1876 to complete his theological course at the New College. His was already one of the best-known names in the evangelistic world, but he bore himself with a modesty which was the constant admiration of his class fellows. Of the impression he produced upon his fellow-students in those months, it is difficult to speak without seeming to indulge in the language of exaggeration. To those of us who were privileged to enjoy his companionship in after-dinner walks in West Princes Street Gardens, or on quiet Sunday evenings in his rooms, the personal influence of Henry Drummond was a priceless gift: he was so self-forgetting, so sympathetic, so brotherly, and there was about him such an atmosphere of the upper levels of life. "There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before." Such was Drummond himself in the closing months of his academic career.

Drummond knew, however, how to unbend from his strenuous seriousness. Nor could mere conventionalism deter him from giving outlet to his love of fun and adventure. After the close of their theological course, the members of the class met together in a hotel for a farewell supper. Alterations were

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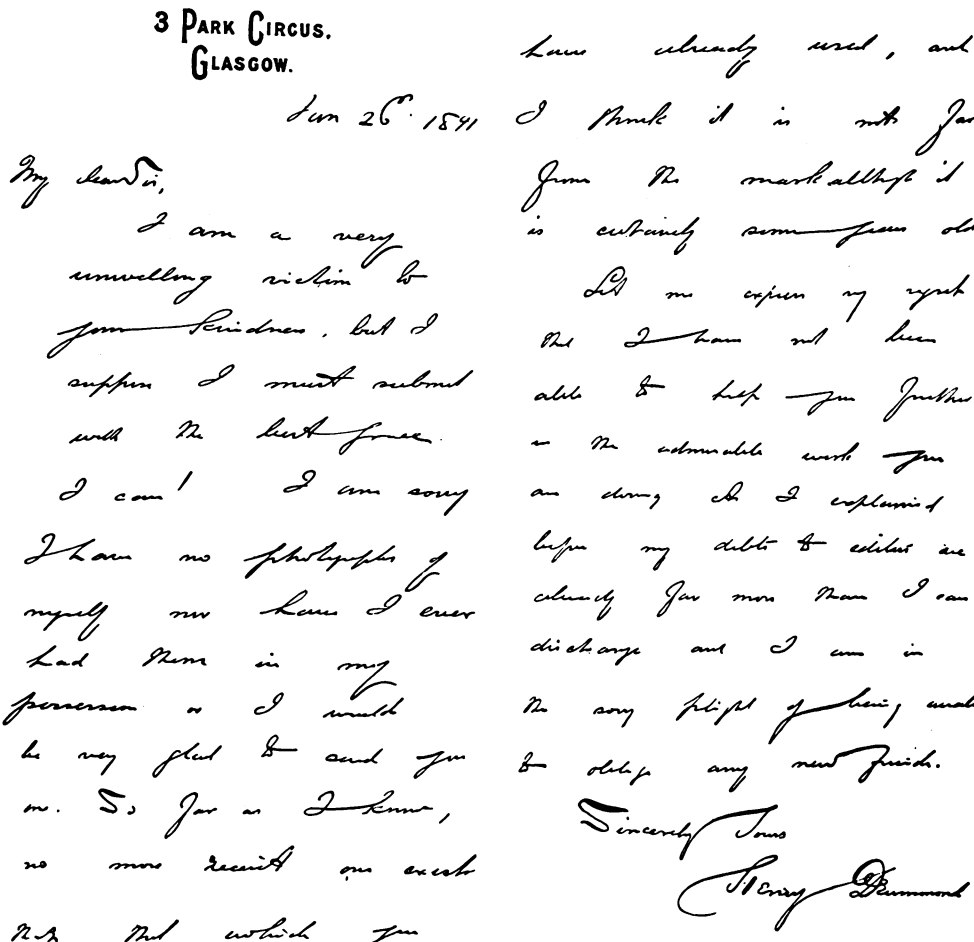
going on in the hotel, and we were restrained in our mirth by the proximity of other guests in a part of the saloon curtained off. At Drummond's suggestion, we resolved to adjourn outside the city altogether, to the solitudes of Arthur Seat, where we should be untrammelled. Singing snatches of students' songs and Sankey's hymns by turn, we reached the summit of Arthur Seat, in the midnight hours, where, with the stars looking down on us and on the sleeping city which had nurtured our friendships, we heartened each other by song and speech for the unknown future that was awaiting us beyond the College walls.

During the winter of 1876–77 Drummond gathered round him several of his friends in the New College, and organised a series of Sunday evening meetings for students and other young men in the Gaiety Theatre, opposite the Edinburgh University. Out of those meetings there grew up "a certain brotherhood, faithful in criticism, loyal in affection, tender in trouble,"—known to ourselves as the Gaiety Brotherhood. The ten members, drawn from different academic years, were linked together by religious affinities and by the memories of College friendships, under the presidency of a dear old Scotsman, Provost Swan of Kirkcaldy, at whose country house—Springfield—the first gatherings of the Brotherhood took place. For more than twenty years the Brotherhood has met in some quiet retreat for a week each season—a week which has been a big element in the intellectual and spiritual life of its members. The names of some of the Brotherhood are very widely known—Dr. James Stalker, Dr. John Watson, and Dr. George Adam Smith. In


3 Park Circus.
Glasgow.

Jan 26th 1891

My dear Sir,

I am a very unwilling victim to your kindness, but I suppose I must submit with the best grace. I can't. I am sorry I have no photographs of myself nor have I ever had them in my possession or I would be very glad to send you one. So far as I know, no more recent one exists than that which you have already used, and I think it is not far from the mark although it is certainly some years old.

Let me express my regret that I have not been able to help you further in the admirable work you are doing. As I explained before my debts to editors are already far more than I can discharge and I am in the sorry plight of being unable to oblige any new friends.

Sincerely Yours

Henry Drummond

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR DRUMMOND TO MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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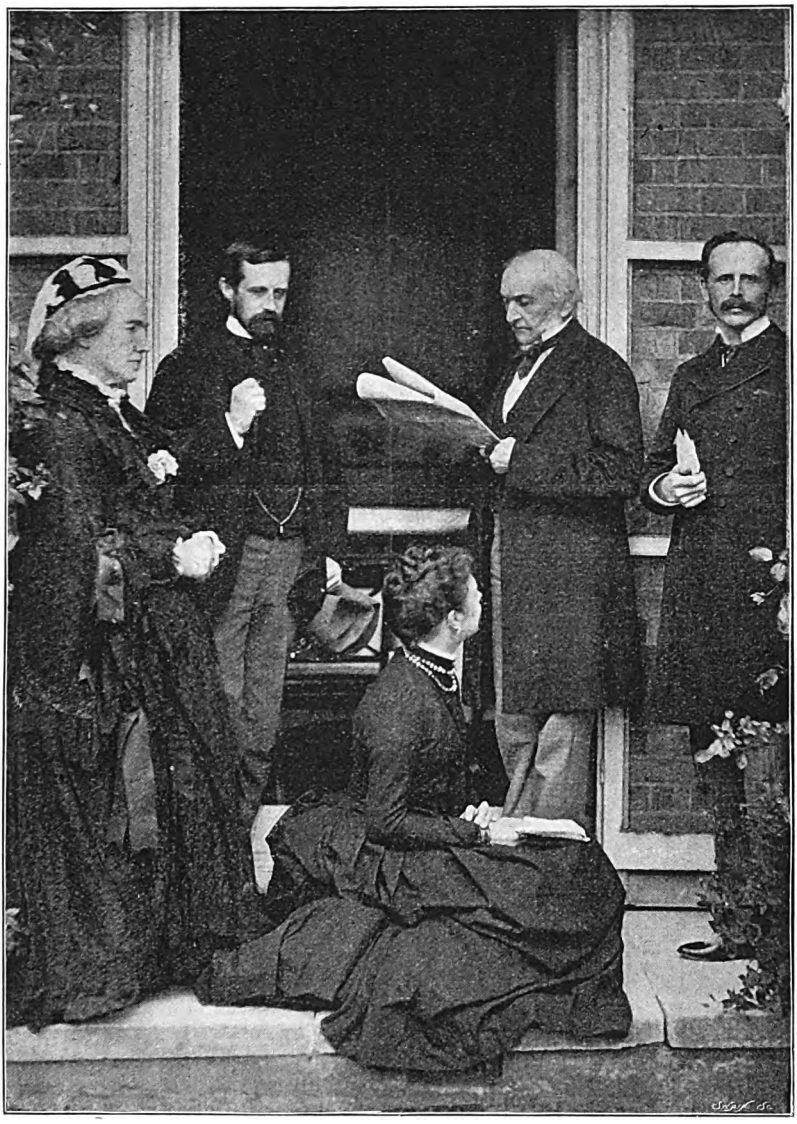

Mrs. Gladstone. The Earl of Aberdeen. The Countess of Aberdeen. Mr. Gladstone. Prof. Drummond.

A GROUP AT DOLLIS HILL—AUGUST 1888.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* LOMBARDI & Co.]

this little circle of old College friends, Henry Drummond had a unique place. His mere presence was a perpetual benediction. His courtesy and thoughtfulness for others were unfailing; his playful humour was like glints of sunshine; and in the years when his name had become a household word in English-speaking countries, his forgetfulness of self was a rebuke to every vain and selfishly ambitious temper.

Drummond was a good talker; but what was more striking than his talk was his capacity for listening. There was a genuine modesty in him which made it easy for him to assume the attitude of a learner, even towards those whose knowledge gave them less right to speak than himself. He stooped to learn where another would have exalted himself to teach. Often it would happen that a theological discussion would go on for an hour or two, in which Drummond took no part. He would lie

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back in an easy-chair listening in perfect silence. Then at the end he would ask a quiet question, or make an epigrammatic remark, which was more luminous than all our talk. Drummond was fond of a quiet *tête-à-tête* carried on to the early morning hours. With that modesty which never failed him, he assumed that his friend had much to teach him, and sat at his feet as a learner. It was himself probably, with his questions, suggestions, and *caveats*, who was kindling the light, but he put it down to the other's credit. There was a kind of witchery in his personality which drew the intellectual as well as moral best out of a man.

In the autumn of 1877 he began his work as a lecturer on Natural Science in the Free Church Theological Hall of Glasgow. He was in the habit of winding up the College session by inviting his class to a week's excursion in Arran for field work in the subjects of class study—geology, botany, and zoology. "We wound up with four days' geologising in Arran, and had a glorious time. Eleven men mustered—the cream of the class—and we hammered the island almost to bits. Nothing left but the hotel and a ledge of rock to smoke on." Such days of companionship with this genial leader are a happy memory even for those who cared little for the palæozoic, mesozoic, and cainozoic periods.

During all the years he was lecturer on science his heart was in evangelism. "I want a quiet mission somewhere, entry immediate, and self-contained if possible. Do you know such a place?" He found this quiet mission in Possil Park, where Dr. Marcus Dods' congregation were fostering a new church in a suburb inhabited by artisans. It was here that *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* had its genesis, as he tells in the preface. "It has been my privilege for some years to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week-days I have lectured to a class of students on the Natural Sciences, and on Sundays to an audience for the most part of working-men on subjects of a moral and religious character. . . . The two fountains of knowledge began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled."

As to the impression produced by his ministry upon the artisans of Possil Park, a little incident which came to my knowledge is a more eloquent testimony than any laboured description. A woman, whose husband was dying, came to Mr. Drummond late on a Saturday evening, and asked him to come to the house: "My husband is deein', sir; he's no' able to speak to you, and he's no' able to hear you, but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees."

Another stage in Mr. Drummond's career was marked by the publication in 1883 of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. For a year or two before its publication the "message" of the book lay upon him like the "burden" of an Old Testament prophet which he must somehow get uttered. In his evangelistic teaching there were two dominant thoughts—the distinctiveness of the Christian life, and the reality of conversion. It broke upon him that both of these thoughts were vouched for by science. It was natural that he should exclaim with the enthusiasm of one who had made a great discovery, *Eureka!* If truths which were uncongenial not only to the world of scientific culture but even to large numbers of professing Christians should turn out to be countenanced by the laws of science itself, there was here the possibility of an unexpected reconciliation of science and religion, and religion, too, in a somewhat exaggerated Calvinistic form. Mr. Drummond appealed to the gulf which separates the inorganic kingdom from the organic, in proof of the wideness of the gulf which separates the merely ethical life of man from the distinctively spiritual or Christian, and he appealed to the doctrine of biogenesis (that life can only come from life), in proof of the position that the distinctively spiritual life is a new creation let down suddenly into the natural ethical life. This is not the place to enter into a consideration of the validity of the arguments of *Natural Law*. Mr. Drummond had himself ceased to attach much weight to the novelties in its teaching, by which many of its readers were attracted. He learned to appreciate better the deep affinities between the ethical and the spiritual life, and he also learned to appreciate better those elements of human personality, such as self-consciousness and volition, which make it impossible to interpret the moral and spiritual life of man by the help of nothing more than the categories of biological science.

But apart from its apologetic features, on which alone Mr. Drummond himself laid much stress, the book had extraordinary merits, both of style and of spiritual teaching, and deserved the popularity it speedily achieved. It was long, however, before the

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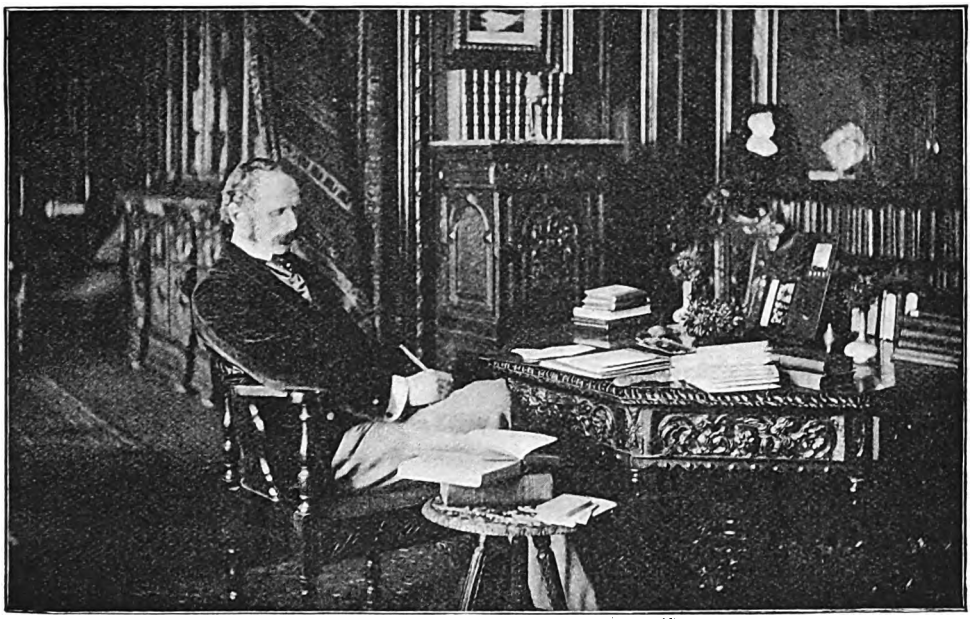
news of the sensation its publication created reached the author. Shortly after seeing it through the press, he had started at the request of a Glasgow merchant on an exploring expedition into Tropical Africa, the record of which is one of the most brilliant of books of travel. He has himself told us the strange circumstances in which he first heard of the reception of his volume. "For five months I never saw a letter or a newspaper, and in my new work—I had gone to make a geological and botanical survey of this region—the book and its fate were alike forgotten. . . . I well remember when the first thunderbolt from the English critics penetrated my fastnesses. One night, an hour after midnight, my camp was suddenly roused by the apparition of three black messengers—despatched from the north end of Lake Nyassa by a friendly white—with the hollow skin of a tiger cat containing a small package of letters and papers. Lighting the lamp in my tent, I read the letters, and then turned over the newspapers—the first I had seen for many months. Among them was a copy of the *Spectator*, containing a review of *Natural Law*—a review with criticism enough in it certainly to make one serious, but with that marvellous generosity and indulgence to an unknown author for which the *Spectator* stands supreme in journalism."



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN HIS STUDY.
[*From a Photo by* T. & R. ANNAN & SONS, *Glasgow.*]

The popularity of Professor Drummond on both sides of the Atlantic might well have turned the head of an ordinary man, but through it all he remained absolutely unspoiled, the same modest unobtrusive friend as we knew him of old. His master passion was still evangelism. For years he was the unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh University in an unconsecrated building—the small, undignified Oddfellows' Hall. He came from Glasgow for almost every Sunday during several winter sessions. There are scattered over the world to-day literally thousands of young men—ministers, doctors, teachers, lawyers, merchants—who owe the chief spiritual stimulus of their lives to these students' meetings. We have had great University preachers in our day, and great University sermons, but no University preacher has done so much to quicken the spiritual life of a University as this unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh students, and no University sermons have gone home to the heart and inspired for service as his informal talks in the Oddfellows' Hall.

Professor Drummond had qualifications for his work as Christ's evangelist to students. He believed in the glory and gladness of life: it was a wide, rich, and sunny life he lived himself. It was no gospel for ascetics he preached, but a gospel

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for youth with its genial energy and generous aspiration. It was no gospel for spiritual recluses, but for chivalrous youths eager to do some knightly service in the stout battle of life. His gospel was for the living present, and not merely for the dim and distant future. Salvation was the theme of his message, but salvation not as mere safety for the future, but as the saving of men's lives here and now, the winning of the true life of manhood—"a more abundant life, a life abundant in salvation for themselves, and large in enterprise for the alleviation and redemption of the world."

A striking feature in Professor Drummond's career has been his hospitable attitude towards new truth. He was a one-idea'd man in so far as he allowed the truth that was dominant at the moment to take possession of him, to the exclusion sometimes of complementary truths. But no one could have been readier to expect and prepare for new light. The series of booklets which he began to issue in 1889 reveals a wonderful growth in breadth of spiritual insight. In *Natural Law* he had laid an exaggerated emphasis upon the experience involved in sudden conversion: in his later teaching the "catastrophic" interpretation of spiritual life falls into the background. But perhaps the most important change in Professor Drummond's teaching is the new emphasis he lays upon the social organism and social duty. In *Natural Law* and in the evangelism of that period, the individual fills the sphere of his vision—the claim of God on the individual, the friendship of the individual with Christ, the growth of the individual in Christlikeness. But the religious individualism of the early period was enriched in his later years, through a deeper understanding of the worth of the social organisation for fostering the spiritual life of the individual, and a heartier appreciation of the closeness of the connection between spiritual life and social service. If *Natural Law* represents exaggerated individualism, *The City without a Church* almost leans towards an exaggerated socialism. Anyhow, Professor Drummond has here broken away into a noble and inspiring conception of the social mission of Christianity. Some of the passages in this booklet are worthy of being put alongside the impassioned appeals of the great prophet of modern democracy, Joseph Mazzini, as, for example, the passage in which he pleads with Christians to ennoble their life as citizens with the spirit of civic patriotism: "To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the marketplace on equal terms; to live among them, not as saint or monk but as brother man with brother man; to serve God, not with form or ritual but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city—social, commercial, political, philanthropic,—this is the religion of the Son of Man, and the only fitness for heaven which has much reality in it. . . . Traveller to God's last city, be thankful that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your doors, and for the chance to build its walls a little higher before you go. Pray for yet a little while to redeem the wasted years. And week by week, as you go forth from worship, and day by day as you awake to face this great and needy world, learn to 'seek a city' here, and in the service of its neediest citizen to find heaven."

This growing appreciation of the social organism and of social duty throws light upon the *motif* of Professor Drummond's last and, whether we judge it by a literary or intellectual standard, his greatest book—*The Ascent of Man*. His first book had been an apology from the side of science for two positions in his individualistic theory of religion—the distinctiveness of the Christian life, and the reality of the sudden appearance of the spiritual life, or sudden conversion. His last book was an apology—again from the side of science—for the law of love, or "struggle for the life of others," as a law deeply embedded in the whole life of the universe. His first book was an apologetic for individualism, his last an apologetic for socialism.

The delivery of the Lowell Lectures on the *Ascent of Man* in 1893 was the last important event in Professor Drummond's public career. He put his strength into these lectures—urged thereto not only by his interest in the apologetic argument for the law of struggle for the life of others, but also by his regard for the audience before whom they were to be delivered. Professor Drummond was no stranger in America. In 1879 he had explored the Rocky Mountains on a geological expedition with Sir Archibald Geikie. Several years afterwards he visited Northfield on Mr. Moody's invitation, and spent several months in the States, addressing meetings and delivering lectures. He had a genuine liking for America and Americans: he found himself in a congenial atmosphere in the lecture hall at Boston.

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Before I refer to the last two years of Professor Drummond's life, it may interest the reader if I turn aside for a little and point out some features in his activity which throw light on his personality.

Though Drummond was one of the best-known citizens of Glasgow, and was keenly interested in the philanthropic and religious life of the city, he loved to live in the shade. Hostesses were eager to secure him for dinners and receptions, but he had a horror of being lionised. He had a power of brilliant talk, a perfection of social manner, and a wide knowledge of men and cities, that, had he cared, would have made him *the* man at the dinner-table, but his modesty forbade him to seek to shine. To the distress of entertainers who knew his attractiveness, he shunned "society" functions, and preferred a quiet talk, with four feet on the fender. He was in demand as a speaker or chairman at public meetings to draw an audience, but, unless he had some special message he wished to deliver, he declined such requests, and would go off, instead, to some little meeting in an obscure hall to encourage a down-hearted worker. But if he avoided the public platform, where he felt no special call to speak, he loved to be in touch with the life of the people. Often he would slink away of a Saturday afternoon to some football field in the East End, where he could find himself (to use one of his own picturesque phrases) "the only man with a collar in the whole crowd." He cared as little for great ecclesiastical as for great social functions, but his friends could count upon him turning up at odd functions in the underground life of the people—such as Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Services for canal boatmen, or evangelistic meetings for thieves and ex-convicts.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S STUDY.
[*From a Photo by* T. & R. ANNAN & SONS, *Glasgow.*]

Drummond was at home amongst boys. Watching a cricket or football match, he forgot that he was a Professor, and became a boy again. He had a rich répertoire of conundrums, incidents of adventure, and thrilling ghost stories. In the country a cowslip or an elm tree in blossom would give him a text for explaining the wonderful devices of nature for the fertilisation of flowers. At the fireside or in the woods, he never failed to excite the enthusiasm of boys. The poor boys of Glasgow stirred his interest. He had at one time designed a special basket for message boys, to lighten the burden of little fellows struggling under ill-adjusted loads. By his pen and by his addresses he

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rendered invaluable service to a modern institution—the Boys' Brigade—which has done much for the well-being of thousands of the lads of our cities, and it was fitting that the body of the Boys' Friend should have been laid to rest in Stirling Cemetery to the sound of the bugles of the Boys' Brigade.

The ordeal of criticism to which the man and his teaching were subjected for years gave Drummond an opportunity of revealing the strength and beauty of his character. No bitter word did he ever write or speak in reply to his most merciless or ungenerous critics. In his earlier years he was the darling of the evangelistic world. In later years the broadness of his teaching alarmed many of his former admirers, and some of the religious papers attacked him with a fierceness which bordered on malignity. I know how some of the attacks, imputing unworthy motives and traducing his character, made Drummond's sensitive nature wince; but not only did he not break the silence, but he nourished no bitter grudge in his heart. One instance of his magnanimity to an opponent may be worth recalling. A very able theologian had reviewed in the pages of an influential journal the booklet *The City without a Church*, not only in a trenchant but in a somewhat personally bitter fashion. "What ails So-and-so at me?" was Drummond's comment to a mutual friend; and when he was asked a few weeks afterwards by an American Theological College to recommend a Scottish theologian for a course of lectures, he named his castigator.

Drummond was a hard worker, but he knew the value of recreation as an intellectual tonic. His favourite pastime was salmon or trout fishing on a lonely Highland loch. He appreciated the solitudes of nature as keenly as the roar of the tide of life in a great city. If there was finished grace in his writing and speaking, there was finished grace even in his casting of a line. But even more striking than his skilful angling was his happy way with his boatman. With a courtesy and brotherliness which were conspicuous in his bearing towards servants, he would win the boatman's confidence and learn the story of his life, long before the day's sport was over; he would tell him interesting facts about birds and flowers and insects, and retail stories for his information and amusement, and in the evening the fortunate boatman would gladden his own fireside with an account of a happy day's experience.

From the beginning of 1895 Professor Drummond was the victim of pain and weakness. His disease, which baffled medical diagnosis, seized upon the muscles and bones of the trunk of the body, and rendered him for the most part a helpless invalid. His illness was but a fresh opportunity for the revelation of the beauty of his character and the charm of his personality. To the last he kept up his interest in what was going on in the intellectual and political world, and his interest in the movements of his friends was as lively as if he had been the strong one caring for the weak. His sickroom was, as I have said, a kind of temple, where one was made aware of the sacred beauty of a spirit that had triumphed over earth's sufferings and disappointments. "Here I am," he said to me on my last visit to him in December,—"here I am, getting kindness upon kindness from my friends and giving nothing in return." Little did he suspect how much he gave his friends in an hour's talk from his air-couch. His kindly humour never failed him. At Christmas 1895 he sent his friends as a Christmas card a photograph of himself in a bath-chair, with these words written in pencil underneath: "The Descent of Man." In his pain and weariness a good story was a physical fillip; his sickroom became a sort of centre for the receiving and distributing of stories. He looked forward to the recovery of strength and the resumption of work, but the end came suddenly, and on March 11th one of the purest, brightest, and most lovable spirits that have ever gladdened God's world passed to

> Such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of heaven.

In estimating Professor Drummond's influence as a spiritual teacher—it is as spiritual teacher, not as scientist or speculative thinker, that his chief work has been done—I single out one or two of the more obvious characteristics of his teaching. For one thing, there is "atmosphere" in his work. Much is said, and too much cannot be said, of the lucidity and beauty of his style. His style is the reflection of a lucid and beautiful spirit. His readers are made to feel that they are in the company of a man who breathes the pure air of that spiritual world which is the home of fair visions and noble thoughts. The restfulness of his spiritual aspiration is specially attractive. One can hear the panting of St. Augustine, and see the strained muscle of John Henry Newman, but in Professor Drummond one is reminded rather of the

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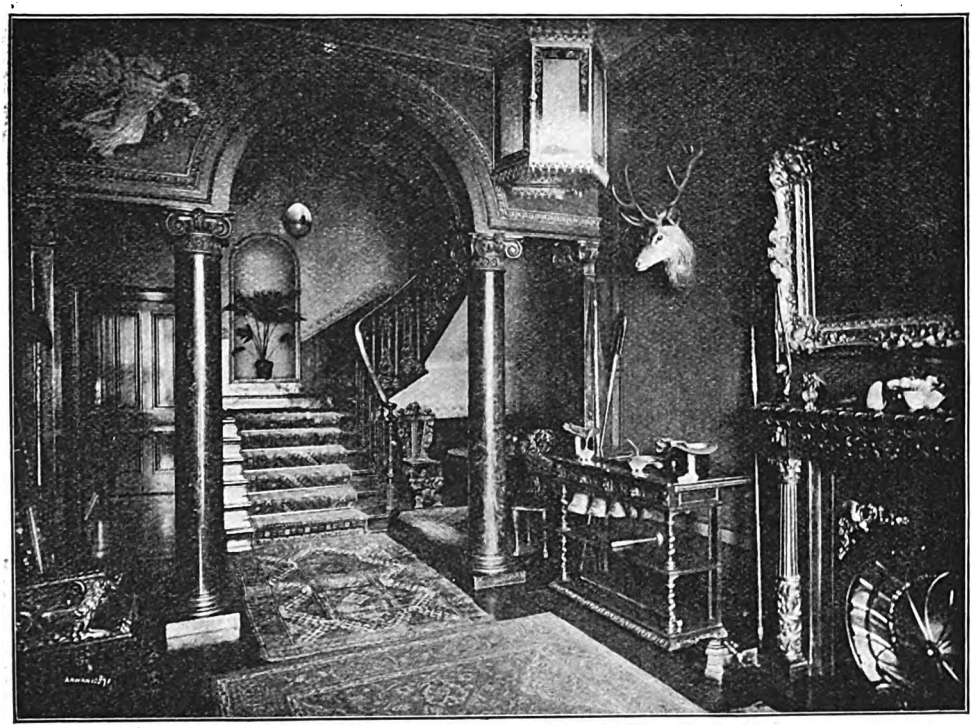
spiritual calm of the Early Ministry by the Sea of Galilee. Again, his work has the "note" of originality. This quality is reflected in his style; there is scarcely a hackneyed phrase in his pages. Another characteristic of his teaching is its catholicity—its singular freedom from theological provincialism. He uses the language, not of the sects or schools, but of Christendom. He is as readily understood in Sweden and Germany as in Scotland and America. He had a wide experience of human life. He had travelled in nearly every country on the globe, and been in contact with all grades of civilisation and culture. He had been a lecturer on science and a city missionary; he had been an African explorer and an itinerant evangelist; he had preached to the denizens of the slums and to the flower of the aristocracy of Britain; he had been the friend of working-men and the companion of statesmen. A "citizen of the world" with so varied a knowledge of life could not well be provincial, but the catholicity of his teaching had its deepest root in an understanding of the spirit of Him in whom there is "neither Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free."



THE HALL AT PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* T. & R. ANNAN & SONS, *Glasgow.*]

But more striking than all his teaching was the personality of the teacher. The character of Henry Drummond has been a great gift of God to our generation. All unconsciously he has himself given us the truest sketch of his character we are ever likely to have. His booklet *The Greatest Thing in the World*—an exposition of St. Paul's great hymn in praise of love in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians—has been taken more warmly to the heart of Christendom than any other religious book of recent years. It is a singularly beautiful filling in of St. Paul's outline of the Christian character. As those of us who knew what manner of man the writer had been amid the strain and stress of the world's work and temptation, read the pages of his booklet, we turned instinctively to his own life as the best commentary on his words. Some of us can never read St. Paul's immortal chapter without recalling *The Greatest Thing in the World*, and can never read *The Greatest Thing in the World* without recalling how the love there described with a felicity of language as remarkable as the spiritual glow of the teaching, irradiated his own personality and life.

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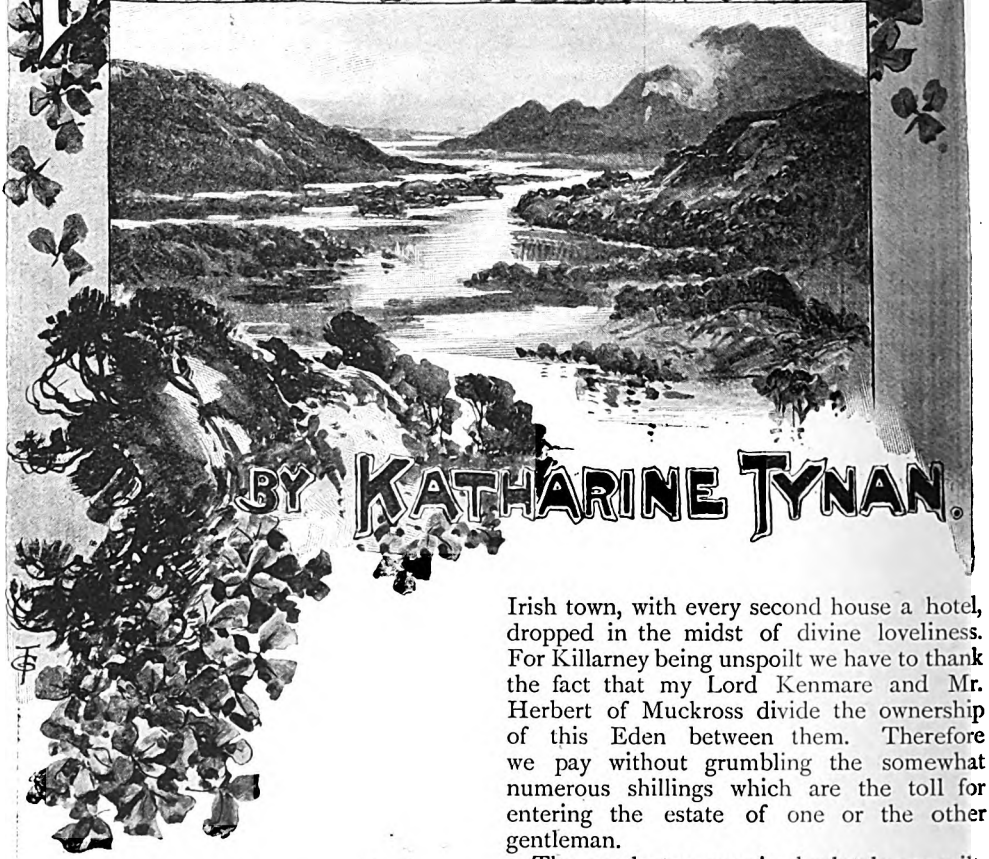
KILLARNEY.



BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

It was Shelley who, writing from the Italian Lakes, said they were the most beautiful things in all the world except Killarney. I had not hungered after Killarney all my days, associating it with cheap excursions and throngs of sight-seers, and I had not then heard Shelley's verdict. What I found when at last I visited it, was a paradise of lake and wood and mountain as sequestered as though the tourist were not. Here and there a boat-load or car-load of people passed by. The tourist with his travelling cap and tweeds, and his women-folk with short skirts and mackintoshes and the inevitable tweed cap, are indeed out of keeping with the solitary magnificence of the exquisite scenery; but, except for these insignificant human mites, there is nothing to tell that Killarney is a tourist resort. No merry-go-rounds or switchbacks, no dancing saloons, no giant advertisements. Just a little untidy Irish town, with every second house a hotel, dropped in the midst of divine loveliness. For Killarney being unspoilt we have to thank the fact that my Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert of Muckross divide the ownership of this Eden between them. Therefore we pay without grumbling the somewhat numerous shillings which are the toll for entering the estate of one or the other gentleman.

The people, too, remain absolutely unspoilt. They suit the landscape, being straight-featured, olive-skinned, velvet-eyed people, of a melancholy dignity. They are as grave as Spanish dons, and as gracious.

There was Patrick Doyle, my pony-boy the day we went through the Gap of Dunloe. He was like a statue of bronze. I can still see the grave beautiful face on which I looked down from my pony that day, and hear the soft voice with the Kerry wail in it. It was his last summer as a Killarney pony-boy. The spring should see him travelling over "the green fields to Americay," as their song has it.

America always seems homelike to them. He might have gone to London with a gentleman as groom, or to a Belfast clergyman whose daughter's purse he had found and restored, but even Belfast was less homelike than America in his dreams. "There's a power goes from this place every year," he

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says, "an' sure my own sister's married in Buffalo. 'Twon't be like a strange place at all."

I looked round the magnificent gloom of the Black Valley, and over the bogs covered with heather, and up to the peaks soaring to heaven where the eagle has his eyrie. Buffalo, sweltering in heat, parched with cold, the huddled, high, squalid houses where the Irish emigrants foregather and remain for the most part—did he know what he was going to?

But, alas! they do forget it. Among their valleys and mountains they are as safe as lambs in the fold. You have but to look at their unsullied eyes. Grave sin is unknown among them. But in the great cities the most innocent are often soonest cast away, and, once lost, sink to deepest depths.

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

"I wouldn't be askin' to leave it indeed," he says, looking round with a shadow of regret on his face, "only for the father

GAP OF DUNLOE.

"Try to go West, Patrick," I said. "Don't stay in the towns. Push out to the woods and prairies, where there is work for strong hands."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"They say there's a fine living to be made in Buffalo," he answered.

"You'll be a good boy, Patrick," I said, "and not forget your religion?"

"Sure, what would I be without it?" he said. "'Tisn't likely I'd go to be forgettin' it."

an' mother. 'Tis a thrifle I can make for them here compared wid the lashin's an' lavin's to be picked up in America; an' the father's never been the same since a load o' hay fell on him two summers ago, an' the mother's crippled wid the rheumatics."

"You're not leaving them all alone, Patrick."

"No, ma'am; there's a little bit of a bye, a brother, wid them; an' Larry, another brother o' mine, does be sendin' them home a bit continual. He was took away by an English gentleman, an' is doin' finely after the horses."

The pony-boys are as gentle and long-

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suffering with the inexperienced rider as the ponies themselves. The ponies are little broad-backed, sure-footed mountain-ponies, as strong as they are sagacious. Their riders must be nine times out of ten a sore trial to them.

"'Twouldn't matter if they'd go steady, but it's gallopin' they'll be down the hills, an' instead o' lettin' the baste pick its way they'll be hither-an'-over from one side o' the path to the other, till the road isn't safe for the other people wid them."

The ponies have the mountain-pony's way of treading on the extreme edge of the abyss. As the road is covered with loose boulders, this is sometimes exciting, but their confidence in themselves is quite justified. There is no record of an accident with a Killarney pony.

It is pretty to see the courtesy with which the pony-boys will hold a nervous rider's hand to help her over stiff places; and there are some very stiff going through the Gap, places in which the vale contracts and the path becomes a mere shelf of rock.

Half-way through the Gap our party was joined by a stalwart mounted policeman, who threw in his lot with the rear-guard, which included a delightful guide, O'Connell. O'Connell is a Killarney man, an ex-soldier, with something of the rollicking wit and dare-devilry of Terence Mulvaney. Being the best of good company, and a gentleman to boot, like every Killarney man we met, he was always the centre of things. As I went ahead with Patrick Doyle, the women from the cabins on the way would rush out and shout something in Irish, to which my companion would respond in the same tongue.

"What is it they say, Patrick?" I asked, for I am ashamed to say that I have not the Irish.

"They want to know if the sergeant's behind, because if he is they can't offer the poteen wid the goat's milk."

There is a good deal of illicit distilling and vending in the Gap. I had not the pleasure of tasting the poteen, but I can recommend the delicious goat's milk.

At the foot of the Purple Mountain you find the boat waiting to take you through the Lakes. It was late September when I was there, and it was our good fortune to come upon two or three divine days in a wet season. I shall never forget the still beauty of the Upper Lake, with its myriad islets. The damp in the atmosphere makes for exquisite colours on the hills. Then they were clothed with purple heather as with a garment; and the woods of the lower slopes, where the red deer roam in freedom, wore every colour, from green and purple and russet to the bravest gold and scarlet and copper of autumn. Outside in the world there was more than a capful of wind. We found the Lower Lake a miniature sea when we came there by and by. But between the soaring hills the Lakes lay as in a cup. You looked in their depths and saw mountains and wooded islands and dappled sky all flooded with the pale gold of September sunshine. You could feel the silence, for it was long after the singing of birds, and that or a thunderstorm alone disturb the ineffable placidity.

How still it is you realise when the gun is fired off at the foot of the Eagle's Nest, that superb crag rising two thousand feet. The thunder of the reverberations and the echoes goes rolling off through the mountains, tearing and crashing into silence. Killarney echoes are wonderful. At the entrance to the Gap there is a specially fairy-like one which sends you "The horns of Elfland faintly blowing" in response to a bar of music played on the guide's horn.

Winter storms must be superb here. At Dinis Cottage, in the Middle Lake, there is a woman with a wonderful oval face. She would make a superb model for a Mater Dolorosa. The sorrow of centuries seems to be in the liquid eyes, the composed features, and the sweet and melancholy mouth.

While we drank a cup of tea sweetened again with goat's milk, the ideal milk for tea, and admired the calm beauty of the lake. she told us of the winter storms.

"Terrible it does be, surely," she said, "when the thunder goes crashin' an' tearin' from hill to hill and the lightnin' leapin' about them. 'Twould put the fear in your heart, surely."

The boatmen, three stalwart sons and their old father, had the gravity and distinction we had noticed in all these peasants. They seem to learn an infinite patience with the tourists. When they shot the rapids under the Old Weir Bridge with such skill, and some foolish people plunged about in the boat, going near to upsetting us, the old fellow was imperious indeed, but perfectly courteous. They are charming, those Kerry peasants. My heart warmed to them, my own people.

A thing to admire in them is their independence. If you give them a gratuity they take it, but they never seem to expect it. The tourist may be the Killarney peasant's pay-

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master, but you'd never suspect the relationship. I had heard of Killarney beggars, but I am bound to say that I saw not one. The indifference with which the peasants in the street on market-day glance at the passing tourist without interrupting their shrill conversation seemed to me the note of the place.

Then their dwelling on the past is an interesting thing. I took it for granted that Lord Kenmare at least would be a centre of profound interest to them, seeing that he is one of their own faith. But bless you, no! He and Mr. Herbert are only mushrooms of yesterday; their hearts' allegiance is with the old lords of the soil, the M'Carthy More who joined the great Desmond Rebellion in Elizabeth's time, and whose fortunes went under with the Desmond, and the O'Donoghue of the Glens, whose Castle of Ross is one of the beautiful things of Killarney. They are as little fettered in their allegiance as the eagle that screams over Muckross, or the red deer that is Herbert's to-day and Kenmare's to-morrow, as he swims the Lakes from one side to the other.

The eagle was here before M'Carthy or O'Donoghue; for what says the rhyme of the eagle to the oak?—

> When you were an acorn on the tree-top,
> Then was I an eaglet cock;
> Now you are a withered old block,
> Still am I an eaglet cock.

Yet there are older things than the eagle. There is the black yew tree in the cloisters of Muckross, and two lives of an eagle make the life of a black yew.

Lovely it was to stray down the winding walk from Dinis Cottage, and where the water lapped the shore through flowering myrtle and fuchsia, to sit on a fallen tree trunk in the sun, and look away between Torc and Glena to the dancing water under the Old Weir Bridge. Can heaven be more beautiful? one asked in one's heart.

Then there is Torc Waterfall, to which you may walk from Killarney, or reach, as we did, after a drive through Mr. Herbert's estate. You climb steps constructed in the rock to the point whence the waterfall leaps, and, exquisite as that climb is at every turn, it is most beautiful at the height from which you survey the Lakes, with Glena Mountain beyond the Middle Lake, and the Dingle Hills lying away on the horizon. Everywhere down the mountain-sides little streams and cascades are singing and leaping. The sound I associate with Killarney is the sound of singing waters, which was always in our ears, as the little amber and golden streams were for ever in our sight.

There are so many beautiful things in Killarney that I will not try to make a catalogue of them. No mere words could tell how soft and beautiful and wild it is, and how unspoilt. You get a good deal of wet weather there, but it is never hopeless. A wise Cyclist's Guide warns the cyclist that he need never be discouraged in Southern Ireland by the weather; and it is quite true. You never know when the sun will burst from a cloud, or the rain-clouds drift off in stormy magnificence, leaving behind a western sky of lambent gold.

We had one wet day sandwiched between two so beautiful that they must always be marked with a white stone. That was not hopelessly wet, it is true; but the rain was accompanied by a lashing wind blowing off the Atlantic, which from the heights of Aghadoe you can catch a distant glimpse of. The weather, no doubt, tempered our delight in Lord Kenmare's deer-park, the ground of which was sewn thick with mushrooms. There is an exquisite glen there, by the way, fairily fine and delicate, where you look far, far down through the feathery green and gold of the trees, to the brown singing stream at the bottom.

That day the Lower Lake was like the ocean itself, but we saw some hardy visitors crossing in a boat to O'Sullivan's Cascade.

The hotels in Killarney are good. We stayed at one which used to be a rectory-house. It keeps the beautiful old gardens, and the house has an air of homeliness, not marred by its new upper storey and its addition of a long dining-room. It was exceedingly clean and wholesome, and it is kept by a kind and homely Scottish couple, who make ideal hosts.

The English people are very popular in Killarney. Rather to our amazement, we found that the Americans were not liked. Killarney people resent their way of arriving by the limited mail at 5.30 in the morning and departing at 3.30 in the afternoon, having in the interim "seen Killarney."

It is possible in these days to see Killarney very rapidly and very comfortably. You are taken there in a drawing-room car from Dublin, you have three days' trips and hotel accommodation, and you are carried back to Dublin again, for about three pounds.

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The New Mother.

by

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY
AND
HELEN MARION BURNSIDE

CHAPTER I

THERE was joy in the nursery at the Manor House!

Fierce irrepressible joy on Rex's part,—a state of beatitude that required instant and violent expression—that obliged him, for example, to hop round the room three times with his mouth buttoned up in the proper form for whistling, and then roll on the rug in sheer ecstasy.

Rex was a born Socialist. Down with all tyrants! was his motto.

Nurse was his fetish—a grim ogre in petticoats and starched apron, who ruled him and Dottie with a rod of iron—a dense unsympathetic creature who knew nothing of boy nature, who put him to bed at unearthly hours, and called him "an audacious young monkey" when he played little tricks on her. She could not be made to understand that he was growing a big boy now.

To Nurse Parker things appeared in a very different light. Master Rex was the plague of her life, as she often feelingly informed the housekeeper. "I do wish the master would send him to school," she said more than once, "for he is teaching Miss Dorothy to be mischievous too. She is as good as gold when Master Rex is not by, but the pair of them is enough to turn any woman's hair grey."

Nurse Parker had her virtues. She was trustworthy, and really loved her young charges; but Rex was right—she did not understand boys.

When the new mother came home, thought Rex,—and father was to bring her that very evening,—nurse's reign of terror would be over. Father would be more at home, and would send for them more frequently. It was a great grievance that they were so little with father. To be sure, Dottie made his tea for him in the morning, and Rex buttered his toast; but father seldom talked to them much. "Grown-up people are so thinkable," Dottie would say. "When Daddy has his thinkable moods, he always forgets to give me the top of his egg; and he is so sorry afterwards, don't you know!"

Dottie was quite as delighted as Rex when the wonderful piece of news reached them: the "new muvver," as she called her, was a fascinating mystery to her child-mind. Dottie was nearly six years old, but she still spoke with a babyish lisp. "What are muvvers like?" she had asked more than once; for Dottie, alas! could not remember her own sweet mother, and always looked ready to cry when Rex boasted that he remembered her quite well.

"She was very pretty, ever so pretty," he would say; "exactly like the picture in father's dressing-room. I once asked father if he had ever seen anyone so lovely, and he cried so dreadfully, and said 'No' in such a voice, that I never dared speak to him of mother again."

"Will the new muvver be like the old one, Rexie?" asked Dottie anxiously that evening. Both the children were kneeling on the window-seat, looking out into the wintry darkness. Dottie was in her white frock and blue sash, and Rex in his little "Lord Fauntleroy" suit of black velvet. He was a handsome dark-eyed boy, a year and a half older than his sister, and two imps of mischief were for ever shining out of his brown eyes. Dottie was a fair fragile-looking child, with soft blue eyes that seemed always

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appealing for love and caresses. She was a timid, excitable, little creature, and Rex was her idol.

"Will she, Rexie—why don't you answer?" she continued, rather peevishly. "Will the new muvver be like the picture too?"

"Of course not. What a stupid you must be to ask such a question!" returned Rex contemptuously. "No one in the world would be like mother. I daresay she will be old, like father (Mr. Treherne was just two-and-thirty), and she won't be particularly good-looking." Rex really said "partickally," for he often stumbled over long words. "I heard Mrs. Morgan tell nurse just now, that the second Mrs. Treherne was not a patch upon the first."

"A patch? Rexie — whatever did nurse mean?"

"Oh, I don't know — something horrid; patches aren't nice, you know; and then Mrs. Morgan said 'she looked a slight pale creature. I hope she has her health.' And then they saw me and changed the subject."

"I hope—I hope we shall love her," sighed Dottie out of the fulness of her little heart. But Rex made no answer; he was frowning fiercely to himself.

"I say, Dot," he burst out after a minute, "the new mother won't make any difference to our plan."

Dottie started; her face fell. "Oh, Rexie! I thoughted we shouldn't go now."

"Girls are such stupids," he returned scornfully; "they never think properly. Haven't we settled over and over that we must see that lovely caravan before the gipsies go? The new mother won't mind when we have told her all about it. And we will be back long before nurse wakes."

Rex's plan was this: After the early nursery dinner the children generally played in the outer nursery, where their toys were kept, while nurse sat at her work in the inner one; but it was a remarkable fact that nurse's eyes invariably closed, and she had a good nap till tea-time. She called it forty winks, but it was more like four hundred.

The children had been reading a marvellous story about gipsies; and when Rex heard that a real encampment and a caravan were established at the edge of the common, near the spinney, he was wild to see it; but nurse utterly refused to walk in that direction. She "hated gipsies," she said. "A thieving fortune-telling set of vagrants."

Her refusal only made Rex more determined to get to the gipsy encampment somehow; he was very bold and fearless by nature, and he soon persuaded Dottie to enter into his scheme.

Rex's plan was very simple. When nurse composed herself for her forty winks, he was to go on building the brick castle and whistling loudly in the outer nursery, while Tottie buttoned her gaiters and put on her pelisse. His coat and cap were easily donned; he did not think he needed his comforter. When Dottie was ready, they would creep down the back staircase—the servants would still be at their dinner, and they could get out unheard by the back door, and run through the shrubbery. It was not half a mile to the spinney. They would just see the gipsies, and warm themselves at the fire, and be back before nurse woke.

Dottie had been charmed with the plan at first; but latterly she had grown a little alarmed at the idea of the gipsies. She had hoped that Rex had given up the scheme—that the new mother's arrival would put it out of his head; but her yielding nature had no chance when Rex chose to be obstinate.

"I thoughted we should not go now," returned Dottie, rubbing her cheek persuasively against his velvet sleeve; and Rex moved his arm impatiently.

"I shall go alone, then," he said loudly and emphatically. "I don't want a stupid with me to spoil things;" but here Dottie lifted up her voice and wailed piteously—

"Oh, Rexie! don't be cross; I never will spoil things. Do take me with you, Rexie darling;" for if Rex were angry with her, all the heaven of her sweet content would be obscured.

"Master Rex, leave off teasing Miss Dorothy. How dare you make her cry, just as we are expecting your papa and Mrs. Treherne!" And Nurse Parker bore down upon them angrily.

"All right, Dot, you shall come," whispered Rex hurriedly; "don't be such a ninny." But Dottie was not to be consoled till she had cuddled Rex comfortably, and given him several wet kisses, which he disliked excessively.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Master Rex," went on nurse, like an accusing chorus in the background. "Miss Dorothy always gives up to you in everything, and you do nothing but tyrannise over her. Come here, Miss Dorothy, dear, and nurse will tell you a story."

But Dorothy would not leave Rex. "Not just now, nursie, thank you," she said in her gentle little voice. "Rexie and I are looking for the carriage."

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"There it is!" screamed Rex; "but oh, Dot!"—as it drew up before the portico—"I could not see anyone; it is so dark."

"I saw nuffin, nuffin at all," returned Dottie, on the brink of tears again; but happily at that moment Rough's hoarse and strangled bark reminded her that she had shut him up in the cupboard by mistake, and she flew into the next room to liberate him. He dashed out, wild with joy at his release, and circled round them with ear-piercing barks of delight. Rough was a beautiful little Irish terrier, Rex's special property, and, in Nurse Parker's opinion, quite as "owdacious as his master."

"REX RAN TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE."

Mr. Treherne's orders had been that the children should remain upstairs until he sent for them; but this did not prevent Rex from running every five minutes to the head of the staircase, returning with a fresh item of news every time.

"James and Gilbert were carrying up the boxes," was the first announcement. "Such lots of boxes, and such big ones;" next, "Somebody almost like a lady, but not quite, you know—with a big bag—has just gone into the Blue Room." "Temple, the lady's-maid, I expect," muttered nurse; but a third expedition brought Rex back in rather a subdued frame of mind. "It is only father," he said, "and there is no one with him."

"Isn't there no new muvver at all!" exclaimed Dottie, in a tone so shrill with disappointment that Mr. Treherne heard it and smiled.

"Yes, yes, my little Dorothy," he said affectionately, holding out his arms to his little daughter. "You shall see your dear new mother presently; but just now she is very tired and has a headache. Well, Rex, old fellow!—what now? you want to ask me something;" for Rex was standing with his legs planted far apart, and was looking at his father as though he were puzzled.

"Was she carrying a bag, father, with a striped shawl over her arm?"

"No, child; that was Lizette, the French maid. Now I must go down. Mrs. Treherne will see the children, nurse, as soon as she is dressed for dinner."

CHAPTER II

BUT Mrs. Treherne did not see the children that evening. A long railway journey after a rough night on the Channel had completely knocked her up. The headache became so intense that to dress and come down to dinner was, as Lizette informed her master, an impossibility; and on Mr. Treherne insisting that she should go at once to bed, the question of her introduction to the children again arose, and it was decided that, in spite of the disappointment to them and herself, it would be wiser to put it off until the next day. "You see, Arthur," she said, "first impressions go for so much with children; and I really am such a forlorn-looking object. If it were only your gentle little Dorothy, it would not matter so much; but boys shrink from illness, and Rex might think I was always going to be ill. I hope to be all right by to-morrow and able to talk to the darlings."

"I think you are right, dear. The children will be disappointed, of course; but it is nearly their bedtime. Lizette had better go and tell nurse how it is."

Lizette accordingly was despatched to the nursery; and whilst volubly explaining her mistress's sad condition, and her distress at the necessity of putting off "the bliss of beholding the little angels," the black eyes of the French girl shot admiring glances at the "angels" in question, though it must be confessed that Rex's face did not at that moment wear a particularly angelic expression; for he was disappointed, and showed it.

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Lizette's visit was followed by one from Mrs. Morgan, the needlewoman, who entered brimful of gossip. "Master had ordered the dinner to be all cleared away," she announced, as "his new lady could not touch a morsel, and had ordered just a tray to be taken to him in the library; but he did not seem able even to sit still; he was up and down, worriting as if he thought she was at her last gasp; she must try that and do this; and did she not think the doctor should be sent for? and Lizette must go and warn nurse to keep the children quiet. And it's my belief, Mrs. Parker," went on the needlewoman, "that it isn't much those blessed lambs will see of their papa now, let alone the new mamma. You mark my words: the coming home of the second Mrs. Treherne is a bad day for them. A poor sickly thing, that will keep the master always fussing over her; the pair of them will want no company but each other; and when that's the case, children are always in the way — 'specially when they belong to the first wife."

"THE OLD WOMAN CAME TOWARDS THE CHILDREN."

Nurse Parker vainly endeavoured to check the flow of Mrs. Morgan's confidences, for she saw Rex was listening to every word, though she did not realise how much he understood. She was rather surprised at his silence while she was putting him and Dottie to bed, but concluded he was tired.

Mrs. Treherne passed a restless night, and only dropped asleep towards morning; her husband would not therefore allow her to be disturbed, and, full of anxiety on her behalf, he forgot to visit the children and explain matters to them himself, as he had intended; and it was not till noon that Lizette appeared to say that her lady was even then making her toilette, and would see the little angels after their early dinner, when she, Lizette, would herself come and conduct them to madam.

Rex had been silent and unapproachable all the morning, and now his broad white brows wore the fierce scowl of which Dottie stood so much in awe; but her own hopes rose—surely Rex would not think of going out when the new mother was at last likely to want them. "Oh, Rexie," she whispered, "we shan't be able to do your plan now; muvver is going to want us!"

"Yes, we shall, stupid. I don't b'lieve she's going to be a mother at all; and I don't b'lieve she's going to want us; and father isn't going to want us either, now he's got *her*. Mrs. Morgan said so. So we shall go more than ever."

After dinner, nurse dressed the children, and, telling them to play quietly till they were sent for, settled herself in her beehive-chair by the fire. Rex watched her impatiently; and, at the very earliest moment he considered it safe to do so, gave Dottie the signal agreed upon to go and get ready. To disappoint Rex was impossible to Dottie; so, though her own reluctance was very great, she went obediently. Rex's plan was carried out without a single hitch, and in a few minutes the children were trotting hand-in-hand on the road towards the spinney.

"What did you mean about the new muvver not wanting us, Rexie?" asked Dottie.

"I heard Mrs. Morgan tell nurse so," replied Rex; "she always means us when she says 'those blessed lambs.' Mother won't want us; no more will father: they only want each other. I'm sorry for you, Dottie. It doesn't matter so much for me. I'm a boy, and shall soon go to school, or I could run away to sea; but you're only a girl, and you'll have to stay at home and put up with things."

"Oh, Rexie, do you think it's true—do you think the new muvver won't really want us, —and not even father?" asked Dottie in a piteous voice. She would have liked to cry, but Rex disliked her crying; so the little girl kept back her tears, though the effort made her quite pale. Rex must not be vexed.

"I s'pose so. Mrs. Morgan said it to nurse. But look here, Dot; you needn't be so frightened. If things are very bad, and nurse

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gets more cross, I'll bear it for your sake, and stop at home and take care of you."

Dottie trotted on more cheerfully after that, adoring Rex more than ever. Things could not be so very bad, she thought, as long as she could keep this brave and idolised brother at her side.

Chapter III

Rex and Dottie reached the gipsy encampment just in time to see the back of the wonderful yellow caravan disappearing across the common. Only a toothless old woman and a one-eyed man were left, with a rickety cart and an ancient white pony. The old woman was stirring something in a pot over the remains of a fire, whilst the man was collecting various articles from the grass and packing them into the cart. The former looked up and eyed the children narrowly as they came slowly forward.

"And what may you be wanting with the poor gipsies, my pretty little master and lady?" she asked in a wheedling tone.

"We wished very much to see your caravan," replied Rex politely; "but I see it has just gone away. Please, may we warm our hands at your fire while you have your dinner?"

"WOULD YOU HAVE MINDED VERY MUCH, MUVVER?"

"And welcome, little master," returned the old crone. "I wish our dinner was good enough to offer to the likes of you; you should be welcome to a share of that too."

Rex hastened to assure her that they had dined, and were not in the least hungry; and the children stood by the fire, looking about them curiously, whilst the gipsies greedily devoured the contents of the pot, without troubling themselves about plates and dishes, or even knives and forks. They spoke together in a low voice as they ate.

When they had satisfied their hunger, they rose from the grass, and the man went towards the pony, saying, "Well, I'll leave you to settle it, mother; but mind, we can't do with the kids, and no harm must come to 'em; just strip 'em and leave 'em."

The old woman came towards the children, and, seizing Rex by the arm, said mockingly, "Now, my little gentleman, as you've been so kind as to come and see the poor gipsies, you won't mind giving me some of these pretty clothes of yours; we're very poor, and you'll have got plenty more at home. So strip, my little master, and quickly too, while I help your sister to take off her frock."

"Oh, please let my sister alone," said Rex, startled. "I'll—I'll give you my coat and my cap; but Dottie, you see, might take cold."

The woman laughed. "I must have more than your coat, young sir," she said; "and you'd best strip quietly, or Joe 'll come and help you at a word from me, and you'll find his hands rougher than mine."

Rex slowly divested himself of his overcoat and unbuttoned his tunic, whilst the old woman took hold of Dottie and began to unfasten her pelisse. Dottie herself was too much frightened to resist, or even to cry. She only gazed at her brother with wide-open eyes of horrified protest. But when the gipsy began to strip off the little girl's velvet frock also, Rex could not contain his anger. Flinging his tunic on the ground, he flew at the old crone with blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks, and strove with all his strength to release his sister from her grasp.

"Hi, Joe!" called the woman shrilly.

The one-eyed man looked round; he was just fastening the pony into the cart, but had turned to come to the assistance of his mother when the distant bark of a dog was heard. Rex started joyfully.

"That's Rough!" he exclaimed. "Don't be frightened, Dottie. That's Rough's bark; he's bringing father to find us. Here! Rough! Rough!"

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Gipsy Joe called out something to his mother that Rex could not understand; but, catching up such of the children's clothes as she could, the old woman took to her heels, and, climbing into the cart with her son, the pair drove off at the utmost speed of the old pony, and were almost out of sight when Rough—who was closely followed by Mr. Treherne and the footman James—leapt into his little master's arms, and began licking his face in a perfect ecstasy of affection.

"How did you know where to find us, father?" asked Rex, rubbing his hot tear-stained cheeks on his father's protecting arm.

"I went myself into the nursery to fetch you and Dottie," returned Mr. Treherne; "and when you could nowhere be found, and your hats and coats proved to be missing, nurse happened to remember your desire to see the gipsy encampment, and I guessed you were gone there."

As two shivering, sobbing little creatures, huddled up under father's greatcoat, were carried up to the Manor House in the wintry dusk, a fair-faced girlish figure ran down the steps and hastened to meet them. "Oh, Arthur, have you found them?" exclaimed a sweet voice anxiously; "let me see the darlings!" Then, in a tone of dismay, "Oh, my poor dears, what have they done to you? Dottie, my sweet, come to your new mother, and let her comfort you."

"Carry her to the nursery, love," exclaimed Mr. Treherne, "and I will bring Rex; those brutes have nearly stripped them, and my little Dottie has such a delicate chest. Tell nurse to give them a warm drink and put them to bed at once."

The following evening, as Mr. Treherne left his dressing-room he thought he heard his wife's voice in the day-nursery, and peeped in at the open door. The room was ruddy with firelight, and Mrs. Treherne was seated in a low chair, looking more girlish than ever in her white dinner-dress, with the Treherne diamonds clasped round her fair young throat.

Dottie was in her lap, and Rex leaning against her. She was saying in her quiet voice: "It was very wrong to run away and frighten poor nurse, and it grieved father so. What would father have done if anything had happened to Dottie?"

"We thoughted father would not care; at least Rexie said so. Would you"—and here Dottie screwed up her winsome little face in the most bewitching manner—"would you—have minded *very* much, muvver, if Rexie and me had never come home at all?"

"Oh, Dottie, yes. Oh, my little Dorothy, don't you know—has not father told you—how dearly I mean to love my little children? We must love each other, darlings, and make father as happy as he used to be in the old days, when your own sweet mother was alive. Rex remembers her. She and I were such dear friends, and, when she died, she asked me to be good to her little ones, and to take care of them for her sake."

"Father," whispered Dottie, later that night, as Mr. Treherne stood beside her cot, "I do love my new muvver so, and so does Rexie; and we mean to go on loving her always."

And Dottie kept her word.

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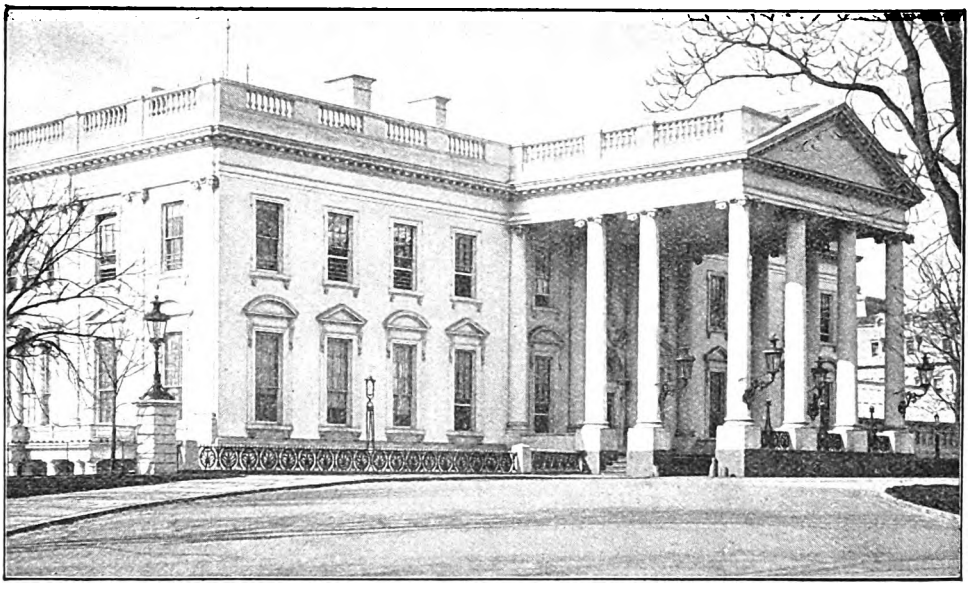

FRONT VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* JARVIS, *Washington.*]

THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT

LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By ELIZABETH L. BANKS

"THERE! That's where he lives, in that white-painted house, back in the yard!"

This is the exclamation heard hundreds of times during the day, as visitors from neighbouring cities and from the country pass along in front of the Executive Mansion, either on foot or in the Pennsylvania Avenue street cars. If they wish, they are at liberty to turn in at the large gate, pass up the hard pathway, and enter the main door, to get a look at the home of their President. A smiling-faced doorkeeper, guiltless of livery, swings open the portals, and allows the visitors to walk unaccompanied into the East Room, or State Drawing-Room, there to admire the great mirrors, the immense chandeliers, and remark upon the largeness of the room and the softness of the velvet carpets. "Elegant simplicity" is, I believe, the term generally used in describing this drawing-room. Before the portrait of George Washington, which hangs on the wall, patriotic Americans stand rapt in awe and admiration, reflecting how, in 1814, it so narrowly escaped being burned by the wicked British "red-coats" when they pillaged the White House. It was pretty "Dolly" Madison, wife of the then President, who saved the portrait from its threatened doom, by having it snatched from its heavy frame, and then herself carrying it in safety across the Potomac River. She also saved another precious thing—the original document of the Declaration of Independence. Tradition says that she carried it in her pocket.

The East Room is the only room usually thrown open to visitors to the White House, although special permission may be easily obtained which will allow them to go through the State Dining-Room, Conservatory, Blue Room, Green Room, and Red Room.

Despite the simplicity and very apparent democracy of the White House, it has a certain air of stateliness about it which makes it an imposing-looking edifice. It is built of soft porous sandstone, which every year is coated with white paint to keep it from crumbling. The columns of the portico facing north are revealed through the foliage of the trees, and when, at night, the great lamp at the side of one of the columns is lighted, and casts its rays over the lawn and out on to the front pavement, the old mansion presents a truly noble spectacle. The White House had just been

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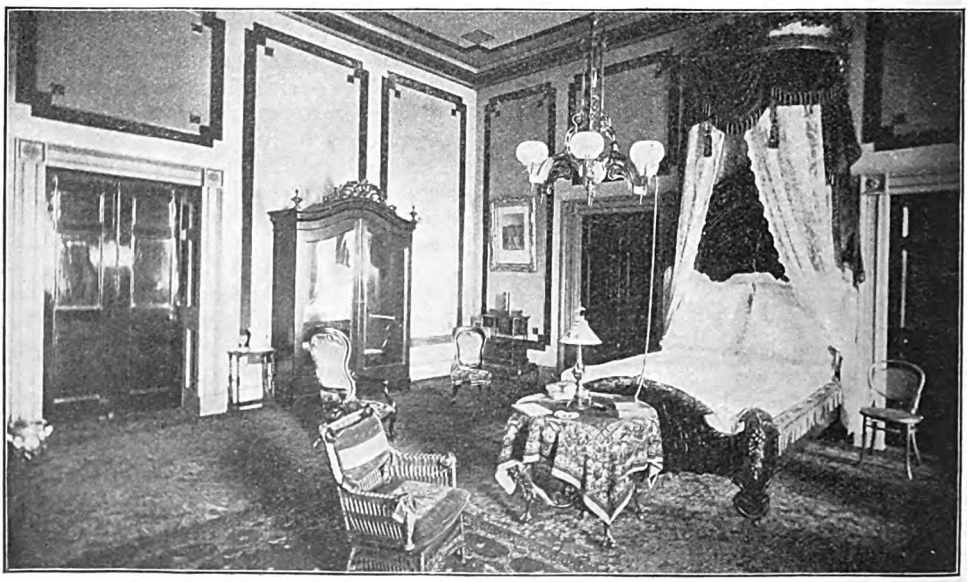
completed during the Madison administration. It was the pride of the heart of Dolly Madison, and, when the British burned it, over three hundred thousand dollars were required to restore it to its former glory. It had, however, in its uncompleted state, been occupied by President John Adams, and Mrs. Adams was accustomed to have the family washing hung out to dry in the East Room.

But the White House itself, interesting though it may be, is not nearly so interesting as some of the many people who have from time to time lived in it. A long line of Presidents, some distinguished, others not, with wives of whom the same thing might be said, have in a great measure stamped their individuality upon the mansion so recently taken possession of by President and Mrs. M'Kinley. There have been marriages and births and deaths in the White House, comedies and tragedies enacted there, and children's voices, raised in merry laughter or wailing over childish troubles, have resounded through the grand old halls from the very beginning of its occupancy by an American President.

"White House babies" there have been galore, though the babies have not usually belonged to the President, as they did during the Cleveland administration. John Madison Randolph, grandson of President Jefferson, was the first baby born in the Executive Mansion. A great many grandchildren of Presidents have either been born or have spent their childhood days there. When President Jackson took possession of the White House he was a widower, and the place was presided over by his niece, Mrs. Donelson, three of whose children were born there, and it was in those days a common thing for dignitaries to go to visit the President and find him in the White House grounds playing "mumble-peg" with the little Donelsons. One day a deputation waited upon him to request that he give them some precious article to lay in the corner-stone of the Treasury Building, which was then in course of erection, whereupon he handed them a copy of the Constitution, and, calling little Mary Donelson to him, clipped off one of her curls, saying those two things were the most precious articles he could give them.

Probably no grandchild of a President was ever so widely admired as the young grandson of President Harrison. He was the son of the President's daughter, Mrs. M'Kee, who lived at the White House during her father's administration. The child was everywhere known as the President's "mascot." It is supposed that he had a Christian name given him at his christening, but what it was very few people could tell, for everybody spoke of him as "Baby M'Kee." The daily papers and



THE STATE BEDROOM—USED BY DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* JARVIS, *Washington.*]

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bulletins were always chronicling the doings of Baby M'Kee, who, if he did not get spoiled during the four years of his occupancy of the White House, must have been a very remarkable child indeed. His little sister, Mary Lodge M'Kee, was born in the Executive Mansion.

When President Harrison moved out, four years ago, and President Cleveland moved in, another baby, little Ruth Cleveland, then about two years old, went to live in the mansion. Two other little girls, Esther and Marion, afterwards came to keep her company in the nursery. Esther was born in the White House, and has the distinction of being the only child of a President born within those historic walls. Marion, now two years old, was born at one of Mr. Cleveland's summer homes. Besides being the only President who had a child born in the White House, Mr. Cleveland was also the only President whose children were so young as to require a room set apart for a regular nursery.

MRS. CLEVELAND.
[*From a Photo by* BELL, *Washington.*]

The American public were allowed to see very little of the three Cleveland children. Unlike Baby M'Kee, their photographs never were printed in the newspapers, and, if any artist ever photographed them, it was done privately, and no portraits of them were ever exhibited. Enterprising newspaper editors offered rapid promotion and largely-increased salaries to reporters who could succeed in obtaining their portraits, and many were the attempts made by amateurs to get "snap-shots" at the children when they were playing in the White House grounds; but all to no purpose. Both the President and Mrs. Cleveland insisted that their children should be treated as other people's children, and not "starred" before the public; and, after the "Baby M'Kee" régime, sensible persons could not but acknowledge the extreme reasonableness of their position. But little Ruth, Esther, and Marion were by no means shut off from intercourse with playmates. Mrs. Cleveland spent much time in planning their recreations, sent out invitations for children's parties, and, when her personal friends asked permission to see the children, they were brought into the Red Room for a few minutes. Mrs. Cleveland, in spite of the many calls upon her time as the first lady of the land, always found time to look after the welfare of her little ones. It was to her they said their prayers, and it was she who saw them safely tucked into bed every night.

My first view of the three little girls was from one of the front windows of the White House on the afternoon of the last New Year's reception. Thousands of people were filing into the White House to pay their respects to the President and his wife. Looking towards the second storey, I saw three eager little faces pressed against the window-pane. Their eyes were dancing with delight and wonder as they looked down upon the crowd. Little Miss Esther was holding up a huge doll, forcing it to bow its head to the multitude below. A trim-looking nurse-girl, in pink dress and white apron,

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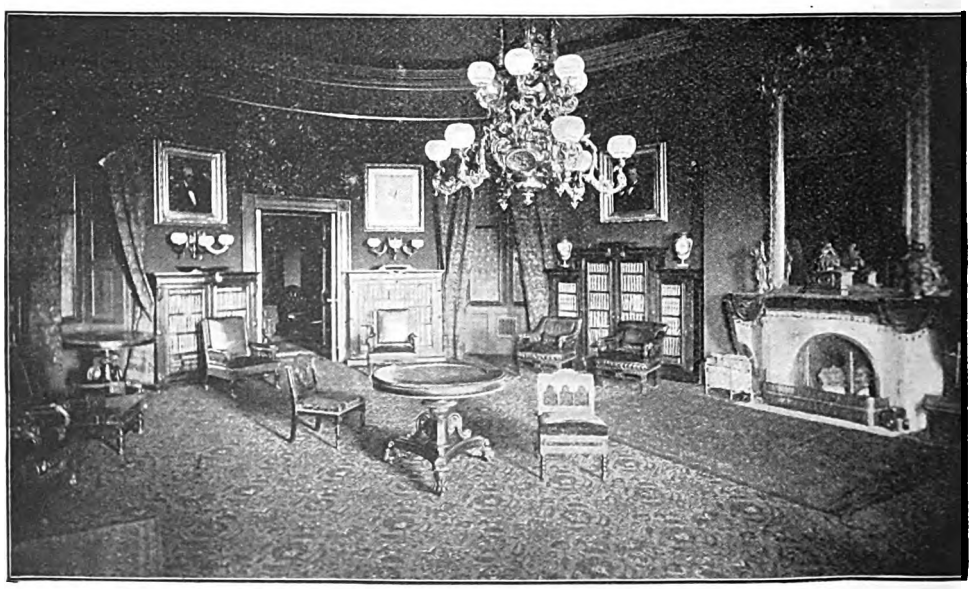
but wearing no cap, was in charge of them.

About Mrs. Cleveland herself, what can be said except that she is universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful and gracious first lady of the land Americans have ever known? She entered the White House a girl-bride of twenty-two, and, after having captured the heart of the Chief Executive, proceeded to capture the whole heart of the American nation, which she still has in her keeping. It is said of her that she never made a mistake, never forgot a face or a name, never looked anything but happy and pleasant. It became known that ladies who wished to make the acquaintance of the President's wife could do so by writing and asking for an appointment to call. Then Mrs. Cleveland would set a day and an hour when she had invited a number of others to call. At the appointed time, these ladies, who were quite unknown to the President's wife, sent in their cards, were conducted to the Red Room and announced, and received and chatted with just as though they had been her most personal friends. If she had seen any of them before at a public reception when she was shaking hands with five or six thousand persons, she remembered it perfectly, and referred to it as the most natural thing that she should recall having, in a crowd of six thousand people, met Mrs. Blank from Blankville.

This wonderful memory and naturalness was the secret of Mrs. Cleveland's charm. At one of her afternoon public receptions last winter, happening to be with a personal acquaintance of the President's wife, I had an invitation to go "behind the line"—that is, to go back of the receiving party and remain in the Blue Room, while the rest of the several thousand people passed by and shook hands. For two hours I sat immediately behind Mrs. Cleveland while she shook thousands of hands, and beamed upon thousands of people with that wonderful smile of hers, and before leaving I remarked to the wife of a Congressman present that I was actually shedding tears at the thought of Mrs. Cleveland leaving the White House. The next week, when, having been invited by a friend to go with her to call on Mrs. Cleveland, who was receiving twenty or thirty other ladies, I was surprised to have the President's wife exclaim laughingly as she took me by the hand—

"You are the young lady from England who was crying behind the line at my last reception because I am going away. Now, don't cry! I'm not shedding a tear!" The Congressman's wife had evidently repeated my remark; but that Mrs. Cleveland should remember it, remember my name, and remember that I had come from England, was one of the things that puzzled, and I may say flattered, me.

One of Mrs. Cleveland's friends tells a



THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
[*From a Photo by* JARVIS, *Washington.*]

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very interesting little story which gives a good illustration of her ready wit and kindly tact. About three years ago the wife of a distinguished Republican senator called upon the President's wife, and happened to drop her handkerchief. Mrs. Cleveland immediately stooped down, picked it up, and gracefully handed it to her elderly visitor.

"Oh," exclaimed the Republican senator's wife in dismay, "to think that I should live to see the wife of the President of the United States pick up my handkerchief!"

"That shows the difference in our politics," laughed Mrs. Cleveland. "You see how democratic I am!" The dignified elderly lady forgot her embarrassment, and became one of Mrs. Cleveland's worshippers.

Mrs. Cleveland, though she does not, as a rule, talk much about her children, tells a pretty though rather pathetic story concerning little Ruth's anxiety to retire from what she called "fishul" life.

"Shall we live in a house all our own at Princeton?" asked the little girl when she became acquainted with the fact that the family was to remove to another home. "I'd like to live in our very own house, and not in a big park, with policemen looking at me when I play. I don't like policemen, and I don't like to play only in the back park. I want to play on the side-walks with other little girls!"

A bright anecdote is related concerning Marion, the two-year-old baby of the family. The three children were taken to Princeton by Mrs. Cleveland about two weeks before the inauguration of Mr. M'Kinley. When they had their wraps and bonnets on ready to start, and were about to kiss President Cleveland good-bye until he should join them in Princeton, the father asked—

"Well, children, where are you going now?"

"To P'inceton," piped little Marion.

"And why are you going to Princeton?" continued the President; and little Marion, in the midst of her dancing up and down, and with radiant face, exclaimed—

"Oh, 'tos M'Tinley's tomin', M'Tinley's tomin'!"

MRS. M'KINLEY,
THE WIFE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

President Cleveland himself during his two administrations seemed to be governed by the idea that his position was not a social but an official one. When seen in public at his State dinners, large receptions, and other affairs, he appeared the cordial smiling host, but he was looked upon as a serious man, devoted to work for work's sake. He liked work better than society, and found his recreations in his family life, and in his shooting and fishing expeditions.

President Arthur, who succeeded the murdered Garfield, was known as the "Chesterfield of Presidents." Courteous, dignified, polished, and handsome, he was socially the most popular President who ever lived in the White House, and during his occupancy society people flattered themselves that, if during former administrations there might have been a few social solecisms which were liable to offend the taste of fastidious people, there was no danger of anything of that sort with President Arthur. He was a widower, and during his term his sister, Mrs. M'Elroy, held the position of mistress of the White House.

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Probably the most democratic and unpretentious of all the Presidents who have lived in the White House was General Grant. Like Lincoln, he was beloved of the "people," because he never forgot that he was one of them. He went horseback-riding, drove himself about in a "buggy," and took long walks about Washington with all the freedom of a private citizen. During his walks he smoked his favourite cigars, threw the stubs into the street, and, if seen by any of the Washington small boys in the act, there would be a quarrel among them as to who should have the stubs to place away as treasured mementoes of the great hero. During his walks, newsboys offered him the latest editions of the morning or evening papers, which he had not the heart to refuse to buy, and there were times when he entered the White House, himself looking like a newsboy, with his arms full of papers. One day a visitor at the White House was amazed to have his ring answered by the President himself, who happened to be passing through the corridor.

It was during the Buchanan Administration, just before the Civil War, that the young mistress of the White House, Miss Harriet Lane, niece of the bachelor President, had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales. Washingtonians who remember the occasion say that His Royal Highness, then a very young man, was most attentive to the beautiful first lady of the land, accompanying her, with parties of ladies, to Washington entertainments, and on one occasion taking a trip to Mount Vernon, where he planted a horse-chestnut tree. The lady is now Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, and occupies a magnificent Washington residence, in the drawing-room of which hangs a portrait of the Prince of Wales, which he sent with his autograph to President Buchanan.

Mrs. Johnson is one of the five living ladies who have at one time held the position of mistress of the White House. Mrs. Garfield, whose brief residence there ended so tragically, is still living in Ohio. Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple was first lady during President Tyler's Administration. Mrs. Grant, widow of General Grant, resides in Washington, and has almost completed a book of Memoirs.

President M'Kinley, since his occupancy of the White House, has been reviving the old democratic custom of a President strolling about the streets. Sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by his secretary, he is seen walking on Connecticut and Pennsylvania Avenues and acknowledging the salutations of those who salute him, whether or not he happens to be personally acquainted with them. During the first two or three weeks of his Administration he was stared at, and even followed about by curious though patriotic citizens; but now his daily stroll has become so much a part of the new régime at the White House, that, were it to become known that on any day he neglected it, there would be anxious calls at the Executive Mansion to inquire after the health of the Chief Magistrate. President M'Kinley is, without doubt, the most distinguished-looking man who has occupied the White House for many years. He is not strikingly handsome, like President Arthur, but his face is that of a scholar and a deep thinker. A few years ago, when Sir Henry Irving was in the United States, and was seated in the gallery of the House of Representatives, he pointed to a man on the floor of the House and said, "There is a man of great intellectual power; who is he?" The answer was, "Mr. M'Kinley, of Ohio."

Apart from the pleasure he takes in his walks, President M'Kinley has, up to the present, shown no disposition to take up with any particular pastime. Mr. Cleveland, as is well known, was an enthusiastic huntsman and fisherman. General Grant found his enjoyment with his horses, dogs, and playing "Boston"; Thomas Jefferson was a musician, and whiled away some of his leisure with his greatest friend, the violin, and most of the other Presidents had some particular "fad" or hobby. One of the Presidents, who guided the destinies of the country many years ago, was accustomed to begin each day with an early morning walk, carrying a market-basket over his arm. It was President William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of ex-President Harrison. He never allowed anyone but himself to do the marketing, or even to carry the basket home for him. He was indeed a democratic President—the last, I believe, of his kind.

Nevertheless, the White House is still a very democratic establishment—too democratic, so even many Americans think. Naturally, many servants are employed in and about the place, but there is no such thing as a "badge of slavery" in the shape of a maid-servant's cap or man-servant's livery worn there. The man who opens the door for you is clad in a dark blue cloth suit; the negro door-tender upstairs, who stands outside the President's office, wears

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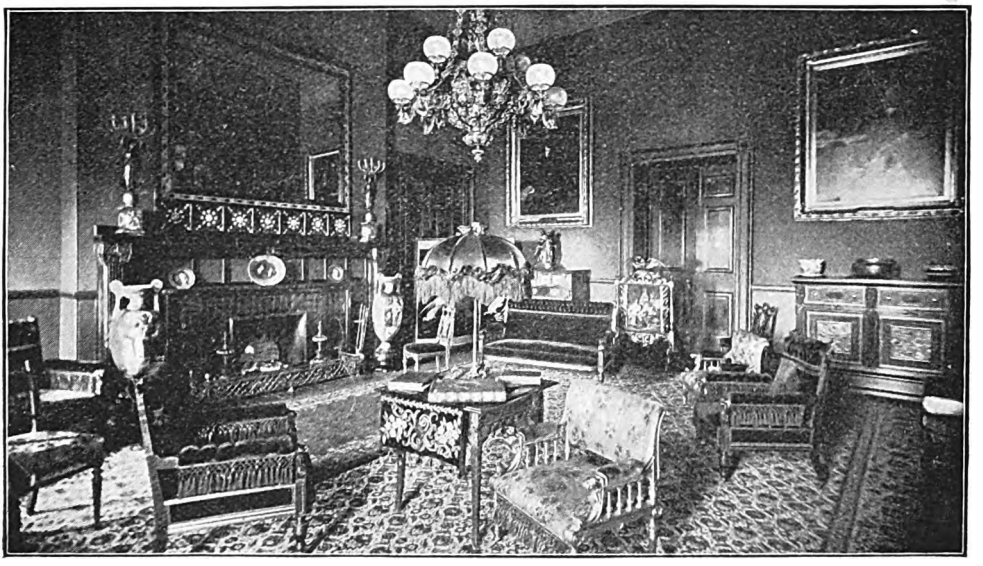
a plain black suit of clothes, with a cut-away or a frock coat; the messengers are in ordinary clothes; and the female servants disdain to wear caps. What! Wear caps or a livery in the home of the President of democratic America! The thing could not be tolerated for a minute! Such a thing would be considered incompatible with democratic institutions! It may be that some of the ladies of the White House would prefer that the maid-servants wore dainty little streamered caps, such as the English servants wear, but they do not suggest it to the servants—who, by the way, do not like to be called servants at all. They wish to be known as "helps."

has, from the very beginning of her residence in the White House, been regularly at home every afternoon to callers. During these "at homes," she keeps her seat while receiving her visitors. In spite of her delicate health, the President's wife dislikes to be referred to as an "invalid," for, with the assistance of some of her pretty nieces, who will take turns in visiting her, to "add colour to the scene," as Mrs. M'Kinley puts it, she expects to fulfil every social obligation expected of the first lady of the land, and, moreover, to enjoy it.

There are some very pretty little stories about the home life of the President and his wife. He is said to be an authority



THE "RED ROOM" AT THE WHITE HOUSE (USED AS THE FAMILY DRAWING-ROOM).
[*From a Photo by* JARVIS, *Washington.*]

Over this stately though democratic home a new "first lady" has recently come to preside. She succeeds the most popular woman in the United States—one who is known throughout the land as the "Queen of Hearts" and "Queen Frances." After Mrs. Cleveland, who had the attractions of youth, health, and beauty, combined with the most fascinating manners, comes Mrs. M'Kinley, sweet, smiling, and gracious. Her delicate health will prevent her taking so prominent a part in the social life of the White House as did Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland could stand and shake hands with six thousand people and smile at each one of them at a public reception; but this Mrs. M'Kinley will be unable to do, though she

on the subject of ladies' bonnets, and himself chooses all those that are worn by his wife. Hats, he thinks, should only be worn by young and robust women, or, as he puts it, "only women who can run."

Not until next December, when Congress reassembles, will the social season in Washington really begin, and then there is likely to be an agitation of the question, "Will wine be served at the White House?" President M'Kinley is himself a total abstainer, and at his private table no wine of any kind is ever seen; but whether he will follow the example of President and Mrs. Hayes, and decline to have it served even at diplomatic dinners, is not yet known.

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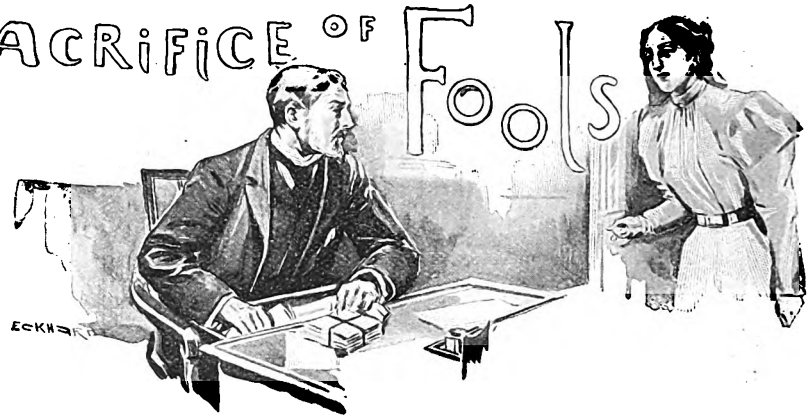
The Sacrifice of Fools



By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

The Prologue

A successful man with a sorrowful heart was reading a packet of old love-letters; and as he recalled the quick intelligence and the ready sympathy which now lived, alas! only in their pages, he felt an agony of home-sickness for the days that were past, which seemed almost more than he could bear.

As he heard his wife's steps approaching, he hid the letters in his desk. Not that Mrs. George Garrod would be ill-tempered or jealous under any circumstances,—she was far too meek and amiable a woman for anything of that kind,—but she would have been as much surprised to find a middle-aged man reading love-letters as to see one playing with a Noah's Ark; and such surprise as this no one cares to excite.

Mrs. Garrod's faded face looked worn and anxious as she said, "I want to consult you about cook, George; I am greatly worried about her."

"Indeed, my dear? What is wrong with her?" inquired George, with infinite patience. He was kind and patient towards all women, for the sake of the one woman who had written the love-letters.

"I don't think her health is good, I don't indeed, George; and I am greatly dissatisfied with her soups and gravies."

George smiled: a sense of proportion was not one of Mrs. Garrod's many excellences. "Well?" he asked.

"What I want to know is whether you would keep her or not, if you were in my place? You see, Mrs. Johnson is parting with her cook because they are going to Europe, and I do not know if I shouldn't be wise to part with my present one and engage hers. Mrs. Johnson's dinners are always excellent, and she tells me that she never has to complain of anything."

And Mrs. Garrod then launched into an analysis of the attributes of Mrs. Johnson's cook, as earnestly as if she herself were a profound theologian and her subject a Jewish patriarch; while her husband gave her as much of his mind as was necessary to the subject, and let the remainder wander, with his heart, among the old love-letters hidden away in his desk.

The Story

"But you see, Marian, I love you," said George; "and that is the long and short of it."

Marian smiled. "Love is not everything," she replied demurely.

"Oh yes, it is—at least, everything that matters," asseverated her lover.

The girl shook her pretty head.

"Well, at anyrate," argued George, "it is everything while one is young. I suppose when we are old we shall think about our dinner and our duty and our debentures, but while we are in our twenties it is love that makes the world go round."

"But, George dear," said Marian, growing grave, "I feel somehow that it would be almost wrong to be as happy as you and I would be if we were always together."

"Stuff and nonsense, darling! What a regular little Puritan you are! There is no harm in being happy, unless one obtains one's happiness at the expense of another's; in fact, happiness, like health, is our normal state, I believe."

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"Dear George, you are so nice and comforting," whispered Marian, clinging to his arm. "When I have been with you I always feel as if I had been out in a strong fresh wind. You blow away all the cobwebs from one's brain, and are so stimulating and invigorating."

"Poor little girl! Do you get many cobwebs in your brain, dear?"

"Yes; such a lot. I am always bothering myself as to whether I ought to do this, or ought not to do that, till I get quite dizzy sometimes."

"That is very unhealthy for you. It seems to me that scruples are in the moral world what nerves are in the physical, and that it is equally dangerous to let either of them get the mastery over you."

"But you must see the difference between right and wrong," said Marian, looking shocked.

"Of course I do, darling. I said *scruples*, not *principles*; and there is all the difference in the world between the two. The difference between right and wrong is the biggest difference in the whole world—greater even than the difference between sickness and health, which is great enough, goodness knows!"

"Then where do the scruples come in?" asked the girl.

"Just where the nerves do: they make things of importance which are not of importance, and so spoil one's sense of proportion."

"I know what you mean," laughed Marian. "There are nervous people who would think the most simple things dangerous, and then do really risky ones without a fear."

"Exactly: they would tuck-in plum-pudding to any extent, and then think it self-slaughter to look at a green fig; just as their brethren in the spiritual world strain at the most insignificant of gnats, and then swallow whole caravans of camels."

"And the worst of nervousness is that it makes imaginary things real in the end, don't you think?" remarked Marian, somewhat confusedly.

But George understood. "Of course it does. By imagining that a harmless thing will hurt you, you can make it really hurt you; and by imagining that an innocent thing is wrong, you can make it really wrong for you. So that both nerves and scruples actually bring about the evil which they are over-anxious to avoid."

"And what is the moral of this long discourse, most excellent George?"

"The moral is, my dear girl, that I want you to realise that you have a right to live your own life, and that you have no right to lay yourself down as a door-mat for the cleansing of all your relations' feet."

"And by living my own life, you mean living yours, I presume?"

"Precisely," laughed George; "and you cannot deny that that would likewise be your translation of the expression."

"But I cannot make up my mind to leave Blanche," said Marian, looking grave.

George would have liked to say, "Blanche be hanged!" But he had a wisdom beyond his years, taught him by that most successful of schoolmasters, called Love; so he merely remarked, "I don't see why Blanche's wishes should weigh down yours *plus* mine in the scales."

"I'm sure that Blanche would fret if I went out to Australia with you," persisted Marian.

"Probably she would. But I shall fret if I go out to Australia without you, you see; and it is possible that you might fret also," said George drily.

But George's arguments proved in vain, though he charmed as wisely as he knew how. Marian Radstock was one of the women born with a genius for self-sacrifice, her only fault being a lack of perception as to the right altar whereon to immolate herself—a not uncommon mistake in the self-sacrificing sisterhood. Had Marian's altar chanced to have been George Garrod, all would have been well; for George was a straightforward manly young fellow, who would have scorned to take advantage of any woman's unselfishness, —in fact, in his own way, he was as unselfish as Marian herself,—but, unfortunately, Marian's altar happened to be her sister Blanche, as pretty and selfish a piece of young-womanhood as one could meet with in a summer's day; and the more ready was Marian to prostrate herself before Blanche, the more willing was Blanche to dance a hornpipe upon her sister's recumbent figure. And it was not altogether Blanche's fault that she was so selfish. Marian was quite as much to blame in the matter as she; for to sacrifice one's self, without rhyme or reason, on the shrine of another personality, is often quite as bad for the idol as for the devotee; it destroys the forbearance of the one and the individuality of the other, and no one has a right to offer up his own powers and gifts and talents for the gratification of any fellow-creature. But Marian was one of those sweet women who believe that their own five-

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pound notes are hardly good enough to light other people's fires with, and their own best cloaks are too shabby to lay across the puddles in other people's paths. Which is not Christianity, nor political economy, nor even common-sense; yet we love the dear souls who share this foolish heresy, and do all we can to stand between them and their own unselfishness. And though George was irritated with Marian for thus flinging her happiness and his to feed the flame on the altar of Blanche's self-pleasing, he could not help loving her all the more for it, it was so exactly like Marian to do such a thing.

So, with the firmness which belongs only to sweet and (apparently) pliant women, Marian despatched George to the Antipodes without her, and continued to hold her office of high-priestess to the beauty of Belford, her sister Blanche.

Old Dr. Radstock had been *the* doctor of Belford for as long as any self-respecting person would own to remembering, and his pretty daughters were the most popular girls in the little county town. Mrs. Radstock was a comfortable motherly soul, who always reminded one of Christmas and crackers and family parties, and any other kind of domestic jollity. The elder daughter, Marian, was fair and sweet and pretty and good, and all the young men of Belford fell in love with her till they had seen Blanche, and then she became merely Blanche's sister. That is to say, all except George Garrod. George fell in love with Marian when they pulled crackers together at children's parties, and he gave her the treasure inside, and kept the motto himself to spell out at his leisure apart from the "madding crowd"; and he continued to be in love with her all through such intervals of his schooldays as he could spare to the contemplation of so trifling a subject as that of girls; and he talked to her a great deal and hardly looked at her at all in his late teens; and he looked at her a great deal and hardly talked to her at all in his early twenties; and finally he told her he loved her, and found that she loved him, which provided a subject of conversation between them which seemed inexhaustible. Then it was settled that George should go out to an uncle of his who was doing very well in Australia, and of course he wanted Marian to marry him and go out too; but by this time Blanche, who had never quite forgiven George for not going the way of all flesh in Belford and throwing Marian over for her, turned rusty, and actually spoiled her pretty eyes for a whole day by crying over the idea of parting from her devoted high-priestess. This was too much for Marian: Iphigenia-like, she flung herself upon the sacrificial altar, and nothing would induce her to consider her own happiness from that moment. Had poor George's happiness not happened to be identical with her own, it would have met with the utmost consideration at Marian's hands; but as the fulfilment of his wishes meant the fulfilment of hers, they were foredoomed by Marian to disappointment. Surely the tender mercies of a very good woman are a little cruel sometimes!

It was a terrible blow to George when Marian declined to go out to Australia with him: his love for her was so great that it was a shock to him to discover that in the hierarchy of her affections she placed him a little lower than Blanche. It is always sad to receive only silver where one has given gold—especially as the one who pays us silver in return for our gold, usually pays gold elsewhere and only receives silver in exchange. Such is the unsatisfactory way in which business is carried on on the Stock Exchange of the affections; and there is, alas! no clearing-house to make matters square at the end of the day.

So it came to pass that George Garrod went out alone to Australia, and there abode for many a long year. But he did not forget Marian—the art of forgetting was not his. Instead of forgetting, he wrote long letters to her by every mail—letters in which he gave her of his best; he collected, so to speak, the essence of his daily uneventful life, and made it up into a sort of mental attar-of-roses for Marian. And Marian gave him of her best likewise, and wrote epistles which rejoiced his soul. Thus they grew nearer to each other, as people sometimes do who write and never meet: for when you write to a friend, you write to the person who you wish him to be; but when you talk to him, you talk to him as he is. There was once a woman who said, "I never miss my friend when he is away from me, for then he fills all my thoughts; but sometimes when he is with me I miss him terribly." Thus the ideal Marian was with George Garrod, and no one but the real Marian could have power to drive her away.

After George had been ten or twelve years in Australia, he heard of the death of old Dr. Radstock, and soon afterwards of that of his wife; and he then wrote urging Marian to come out and marry him at once. Finding his persuasions useless, he came over to fetch her. Things had not much

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"WHEN I DO GO BACK, I SHALL TAKE YOU WITH ME, MARIAN."

altered at Belford in George's absence; it was one of those country places in which "Time ambles withal," and no one looked or seemed much older since he went away. He himself was now a bronzed and bearded man; but the "Radstock girls" (as they were still called) were but little the worse for wear. True, Blanche was stouter and more florid than of old, but it only made her all the handsomer; and if Marian's girlish slimness showed faint prophetic signs of degenerating into scragginess, George was still far too deeply in love to heed such evil and irreverent prophecies.

"I cannot stay very long in England," said George one day; "but when I do go back, I shall take you with me, Marian."

Marian shook her head in the way he knew so well. "No, George dear," she said; "I cannot leave poor Blanche all alone."

"Not leave Blanche?" George cried, aghast. "But you must leave her."

"I cannot; she is not strong, and would be wretched without me to look after her."

"That is all nonsense, dear," said George firmly. "Blanche is twice as strong as you are, and twenty times better able to look after herself. Why, just look at her; she is big and handsome and rosy, while you are like a little white flower beside her."

"Oh, you don't understand Blanche, her appearance is so deceptive," sighed Marian. "I know she looks strong enough, but she is terribly delicate, really."

"I don't believe in her delicacy," said George roughly. "All I know is that she invariably takes the smooth and leaves you the rough, and it is high time that somebody interfered. Now, *you* do look delicate, I confess; and unless somebody looks after you, you'll work yourself to death."

Marian's blue eyes filled with tears. "It is

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very kind of you to notice how I look, dear George," she said softly, "and still kinder of you to care; but really I am all right. I am one of the wiry little women, you know, with no end of strength in them; while poor Blanche is really delicate, in spite of her handsome figure and bright colour."

"But you have as much right to live your life as Blanche has to live hers," persisted George. "And it is not only your happiness which is at stake—it is your whole character. The fact is, Marian, that the petty interests and cares among which you live are dwarfing and cramping your mind; while your heart and soul are starving for the light and the warmth which love alone can bring. For your own sake, darling, as well as for mine, I beg and beseech you to come away with me."

"No, George, I really cannot. Dear Blanche could never, never manage without me. Why, it makes the poor darling's head ache if she has even to order the dinner."

"Then, Marian, if you will not come for your own sake, will you come for mine? You owe a duty to me as well as to Blanche. And remember it is not good for a man to be alone; it tends to make him irritable and selfish and self-centred, and dries up the inner springs of his higher nature. I want you, dear, I want you; and I cannot get on any longer without you."

But—like many very sweet and tender women — Marian could pity any suffering save that which she had caused. She had so poor an opinion of herself that she utterly failed to realise that the lack of her could prove an overwhelming loss to anyone save the sister whose devoted slave she had always been; so poor George could not convince her how necessary she was to him. At last—after much fruitless pleading—he said sternly—

"You must decide between Blanche and me this time, once for all. I cannot, and will not, go on with this farce any longer."

"Oh, George, don't be cross with me," besought Marian, with tears.

"I am not cross, but I am angry; and I do well to be angry. Is my faithful love nothing, that you should throw it on one side to suit your sister's selfish whim? Either you will go back to Australia as my wife, or else everything shall be at an end between us. It is for you to decide."

"Then I decide to stay here; I cannot leave poor Blanche."

George's face was very white and drawn, and he looked an old man as he cried, "And have you no pity for me, Marian, after all these years?"

But Marian's voice was firm as she replied, "I cannot, and will not, leave poor Blanche."

So George Garrod went back to Australia a second time alone; and now he had no longer Marian's letters to cheer and comfort his lonely soul. Sorely did his faithful heart ache as he recalled the early days of his love, and looked at the portrait of the pretty girl he had wooed so long ago. But he was too proud to write to her again, though his pride was not strong enough to kill his love.

After another ten years had passed, George met accidentally in Sydney a former neighbour whom he had known in Belford in the bygone days, and from him he eagerly begged for news of his old home.

"What has become of the Radstocks?" he asked, his heart beating as it did when he was a boy.

"Oh, haven't you heard? Blanche married a rich American two years ago, and went to live in New York."

"What! Went away, and left Marian?"

"Yes—you couldn't expect a man to burden himself with the two sisters, could you? But the worst of it is, that after her marriage Blanche gave herself airs and completely dropped poor old Marian."

George's brow grew very black. "Remember you are speaking of friends of mine, if you please," he said shortly.

"No offence, old chap, no offence. I only mean to say that Blanche's husband was rather a swell, and so couldn't be bothered with an old-fashioned woman like Marian."

"The low cad!" murmured George between his teeth. "And do you mean to say that Blanche cut the sister who had always been so devoted to her?"

"Oh! Blanche was always as selfish as they make them; and when she was well off herself she did not bother her head about Marian. Besides, although Blanche had kept her good looks wonderfully, Marian had grown very dowdy; and Blanche was ashamed to own such a faded old maid as her sister. Therefore Marian had to go to the wall."

Garrod's face was white with anger as he asked, "Did Marian feel it much, do you think?"

"*Rather!* She did not make any fuss, but it simply turned her into an old woman. She was always wrapped up in Blanche, you know."

Which George did know—better than anyone else.

The thought of Marian, lonely and heart-broken, awakened all George's old love

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"AS HE STOOD STUNNED WITH DISAPPOINTMENT, HE FELT A TIMID HAND LAID ON HIS ARM."

for her, and he wrote to her by the next mail, asking her to come out to Australia at once and marry him. And this time Marian consented. So George was happy at last, and spent the next two months beautifying his already beautiful home, to make it a more fit casket for the jewel he intended to enshrine therein. Now that she seemed within his grasp, he longed for Marian with a more intense longing than he had ever felt before: the years had been swept away, somehow, and he was a romantic boy again, worshipping his first love with a boy's blind adoration. What a great deal he and she would have to talk over, he thought! And how delightful it would be to pour into her sympathetic ear all the inmost thoughts which were too sweet and too sacred to tell to anyone else! Marian

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was the only person to whom he had been able to tell everything, and therefore her absence made a terrible blank in his life. He knew that she, and she alone, would comprehend all that he had felt as he prepared his home for her coming, and that she only could understand how the thought of her was woven into every carpet and painted into every wall-paper. The drawing-room paper particularly delighted him, as the design was yellow daffodils on a pale green ground, and he selected it because daffodils were Marian's favourite flowers.

George went down to the ship to meet his love, his heart beating high with hope and joy; but his hope and joy were quickly quelled as passenger after passenger passed, and she was not among them. At last, as he stood stunned with disappointment, he felt a timid hand laid on his arm, and perceived standing beside him a faded little woman in very dowdy clothes.

"Mr. Garrod, I believe," said the little old lady.

"At your service, madam," replied George. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Don't you remember me?" asked the shabby little stranger. "I am Marian Radstock."

For a moment George's heart stood still: could this dowdy creature be his pretty Marian? Then a great wave of tenderness rushed over him as he thought how bitter must have been the sorrow which had wrought such a change in her; and he swore to himself that he would do all in his power to make up to her for what she had suffered.

"My darling!" he cried as he took the prim little figure in his arms, "come and tell me how desolate you have been, and let me comfort you."

But the prim little figure extricated itself from his embrace. "Dear me, George, how impulsive you are!" said Marian, looking shocked. "You will push my bonnet to one side if you behave like that."

"I have arranged for you to stay with my friends the Careys," continued George, "till we are married. But before I take you there you must come with me and see our home."

"Presently, George, presently—all in due season. But in the meantime pray attend to my luggage; I am dreadfully afraid that it will get lost or mislaid in all this confusion."

And when George had seen to the luggage, Marian said she was too tired to look over his house, and should prefer to go at once to the Careys' and rest; so it was the next day before George could display his domestic shrine to the idol for which it was prepared.

Marian was greatly pleased with Garrod's house and its furniture, and her absorbing interest in details and trifles somewhat puzzled George. But it was a woman's way, he supposed.

"Everything is charming, dear George—quite charming. In fact, there is only one thing that does not thoroughly please me."

"And what is that, dear? I will alter it, whatever it is."

"It is the drawing-room paper. I do not consider daffodils an elegant design, nor do I think the colouring perfectly harmonises with the carpet."

George's lip quivered, but Marian did not notice it; all her attention was taken up with the drawing-room paper.

"I chose this pattern," he said, "because daffodils used to be your favourite flowers."

Marian looked puzzled. "I don't see what that has to do with the question, George. The question is whether it goes well with the carpet, and I do not think that it does."

"Very well, dear. It shall be altered at once, and you shall choose the new paper yourself."

Marian looked delighted. "Oh, thank you, George. How good you are! Now, what colour shall we have? Don't you think that pale blue would go admirably with the carpet? Or should you prefer terra-cotta? Blanche's taste is always excellent, and she says there is no paper like a terra-cotta one. I think I shall write and consult her, and send her a pattern of the carpet to judge by. I can always depend upon Blanche's taste."

"Very well, dear; just as you like." And Marian never heard the tremor in George's voice.

So Marian Radstock was married to George Garrod, and was very happy in her new home. She was delighted with her men-servants and maid-servants and houses and lands, and forgot that there ever was a time when she cared for none of these things—that far-off time before she deliberately choked the life out of her higher self in deference to Blanche's whim. She made what the world calls an excellent wife; that is to say, she duly looked after her husband's household and attended to his wardrobe. As for George, he had made a fortune, and married his first love, and gained his heart's desire; therefore men presumed that he was happy, and never guessed that leanness withal had been sent into his soul, because the woman of his choice had made what the wise man calls "the sacrifice of fools."

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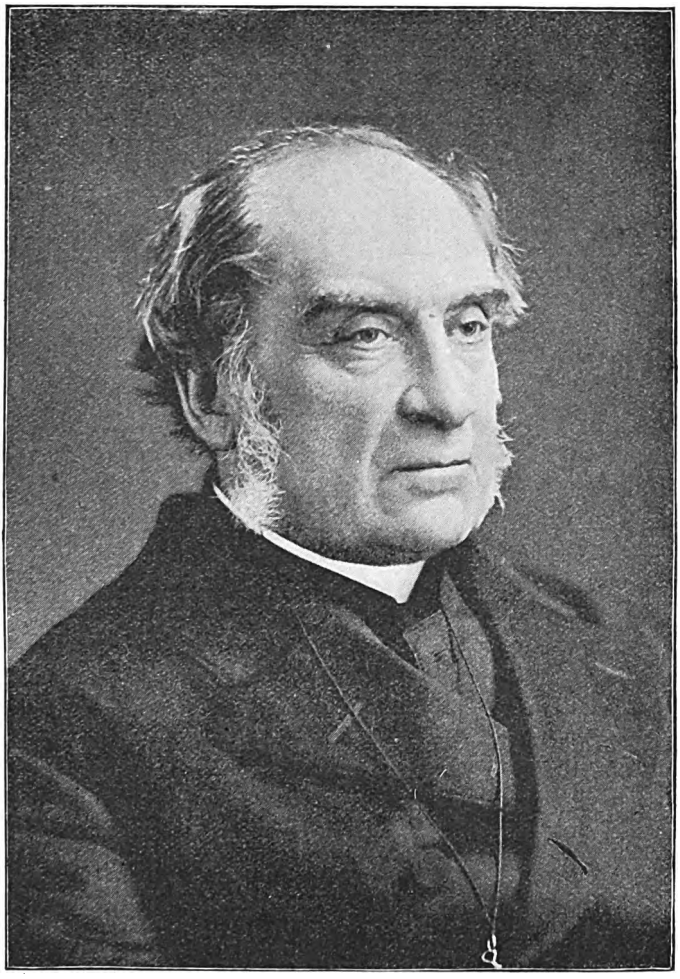
MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

VII.—ARCHBISHOP TAIT, ARCHBISHOP THOMSON, ARCHBISHOP BENSON, CARDINAL NEWMAN, CARDINAL MANNING, DR. PUSEY, CANON LIDDON, DEAN CHURCH

I have had the advantage of knowing—and in some cases of knowing intimately—many of the leading ecclesiastics whose genius and piety have adorned the Victorian era; I will touch upon a few of them in this paper, in the very limited space at my disposal. Of many of them I could say much more than will here be written. Naturally, some of their letters to me were on personal matters, or contained confidential passages: it is hardly necessary to say that these will not be printed. In these slight reminiscences I shall reveal nothing private, and shall avoid every syllable which might give pain.



ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.
[*From a Photo by* W. P. Glaisby, *Lendal Bridge, York.*]

From the time when I first came to London, Archbishop Tait was conspicuously kind to me. I had met him several times as Bishop of London, and when I was Master of Marlborough College he and his family spent some days in the same hotel with us at Mürren, in Switzerland. I there saw a good deal of him; we had some strolls together, and he was kindly interested in a sermon which I preached there. When I came to London he was sometimes our guest in Dean's Yard, and I have stayed with him at Addington Park, and driven and walked about with him. One afternoon it was pouring with rain, and we all sat in the drawing-room reading aloud in turns Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*. It was delightful to hear the wise and often witty remarks which he sometimes interpolated. His noble presence, invariable kindness, and genial wisdom made him a man of men. I can never be sufficiently grateful for acts of goodness which I cannot record, and for a generous appreciation

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which often supported me in troublous times. On more than one occasion sermons and speeches of mine had been misreported, but he always waited for the correct version. In one letter he says, "I have read the correct version of your Mansion House speech with the greatest admiration;" in another, "I thank you heartily for the part you took in the Lambeth Meeting. As to newspaper reports of your sermon, I pay no attention to them."

There was absolutely nothing artificial or pompous about the true and simple dignity with which he wore his high honours. He greatly enjoyed a story, and was much amused at an anecdote I told, in a meeting of which he was chairman, about a Scottish divine, who, when an English visitor expressed surprise at the organ and painted windows in his Presbyterian church, laid his hand on the visitor's arm, and said, with the broad Scottish pronunciation—

> Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
> Tendimus IN LATIUM.

In his own speeches there were often little humorous remarks, such as, "You know that, *at my a e*, I cannot be in two places at once." He had a large and kindly tolerance for human stupidity, of which every public man sees so much in letters written by strangers. Handing back such letters to his chaplain, he used to say, "Tell him he is an ass—but say so *kindly*."

I preached the first of the sermons on "Eternal Hope" in 1877. It was a very wet afternoon, and as I walked to Westminster Abbey I remember thinking, "There will be a very small congregation." That sermon, however, little as I dreamed of it, was destined to produce memorable effects. It was instantly reported, in most imperfect forms; it became the theme of universal conversation in London; and it quite literally went thrilling through the world; for, during months afterwards, amid a perfect chaos of abuse, anathema, and refutation on all sides, I also received grateful letters about it from the remotest regions of the British Empire, and from missionaries working at lonely stations in the heart of Africa and of Australia. That was due, not to any merits of the sermon itself, but to the fact that, speaking under the pressure of painful thoughts, and fresh from the deathbed of some who were near and dear to me, I had boldly uttered a belief and a hope which lay deep but unexpressed in millions of Christian minds. Archbishop Tait never added his voice to the hubbub of anathema by which I was immediately surrounded; but, at first, his regard for me made him a little alarmed and anxious. He only wrote and recommended to me "some notes by Principal John Sharp, printed in the new volume of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen's letters, of a conversation he had with Mr. Erskine on his peculiar views respecting the subject of your sermon." I was compelled to publish the series of five sermons, because they were becoming current in imperfect forms; but they never elicited one syllable of rebuke from the Archbishop, nor did they diminish in the smallest degree his friendly kindness. He afterwards asked me to publish a sermon of mine in the Abbey by which, he told me, he had been deeply interested, on "Many Folds, One Flock," in which I had dwelt strongly upon the essential unity of true Christians amid their superficial divisions.

The admirable Life of the Archbishop by the Bishop of Winchester gives such a true and beautiful picture of Archbishop Tait that posterity will know him as he was. Multitudes of visitors to Canterbury Cathedral still gaze with deep interest upon his beautiful effigy, and read the striking epitaph that "the one desire of his life was to make the Church of England the Church of the people." The title sometimes given him of "Archbishop of the Laity" was originally bestowed in a depreciatory sense: it is in reality his highest honour. He won the hearty esteem and confidence of the nation because he was a genuine man.

2. I received no less kindness and encouragement from his eminent colleague, DR. THOMSON, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. There is scarcely one of his letters to me which is not full of kind expressions. He came not infrequently to service in my church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and he preached there, as did Archbishop Tait. In the Athenæum I have had more than one pleasant and interesting conversation with him. I spoke at the Church Congress in Hull, at his express invitation. He at once overruled an objection made by some clergymen on the grounds of my "Eternal Hope," and said emphatically that nothing which I had written could be condemned as in any way "unorthodox." He wrote:—

"I do most sincerely wish that you will come to the Congress, and your very kind letter shows me that there is still hope. Kindly respond as early as possible; and if you can, as you kindly hint, regard my invitation as a command, I shall be delighted, and shall never throw upon you any command more burdensome."

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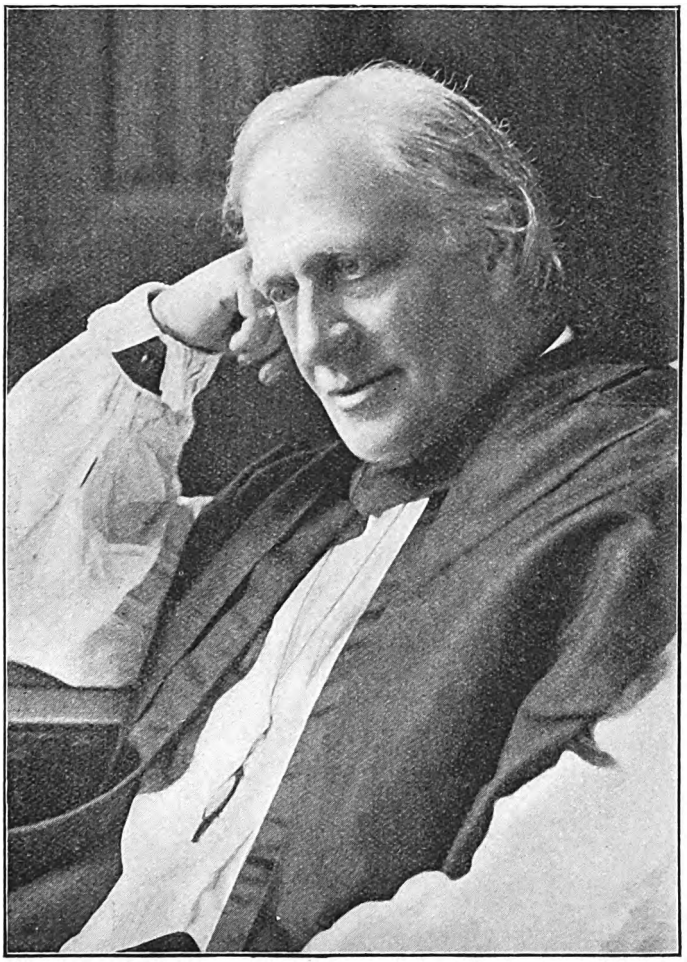
3. I was also well acquainted for many years with his famous successor, ARCHBISHOP MAGEE; but as I have spoken elsewhere of the circumstances which disturbed the friendly relations between us, as well as those which cordially renewed them, I will add nothing here respecting him. Of him, too, all men can judge from the very outspoken letters of which his recent Biography is mainly composed.

4. I knew ARCHBISHOP TRENCH but slightly. I have met him, when he was Dean of Westminster, at the annual dinner of "the Apostles," and have talked with him on the subject of "The Origin of Language." He was fond of Philology, and told me that he had read my book with much interest, and, in all the main points, agreed with it.

5. I will not say much of ARCHBISHOP BENSON, with whom I enjoyed a friendship of many years; for of him also I have spoken elsewhere. In many of the highest qualities—in deep ecclesiastical learning, in graceful genius, in manly courage, in that radiant geniality which gave a charm to all which he said and did—he was pre-eminently well fitted for his high office. When he visited Canterbury, which was ordinarily about three times in the year, he was always our guest. The old palace of the Archbishops at Canterbury was burnt down in Cranmer's days, and the stately house rebuilt by Archbishop Warham was destroyed by the Puritans. The Archbishops since the Reformation have always been received at the Deanery, though it is not impossible that henceforth they may have a house of their own in their "ancient and loyal" metropolitical city—the first Christian English city of the first Christian English kingdom. Archbishop Benson loved Canterbury with an intense affection, and always seemed to be in the highest spirits during his delightful visits. When he was present, there was an invariable flow of natural, bright, and animated conversation. He amused us much one morning at breakfast. A room in the Deanery is known as "the Archbishop's room," and, coming from it, he said in an emphatic way—



ARCHBISHOP BENSON.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* RUSSELL & SONS, 17 *Baker Street, W.*]

"I had a visitor last night, when you had all gone to bed."

"A visitor? Not a burglar, I hope?"

"No."

"Nor one of our familiar ghosts?"

"No," said the Archbishop; "but he was winged, and he was brilliant."

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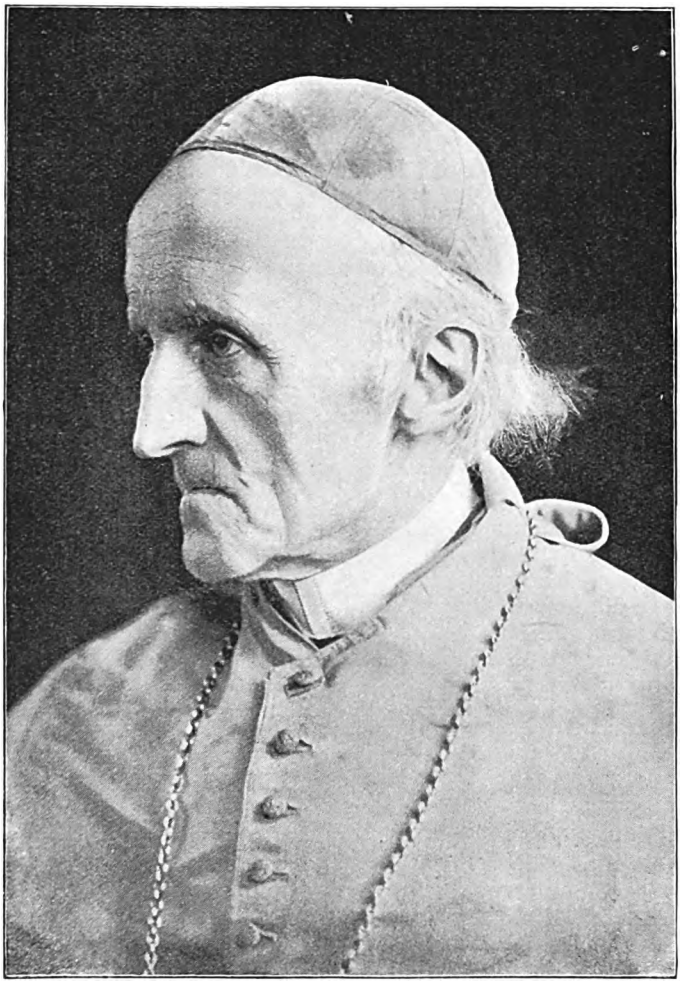
word' may be evidently set forth. I rejoice to hear that you are taking up the idea of preaching in the Nave. There is something specially fine in having a Nave for great Christian oratory. It would even evoke it—and there is a freedom and capacity there which tends as much to thinking and conceiving as ever the Choir to worship and meditation." He loved to wander about the great Cathedral, in perfect solitude, using the private key which is given to every Archbishop. He often went there when it was empty, late in the evening; and he asked me to place a humble little faldstool for him, that he might sit, and meditate, and pray alone, in "Becket's Crown." I did so, and he made use of it the next time he came. I received a letter from him, written from Ireland, on Oct. 2. On Oct. 11 he died. The letter is interesting as showing how hard an Archbishop has to work. I had asked him to preach on Whitsunday 1897, as the *actual* thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert. Here is his reply:—



CARDINAL MANNING.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* RUSSELL & SONS, 17 *Baker Street, W.*]

"IRELAND, *Oct.* 2, 1896.

"MY DEAR DEAN,—I would so joyfully do anything I could which you wished. But about preaching on Whitsunday, listen—

"1. The Queen's sixth decade in June will give me work without end.

"2. The Lambeth Conference comes in July, beginning at the end of June, and lasting till the end of July, with daily sessions, committees, house always full of bishops,—every American bishop comes with his family, and stays three days. The work of it, and the preparation for it, which is absolutely immense and incessant, begins months before, and deepens daily till it is over, and leaves one ἡμιθανῆ.

"Well, in *ordinary* years my only break is from the Thursday before Whitsunday till the Tuesday after. My ordination preparation for Trinity begins on Wednesday."

Such were the toils from which that beloved Prelate was so suddenly, and under such blessed circumstances, called away. He died on October 11; on October 26 he would again have been our guest.

6. From Archbishops I pass to Cardinals. I missed my one chance of personally knowing CARDINAL NEWMAN. I spent part of a day at the Oratory, Birmingham—which was the Cardinal's home—with an old friend and colleague who had become a Roman Catholic. This friend showed me over the school and all its arrangements, and got me to write my name in one of my books

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which was in the boys' library. I was to have seen the great Cardinal, but he sent down a message that he did not feel well enough that day to see me. Like other Roman Catholics of eminence, he was by no means out of sympathy with the views expressed in "Eternal Hope." This may be seen from Mr. Oxenham's excellent volume on the subject, and from a letter from Cardinal Manning, which I shall quote immediately. I give with this article a facsimile of Cardinal Newman's reply to my gift of a copy of the book.

7. I knew CARDINAL MANNING well for many years, and may say at once that I felt the greatest regard and respect for him, believing him to be a sincerely devoted man. His nephew, Monsignor Manning, who died at a comparatively early age, had called on me both at Harrow and at Marlborough, as it was the desire of his life to establish a school for Roman Catholic boys, as nearly as possible on the lines of the English public schools. Needless to say, I received him at my house, and gave him every possible facility of studying all the arrangements of the schools, especially those of Marlborough College, which more closely resembled the ideal which he had in view. He told me much about his uncle the Cardinal, who loved him almost as a son. He told me that his uncle's asceticism was so extreme that he had fainted in the pulpit from exhaustion, and the Pope had commanded him to relax the stringency of his fasts. He also gave me a letter with this message from the Cardinal: "Say to Dr. Farrar that I read some years ago his Lectures on Language with much pleasure; and have also read with still greater much of the Life of our Lord, which I hope will win the love and fidelity of many to our Divine Master. It seems to me well fitted for families." When Monsignor Manning died, the Cardinal, who thought himself indebted by the assistance I had given him, introduced himself to me at the Athenæum; and such was his friendliness that I never saw him there without his coming to have a talk. We had many matters of common interest. I once told him that the majority of my poorest parishioners in St. Margaret's belonged to his Church; that we visited them exactly as we visited all our other people, but that many of them (especially the poorest Irish) were so sunk in drink that it never even occurred to me to attempt the least proselytism. We merely relieved their necessities, and endeavoured to make them happier and better. He sadly admitted all that I had said, and added, "It was their terrible misery which had led him to found the Catholic Guild of St. Patrick, and to throw himself heart and soul into temperance effort." I met him often on temperance platforms, and in connection with other philanthropic work. He talked to me quite freely on religious subjects, and even asked me to write—which I was unable to do—in favour of his educational views. He took a warm interest in the controversy about "Eternal Hope," and wrote me a letter on it, which has more than a passing interest. I reproduce it in facsimile with this article.

CANON LIDDON.

8. With reference to the subject here touched on I may append a letter, which also has

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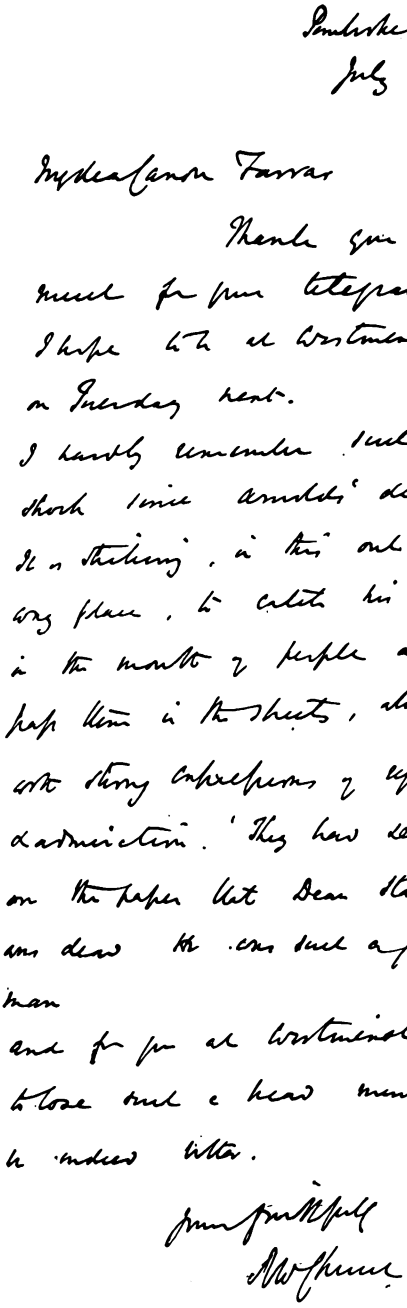


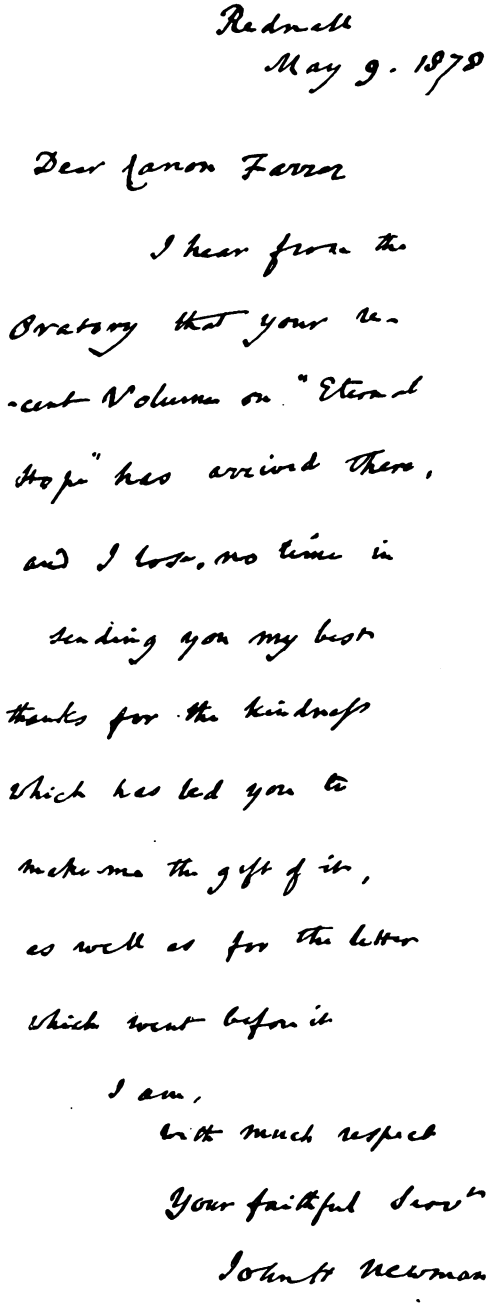
Pembroke Dock
July 20. 81

My dear Canon Farrar

Thank you very much for your telegram I hope to be at Westminster on Tuesday next.
I hardly remember such a shock since Arnold's death. It is striking, in this out of the way place, to catch his name in the mouth of people as you pass them in the streets, always with strong expressions of regret & admiration. They had seen on the paper that Dean Stanley was dead He was such a good man
and for you at Westminster to lose such a head must be indeed bitter.

Yours faithfully
A W Church

A LETTER FROM DEAN CHURCH, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.



Rednall
May 9. 1878

Dear Canon Farrar

I hear from the Oratory that your recent Volume on "Eternal Hope" has arrived there, and I lose no time in sending you my best thanks for the kindness which has led you to make me the gift of it, as well as for the letter which went before it

I am,
with much respect
Your faithful Servt
John H Newman

A LETTER FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

a permanent interest, from DR. PUSEY. I did not know Dr. Pusey personally, and he wrote his "What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment," in professed refutation of my "Eternal Hope." When his book appeared, I at once wrote to the *Guardian* to say that while I would answer all special criticism in another book—which I did in "Mercy and Judgment"—Dr. Pusey's "Answer" had in reality *conceded* the sole three points in the

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ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER,
S.W.

April 25. 1869.

My dear Archdeacon Farrar

I return the book & letters with many thanks. The book I can follow, the letters are obscure —

Dr Pusey seems to hold

1. that all who die in separation from God not is impenitent, incur eternal pain of loss

2. that the pain of sense is not defined — but by the Scriptures & the Fathers is declared to be by fire

3. that the nature of the Fire is not defined.

4 That there is a purifying pain which is not eternal; which after death is suffered by those who die in union with God, that is who are saved.

This I suppose to be the sum of your meaning: and if so I do not see anything amiss.

Perhaps it was your rhetoric quoted in p 2, which reminds me of John Mills, 'purpureus pannus,' that misled him. Universalism is excluded by the separation of those who die in penitent.

But the doctrine of Purgatory is as large as your hope which is short of universalism

It must always be remembered that it is only the penitent, & saved that enter the state of purification: and they may be only not saints, or only not lost. They are already in union with God, but only not yet crowned. They are "the holy souls," "the blessed souls" saved eternally. But their salvation is here in life, not by change from separation to union after death.

Believe me always

Very truly yours

Henry E. Card. Archbp.

A LETTER FROM CARDINAL MANNING, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

My dear Canon Farrar

It is a great relief to me that you can substitute the conception of a future purification for those who have not utterly extinguished the grace of God in their heart. Thus, I think, would let you be ~~selection~~ humiliating with the whole of Christendom

Yours faithfully
H. Pusey

A LETTER FROM DR. PUSEY, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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controversy which I regarded as most vital: namely (1) that it is *not* "of faith" to believe that the vast majority of mankind will be eternally lost; (2) that it is not "of faith" to believe in *material* torments after death; and (3) that it is not "of faith" to hold that *every* form of retribution after death (in which "retribution" I believe as strongly as anyone can do) is necessarily endless.

On reading my letter, Dr. Pusey replied as follows:—

"SOUTH HERMITAGE, ASCOT PRIORY, BRACKNELL, *July* 30, 1880.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for the courtesy and kindness with which you have spoken of me in your letter to the *Guardian*, so far beyond what I deserve.

"On two points you have thought that I was expressing my own personal belief when I did not mean to say anything of it. My object was to remove hindrances to the belief in God's awful judgments. I had no occasion to speak of myself. But as you have spoken of my faith, let me say—

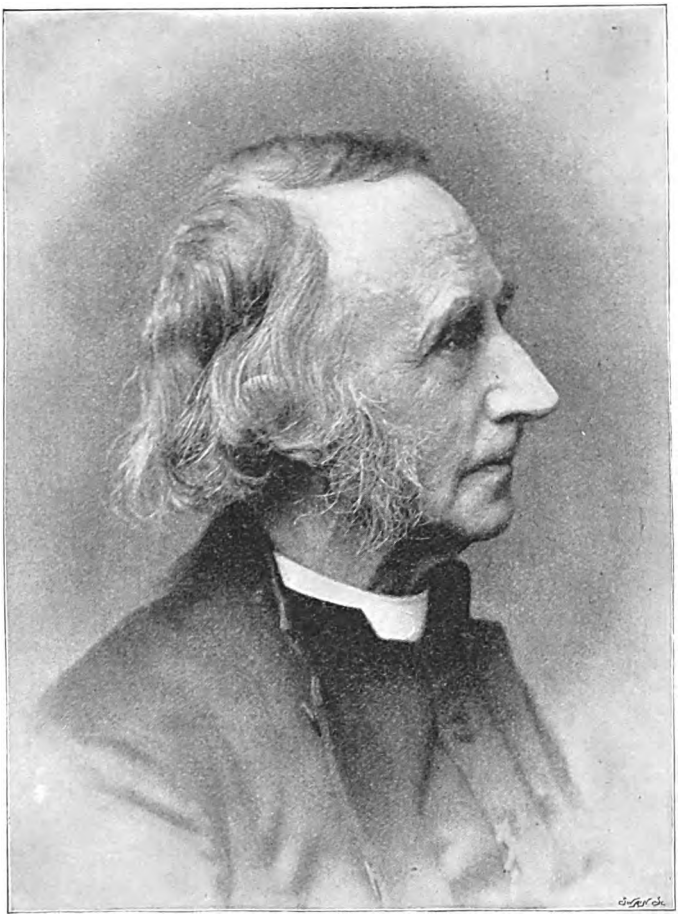
"1. I was glad to be able to urge, after divines of indisputable authority, *that the belief that there are pains of sense in Hell is not essential to the belief in Hell itself*, so that those who have a strong feeling against the belief in *them* need not on that account disbelieve Hell itself.

"2. *I do strongly hope that the great mass of mankind will be saved*, all whom God could save *without destroying their free agency*. But since God has only spoken of His will to save us, and has not said whether mankind will accept that will for them, I could have no *belief* on the subject. I left it blindly in the hands of God.

"If I had had time, I would have rewritten my book, and would have said, '*You seem to me to deny nothing that I believe.*' You do not deny the eternal punishment of souls obstinately hard and finally impenitent. I believe the eternal punishment of no other. Who they are, God alone knows. I should have been glad to begin with what we believe in common, and so to say there is no need then to theorise about a new trial.

. . . . .

Yours faithfully, E.B.PUSEY."



DEAN CHURCH.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* ELLIOTT & FRY.]

I received another very interesting letter from Dr. Pusey on August 3. It is too long to quote, but the opening and closing sentences are given on the opposite page.

9. I knew the late CANON LIDDON of St. Paul's for many years. I first met him when we were both staying with Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, who was then Vicar of Doncaster. We both had to preach at a great choral festival in Doncaster Church—he

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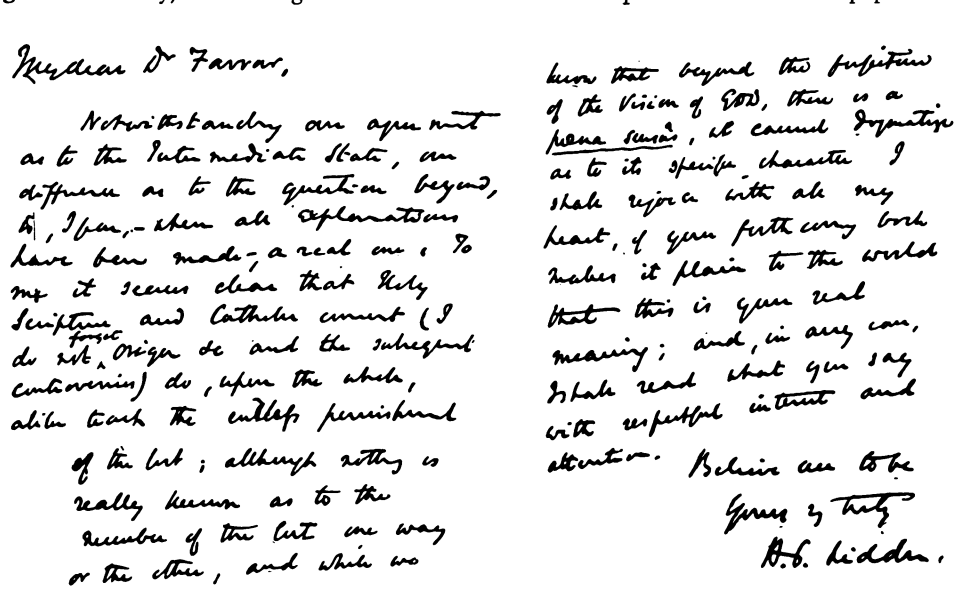
in the morning and I in the evening. We came out of church together, and I told him that I had only one fault to find with his sermon, which was that it made it impossible for anyone to preach after him. "Tell me, Dr. Liddon," said a lady in the evening, "is it not impossible for you to escape a little feeling of vanity after preaching such sermons?" Dr. Liddon might perhaps have answered in the spirit of Rowland Hill, who, on being told that he had preached a fine sermon that morning, answered, "The devil told me that as I came down the pulpit stairs." His actual answer was more to the effect that the awful responsibilities involved in pulpit ministrations rendered any such small personal conceit almost ludicrously impossible. One of the greatest preachers of this age, F. W. Robertson of Brighton, said: "Words, idle words! The whole realm of Chatterdom is worth nothing; noise and smoke, and nothing else. Eloquence, rhetoric, impressive discourses, etc. etc.,—soft gliding swallows and noisy impudent tomtits,—is the true worth of the first orator in the world. I believe I could have become an orator if I had chosen to take the pains. I see what rhetoric does, and what it seems to do, and I thoroughly despise it. Yet perhaps I do it injustice; with an unworldly noble love to give it reality, what might I not do?" And Charles Kingsley, when he was first made Canon of Westminster, and walked up the crowded aisle to preach one of those sermons which produced so deep an impression, said to a friend, with that slight stammer which lent additional piquancy to his remarks, "Whenever I walk up to the pulpit in the Abbey I wish myself d—d—dead; and whenever I walk back I wish myself more d—d—d—dead."

I have several kind letters from Dr. Liddon before me. The one from which a paragraph is reproduced in facsimile gives his views about the future life.

10. I knew DEAN CHURCH, and met him not infrequently in the Athenæum, at meetings of the Governing Body of Westminster School, and elsewhere. I reproduce one letter of his, because it shows his high appreciation of Dean Stanley, the news of whose death I had telegraphed to him, and asked him to be present at the funeral.

I had intended in this paper to say something of another and very different group of divines who were well known to me—Bishop Colenso, Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Cotton of Calcutta, Dr. Jowett of Balliol, the late Master of Trinity, Cambridge, Canon Kingsley, and Deans Plumptre and Wellesley; but I have no more space, and some of them must be spoken of in the next paper.


My dear Dr Farrar,

Notwithstanding our agreement as to the Intermediate State, our difference as to the question beyond, to, I fear,—when all explanations have been made—a real one. To me it seems clear that Holy Scripture and Catholic consent (I do not forget Origen &c and the subsequent controversies) do, upon the whole, alike teach the endless punishment of the lost; although nothing is really known as to the number of the lost one way or the other, and while we know that beyond the forfeiture of the Vision of GOD, there is a poena sensûs, we cannot dogmatize as to its specific character. I shall rejoice with all my heart, if your forthcoming book makes it plain to the world that this is your real meaning; and, in any case, I shall read what you say with respectful interest and attention. Believe me to be

Yours very truly

H. P. Liddon.

A LETTER FROM CANON LIDDON, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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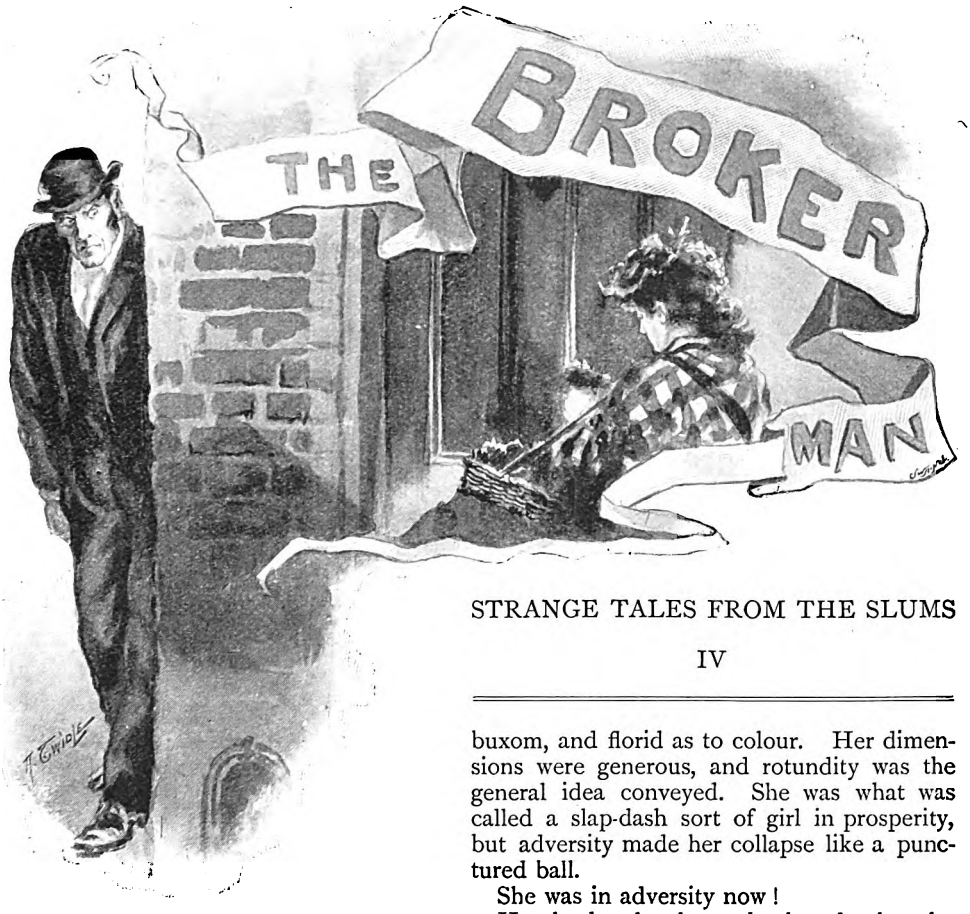

STRANGE TALES FROM THE SLUMS

IV

It was hot, as it is hot only in a London slum. Dirt oozed from and stood out in patches on the faces of every inhabitant of Pots' Alley. Even the flies, sick with heat, drowsed on the top of a saucer of treacle, which was the only article of food to be seen in a room, that would have looked its size if it had not been crammed with humanity.

A litter of pups lolled lazily on the floor, a squirrel drooped in a cage two sizes too small for him, some rabbits lay bunched up in a corner, and a fair mite of a female child breathed heavily from the depths of a dirty shawl.

A baby, lean and long, gave but one sign of animation—it crawled towards the treacle saucer, desire in its watery eyes, determination in its writhing motions. It lusted for liquid, and the treacle was the nearest approach to it that it had seen for the last twenty-four hours.

It had a mother, and she is the chief actor in this serio-comic chapter of real life.

Their relationship was not apparent at first sight, for Fan Brummage was bold, buxom, and florid as to colour. Her dimensions were generous, and rotundity was the general idea conveyed. She was what was called a slap-dash sort of girl in prosperity, but adversity made her collapse like a punctured ball.

She was in adversity now!

Her husband, whom she hated when he abode with her, had lately been conveyed to prison for appropriating certain rabbit skins, and Fan found that his two months' enforced absence revived her dormant affection. It is one of the eccentricities of the law, that it does not recognise nerves as the primary cause of crime and misfortune among the poor. Trouble paralysed Fan's energies; and whereas if she had been a fine lady a fashionable physician would have dubbed her "neurotic," and encouraged her to lounge gracefully on a couch, and live only to be amused, Fan being poor was voted "lazy" because her work of charing came to a standstill, and she passed her time lamenting her woes to an audience half admiring, half afraid.

Now, Fan was a sober woman, remarkably so; but it was her unfortunate peculiarity when under the influence of nerves to appear very much the reverse; and, having a turn for the dramatic, she was generally to be found striking attitudes at a street corner, and using language more forcible than polite. As a necessary consequence, the rent got in arrears; and her landlady, not

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being deeply versed in the phases of hysteria, called her a "good-for-nothing hussy," and put the broker in.

It was the arrival of this much-hated functionary which unloosed Mrs. Brummage's vocabulary to its fullest extent, much to his meek and mild commiseration. For Mr. Ephraim Hodge had nerves too, and they were always tried at the sight of sorrow. He was a little man, and a timid one by nature, though, having a high standard of duty, he valiantly combated the weakness.

On the present occasion, having surveyed the loquacious woman outside and her group of perspiring listeners, he stepped gingerly into the interior, and perched himself on a high stool, trying to be as little in the way as possible. In the course of a few minutes, curiosity or exhaustion brought Fan inside, and she sat on the bed, moaning out her woes in a voice that had a pathos of its own.

Mr. Ephraim Hodge, because he was small, admired women of comely proportions, and he was immensely struck by the grace of her characteristic gestures and poses so expressive of her moods. So he set about for a means of diverting her attention. There were the children, and he liked children—in the abstract.

The mite of three was sitting up rubbing her eyes. He pointed his stick towards her and said, "Chucky-chucky," in a tone meant to be jocose. The child took him for an adversary, and howled horribly. Feeling guilty and ashamed, Mr. Hodge turned towards the baby, which was contentedly playing with the flies it scooped from the treacle saucer.

He slid gently from his perch, and approached it playfully on all fours. The lean little face grew longer, but anything so refreshing as tears was not in its parched composition. So far so good. The broker man felt in his pocket and discovered a button, which, being of an economical turn of mind, he had picked up and kept for use on his own garments. This he held out before the child with an insinuating smile. An anxious moment, then he heaved a sigh of relief. The bait took! A treacly fly was dropped, and a treacly hand snatched the glittering bribe.

Mr. Hodge wiped his shining head and ventured to turn his attention towards the puppies, who were snarling among each other, and making frantic efforts to gnaw his dapper boots. While thus engaged, an ominous peace environed the mummified infant, and, instinctively feeling something had gone wrong, Mr. Hodge glanced over his shoulder in time to watch it swallow the button!

A malignant air of triumph pervaded its countenance, and the broker man, imagining instant death would ensue, cast timidity aside, and approaching the mother, who had flung herself prone on the bed, he poked her gently in the ribs, saying in a hollow whisper—

"Baby's choking!"

The result was surprising.

Fan jumped up and seized him by the ears, intending to administer a violent shaking, but at that instant a shower of rotten eggs and decayed cabbages came through the window from her faithful friends.

Whatever they thought of Fan, they agreed that the broker man was their public enemy, and combined to watch his proceedings with hostile interest. When he poked the stick at the child, they imagined he threatened it; when he approached the baby, it was with dire intentions; but when he was seen bending over Fan, their boiling blood could contain itself no longer, and the first available missile was hurled in her defence.

Alas for the misconstruction even our best friends put upon our actions!

Fan thought they were aiming at her, and in a fine fury she leapt to the ground, and, calling on the broker man to assist, they hastily barred the shutters, she pouring forth abuse that was rich in its vehemence and force.

Panting with heat and excitement, Fan stood in the darkened apartment, filling tremulous Mr. Hodge with admiration mixed with awe at her *tour de force*.

From that moment they chummed. But the position had its drawbacks. The heat became stifling, and the atmosphere even more close. Mr. Hodge was a clean man, precise in his ways, and he looked ruefully at the ravages rotten eggs had made on his clothes.

His orders were distinct, to remain in possession till his employer arrived; but, in spite of Fan's recovered vivacity and consequent flow of talk, he did not contemplate with equanimity a stay of several hours with howling babies, squealing pups, and other unsavoury animals.

One welcome diversion occurred—the landlady sent up his tea; but even this pleasure was not unmixed; for when Fan vouchsafed the information that she had no money to get herself or the "brats" a meal, he felt constrained to share the bread and butter, and even the flavourless tea. This warmed Fan's heart, and she waxed confidential as

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she sipped her share from his saucer, while he held his cup in turns to the lips of the "kiddies." But it made them all hotter, and popularity has its perils. The four-footed animals fathomed his philanthropy, and sniffed around his calves in a manner not to his liking.

It was scarcely dusk when the door opened, and into the dirt and the heat and the turmoil came a girl, with a face so placid, so sweet, that the summer sunset still seemed

"Let us get the room tidy first, Mrs. Brummage; that will clear our heads and give us time to think. And I am sure," with a clear straight look at the man, "your visitor will not disdain to help two women in distress."

Mr. Hodge's chivalrous heart beat high with delight, and, before he knew where he was, he found himself taking off his coat and sweeping the floor for dear life, with a zest that made up for his inexperience. Mean-

"SHE LISTENED PATIENTLY WHILE FAN DECLAIMED HER WOES."

to hover in the dove-like eyes. She was garbed as a Nursing Sister, and the prim costume suited well the Quaker-like demureness of her aspect.

"Your landlady has been telling me of your trouble," she began,—and oh, the coolness of her quiet tones!—"and I have come to offer help."

Fan knew her well, and perhaps Sister Rachel understood the half-tamed creature better than anyone else. She listened patiently while Fan declaimed her woes, then with a persuasive smile remarked—

while the ladies tidied up and straightened generally. It was wonderful to see what half an hour's work effected, and how Sister Rachel's gentle influence permeated the place like a balmy south wind.

With another approving smile, Mr. Hodge was put to wash the dishes, and with sleeves tucked up was in the midst of his task when a thundering knock was heard at the door.

Fan put her head out of the window, and drew it in again with a short laugh.

"Your boss," she said, nodding at

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Ephraim. "A fine figure you cut, and no mistake!"

His discomfiture was apparent in every line of his steam-bedewed countenance; but Sister Rachel came to his relief.

"We must not let our friend suffer for his compassion," she said kindly; and with Fan's assistance his coat was tugged on, his sleeves pulled down, and his hands dried.

When Mr. Slink entered, he noticed nothing but that his servant was curiously red in the face and embarrassed in manner. But Mr. Slink was not a man who paid attention to trifles, and, cutting short Fan's hysterics, he told Mr. Hodge that twenty-four hours was all the time allowed her to pay what was owing, that during that time he was not to lose sight of her, and, at the end of it, he, Mr. Slink, would send a couple of men to remove the furniture. Then with a contemptuous sniff he strode away, regardless of Fan's tragedy-queen attitude, or her really eloquent denunciations of a cruel fate which left her defenceless, exposed to the machinations of designing man.

Fan was clever in one respect—she selected her woes according to her audience, and she knew she was secure of Sister Rachel's sympathy in this curious feature of the law, which gives its minions power thus to intrude on the privacy of the poor.

She made the most, therefore, of a dilemma which otherwise would only have excited her risibility, and Sister Rachel's fair face flushed as she entreated Mr. Hodge to take a pipe on the landing while she hushed the children to sleep.

Ephraim had never accepted a bribe in his life—nay, his reputation was so unstained that no one had ever dared offer him one.

But somehow, with those dove-like eyes beaming on him, the ugly word had no significance, and he found that, without exactly committing himself, Sister Rachel had in her girlish impulsiveness taken silence for consent, had sent a small boy for the tobacco, and was smilingly thrusting it into his hand and pushing him gently towards the door.

He enjoyed that pipe, the last pipe of untroubled conscience he was ever to smoke. Perhaps Sister Rachel was not a connoisseur as regards the fragrant weed. Anyhow, Mr. Hodge always contends that something in that pipe lulled his sensitive soul to sleep; for when Sister Rachel joined him once more, dragging the high stool with her, he was plastic as wax in her hands.

"They are all fast asleep," she said in her sweet cooing voice; "and your kindness has been so great I have one more favour to ask. Your own sense of propriety, I am sure, is as keen as mine, and you have shown how ready you are to help a poor creature half out of her mind with grief. Promise me you will not enter that room till morning. You can be faithful to the letter of the law. The door is open, place your stool in the opening, so that no one can move either in or out without your knowledge, and you can honestly aver you have never quitted your post. Your word of honour is mine, is it not?"

The soft dilated eyes were raised to his, and as a man of honour Ephraim gave his word. He was half sorry that as she glided down the staircase she had thought it necessary to leave some money in his hand; but Ephraim had a frugal mind, and it must be owned he was distinctly hungry.

Broker men have to be fed by those who send for them, and when, as in the present case, the landlord is as poor as his tenant, it is a bad look-out for the broker man. Indeed, after a short soliloquy with himself, Ephraim was inclined to regard the gift as a speedy reward for having shared his tea with the mourners, and in this spirit of placid gratitude he sent for and enjoyed a plentiful supply of bread and cheese, also a small modicum of whisky.

Thus refreshed, he mounted his perch, listening intently to every sound on the other side of the door. Not for worlds would he so much as peep round the corner after making the bond with the saint-like Sister.

Would he ever see her again?

He felt vexed at his bashfulness, which had prevented him from expressing a wish to do so, though he remembered with a thrill of pleasure that he had heard her promise Fan to come again the next day.

"And she had better come," Fan had said, turning to him, "for what you have seen is nothing to how I shall go on when the men come to carry my things away. I shall claw them and give them a taste of my tongue."

And he had agreed with Fan, Sister Rachel had better come, so had Sister Rachel herself.

Presently he dozed off, to dream alternately of Quaker-like demureness and the strapping beauty of Fan Brummage. In his sleep he heard at intervals the subdued yelping of the puppies and the continual scuffling of the rabbits, but never a sound of wail from child, or moan, groan, or snore from Fan.

The summer night passed away, and dawn flushed into being in the azure east. Even

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a stream of crystalline purity seemed to filter down into Pots' Alley, and to lighten the dust and the dirt and the grime with a flush and a flash of colour which glorified transiently the dismal place.

Ephraim awoke, yawned, and nearly fell off his perch. He stretched himself, and felt that Duty had once more resumed her rigid sway over his punctilious soul.

"WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS SNIFF HE STRODE AWAY."

He got down, and, stiffening himself as if in anticipation, walked into the room. The shutters were shut, but a ray of light through a crevice showed the cuddled-up pups, the lumps of white fur in the rabbit hutch, and—an empty bed.

Ephraim's heart stood still, though the room swam round him as if he were at sea. He sank on a box, too dazed to stand.

Gone!—the bird flown, and with Sister Rachel's help! She must have planned it, contrived it, effected it. By what means he cared not to know. His business reputation was ruined; he was a doomed man; and she had done it so guilelessly, he could never face the world again.

He sat on in a sort of stupor, not even opening the shutters. When they brought his breakfast, he had sufficient worldly wisdom to order them to leave it on the landing; otherwise he remained passive. The puppies fawned on him, and he took no notice; the squirrel jumped up and down to attract attention, and he never even looked his way.

He would not communicate with his employer; time enough to tell the astounding news when he paid his duty call. He did not enlighten the landlady; she would know only too soon, and enjoy the laugh against him.

Miserable and sick at heart he sat on, with his head bowed to his breast. Fifty years of perfect uprightness had ended thus—to be made a fool of by a pair of dove-like eyes. The more he brooded, the more he shrank from the exposure of his folly. So wrapped up was he in his self-upbraidings that he did not hear a slight footfall or the rustle of soft garments.

A cooing voice awoke him from his reverie. "Mr. Hodge, I have come to explain," it said, its sweet serenity unruffled. "I have brought the money owing for the rent. But hearing from the landlady that Fan had made so many boisterous scenes, she meant to turn her out in any case, I

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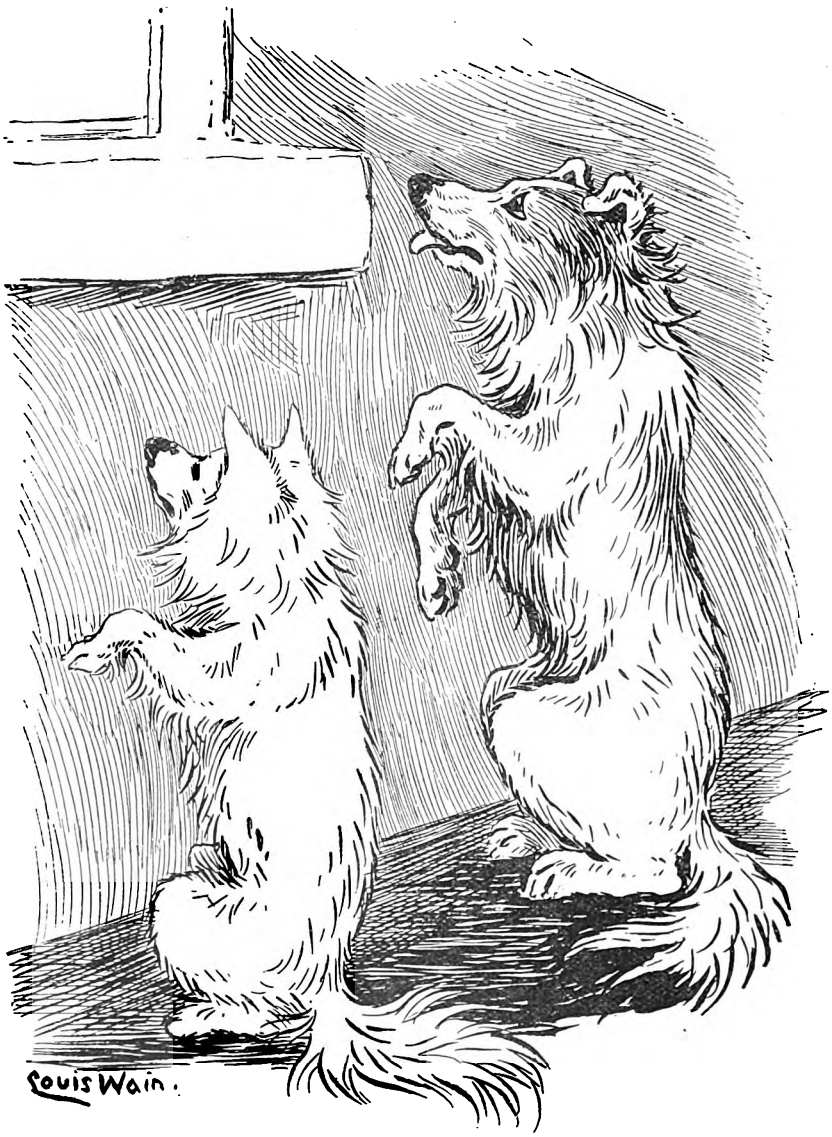
took her quietly away last night, through the door behind the chest, for the sake of peace. I was obliged," with a coy smile, "to conceal the truth from you; but I knew you would be glad to take even a passive share in any act of charity, and that you would forgive me my little ruse — won't you?"

"Yes," he said dubiously, seeing some word was expected from him.

But his faith in one portion of humanity had gone for ever.



"COME AND PLAY WITH US!"
[*Drawn for* THE TEMPLE *by* LOUIS WAIN.]

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Amy Dean runs away from the house of her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth of Stamer, to marry Arthur Milward. After fifteen years of poverty she returns, a widow with two children, Jack and Eve, aged respectively seven and three. Crossing Pentarnum Moors, she is taken ill, and dies. Jack goes off to get succour, and is lost on the moors, and ultimately is picked up by some gipsies. Eve is found and adopted by a farmer and his wife, Jasper and Leah Downderry of Crantock. The mother's identity is not discovered, and she is buried in a pauper's grave. Jack spends eight years with the gipsies, and becomes a great admirer of a blue-eyed gipsy maiden called Pearl, who is to marry a gipsy prince when old enough. At sixteen Jack is led unwittingly into a burglary, but not before he has warned the Rev. John Treherne. He is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. After his release he discovers his sister, but resolves to win back his good name before making himself known to her. Relating his story to a young lawyer, Reginald Tremayne, and requesting him to find out, if possible, who his mother was, he sets out again to seek his fortune. Reaching Plymouth, he spends three days in searching for Pearl. Falling among thieves, he is robbed of his money, and half disposed to throw himself into the sea. Meanwhile, Reginald Tremayne, who had fallen in love with Eve, pursues his investigations, to the dismay of Isaac Pengarth. Jack meets with the Salvation Army. Is charmed with their singing "There is a green hill." Lives a hand-to-mouth existence till the New Year. Starts for Cornwall. Is overtaken by a snowstorm. Sleeps in his wet clothes. Gets rheumatic fever. Is taken to workhouse infirmary. Rev. John Treherne visits him. Later, sends his servant Nathan to inquire, who returns with the news that Jack is dead. Hearing which, Mr. Treherne writes to the papers the true story of the burglary. Jack is not dead, and after his recovery he is employed by Sir George Treherne, first as gardener, then as under-steward. He learns that Pearl is Sir George's daughter, and goes in search of her.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FOILED

Our failures should be stepping stones
To higher things.

JACK spent three days in Plymouth, only to discover that nearly all the gipsies had started on their spring and summer rambles. Of the Banfyldes he could gain no tidings at all. This was a great disappointment to him. He had fully expected to get some clue to their whereabouts; he knew if he could once get on their trail, he would be able to follow it up without much difficulty. But to search for a nomadic family, that would be constantly moving from place to place, and would seek in many instances the most sequestered lanes and valleys—and to begin that search not knowing if they had gone north, south, east, or west—was a more hopeless task than searching for a pin in a haystack. While he was going north they might be wandering southward, and while he was rushing from village to village they might be quietly encamped on some lonely bit of common, or in some deeply-shadowed lane, quite away from the ordinary beaten tracks.

To those who rush through the country on express trains England may seem but a small island, easily compassed and quickly explored; but to those who journey on foot through

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the byways rather than the highways, who loiter in sleepy hamlets and camp on furzy commons, England seems a very large place, and after a few weeks a single county assumes the dimensions of a continent.

Remembering what he had heard of the Banfyldes during his last visit to Plymouth, Jack decided to visit the county of Dorset. He had studied geography during the last twelve months as well as other subjects, and so was not so densely ignorant of the whereabouts of places as he was the last time he made inquiries about the Banfyldes. He argued also that unless Will Banfylde had secured an early release, by exemplary conduct, the chances were he was still in Portland or Dartmoor. The young fellow he had talked with in Plymouth stated distinctly that he was finishing his term at Portland and might be released any time, and that was sixteen months ago. He wondered now at his density in not divining the truth then that Will Banfylde and the prince were one and the same person.

"I've been awfully stupid," he said to himself as he took train to Dorchester. "I wonder where my wits can have been all these years, or is it a fact that all boys are unsuspicious?"

He had no time, however, to debate the question or to indulge in the luxury of self-condemnation. If he had been a fool in the past, he would have to atone for it now by using all his wits and to their fullest extent. He felt that there was no time to be lost. He knew the Banfyldes would force on the marriage as early as possible. The fact that Pearl was yet a mere child would not weigh with them to any extent. Revenge was the one end they had in view, and in the accomplishment of their purpose no merely sentimental considerations would be allowed to stand in the way.

In piecing together such scraps of information as he had got hold of, he found that Will Banfylde's term of imprisonment would not expire for nearly two years yet. But he had also learned that by good conduct a convict might very materially shorten the term for which he was sentenced, and so it was just possible that Will Banfylde might even now be free.

Jack's blood almost ran cold as he contemplated that possibility. The new turn of events had revived all his old interest in Pearl. She filled his dreams once more. Constantly her face came up before him, as in the early days of their separation. He could think of nothing but Pearl, and as the days passed the longing to look at her face became a positive pain. Hence the thought of her being forced, while a mere child, into a loveless marriage with a hardened convict, made him shudder. He knew, whatever might be the result of his quest, she was lost to him. As the daughter of Sir George Treherne she would be as much beyond his reach as if she were the lawful wife of Will Banfylde. But the contemplation of these different contingencies produced within him very different feelings. In the one case her life would be a burden and a sorrow to the end of her days. In the other she would find her true sphere, would realise all the longing of her lifetime, would gratify her passion for beautiful things, would win the knowledge she longed to possess, would cultivate that refinement which was hers by nature, would find a settled home after so many years of wandering, and, last and best of all, would know a mother's love and the care of an indulgent father.

"I have dreamed of making her happy in another way," he reflected; "but this is better. Perhaps I shall be able to look at her sometimes, and if I know she is quite happy I shall be content."

So he strengthened himself in his purpose, and went resolutely forward. He spent a day or two in Dorchester, and then went on to Weymouth; but in no direction could he glean any tidings of the Banfyldes. From Weymouth he began to work his way again inland, seeking out the quietest of the villages and hamlets. At length one evening he stumbled across a gipsy encampment, and his heart gave a great bound. Most of the little community were squatted round a cheerful fire, over which hung a large cooking pot.

Jack strolled slowly past, looking keenly at every face; but he knew none of them. He turned back after he had gone a short distance, on the pretence of making inquiries about some imaginary farmer.

"Do you know a farmer hereabouts by the name of Rakestraw?" he asked of an elderly man who sat on the shafts of the caravan quietly smoking.

"No," was the surly answer. "Never heard the name before."

"Do you know this neighbourhood pretty well?"

"Ay, middlin'," the man answered, with a suspicious gleam in his eye.

"And you know no one of that name?"

"I never heard o' it before."

"Then I'm evidently on the wrong tack. Thanks. Good-evening;" and Jack turned back the way he had come.

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"HE TRIED TO KEEP THEM IN SIGHT."

Next morning he was stirring early. From a distance he saw the camp pack up and march. For several hours he kept in the rear. About noon a halt was called. Several children and a wolf-hound were left in charge of the caravan; while the elders, after a hasty meal, started in different directions, each taking a number of mats, rugs, and brushes, slung over their shoulders.

Jack singled out a young woman and followed her. He had an idea—perhaps a mistaken one — that women were not so suspicious as men, and that they were more ready to volunteer information.

By making a détour he came face to face with her as she was crossing a stile.

"Let me help you over," Jack said gallantly. "You've got a burden big enough for two."

The girl looked at him and smiled. It was not every day she was accosted by so handsome a young man.

"You're going to the farmhouse yonder?" he said. "I'm going the same way: let me carry some of these mats for you."

At the next stile they found it convenient to sit down and have a chat. Jack flattered his companion—just enough to please her and make her communicative. He praised

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the brilliancy of her dark eyes and the pearly whiteness of her teeth. She did not hesitate to talk after that, or laugh either. He approached the subject that was uppermost in his mind with great caution. At first he feared failure. She knew no gipsies of the name of Banfylde.

Jack questioned her on many points. At length a rift in the clouds appeared.

"Had they a son who was doing his term?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then, they had left the neighbourhood."

"Why?" and Jack's heart almost stopped.

"Well, he wasn't in Portland at all. He was in Dartmoor."

"When did they leave?"

"In the autumn of last year."

"And had they gone to Dartmoor?"

"Very likely. But she didn't know for certain. She didn't think anybody did. The only certain thing was they had left that neighbourhood."

Jack began to talk about other things. Finally he carried her bundle of mats to the farmhouse, where, with certain vague hints about a future meeting, he left her.

Jack returned to Plymouth that night, feeling that he had wasted a week in gaining a very small item of information. Still, the smallest clue might be of the greatest value.

Early next morning he hired a conveyance and drove to Princetown. It was a lovely morning. The sun shone brilliantly, and yet the air was fresh and cool, with a sense of the spring-time in it. Jack recalled his wanderings in other years as the horse toiled slowly along. Every now and then some familiar scene came into view, and memory would bridge in a moment the gulf of years, and he would be back again with Pearl, a happy, harum-scarum lad, more than content with his nomadic life so long as she kept him company.

Now and then he would fall to dreaming as they mounted higher and higher toward the great gloomy plateau. What a strange life his had been! How he had been driven from pillar to post! Swept onward by one current, and then caught and swept in an opposite direction by another one; having in a sense no hand in his own destiny, no choice as to the way he should travel. And still the end was far out of sight, and the way was shrouded in darkness. He could not hide from himself the fact that he was running great risks in trying to rescue Pearl from the hands of the gipsies. He knew that the cunning of the Banfyldes was more than a match for his own, while their curse rarely failed to reach its mark. If he succeeded in rescuing Pearl and restoring her to her parents, he could hardly dare hope that he would escape suspicion. The way they found out things was little less than a miracle sometimes. Their eyes seemed to be in half a dozen places at the same time, their sources of information almost inexhaustible.

But for all this he had no thoughts of drawing back. If the danger were a thousandfold greater, he would still go through with it. Had he been certain that Pearl was a gipsy born and no child of Sir George, he would still have continued his search. For his own sake, for the mere joy of looking into Pearl's blue eyes and listening to the music of her voice, he was prepared to risk any danger that might stand in his way.

He secured lodgings in Princetown, as being the most central for his purpose, and then set out on a voyage of exploration. His hope lay in this—that Will Banfylde was still in prison, and that his parents would be waiting about in the neighbourhood so as to give him a welcome on his release.

On no other supposition could he hope to fall across their path. If Will were already at liberty, they would be almost anywhere rather than on the slopes of Dartmoor. Hence, all things considered, his chance of finding Pearl seemed very remote indeed.

As the day waned he looked in all directions in the hope of seeing a pillar of smoke rising from some gipsy's camp-fire; but the darkness fell, and he seemed farther than ever from the object of his search.

The next day he went farther afield and made inquiries in all directions. Every likely and unlikely individual he questioned, but without result. One old man whom he found cutting furze informed him "that they gipsies didn't never come Dartmoor-way till the dog-days," and with that bit of information he had to be content.

Jack lay awake a good deal of that night wondering what he should do next. As yet he had got no clue at all. Finally he decided he would purchase "Old Moore's Almanac," which gave a list of the fairs, and then he would start and follow them up. Most gipsies made for the fairs, and if he did not find the Banfyldes he might stumble across someone who knew them, and who could give him a clue to their whereabouts.

Next morning he was up with the dawn, and started for a walk before breakfast. He had not got far, however, before he stopped suddenly. Gathered outside the prison gates

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was a group of men, evidently waiting for something. The pickets did not attempt to interfere with them. Most of them looked tired and travel-stained, as though they had been on the tramp all the night. A few were squatted on the ground, the rest stood leaning on their sticks. One of these had his face turned away from Jack, but suddenly he shifted his position, and Jack gave a start and an exclamation under his breath. It was Dick Banfylde, looking scarcely a day older than when he saw him last. In a moment Jack grasped the situation. Some convicts were to be released that morning—possibly Will Banfylde among the number. He did not pause to consider whether these people had been officially informed, or whether the news had leaked out in any other way. It was sufficient that they were there, and on the tiptoe of expectation.

Just on the stroke of six the gates were thrown slowly open, and four men came out. Instantly they were surrounded, and hurried questions were asked and answered. Then hand-shakes were indulged in, and bursts of laughter broke the stillness, followed by more hand-shakings and more laughter. Meanwhile Dick Banfylde had stood a little apart, staring from one to the other of the discharged men as though his eyes would start out of their sockets. Suddenly he rushed toward the youngest of the four, a young man of some thirty-two or thirty-three years, with a low brow and repulsive mouth.

"Surely you are not Will?" he gasped.

"What, dad!" the other exclaimed.

The next moment they were locked in each other's arms.

Jack leaned against a wall and breathed hard. The picture was not without its pathos, but it was not that that touched him. He felt instinctively that this Will Banfylde was a brute, and a brute of the lowest type. The low brow and small eyes and heavy sensual mouth proclaimed his character unmistakably. For some reason he had always thought of Will Banfylde as a handsome youth, with blue eyes and a pleasant mischievous face; hence the reality staggered him, and filled him with a horror that no words could express. In another moment the little group had broken up and was already vanishing. Jack pulled himself together and prepared to follow. But he soon discovered that he had reckoned without his host. He had not gone many hundred yards before he saw Dick Banfylde and his son mount two shaggy long-legged horses and gallop swiftly away. He ran a few hundred yards farther, and tried to keep them in sight; but in a few minutes they were only as specks in the distance. With a groan, he turned aside and leaned against a gate. He felt that he was foiled again. Banfylde was steadily gaining all he had planned.

He remembered again the conversation he had heard so many years before, and not very far away from the spot on which he now stood—"Bill, after his long captivity, will rejoice in a bride so fair."

Was Pearl to be given to him at once, he wondered? Would they arrange a gipsy wedding that very day, with wicked rites of their own, and in defiance of the laws of man and God?

Jack ground his teeth in utter helplessness and misery. If this Will Banfylde was the handsome youth he had pictured him, the torture would not seem so great. But that Pearl, who was yet a mere child, should be forced into a marriage with a man more than twice her own age, and a low-browed brute into the bargain, was too terrible to contemplate.

And yet what could he do? They were already miles away in the distance, and he had no means of following them.

CHAPTER XXIX

PEARL

Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

PEARL was sitting on a stile in the warm light of the noon sunshine when Dick Banfylde and his son drew near. She had been on a long tramp through several villages during the morning, and had done her best to dispose of a bundle of feather brushes, several of which lay on the ground by her side. Sales had been by no means brisk, though spring-cleaning was everywhere in full swing. Pearl was a little dispirited at the slackness of trade, and tired with her long walk, and, finding the stile a convenient resting-place, she sat down and tried to forget her weariness and disappointment in thinking of the past and in conjuring up visions of the future.

She was not altogether unhappy with her lot, though she often pined for something better. The constant change from place to place grew monotonous, and she longed, in

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spite of everything, for a settled home. Constantly she lingered at cottage doors when trying to drive a bargain, and sighed for a little nest that was not on wheels, a fixed and permanent rooftree which she could call "home," with a patch of garden in front, which should be all her own.

Yet, notwithstanding this, she rather dreaded than otherwise the coming of the prince. The idea of marriage became more and more repugnant to her as time passed on. She was but a girl, with a girl's fondness for freedom, and a girl's ignorance of what constituted life. When she was a child of ten or eleven the idea of being a princess seemed wonderfully fine, the romance of the situation captivated her imagination and coloured all her dreams; but she was older now, with, on the whole, less of romance in her nature and more of suspicion. She was by no means sure that Prince William was all he had been represented to be. She had heard hints that had set her thinking, and her inquiries had been met by so many contradictory statements that she was more disposed to believe the worst than the best.

Of late she had been considerably troubled by constant hints that the prince might be expected at any time, and that when he did come he would want to get married without delay.

It was in vain that Pearl pleaded that she was only a girl yet, that she was but a little over fifteen, and that she ought at least to be allowed to see the prince before she consented to marry him.

Mrs. Banfylde told her plainly that she had no patience with such excuses; that most girls would jump at such a chance; that she ought to feel honoured in being selected for such a high position; that, as regarded her age, a mistake had been made, that she was really turned sixteen, and that according to "royal" custom it was quite time she got married.

Mrs. Banfylde admitted that she was little for her age, and that she looked much younger than she really was; but contended that that was entirely owing to her having such a fair complexion, and the stupid habit she had of letting her wealth of flaxen hair hang loose on her shoulders instead of doing it up in a coil at the back of her head.

Such talk, however, only tended to confirm Pearl's worst suspicions, and to render the idea of marriage more and more repugnant. It was not often, however, that Pearl attempted to argue with Mrs. Banfylde; her vocabulary was by no means equal to the occasion. Mrs. Banfylde had a great gift of speech, and an impressiveness of style that often silenced an opponent if it did not convince him.

Still, taking all things into account, Pearl was treated with great kindness and consideration. Dick Banfylde particularly, in his rough way, did his best to make her life pleasant; his hope of advancement as well as of revenge was centred in her, and this fact he never allowed himself to forget.

Hence, though Pearl constantly pined for something different and better, she was not on the whole unhappy. She knew that she was better treated than nine-tenths of the gipsy maidens of her acquaintance, and there were moments in her life when she told herself that she was a very ungrateful girl for not being more contented with her lot.

As she sat on the stile in the noon sunshine she thought more of the past than of the future. She could not help wondering what had become of her old playmate and companion—Jack. It seemed strange that he had never returned to his old haunts, never sought her out, never gave a hint or sign that he was still alive.

"It will be five years come November," she said, "since he went away He will be a man by this time. I suppose he has forgotten me. I wish he would come back. I'd rather have Jack than be a princess."

This little confession, though made to herself only, sent the warm colour to her pale oval face. Jack still held a foremost place in her heart and affections. Time and distance had softened all the harsher outlines, and had glorified him to her girlish fancy. Could she have painted his picture, she would have put a halo about his head. And she never quite gave up the hope that some day he would return, and, if need be, fight the prince, and take her to a little home that he had prepared for her with his own hands. It is true that, as time passed on, her hope became more and more feeble. She could not but reflect that he had nothing now to return for. Lala was dead, and Sam Lazarus had left the colony and gone north. There was only herself, and she had no claim upon him. Years ago, when they were children, they were very fond of each other—that was all. He had gone out into the world since then, and had seen new faces. Perhaps he had fallen in love and got married, for he was well on for twenty now. No, there was not much chance that he would ever come back again.

But hope is a hardy plant, and is hard to kill; and so, in spite of herself, she kept fancying that some day he would return.

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Pearl made a pretty picture as she sat there on the stile in the warm glow of the spring sunshine. It is true, the gaudy colours of her dress and shawl did not at all harmonise with her fair hair and alabaster skin. But no kind of dress could spoil her loveliness. Her features were almost perfect, and her movements more graceful than a fawn's. The more than four years had made much less change in her than in Jack. At eleven she was very tall for her age; at fifteen she was below the average — slender and *petite*. Had Jack come upon her as she sat on the stile, he would have recognised her in a moment. Her smile was just as winsome as in the old days, and her skin just as fair. But it was not Jack who was descending the hill on the opposite side of the valley, but Dick Banfylde and his son.

Their camping-place was four miles farther on—a furzy hollow by the roadside, that dipped toward a wooded glen, through which ran a clear stream of water. It was an ideal camping-ground; a bit of no-man's-land — though it has been enclosed since then and added to a large estate without as much as "by your leave." Several other families had pitched their tents in Furzy Hollow, so that the Banfyldes had no lack of company.

Pearl had her dinner in her pocket, and—unless she was fortunate and sold all her brushes early—she did not expect to return till dusk.

Her reflections were interrupted at length by the sound of horses' hoofs, and, looking across the valley, she saw the Banfyldes, *père et fils*, descending the hill, though they were too far away for her to recognise them. Not wishing to be seen, however, she left the stile and seated herself on a bank in the shadow of the tall hazel-grown hedge; for strange men said unpleasant things to her sometimes, intending to be complimentary, no doubt,

"SHE THOUGHT MORE OF THE PAST THAN OF THE FUTURE."

but their remarks about her good looks jarred upon her nerves and caused her to shrink into herself.

In a few minutes the sound of a familiar voice smote her ears, which caused her to start to her feet and peer eagerly and anxiously through the hazel-grown hedge. The horses were toiling up the steep hill at a walking pace. The Banfyldes were taking

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advantage of the slow pace and indulging in an animated conversation.

"It's the cleverest thing I ever heard of," the younger man was saying; "but you ran a terrible risk."

"Ay, but the stake were worth it. If nothing more comes, I've had a sweet revenge; but the best is still in store."

"An' the maid has no suspicion who she is?"

"No more'n the man unborn."

"That's prime. An' you say she's purty?"

"You'll see for yourself afore the day's out, but most folks calls 'er a beauty."

"I'm afraid she'll look twice at me afore she accepts," the young man answered, with a coarse laugh.

"She'll 'ave no choice in the matter," Dick Banfylde answered, with a scowl. "She's known what's comin' for years. You're a prince, the last of yer race. She's been selected to be yer bride. You twig?"

Will swore a great oath, then burst into a loud laugh; while Pearl nearly sank to the ground, so great was her terror. But she braced herself resolutely to hear all she could, and walked slowly along inside the hedge, keeping pace with the horses.

"Got any bacca, dad?" Will asked at length.

"Ay. But we're campin' on'y about four miles farther on; yer can smoke then to yer heart's content."

"I want a whiff now," was the answer. "Think of pinin' for it for a dozen years and more! We'll rest here in the 'lewth' and in the sun. Won't the taste of it be sweet?" And he slipped from his horse at once. His father followed suit, and allowed the horses to browse by the roadside.

"Gad, I'm as stiff as a tree a'ready," Will said as he hobbled toward the hedge. "I'm not used to ridin', you see."

"You soon will be," was the answer. 'You'll forget in a week you've ever been in Dartmoor."

"Never! It ain't a place as one ever forgets, though I made the best of it. Gad, when you've got to do a thing, what's the use o' whinin'? But hand over the bacca, dad. It'll be like heaven to sit 'ere in the sun and smoke."

During this part of the conversation Pearl was able to get a good look at Will's face, and the sight almost appalled her. It harmonised with his speech and with the tones of his voice. Coarse unrelieved brutality was its distinguishing feature. Shuddering, she clung tightly to a hazel bush, and strained every nerve to listen.

The two men sat under the hedge, so that she could no longer see them; but she could hear all they said without difficulty.

For a few minutes they smoked in silence, save for an occasional grunt of satisfaction from Will.

Then Dick began again. "Thou'dst better understand clearly the part thou hast to play, Will," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth. "The maid is small and young-looking, but she's as sharp as they make 'em; an' we want no hitches now the thing's gone so far."

"I'm as meek as Moses," was the answer. "Ready to do anything as I'm told. If the maid was as ugly as sin I'd make no bones 'bout it," which assertion he emphasised by a number of oaths.

"You'd better come the gent a little more in yer speech," the father answered. "She's quite the princess in her way. You see, she's been preparin' for it. She's something of a scholar, though she's 'ad to pick up everything herself."

"Scholar, eh? Well, so be I; we'd heaps o' books in Dartmoor. And as for the prince dodge, you trust me. I'll do it to the nine."

"When once she's yer wife you can talk as yer like," Dick answered; "but it 'ud be foolish to skear the maid aforehand."

"Exactly. But s'pose the barnet turns up his nose at Mrs. Banfylde, an' declines the honour an' all that?"

"Let him. He'll know the truth. She's branded in a way there's no mistaking. But have no fear; blood is always thicker than water."

Pearl's fair brow grew lined with thought. These last allusions were beyond her, and no suspicion of the real truth crossed her mind.

After that, the conversation tapered off into silence. Pearl sank slowly and noiselessly to the ground, where she sat for a long time hugging her knees and staring off into space.

She roused herself at length when the Banfyldes resumed their journey, and watched them mount their horses and ride away—watched them till they reached the brow of the hill and disappeared on the other side; then she sat down again and hugged her knees as before.

It was a rude and terrible awakening for her. For a long time past she had dreaded the coming of the prince, and feared that

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things were not what they had been represented to be; but for such a horrible revelation she was utterly unprepared.

Out of the confusion that the conversation had produced in her mind, two or three facts stood out clear and distinct enough.

In the first place, Will was no prince at all, but simply Dick Banfylde's son, who had just been released from Dartmoor prison; in the second place, she was not Banfylde's child — probably was not even distantly related to him; and, in the third place, the marriage had been planned for some selfish—perhaps wicked—end, the nature of which, however, she did not understand.

And now the question faced her: What was she to do under the circumstances? What *could* she do? Suppose she tried to run away. What then? Where could she go? She was only a gipsy, and none but gipsies would give her shelter. She could not get a situation even as a farm servant. She knew nothing about house-work, even if she had strength to do it. Moreover, the Banfyldes would discover her whereabouts directly, and take her away.

"Run away?" she said to herself bitterly. "No, there's no running away for me. I don't know who I am, but they have me fast. They would hunt me down like a rat, and with no more pity."

Then her thoughts took another turn. "If he'd only been young and kind-looking, I wouldn't have minded so much," she said, with a little shudder. "But oh, I am sure he is a cruel man. Oh dear! oh dear!" and she hugged her knees more tightly, and swayed herself to and fro.

"Poor Jack!" she said at length. "If he had only stayed, I should have had one friend, at anyrate. I wonder why he went away! Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I had never been born."

After a while tears came to her relief, and for a long time she cried silently. The cows that had been grazing in the field drew near, and looked at her kindly out of their soft liquid eyes. In a listless way she watched the shadows of the hedges lengthening out across the fields, and wondered if she would ever be happy again.

Her feather brooms lay on the ground unsold; her dinner was in her pocket untouched; but she felt no hunger, and cared no more whether people bought her wares or refused to buy.

At the foot of the hill a clear stream of water ran, and sang its way onward to the distant sea. She had waded in it many times as a child, for the neighbourhood was familiar to all the gipsy tribe. She wondered now if it was deep enough to drown in. Perhaps there was some part deep enough for her to lie down in and sleep for ever. She did not want to die. Life is very sweet in one's youth-time. But death, terrible as it was, seemed far less terrible than the fate Dick Banfylde had planned for her.

She rose to her feet at length and stretched herself; then, gathering up her brooms, she made her way back to the stile. For a moment or two she hesitated, then stepped into the road, and hurried rapidly down the hill.

"The river's deepest under the bridge," she reflected. Then she broke into a run, impelled by a strange and overmastering impulse, the like of which she had never experienced before.

Chapter XXX

FLIGHT

The riddle of my life is out at last.
Now victory or death.

Jack did not return to breakfast. A few minutes' reflection decided him to follow Dick Banfylde and his son on foot. He knew the neighbourhood well, the by-roads as well as the highroads. He knew also the favourite camping-grounds of the gipsies within a radius of twenty miles.

"I'll find them before the day is done," he said to himself. "They'll not be able to ride through a village without attracting attention; besides, they'll have no idea they are followed, and so won't attempt to hide their trail. I think I shall manage;" and he set off at a swinging pace along the road the riders had taken. During the first mile or two he made frequent pauses to examine the prints of horses' hoofs in the road, and, having satisfied himself respecting one or two peculiarities which he had noted at the outset, he felt more confident as to the result of his quest.

For several hours he tramped on, guided entirely by the hoof-prints; then the road got harder, and the trail disappeared entirely. Many of his inquiries elicited no information whatever. The result of other inquiries was that he got on the wrong track altogether, and had to retrace his steps.

One richly-freckled lad, with a vein of humour in him, detained Jack a considerable time. He was sitting on a gate deliberately whittling a hazel stick.

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Jack paused opposite him. "Seen two men pass this way on horseback?" he questioned.

"Which way?" the boy asked.

Jack looked at the four cross-roads a few yards farther on, and answered, "That's the very thing I want to know myself."

"Was they gallopin'?" the boy questioned.

"Very likely they were."

"'Ad a hoss aich?"

"Yes, of course. Which road did they take?"

"Was they well-groomed hosses?"

"No, they were"—

"More like goss-moor cowlts?"

"Ay. Which road did they take? I'm in a hurry."

"Shaggy kind ov hosses with long tails?" the boy interposed.

"Yes, the very ones. Come, out with it."

"Sweatin' a good dail?" the boy asked, with imperturbable gravity.

"Of course, of course. Don't keep me here. I'm in a hurry to get on."

"Purty dusty wi' ridin' 'ard, wen't they?"

"No doubt they would be. Now tell me which way they took."

"'Ad'n' no curb chain on?"

"Good heavens! No."

"Nor blinkers?"

"Why, of course not. Now, which of these roads did they take?"

"I've not seen 'em," the boy answered, with a benevolent smile; and he slipped off the gate on the inner side, and struck out across the field, whistling cheerfully as he went.

Jack stood still and clenched his hands; then he burst out laughing. The boy's humour satisfied him, even while it made him angry. After a few seconds he walked on to the cross-roads, and began searching in the shadow of the trees, where the ground was a little softer, for the marks of horses' hoofs, which hitherto had been his chief guide. Finally he took the road to the left, and went forward again at a swinging pace.

Two miles farther on he came to a wayside inn, where he broke his long fast—unfolding an appetite, as he did so, the dimensions of which almost astonished the landlord, and led to sundry remarks in the kitchen which it was good for Jack he did not overhear.

Jack's liberality, however, when he came to settle the account, quite satisfied the good man, and drew from him a considerable amount of useful as well as interesting information.

"Ay. The gipsies be camped as usual down to Furzy Holla," he said in reply to a question from Jack. "They've been there a week or two now. I do wonder how they do make a livin'."

"Have they been in this direction much?" Jack asked indifferently.

"Well, not a great dail. I see'd two on 'em ride by two or dree hours ago."

"Indeed?" Jack said, with a little sigh of relief. He felt certain he was on the right track now.

"They looked as ef they'd rode a goodish distance, too," the landlord remarked after a long pause.

"Is it far to Furzy Hollow?" Jack asked.

"A matter of six mile, maybe seven. I fancy they'd be goin' there."

"Very likely," Jack answered; and he closed his eyes and began to dream of Pearl.

When he said good-afternoon to the landlord, he felt strong enough for anything. A good meal and an hour's rest had made a new man of him.

"I needn't hurry," he said to himself as he loitered along the quiet lane. "If I get to Furzy Hollow by dusk it will be quite time enough. The Banfyldes have sharp eyes, and if they recognise me they may spoil my game."

But though he walked slowly he was terribly impatient to get a sight of Pearl, eager up to the point of pain to know her fate. A hundred things might have happened in the years that had elapsed since he last saw her. He did not even know that she was still alive.

"But I shall know soon," he said to himself, with a little gasp. "I am on the right track at last."

He did not guess then how soon he would know. He and Pearl descended into the valley at the same time, but from opposite sides. Pearl was the first to reach the bridge, for she ran swiftly, and possibly would have plunged into the still deep pool underneath without a moment's waiting, and while the impulse was hot upon her, had she not espied Jack coming down the hill towards her.

"I'll wait till this man has passed," she said to herself; and she sat down on the low parapet and wiped her hot forehead with a corner of her shawl.

Jack came slowly on, with his mind so full of undeveloped schemes for the release of Pearl that he scarcely noticed the demure little figure on the bridge.

She looked up as he came near, and their eyes met. For a moment he started back,

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then he rushed toward her with a glad cry upon his lips, "Oh, Pearl, Pearl!"

She started suddenly to her feet and drew away from him. She did not recognise him yet, and wondered what he could mean; and yet there was something in his voice that moved her strangely.

He remembered after a while, and drew himself away gently. "I am forgetting," he said apologetically. "You are not Banfylde's child."

"I know I'm not," she said. "I've found it all out to-day. Oh, Jack, you'll save me, won't you?"

"SHE WAS LOCKED IN HIS ARMS."

"Don't you recognise me, Pearl?" he said, almost reproachfully. "I'm Jack."

"Jack?" she questioned incredulously.

"Yes, Jack Lazarus. Don't you remember?"

The next moment she was locked in his arms and he was kissing her on the forehead. He forgot for the moment that she was the daughter of Sir George Treherne. She was only Pearl to him, the sunny-haired gipsy maiden, with cheeks of alabaster and eyes of heavenly blue.

"I've come on purpose," he answered gravely. "I've been searching for you for days and days."

She was silent, and a hot blush swept over her face. Had he come five minutes later he might have been too late. Was this the ruling of the stars, the guiding hand of fate, or what? Of Providence she knew nothing.

"Have you a mark on your left arm?" he asked, with a tone of deep anxiety in his voice.

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"Yes," she answered, with a startled look in her eyes. "Why do you ask?"

"Is it a little below the shoulder?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind letting me see it, Pearl?" His voice sank almost to a whisper.

In a moment she stripped up her loose sleeve. The whiteness of her arm flashed upon him like a ray of light; its rounded beauty touched him to awe. Then his eye rested on the dark birth-mark standing out with strange distinctness on the dazzlingly white skin.

"That will do," he said huskily. He felt almost like one in a dream; and for a moment they stood looking at each other in silence.

"It was a cruel wicked thing to do," he said at length. "But if you'll come with me I'll take you to your father and mother."

"To my father and mother? Oh, Jack, are you sure?"

"Yes," he answered, "I'm quite sure now."

"And they are not gipsies?"

"No, they are not gipsies, Pearl."

"And they were going to make me marry that—that— Oh, Jack, I've seen him to-day."

"So have I; that's how I found you."

"He's been in jail," she said indignantly. "Oh! the sight of him made me sick. I came down here to drown myself, Jack."

"No!" he exclaimed, with a shudder.

"I should have been lying down there by this had you not come by;" and she pointed over the parapet to the dark pool below.

"Let's get away, Pearl, as quickly as possible," he said. "They may come in search of us at any moment."

"I don't think they'll expect me till dusk," she answered, looking anxiously along the road. "But I'll go with you, Jack, anywhere."

"We'd better get on as fast as we can, or they'll overtake us. Losing you 'll mean a good deal to the Banfyldes."

They were walking rapidly up the hillside by this time, in the direction from which Jack had come.

"I hope we'll be able to get some kind of conveyance back at the village," he went on. "We can't walk all the way to Newton Station, that's certain. And if we fall into their hands, they'll do desperate things rather than let you go."

She quickened her pace while he was speaking, but she did not reply. She felt as though she were walking in her sleep. So much had happened during the afternoon that she half wondered whether she was quite wide awake. Every few moments she darted an eager glance up into Jack's face. More and more the boy Jack was revealing himself. At first she did not recognise him at all; but memory assisted by imagination was swiftly bridging the gap. Little movements, tricks of manner, modulation of voice, gestures, all played their part, till the recognition was complete.

"Oh, Jack," she said at length, "you have altered very much, but—but you are still Jack."

He looked down at her tenderly and smiled. "You have scarcely altered at all, Pearl," he said slowly. "You are just a little taller, that's all. But—but"— Then he paused, and there was a distant look in his eyes.

"But what, Jack?" she asked, after a pause.

"You will begin to alter now, Pearl;" and there was a half-regretful tone in his voice. "Yes, you will begin to alter now, and you will alter very fast. You'll not know—that is, I shall hardly know you in a few months."

"What do you mean, Jack?" she asked, taking his hand that she might keep pace with him.

"Oh, I mean you won't look anything like a gipsy in a few months. Your parents will give you nice dresses, and you'll go to school perhaps; and then girls, you know, jump all of a sudden into young women."

"But clothes, and all that, won't alter my real self, Jack," she said earnestly.

"Perhaps not, Pearl; but such things do change folks sometimes. But only time will tell."

Then followed a long silence, till at length the little public-house came into sight. The landlord seemed surprised to see Jack again; but a few words of explanation and he became all eagerness and attention. He was no lover of the gipsies at any time, and a hint from Jack that they had kidnapped Pearl when she was a baby, and that he was taking her back to her parents, made him their ally in a moment.

"You set down 'ere and get some tay," he said, "while I do harness the mare. I'll drive 'ee to the station myself, that's what I'll do. Here, mother,"—addressing his wife,—"get something nice to ait." Then he went close to her ear and whispered a word or two, and she instantly became as attentive as her husband.

When, half an hour later, Pearl climbed into the spring cart, Jack himself scarcely recognised her. Mrs. Bilkey had entered into the spirit of the adventure, and supplied Pearl with quite a wardrobe belonging to her

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youngest daughter, who had outgrown it many years ago.

The sun was just disappearing behind the hill when Peter Bilkey took his seat by the side of Pearl and drove away. It was a long journey to Newton Station, but it seemed to Peter to have a spice of adventure in it, and life was so slow and humdrum at the inn that he welcomed almost anything if it only brought change. Jack climbed up behind, and sat with his back to Pearl; but he was not in the mood for conversation.

He had found his heart's desire, but he knew it was only to lose her. With his first glance into Pearl's liquid blue eyes all his boyish love had come back, and with tenfold intensity. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she was utterly out of his reach that made him long so much for possession. He wished now that she had been anybody's child rather than Sir George Treherne's. The fates seemed positively cruel in this.

Pearl was as silent and as preoccupied as he. A hundred thoughts kept chasing each other through her brain. Jack had told her nothing as yet about her parents, and she could not help wondering what they were like, and what kind of work they did, and whether the house they lived in came close on to the road, or whether it had a little garden in front. That they might be rich people and live in a grand house never once occurred to her.

So the twilight deepened to the click of Peggy's hoofs and the rattle of the cart wheels along the rutty road. At length the stars began to appear, and Peter allowed the pace to be slackened a little.

"I do think we be all safe 'nough now," he said. "Nobody will know us in the dark."

"We'd better not shout till we're out of the wood," Jack replied. "They'll have missed her before this, and will be hunting in all directions."

"Then let 'em hunt, I do say. But I do reckon they waan't find nothin';" and he laughed softly to himself.

A few minutes later there was a swift clatter of horse's hoofs behind them.

"Hurry on, landlord," Jack whispered excitedly. "We're being followed."

Peter turned his head suddenly and listened.

"Ay, somebody's after us, that's sartin," he whispered.

"Hadn't we better hurry on?" Jack questioned.

"Not a bit of use," was the reply. "Peggy's got a cart behind her, an' three folk in it."

"But what are we to do?" Jack said excitedly.

"We're two to one, any road," Peter said, with a grunt, "an' that's not countin' the maid."

The next minute the horseman had pulled up by the side of the cart and was peering eagerly at the occupants.

"Good-evenin', neighbour," Peter said unconcernedly. "You seem to be ridin' fast to-night."

"And you seem to be driving far," was the surly reply.

"Down to the station, that's all," Peter answered, flipping his whip. "My girl Mary here and her man have been payin' a visit to the ould place."

"And they're returnin', eh?"

"Ay, that's about the size of it."

"You're the landlord of "The Plough," aren't you?"

"Ay; Peter Bilkey is my name."

"You've not seen a girl of ours pass your way to-day, have you?"

"Es she a caravan girl?"

"Yes."

"Well, no; I doan't think so," Peter answered, slowly and meditatively. "A strange maid did pass 'bout three or vour this arternoon, but she ded'n look one o' your sort."

"What was she like?" the man asked quickly.

"Oah, well, she had white skin, an' a heap o' light-coloured hair all tumbled down on her shoulders, as well as I remember."

"That's her! that's her!" said the man excitedly. "Which way was she going?"

"Well, she was going towards Polsworthy when I see'd 'er; but, bless us, that's several hours agone."

"She had nobody with her, had she?"

"Not when I see'd 'er she hadn't. But likely she's got back home by this time."

"Perhaps;" and the man turned his horse's head and galloped swiftly away into the darkness.

"There," said Peter, while the others drew a long breath of relief, "I've settled him for an hour or two."

"You're a regular brick," Jack replied.

Then silence fell again, and nothing further was said till they drew up in front of the station, when Pearl gave a little start of surprise and a half-stifled cry; for, standing by the doorway in the light of the lamp was Dick Banfylde, eagerly scanning the faces of all who entered.

(*To be continued.*)

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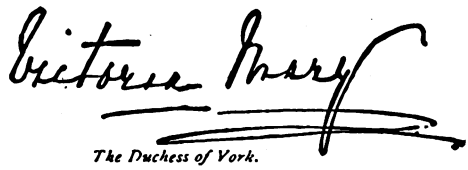

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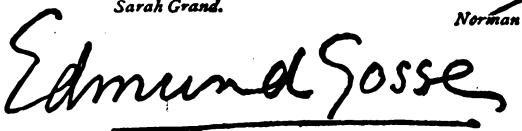

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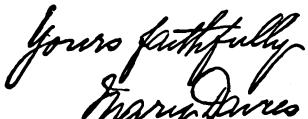

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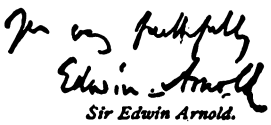

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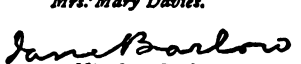

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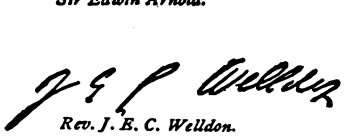

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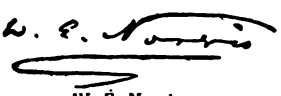

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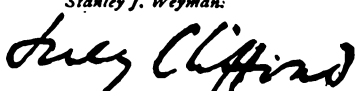

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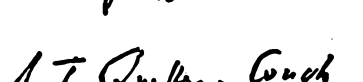

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I.—By G. B. Burgin

Man's favourite attribute in woman is—tact! He does not always get it; but he yearns for it with a wild yearning born of reposeful days when his first love (some twenty summers older than himself), by dint of tact, made him blind to the ravages on her beauty caused by the passage of the years; and he was happy. I am thinking of the average man, who comes in from his day's battle with the world, heart-sick, weary, despondent. The future is black; he has not succeeded. All he needs is a little tactful stroking the right way, and difficulties vanish as quickly as the point in one of *Punch's* jokes. At such times the tactful woman does not begin to worry him about the servants or bills. She simply fetches his slippers, tells him she has read his last story, and it shows how steadily he is climbing up the Hill of Fame. Then she brings him fragrant tea made by herself. The servants could do it, she tactfully implies, but she knows just how he likes it; it is such a pleasure to her to help him in the struggle. Women can't go out and fight the world, like big, brave men; but they can show their devotion in little things. The vicar's wife has called in the afternoon to say that the vicar doesn't usually read novels, but he has read the last one, and forgot to take his afternoon nap. The tactful woman has dressed herself prettily, and talks happily of the future. She wants to know whether he approves of her little sketch for this year's bedding-out of the geraniums, and whether, when he has time, he will go down to the village with her and tell Scroggins what is to be done about the new rose bushes. She is rather afraid of Scroggins, but a word from him will settle the matter—and Scroggins. The tactful woman does not read the last "slating" review of "his" new work and say how much better she herself could have written the book; but she puts the serpent "press cutting" in the fire, places the sympathetic "notices" at his elbow, lifts the burdens of life from his soul, and gives him renewed delight in existence. The tactful woman does many more things than this. She makes the average man forget life's fever and fret, its ceaseless worrying strife, and, by showing him a glimpse of heaven in his own home,

Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.

II.—By Rev. J. Reid Howatt

Let me tell you a tale. He was in delirium tremens, and suspected he was being watched, but was very cunning. A rat ran across the path. He gave such a knowing look at his friends as he said, "You fellows think I saw a rat, *but I didn't!*" The point is this: you think I am going to speak of "Man's Favourite Attribute in Woman,' but I'm not. I put it to you, sir, as between man and man: Who ever yet found any one attribute in a woman more resplendent than another? You may take it from me that no man ever has. His opinion on the point has gone veering round and round as her various moods have varied. How her diplomacy has stood out when she wanted anything! When she wished to learn algebra he was proud to instruct her, but he could never understand why she lost interest in the science so soon. He does not know that she discovered

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the unknown quantity — his age. It was the algebra did it! We often hear it said that Lord Salisbury is no match for the Russ and the Turk: he is too open and honest. Admit ladies to the Cabinet; they will match even the Asiatics, yet never do an unkind thing. The same brilliant diplomacy appears when things are going bad with you. How deftly she can firm you up with a belief in your own particular Napoleonic star, before she will even hint at the sad bit of news you must hear! You wonder at yourself; the thing that should have winded you somehow seems nothing — you can get round it! You think flatteringly of your own courage, and the wise little diplomat never so much as hints at what she has done to keep you up.

And so in endless ways. You're never tired of admiring her attributes; each as it comes, and is needed, seems chief. To say that her love is the first, is of course to say that the sun is our principal luminary—which is excellent for a schoolboy's first essay. But that being granted, as an axiom, every man will fix on some particular quality, according to his experience

With me (aside from this), her chief attribute is a *sublime concreteness*. Man is an expansive animal: he delights in generalising, massing things into groups, and squandering his interests over the widest areas. Woman doesn't. It is *you* she likes or dislikes—and that's an end on't. It doesn't matter to her two figs whether you are a Hottentot, a Conservative, or a Younger Son: if she likes you, she snaps her dainty fingers at geography, politics, and finance together; she'll stick to you through thick and thin. If Cain is banished, Mrs. Cain will go with him, and never so much as see the stamp on the brow—and all simply because he is he.

Out of this, of course, there comes the vice of the virtue. It was Dick, in the *Light that Failed*, who had been kind to Bessie, but that lady had fixed her affection on Torpenhow, who had done nothing for her—and she smudged Dick's picture for a reward. It was very wrong of her, but it was the vice of her virtue. It's the same concreteness that makes Amanda love Gerald more than ever, because the folks at home are against him. A woman and a dog for faithful attachment, once they have taken to you!

The blessing of this in the domestic life, with husband and children, is too obvious to require comment. It is the merciful balance she brings to the vaguer and, so-called, lordlier mind of the man; for which every man is duly thankful —when dinner is served.

III.—By Joseph Hocking

Charles Dickens in his *Martin Chuzzlewit* introduces a character by the name of Montague Tigg. That gentleman was accused by Mr. Pecksniff of seeking to pass himself off for Mr. Chivy Slyme. "No, sir," says Mr. Tigg, "I have not the vanity to pass for Mr. Slyme. Any other man in the wide world I am equal to; but Slyme is, I frankly confess, a great many cuts above me." While by no means pretending to possess the gifts of Mr. Tigg, I am free to confess that your question as to "Man's Favourite Attribute in Woman" is too difficult for me. *Anything* which has to do with women is beyond me. The subject baffles and confuses. On being asked the question, one immediately asks another: Is the woman married or single? One's favourite attribute in a single woman might not have the same attraction in a married woman. Most men delight in seeing a girl of twenty vivacious, contradictory, mischievous, slightly hoydenish; but these qualities may not be desirable in a wife. Well, then, suppose you had narrowed the question and asked me to tell "Man's Favourite Attribute in a Wife," the task of answering would be nearly as difficult. You see, a woman is so many-sided, so complex. Suppose I look at the question from the standpoint of a married man, and think of what is most desirable in a wife. I should say, perhaps, that one of the most desirable attributes is cheerfulness or patience. What can be worse than a shrewish, impatient, sour, fault-finding woman? And what can be better than that the wife should be cheerful and patient under every circumstance? Just so, but a cheerful patient woman may be a bad cook; she may be cheerful in a house which is like a pandemonium; she may be cheerful when she is badly dressed and while she is running up tradesmen's bills. Dickens describes such a woman in *Bleak House*. Facts of this sort make you think of something else, and you say, "Domesticity, love of home, is Man's Favourite Attribute." But then many domestic women are brainless; they can talk of nothing but babies, servants, and housekeeping. A domestic woman may be fidgety, too; she may be such a pattern housewife, and so careful about expenses, that she objects to her husband bringing home a friend, or grumbles if he asks her to give him a change for his breakfast. Then you say, perhaps, "Man's Favourite Attribute in Woman is Intelligence," a woman with intellectual sympathies similar to his own.

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But when you settle on this, you immediately find that such a woman will want to argue with you, and as, according to men, not ten women in a thousand have been able to argue sensibly since the time of Adam you immediately discard that thought. And that is the awfulness of these intellectual women: they tell a man his weaknesses, they show him that he is not infallible; and as no man likes a woman to do this, intelligent cultured women lose their attraction. Moreover, women who read and think often grow careless about home-life; they grumble if they have nursing to do, or household affairs to care for. Some men imagine that unselfishness is the thing most desired in a woman, and they say, "Man's ideal woman is one who is not for ever thinking of self, but of others—one who is willing to give her whole life to make others happy." I once knew such a woman, and certainly she was the most characterless uninteresting creature I ever met in my life. And so one might go on, and still be as far as ever from answering the question you have asked. I give it up, Mr. Editor; I positively do not know what is "Man's Favourite Attribute in Woman."

And yet I feel there is something else to say, and in saying it I may come near to answering your query.

I believe this: Every woman has a keen instinctive knowledge—if you will allow me to use the term—of what is right and true and womanly. She is blessed with intuition. Ordinarily, she is no reasoner; she leaps at a truth without thinking. She has an innate sense of what is modest, gentle, and winsome. Naturally, too, she is more refined, more religious, than man; and the noblest woman is she who is true to this intuition, true to the promptings of her woman's nature. I will not speak for anyone else, but my own favourite attribute in a woman is WOMANLINESS. Let her be true to the promptings of the nature with which God has endowed her, and she will possess cheerfulness and modesty, she will be just as unselfish as she ought to be, she will be a constant rebuke and at the same time an inspiration to men, and amidst all life's cares and troubles she will be to the sons of men an angel of God pointing upward.

IV.—By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married."

THE fact that millions of women all differing from each other are married, shows that there are as many tastes as men in reference to female characteristics. And yet there is one thing in women which we men in our selfishness agree perhaps to prefer, though we are a little ashamed of it,—and that is, devotion to and flattery of ourselves. Still, though we like the girl who "fondly lies" to us in courting days, we feel that a wife should be made of sterner stuff, that she should be able and willing to wind us up like a clock and make us go right. There are girls who dress, talk, and do other things like men, hoping in this way to win their admiration—just as if men could wish for manliness in women rather than womanliness! This last is what attracts most men, because its chief characteristic is sympathy. A man likes nothing so well in a woman as her ability to listen without apparent weariness when he talks of himself. A charming woman means one who has so much sympathy that she is not easily bored.

After sympathy, the feminine quality that takes second rank in the opinion of men who do not happen to be ethereal poets is domesticity, or the power to make home comfortable and to stay in it. And when a woman can also make one pound go as far as two in less competent hands, she is indeed a fortune in herself.

Perhaps we should have given beauty a higher place than domesticity in the scale of attractions; for though beauty may be only skin deep, ugliness goes into the bone, and it is nature's intention that beauty should indicate to men the women they should marry, for the benefit of the race as well as for their own benefit. A rounded figure, bright laughing eyes, a clear complexion—these things are signs of that most valuable quality in a wife, good health. Of course there are many kinds of beauty, but the highest kind is, or ought to be, the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, of the beauty of holiness, of the sort of character in a woman that urges a man's life to fine issues. "She's a charming woman, and I love her,"—that is the only account of the matter that most men can give.

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THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

ALMIGHTY FATHER, we are Thine, for Thou hast made us in Thine own image and in Thine own likeness. Thou wilt not forsake the work of Thine own hands; that which Thou hast begun Thou wilt surely continue and complete. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; Thou shalt make a garden of the wilderness, dry bones shall live, and the desert shall be full of pools of water. Thou alone art Almighty; our strength is derived from Thy power: continue, we humbly pray Thee, to increase our energy day by day, until we can do the whole task of life with ease and pleasure and singing joy. Thou art conducting us in Thine own way, by difficulty, by hardship, by loss, by disappointment, by joy, delight, and riches, and prosperity; in all ways Thou art bringing us to the measure of the stature of Christ, that we may be perfect men in Thy presence, rejoicing all the day in Thy salvation. We humbly beseech Thee that we may have grace, through our Lord Jesus Christ, not to take our lives into our own hands and into our own keeping, but to leave them entirely at Thy disposal; for Thou knowest all things. Thy name is Love, Thy heart is love, and if we live and move and have our being in God, Thou wilt surely perfect us in holiness and strength. We would now renounce our own will, we would cast it away and reject it utterly, as having misled us in the days that are gone. At the foot of the Cross we would assume the will of Christ, we would give ourselves over wholly to His ruling, remembering that by the grace of the Eternal Spirit He may dwell in us, and direct us, and inspire us day by day, making us strong in battle, patient in suffering, hopeful in all the cloud and darkness of time's night. The Lord hear us in these things, the Lord hear us in heaven His dwelling-place; and when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive! Amen.

THE VISION OF DRY BONES

EZEK. xxxvii. 1–10.

"THE hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones." "The hand of the Lord"—a manifold poetry. That hand "carried me out in the spirit of the Lord": the hand is the spirit, and the spirit is the hand. The hand of the Lord is full of power. It is a wonderful hand; it moulds all things, it carries all things, it directs the ways of men; it opens all doors, it points in all heavenly directions. There is no reason why we should regard it as historical only. That hand is available to-day. God can now lay His hand upon us, and direct us in all the process and issue of our pilgrimage. By the banks of the Chebar Ezekiel saw visions of God. All men do not see visions. Men may have eyes, but see not; ears, but hear not; hearts, but may not understand. Do not imagine that because you have eyes you can see. You can see some things; you can see external conditions and relations, but only a man here and there, burning as Ezekiel, winged like Isaiah, glowing seraphically like Jeremiah, can see the inner and upper side of things; and only such a man here and there has the gift of bright burning speech by which he can express to other men somewhat of what has passed within the sanctuary of his own consciousness, and over the hills and whole scenery of his own personal daily experience. Vision is not reason: but vision may be the higher truth: fiction may be fact at its best, and fact can only be properly and fully interpreted by fiction—that is, by the high, religious, spiritual imagination; not the fancy that creates mere images, but the imagination that interprets and transliterates into human speech the wisdom and the purpose of God.

"Son of man, can these bones live?" The Bible always challenges us with great questions. The Bible humbles us by catechism; the Bible excites our intellectual energy and activity. The Bible does not put before us little, trivial, transient questions. "Can these bones live?" They are the bones of slaughtered men; they are not anatomical forms, but bones here, and bones there, and bones far apart. Can they be brought together and shaped again? What is the answer? Ezekiel returned the only proper reply:—"I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest." Why do we not rest in that declaration? Why do we set ourselves to answer problems that lie infinitely beyond our capacity? Why attempt to measure the possible by our energy and intellectual virility?

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Why not say, There are some things my poor strength cannot do; I am only of yesterday's age, and to-morrow I shall have gone like a post across the mountains; the Lord Himself abideth, He knows the beginning, and the process, and the end, and in His omnipotence and all-goodness I rest? That consideration would put you into a new state and invest you with a new joy of life. Let God answer His own questions. God must answer His own prayers. You must not suppose that God answers your prayers. God Himself first inspires the prayer, and then answers it—as He must. God Himself first teaches us how to pray, and then He answers our desire. If we pray otherwise, without being divinely taught, we get no reply, and in the absence of a reply we shrivel and shrink into sceptics. And as with the prayer, so with the answer. "Son of man, can these bones live?" And I answered, "O Lord God, Thou knowest." He who sets the enigma keeps the answer; He who provides the lock has the key at His girdle. Do not imagine that because we are short of answers to God's questions, that therefore God cannot answer His own interrogations. That is my point of rest. Can man live again? I do not know—"O Lord God, Thou knowest." The tree lives again, why not the man? The summer comes back again, why not our youth? But if Thou dost say to me, Can man live again? I answer, "O Lord God, Thou knowest": he is Thine, Thou didst make him, his issue is in Thine hand, I can only bow before Thy throne and say, Thy will be done. Is there an unseen world? I do not know—"O Lord God, Thou knowest." All I can know is by revelation; I cannot invent an unseen world, I cannot dream one and trust to it; I can only build my life upon revelation; revelation I believe I have found in the Holy Scriptures; they are my authority for the whole range and gamut of my faith. I therefore abide strongly and serenely on the basis of what I accept as divine revelation about the unseen world. Do the dead visit the living? I do not know—"O Lord God, Thou knowest." I hope they do; I want them to come, I often pray for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still. I do not see why they should not come; Thou canst permit them, Thou canst direct them: why should they not come and help my poor frail life at a thousand points of necessity and wonder and desire? But I have no answer; it is not in me to answer such wondrous questions: "O Lord God, Thou knowest." Enough, enough!

Again He said unto me, "Prophesy upon these bones." Do something, but do it at My bidding. All private prophesying is futile, pithless, and is never followed by resurrection. Ezekiel received the command of God—"Say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." The only word they could hear; they could not hear my voice, they are beyond my argument and my entreaty. But who shall say what is beyond the argument and the entreaty of the Divine voice? I know not to what depths that voice may go, to what heights it may ascend, whether it may travel through all the dark Hadean regions where the lost are, whether it may go beyond the triumph-song of heaven, gone where other miracles and greater wonders are realised. "O Lord God, Thou knowest." It seems to me, from my point of view, that to prophesy to these dead bones is folly, but I am not a judge of wisdom. I will not be measured and bounded by my own little judgments, which I can convict already of a thousand mistakes; I will not be self-bounded; my vanity and pride of intellect shall not make a prisoner or a victim of me; I will live in the great world of faith, imagination, hope, sympathy, religious sensitiveness, and I will not be surprised by Thy greatness, O God: nothing could surprise me in Thee but want of love and want of power.

Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: "Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live; and I will lay sinews upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." There are no little and withering speeches in the Bible; these are great trumpet-blasts of power. Why should we take our compasses and describe little circles, and say within these particular circumferences everything knowable is classed and ranged? A circle has an outside as well as an inside: beware lest your little self-drawn circles exclude everything and include nothing. God's speeches are hopeful, optimistic, resurrectional. I will make the wilderness blossom as the rose; I will find springs of water in desert places; I will point out honey hidden in the rock. These are the great prophecies and speeches of God. O Church of Christ, have a great faith, a sublime expectancy; do not drivel out and fray away a life that might be consolidated in the omnipotence of God, and that might bloom with all the beauty and hopefulness of Christ's own peace and majesty.

The Lord bids us do strange things. There is nothing more absurd, viewed from a merely

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human point, than to preach the Cross. It hath pleased God by the foolishness of the thing preached—not by the foolishness of preaching, but by the foolishness of the thing preached, the Cross, grim, gory, ghastly, horrible—it hath pleased God by the foolishness of the thing preached to save the world and remake it, and set heaven in the midst of its tumult. To many a preacher God says concerning his hearers, "Can these dry bones live?" Can these worldly spirits pray; can these men who have wasted their life in debauchery and wickedness, and all manner of horrible iniquity, ever fall down upon their knees and vehemently and effectually pray to God? And the bewildered preacher says, "O Lord God, Thou knowest": if Thou dost bid me prophesy, I will preach again to these same dead bones; I loathe the sight of them, but if I have to prophesy by Thy bidding, prophesy I will, and out of the prophecy I shall expect great resurrections. That is the confidence of the preacher, the teacher, the leader, the parent, the man or woman put in charge of great responsibilities. These stewards of prophecy are not called upon to look at themselves, for then, verily, their hearts would faint, and they would fall away in the trouble of a great dismay; they are called upon to look at the Gospel, at the Word, at the Divine Spirit, at the Eternal Power; and, looking at life from these high centres, miracles become commonplaces, death is abolished, the grave filled up, the flowers growing through and through it. If you would not be dismayed, take Ezekiel's standpoint—"O Lord God, Thou knowest."

"So I prophesied as I was commanded." There is the preacher's power. If a preacher be reading or speaking to me something of his own invention, I have not time to listen to it; I do not want his brilliant futility; I cannot wait to hear his pithless, sapless words; but if he be a strong, true, tender man, who has tasted of the things of life and handled them, and who would detain me with some message direct from God, I gladly halt, I must not haste when the King would speak to me. So I prophesy, hopelessly enough, despairingly enough. I was a fool to all who looked on; they said in effect, Ezekiel is mad to-day, he is shouting to dry bones; not a bone in all the valley can hear his voice. And such judgment would be based upon natural reason; it would seem to have a very strong justification in fact. But Ezekiel continues, "I prophesied as I was commanded." That is our authority as preachers, teachers, readers of the higher mysteries, interpreters of the higher dreams that lie quite near the visions of the heavens. We do things because we are commanded: preaching is obedience. Preaching is not invention; it is submission to the Divine will, and a repronunciation of Divine words. The Lord takes the responsibility of the issue upon Himself. Saith He, "My Word shall not return unto Me void; it shall accomplish the thing whereto I sent it." That is our reason for believing that the heathen shall be saved. They are promised to the living Christ; He shall have them for a possession. Why will all the world be converted? Because there are clever ministers and able missionaries? No. Why will the world be made beautiful and fragrant as the garden of God? Because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; that is our authority, that our vindication, that our hope. If we could give up that authority, then we should be weak as other men, our voices would be but tricks in wind, without power, without force to penetrate deaf ears and bring dead and deaf souls into sensitiveness and responsiveness before God.

Ministers do not make their own sermons. A minister has no business to be building up a merely literary essay. A minister is not a mechanical writer; a minister does not need any pen and ink in his highest functions when he has on him his singing-robes, and when the Lord God Almighty is communing with him in the valley or on the mountain. He has then nothing to do with classical English and polished periods and flowing rhetoric and cumulative argument; these are the mechanics of the pulpit. What the soul has to do is to wait diligently and fervently upon God; then let the words come, they will not be man-chosen, but divinely given, and sometimes with rough power and sometimes with tender suasive energy they will find their way into the listening souls, and Christ shall see the blossoming of His Cross. The poet does not make his own poems. You can easily tell where the man made it; it is so mechanical, it is so slow-moving, it is so earth-bound, and utterly sordid and grovelling: but when real poetry is heard, it is something between a thought and a thing, something between a felt power of the soul and an outward image; something spiritually charming, something that speaks the native tongue of our soul. We hear in the poet's highest music the translation of our mother tongue. And so with prophets and their prophecies. The prophets knew nothing oftentimes of what they were saying. They

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wondered; they heard of the sufferings of Christ, and could not interpret such agony and blood; they knew not what they said; they were uplifted, carried away in high vision, and they fell from that great exaltation into common men again, and wondered what they had spoken in the hour of their trance and dream. We must have men of this kind in the Church. They will not always be understood, they will not always understand themselves; it will indeed be matter of small concern to them whether they understand themselves, for they are conscious that they are speaking the very command and word of God: then they will say to their souls, Hold not back, but speak the very word, rough, beautiful, refined, tender, tremendous; for the fiery volcano is God's, as well as the silver rill that trickles down the green or flowery bank.

If the prophet has lost his mantle and lost his soul, I blame the people. The people could have great preaching if they wanted it. Only the people can lift the pulpit back to its own regnancy, when, by the word and spirit of the living God, it was a fact and a force in the land. If you want to be amused and titillated, and if you want to have some soft, smooth, lying thing said to you, if you want to be hugged in your wickedness, if you want to be rocked into soul slumber, that you may the more energetically pursue evil, you will drag down the pulpit, you will drag down the holiest Ezekiel that ever spake. You must demand bread, life, light, judgment, teaching; when you rise in the massiveness of your strength with that high demand, the pulpit will answer you with its old vigour and its completest inspiration.

But are there not great souls that are crying in the wilderness without any response? There are not: no great soul is wasted; God will see to the issue and the reward. There may be apparent failure, there may be to the outward seeming no reply to the great appeal, the searching, yearning importunity; the people may seem to go away just as they came; but such will not be really the case: God will not let any holy influence be lost; it may not fructify in the way which we anticipate or desire, but it will be brought to fruit by the great Husbandman. Be sure you are speaking the Word of God and not the word of man, and leave the issue. Ezekiel alone would prophesy, God must do the rest. Be thou faithful, my soul, in the divine gift of prophesying, teaching, interpreting, revealing the will of thy Master, and leave the issue to Him, and He will justify His ways to men.

And then, behold, the sinews and the flesh came upon the bones, and the skin covered them: "but there was no breath in them." That was the first miracle. We ourselves may be now at that stage of this resurrectional work. The anatomy may be complete, we may at this moment be but frameworks and nothing more; there is no breath in some of us yet. But do not despair; you are at the altar, you have a desire to know something about the open book of the Divine will: so far, so good; that is the first aspect and instalment of the miracle. "Then said He unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as He commanded me,"—the old spirit, the true spirit, the only spirit in which miracles can be wrought,—"and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Some of you may be in the position of the second miracle; you have got your breath, your souls are alive, and you are standing up for God; do not despair, and do not contemn those who are only in the first stage of the miracle; your breath was not given you to censure those who are less advanced than you are, your breath was given you to encourage others, and not to deter. Who can limit the spiritual? Can these cemeteries be filled with the lives of those that sleep in them? "O Lord God, Thou knowest." The resurrection is a divine secret and a divine miracle. It is not in my power to do it, and it ought not to be within my desire to deny it. So long as God is omnipotent, I will not limit His energy. Can our environment be changed? can those of us who were born in lowliest conditions of the flesh be made kings and priests and princes unto God? Can princes come out of the dunghill and mighty men out of conditions of weakness? "O Lord God, Thou knowest." Who can fix the issues of any action? who can fix the issues of the decrees of God? What is our hope amid the dry bones, the shattered fortunes, the fatal diseases, the moral pestilences, that fill the air? Is our hope in our own genius? That has failed us a thousand times. Are we to look to statesmanship? Statesmanship is but an invention of men. To what are we to look in the time of weakness and fear and despair? To the word of the living God—the power of heaven—the promise of the Eternal.

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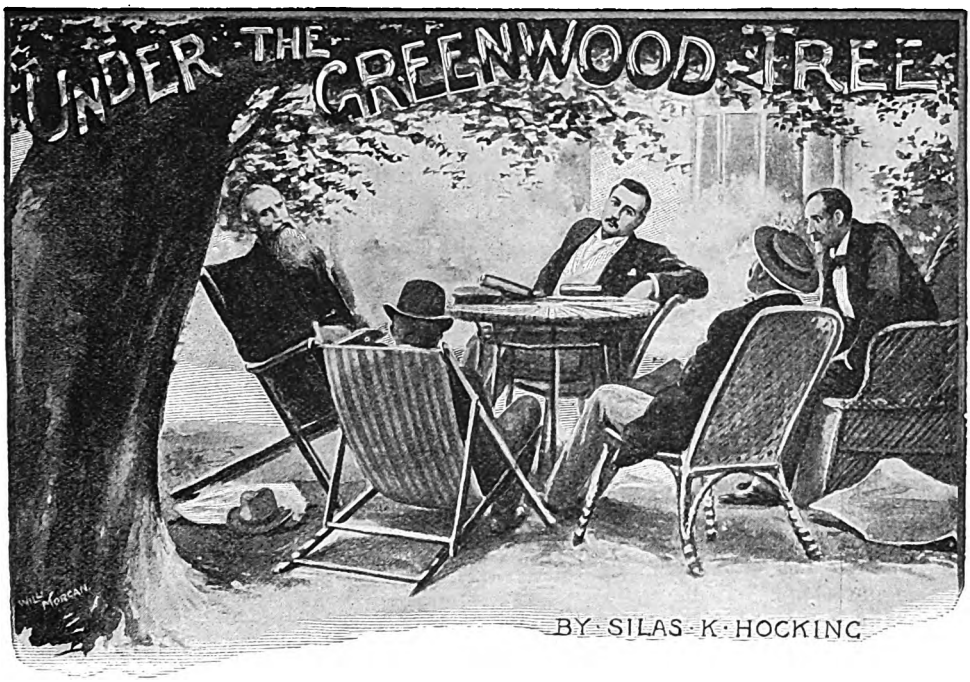

"How is it that men who make no profession of Christianity are far more genial, manly, and upright than those who call themselves and are ostensibly Christians?" This is the problem that *F. J. C.* (Exeter) has set me to solve. There is a story told of a certain king who puzzled all the wise men of his court by asking why it was that a dead fish weighed more than a living one. For weeks the sages struggled with this difficult problem, and suggested no end of theories to account for so curious a phenomenon; while the king laughed in his sleeve, and wondered that none of his wise men ever asked the simple question if it were true. To do my correspondent justice, he evidently anticipates some such answer, and so endeavours to substantiate his assumption by an appeal to his own experience. Here is what he says:—

* * *

"I have an employer in whose service I have been as clerk for over twelve months. He is not a professing Christian man. On the contrary, he seems to have a contempt, although rarely spoken, for the average Christian. And yet he is honourable, genial and kind-hearted, straight as a line in his dealings with his fellows, always treats his inferiors with respect. I have never known him refuse to help when asked. In fact he seems to possess the spirit of Christ: and yet, if you were to call him a Christian, he would, I think, repudiate it. On the other hand, I lived for nearly two years with a man who called himself a Christian, who took the sacrament every Sunday, and yet a worse-tempered meaner man I think it would be difficult to find. If I were to have an opportunity of choosing between two situations and I did not know the men I was to work for, yet, if I knew that one was a Christian man and the other was not, I would unhesitatingly choose the service of the non-Christian; and I have lived with men who have said the same. I had some business dealings a short time ago with a Christian man, and he tried to cheat me, and yet he is a conspicuous member of the Christian Endeavour Society."

* * *

This is a fairly strong indictment; but it is by no means conclusive. Two swallows do not make a summer, and two spurious Christians do not prove that Christians as a whole are untrustworthy. My correspondent has evidently been unfortunate in his dealings with professing Christians. But I have very little doubt that in his own city there are hundreds of employees whose experience would lead them to the very opposite conclusion. Our own experience is necessarily so narrow that it can never be a safe ground for generalisation. To get a true view of any question of this kind, we must look beyond the limits of our own experience, beyond the bounds of our own town or city. Naturally, we are most impressed by what comes under our own notice; but then we may be exceptionally

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circumstanced. Our little city is not the world, and the men with whom we are brought into contact may represent but very small sections of the whole. We frequently discover, when we are permitted to take a wider survey, that our pet theories were altogether at fault. We elaborate a thesis that shrivels up in the light of a larger knowledge. In order to arrive at a correct judgment, two things are essential: first, a wide outlook, and, second, an unbiassed mind.

* * *

If a man has been wronged by only one individual, he will very likely remain philosophical. If two people wrong him, he will become cynical. If three people, he will become sceptical. But if he should be wronged by four people, he will pronounce the whole race a fraud, and fancy that he is the only honest man alive. To *that* man a wide outlook will be of no value, because he carries with him a prejudiced mind, and looks at everything through jaundiced eyes. Hence the two things must go together. Open eyes are useless to the man who is shut up in a dungeon, and the Mount of Vision reveals nothing to him who is blind. I cannot help thinking that my correspondent is more than a little prejudiced, or he would not generalise so sweepingly as he has done. Nevertheless, the question he has raised is exercising the minds and troubling the hearts of many excellent people to-day. There is no getting over the fact that there are many men in our churches who have stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, and a canting sinner is the most contemptible of all. A man who "lies truthfully," to use somebody's paradox, you can tolerate; but your oily, canting, praying liar is beneath contempt, and is a greater danger to the cause of Christianity than all the hosts of infidels who have ever marched against it.

* * *

But why cannot we learn to discriminate? A counterfeit coin but proves that the genuine article is in existence, and every pinchbeck sovereign may be matched by a million minted of solid gold. That there are counterfeit Christians in circulation every honest man knows to his sorrow. But why blame Christianity for them, or the Church? It would be just as fair to blame the Government because there are spurious coins in existence. If a man is vile-tempered and mean and little-souled, it is not because he professes Christianity and takes the sacrament every Sunday. Religion has not made him mean. Christianity has not narrowed his soul. He is mean and narrow and contemptible because he has got as far away as possible from the spirit of Christ, and has never yielded to its uplifting energy. On the other hand, it is matter for thanksgiving that there are so many men who, though they make no public profession of Christianity, are touched and inspired by its spirit. They may be outside what we call the Church, but they are not far from the kingdom of God. It is a matter of little moment what men call themselves. The very meanness of some men leads them to pose as saints, while the inherent nobility of others holds them back from professing a life which they fear they might not adorn. All the sheep are not inside the ecclesiastical pens, nor are all the goats outside. The world takes less and less account of names. Whittier, the Quaker poet, has well expressed the thought—

> Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
> What may Thy service be?
> Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
> But simply following Thee.

* * *

But, taking *F. J. C.* on his own ground, I am persuaded that not one tithe of the bad employers of labour are even *professedly* Christian men, while I am quite certain that thousands of the most humane and honourable masters are closely identified with the Church of Christ. It may not be fair to pit my experience against that of my correspondent, yet for twenty-five years I have had a fairly large experience of men—employers and employees—in all parts of the country, and I am bound to confess, that while there is still a frightful amount of oppression and sweating and injustice in the land, the masters who call themselves Christian stand in the forefront of those who exhibit the virtues of justice and humanity.

* * *

Apropos of this question, Mr. Robert Sherard has written, and Mr. James Bowden has published, a book entitled *The White Slaves of England*. It is a book that everyone who is interested in the industrial problems of our country should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. Mr. Sherard is not a romancer. He writes from actual knowledge, having visited the places he describes, and lived amongst the people whose toil and sufferings he so graphically depicts. To me the book has been a revelation. I did not know there were so many infernos still in existence in Christian England. One had read a good deal about the sweating dens of London; but Mr. Sherard takes us to the alkali works of St. Helen's and Widnes, to the nail factories of Broomsgrove, and to the dens of the slipper-makers in Leeds. He shows

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us the conditions under which the woolcombers of Bradford, the white-lead workers of Newcastle, and the chain-makers of Cradley Heath pursue their arduous and distressful avocations, and truly the picture he has drawn is nothing less than appalling. On whom the responsibility rests for such a condition of things I do not know; but it is an outrage to suppose that the conditions of our civilisation demand that men and women and children shall be literally done to death in a struggle for bare existence. In a lengthy preface, Mr. Sherard explains the genesis of the work he undertook, and the spirit in which he carried it out. He has not minced matters, and he has given chapter and verse for all his statements. The book is beautifully printed and splendidly illustrated. I hope it will be circulated by tens of thousands. The way to destroy industrial as well as social infernos is to let light into them. This Mr. Sherard has done with a vengeance.

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man has grown into a proverb; but, judging from a number of letters I have received lately from lady correspondents, the inhumanity of woman does not fall a whit behind. A few months ago the question was raised in these columns—not by myself—of the alleged cruelty of women, and letters have been pouring in upon me ever since in reply. I am sorry to say, however, that not a single man has entered the lists. Whether this implies a lack of courage, or an absence of chivalry, or is simply a manifestation of indifference, I do not know. If my male readers think that the women have been maligned, they ought to protest. But if, on the other hand, they think the charge is true (though I sincerely hope that this is not the case), then of course they do wisely in keeping quiet. My correspondents, I am bound to say, show no mercy to their sisters. "Women are kind enough to men," writes one, "but to their own sex they are fiends." "Man's inhumanity to man," writes another, "is nothing in comparison with woman's inhumanity to women." "Women are essentially feline," writes a third, "and cannot help using their claws." A fourth gives a long list of inhumanities perpetrated by members of the "gentler sex." But I must decline to extend the list of quotations. A one-sided discussion is never profitable, and unless someone comes forth to defend the fair sex the subject must drop.

* * *

One last word I may be permitted, and it is this: that nearly all my correspondents have drawn all-round conclusions from very narrow premises. This seems to be a very general fault. The majority of people, it is to be feared, are not logical. They are carried away by their feelings. They generalise from a particular instance. Nearly all the letters I have received on this subject betray strong feeling. The writers were evidently smarting under some wrong, real or imaginary, and, without waiting to discriminate, they sweep all their sisters into a heap and pronounce universal condemnation. But they do not appear to have seen that in this wholesale charge they were condemning themselves. For if women as a whole are cruel, then they—the writers—must be cruel also. These sweeping asseverations must always be taken *cum grano salis*. Some women are cruel, no doubt, especially to their own sex. But that *all* women are cruel—well, no. I think it must be held that the charge is "not proven."

* * *

A. N. W. (Brixton) sends me the following paragraph from a London weekly, and asks me what I think of it:—"The Boers, in the beginning, took the land from the native owners. If we, in turn, take it from the Boers, it will be but robbing the robbers. By all means let us fight the Boers and win the Transvaal, with its gold mines, if we can. But one does hope the business is going to be done boldly and frankly. Let us say we want the Transvaal, and are going to have it, and let us fight for it in the open. We have played the hypocrite for quite long enough. It does us no good, and only covers us with contempt. We are going to fight for gold mines and territory, if we cannot get them without fighting. Gold mines and territory are good things to fight for. Let us drop the talk about women and children and Uitlander grievances. The Boers are brave men. Let us fight them for their land like brave men. Let us have no more sneaking and lying about the business. It does not deceive a living soul. It does not deceive even ourselves. Every great nation has to play the pirate at times. Let us play it boldly." I do not for a moment suppose that *A. N. W.* imagined that I could endorse such sentiments. To me they are pitiful drivel. The logic is bad enough, but the morality is a hundred times worse. Fight the Boers, indeed, and steal their land! Why does not the writer fight his neighbour, and steal his cash-box, and purloin his silver and pictures, and murder his wife and children? The moral quality of an action—whether it be the act of a nation or an individual

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—must always be the same. To burgle a house is no more immoral than to burgle a territory. National honour and individual honour are one and indivisible. There are not two kinds of right and two kinds of wrong. If it is wrong for me to break through my neighbour's fence, and steal his flocks, and kill his servants, and pocket his cash, and appropriate his farm, then it cannot possibly be right to do the same thing on a larger scale and with greater slaughter. And the fact that my neighbour stole his farm originally from somebody else does not justify me in stealing it again. Two blacks never make a white. Robbing a robber is just as dishonest as robbing an honest man.

* * *

The great estates of England were stolen originally. Nobody disputes that. In the year 1066 a horde of Norman ruffians and cut-throats crossed the Channel, and by sheer brute force succeeded in garrotting the entire English people and stealing their land. But would the writer of the foregoing paragraph advise the *people* of England to rise up in their numbers and strength and steal it back again? Would he say to the proletariat, "These aristocrats have rich acres, and magnificent parks, and noble mansions, and profitable coal mines, and jewellery and precious stones in abundance. Therefore let us rise up and fight them. They are brave men, let us fight for their land like brave men. Parks and mansions and jewellery and coal mines are good things to fight for. Let us drop the talk about women and children. Let us say we want the parks and pastures and mines and mansions, and are going to have them, and let us fight for them in the open." We only want to change the *venue*, and the folly and wickedness of the thing appears. There would be no more wrong in fighting the aristocrats and stealing their land than in fighting the Boers and stealing their country. Indeed, many people think there would not be so much wrong, by a very long way. "Oh, but," say some people, "we are such good colonisers, and such a wonderful race of people in every way, that it would be good for the Boers in the long-run if we were to steal their possessions." That is just what Dick Turpin said when he emptied the rich men's pockets on the highways of England, and yet we execrate his name as that of a common thief.

* * *

I cannot understand the spirit and temper that have come over the London Press. With a few notable exceptions, the whole of the daily newspapers seem to have gone over to Mammon and lust and diabolism. From certain of the papers, of course, nothing better was expected. They are under the thumb and in the pay of the blacklegs of the prize ring and the vampires of the Stock Exchange. They know no God but gold, no love but lust, no right but might, no morality but that which finds expression in Leicester Square or on Epsom Downs. But from other and leading journals something better was expected. There was a time when they were the champions of free peoples and free institutions, when they pleaded for justice and humanity, when they had a word in defence of righteousness, and when they poured out the vials of their wrath on all forms of villainy and oppression. But that day is past. Faith has given place to cynicism, and courage to the most contemptible cowardice. Free peoples—free institutions — liberty of conscience — national aspirations—are terms to sneer at and ridicule. Religion as set forth in the New Testament is made the butt of their cheap and beery wit. The Crescent appears to be more sacred to them than the Cross. We look in vain for any word of sympathy for the oppressed, or any execration of the oppressor. If stocks will only go up, and the gamblers of the Turf and Stock Exchange can increase their ill-gotten gains, nothing else is of any moment. The hills of Armenia may reek with blood and torture, and a hundred thousand Christian souls may be sent to their long account amid scenes of incredible brutality and shame; the bloodthirsty hordes of Asiatic savages may overrun Europe, and the vilest despot that ever disgraced a throne may smile with cynical satisfaction; but it does not matter. Nothing matters to-day. The Bible says, "Put not your trust in princes." We need a new variant to-day: "Put not your trust in newspapers." The erstwhile champions of liberty have had their hands paralysed by the touch of gold, and their lips silenced by the kiss of betrayal. There are, as I said before, a few notable exceptions, and for these one feels profoundly grateful.

* * *

B. A. M. I do not know much about the business you refer to; but I should think it would be quite equal to a clerkship. I have known a few girls who have been apprenticed in the way you name, and they have done very well.—*T. W.* I should deem it exceedingly foolish to compel a lad to do what he has neither taste nor inclination for, and to deny him the privilege of doing that for which he has a decided bent. If the lad has real artistic gifts, it would be folly to make a mechanic of him—or rather, to try to make a mechanic of him, for the chances are he would never succeed. As far as possible, let a lad's work be his recreation. If he wants to be a painter, let him; particularly as he shows real talent in that direction.—*E. K.* If you will let me see some of your work, I shall be able to judge.—*E. A. C.* Your verses are very good. There is a note of distinction in them. Persevere.—*Devon.* Have nothing to do with the firm you name. Gambling on the Stock Exchange is no better than gambling on the racecourse.—*S. M.*, *T. N.*, and *S. R.* Many thanks for your kind words.

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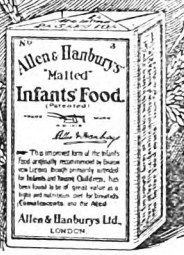

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IN THE SLEEPING-ROOM

WHEN we remember that at least one-third of our lives is spent in our sleeping-rooms, we ought to see to it that those rooms are properly ventilated, and that the air breathed by the sleepers is fresh and pure. We understand the importance of taking care of our bodies during the day. We give pains and thought to getting wholesome food, and we wear good clothing; but, unfortunately, having done so much, some amongst us spoil everything by keeping the bedrooms close and stuffy. The germs of disease float in impure air, and sleeping people are peculiarly susceptible to their influence. The air of an occupied room becomes impure in two or three hours at the longest; and when the supply of healthful oxygen is exhausted, the inhalation of poisonous carbonic acid gas begins. It seems almost a mockery for mothers to tuck their little ones warmly in bed, hear them say their prayers, asking God to take care of them during the hours of darkness and let no evil come nigh them, then shut the door, and leave them with windows tightly closed, to keep the life-giving fresh air away from them. After this, the mothers wonder that these children take cold easily, that they have sore throats and enlarged tonsils, and come downstairs in the morning cross and fractious. If they had been allowed to have refreshing sleep in pure air, they would have risen rested and cheerful, hungry, and "ready for anything."

There is a story told of a poor woman who, after living in a wretched garret in an inland manufacturing town, went for the first time to the seaside, and as she gazed at the ocean she said, "I am so glad for once in my life to see something that there is enough of." It does not always happen that there is "enough" of the best things of life. Yet none of us have a right to complain that there is not plenty of fresh air to be had. It lies miles deep all around the globe, and we should have an abundance of it if we did not take so much trouble to shut it out. In this respect things are worse than they used to be, because houses are better built than they once were. In former times, when houses were more carelessly constructed, air came in through the crevices; it entered through the loosely-fitting window frames and woodwork, and came down the wide open fireplaces. True, it very often took the form of a draught, but still it was there, and there was no keeping it out. But in the model dwelling-house of to-day it is most successfully excluded; and unless the housewife takes measures to secure the egress of vitiated air and the ingress of pure air, the health of the family will certainly suffer.

What, then, should the responsible person do to keep the air of sleeping-rooms fresh and pure? Recollect that not cold but warm air in gentle motion is what is wanted, with as little draught as possible. The required conditions are easily obtained with an open fireplace on the one hand and windows that open top and bottom on the other. Every morning, as early as possible, let the air and sunshine come into the bedrooms; if there is no sunshine, let in the air. Do not make the beds until they have been carefully aired, every covering having been removed singly, and the mattress doubled over for at least an hour. Have no curtains to the bed; never allow bonnet-boxes or articles of any sort to be kept under the bed, and do away with valances. Let the bedstead be light, so that it can be easily moved, and made of iron or brass, not wood. A horse-hair mattress resting on a wire spring mattress is a most desirable bed. If possible, have no all-over carpets in the bedrooms, but let the floors be stained and varnished, so that they can be washed every week; and in order to secure quietness use small rugs, which can be taken up and shaken in the open air every time the room is cleaned.

There can never be a pure atmosphere apart from cleanliness; therefore, before everything, keep the sleeping-room clean. Look carefully after the washstand and the various articles belonging to it. Never permit foul water to remain longer than can be avoided; remove all soiled clothing from the room; keep a strict watch on the condition of closets and shelves; and remove damp and dirty garments with an unsparing hand. By all means keep the fireplace open always, and during the night let the window be left open a little at the top. A very small opening will keep pure, during the night, the air of a room that has been well aired during the day, and it is possible to put a screen before the window if there is danger of draught. A very easy way of finding out whether the air of a sleeping-room is pure is to occupy it

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for a time, then leave it, breathe the fresh air out of doors for a few minutes, and return to it. If it feels at all "stuffy," the air of that room is not as pure as it ought to be.

PACKING AND UNPACKING

At this time of year a great many people are journeying from one part of the country to another, and the comfort of the travelling community will largely depend upon the way in which the belongings are packed. When the excursion is not determined upon hurriedly, and there is time for preparation to be made, collect the things that are to be taken, and see that they are in thorough repair, but do not begin to pack until a few hours before the actual start.

It is said that some can pack, and some can't. This is quite true ; yet packing would be a success more frequently than it is, if packers would follow these directions. Aim at putting the goods in even layers, and make one layer quite level before another is begun. Articles that will not be spoiled with pressing should be put at the bottom of the box, and they should be folded loosely, not rolled, because thus they take up less room. The less they are folded the better. When the large loosely-folded articles are in place, the corners and hollow places may be filled with odds and ends,—pocket-handkerchiefs, stockings, and similar goods,—and in this way an even surface can be obtained, and the layer can be made solid. Nothing tends more to the loss of space, and also to the injury of the articles concerned, than a happy-go-lucky arrangement, in which goods are put in hills and valleys, without any idea of preserving a level.

Modern trunks are usually provided with movable trays, which hold dresses one above another without fear of harm. These dresses should be packed right side out, and folded to preserve the natural folds as much as possible. Bodices and wraps should be folded with the backs and fronts parallel, and with the sleeves as straight as the size of the trunk will allow.

Coats, shawls, and wraps are often packed in a roll, with a strap round, and it is not everyone who can make a roll of this sort presentable. An expert says it should be done thus : "First lay the strap on the floor or bed, then fold the largest and heaviest shawl to the required width, and, leaving it its full length, place it lengthwise on the strap. On this lay the other shawls and jackets, smoothly folded, and allow the undermost one to project at least a foot at one end. Beginning at the other end, roll the bundle as tightly as possible away from the operator. The piece of the under wrap that was left projecting will make the lap-over."

The quickest way of unpacking trunks is to deal with one trunk at a time, putting away each article as it is taken out : thus litter and confusion are avoided. When belongings have to be unpacked in a strange room, and stored in a temporary resting-place, it is advisable that they should be put as nearly as possible in the same position that they occupied in the familiar room at home. Thus worry and the annoyance of search will be avoided.

TROUSSEAUX

Housewives who have daughters about to marry, and who are therefore called upon to undertake the pleasant but somewhat exciting duty of providing a trousseau, are sometimes astonished to find how easy it is to make mistakes in what is apparently a very simple and straightforward business. A few general hints both to mothers and daughters on the subject may therefore be welcome.

It is always wise to begin betimes to prepare a trousseau. As soon as a girl becomes engaged, she should keep a deep drawer or a special trunk for the reception of articles likely to be useful in her new home. Into this she can put the various goods that she can make, or that are given to her ; and she will be astonished to find how her treasures accumulate, after she has once begun to lay them away. Nothing that is suitable should be considered too small or mean for her store. Only the experienced know what a number of items are needed in housekeeping. Trifles that are regarded as a matter of course, and that seem to be part of the condition of an established home, have to be provided, made, and paid for, or else done without, and yet it is the necessary or desirable trifles that make a house feel and look homely. Let the prospective bride therefore despise nothing, excepting rubbish : by all means she should keep clear of that, if she intends her future kingdom to be dainty. Everything that is of value, however, she should preserve. Dusters, floor-cloths, rubbers, small ornaments, small utensils, all will be needed, and when the time comes for them to be required all will be welcomed.

When the period arrives for the actual purchase of the trousseau, the first thing to do is to ascertain how much money is to be had. A trousseau is a variable affair ; its style must be determined chiefly by the amount that has to be spent upon it. Induce parent or guardian, therefore, to say early in the proceedings how much money will be available ; and if he can conveniently advance it in a lump sum at once, so much the better. It is a mistake for a girl to work up to the last days before her marriage in making preparations for the important event, sitting close over the needle or the sewing machine until she is jaded and nervous. She cannot have an easy mind until the trousseau is complete, and she cannot complete it without the wherewithal ; yet it is quite as important that the bride should have a few calm quiet hours before her wedding as it is that she should have handsomely-made garments.

Girls about to become wives are fortunate when they have sensible mothers who can advise them how to lay out their money judiciously ; yet these mothers best show their sense when they let the girls have the responsibility of decision in providing their own trousseaux. After all, money is representative. People spend it according to their character, and to have to lay out a sum of money where the punishment or reward for foolish or sensible spending will be almost immediately felt is an opportunity of education. The bride has to wear the clothing ; she will have to endure the disappointment if the purchases were foolish, and to rejoice if they were judicious. It is only fair that the choice should be hers. Mothers with married children may help when they can, and sympathise always ; but if they are wise, they will avoid interference. The sooner, therefore, they begin to practise non-interference the less difficult it will be.

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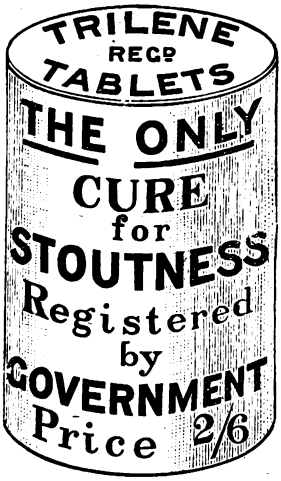

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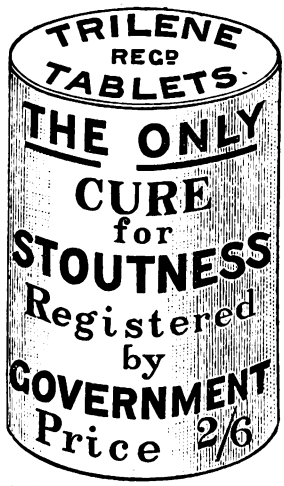

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87 Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct. 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid, and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was for many years growing too stout; but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.—Yours faithfully,
"J. R. CANHAM."

"6 Brighton Terrace, Hull.
"MRS. JOHNSON has much pleasure in saying she has derived great benefit from your Tablets."

"3 Castle Road, Deal.
"MRS. J. PEARSON is glad to say she is much thinner."

"Convalescent Home, New Brighton, Cheshire.
MISS S. J. PRITCHARD says: "They have done me much good. I am 21 lb. lighter already."

Extract from *The Lady*, 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity. The Tablets are sold in boxes at 2s. 6d., and are obtainable from the Trilene Company, 66 Finsbury Pavement, London."

"25 Windsor Terrace, Penarth, Cardiff.
MISS M. FLAVELL says: "I have lost 2 st., and am much better in health."

"2 Chariot Street, Hull.
MR. JUBB, Chemist, says: "My customers speak highly of your Tablets."

"Windsor Hotel, Merthyr Vale, South Wales.
MR. J. THOMAS writes: "When I started the Tablets I weighed 17½ st., and have got down to 14 st. 9 lb."

"West Cornforth, Ferrybill.
MR. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17 st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15 st."

Extract from *Bury and Suffolk Times*, 15th June 1894: "MISS ATHERTON sings and dances as piquantly as ever, and is a marvel of agility, considering how much flesh she has put on of late. Her friends should induce her to take a course of Trilene Tablets, about which I hear wonderful things. One portly acquaintance of my own, by merely a few weeks' use of these little Tablets, has reduced his bulk perceptibly. I am assured the Tablets are harmless and tasteless, and that the Trilene Company, in Finsbury Pavement, London, are doing an enormous and ever-increasing trade."

MRS. HUTCHINSON, 46 Irwell Street, Widnes, Lancashire, writes: "I have taken three boxes, and am reduced 2 st."

A. D. BILLINGS, Bell Inn, Aldershot, writes: "Have derived great benefit already. Less in size and weight, breathing greatly improved."

MISS WELLS, Aldeburgh Hall, Saxmundham, writes: "I am pleased to say I receive great benefit from them."

MRS. MCGRATH, Bempton, Yorks, says: "I will recommend your very agreeable and satisfactory treatment—the *best* I have yet tried, as it is so simply and easily accomplished."

MISS DUGGLEBY, 16 New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½ st."

MISS C. E. SINGLETON, 3 Courtenay Terrace, Teignmouth, says: "They have done me a great deal of good, and I will do my best to make them known. You may use this letter as you please."

MISS MCPHERSON, Balnagowan Lodge, Methuen, Perth, says: "I have taken one box, and am reduced 1 st."

MRS. EDMONDS, Pontyguesta, Pontychin, Llantrissant, says: "I have lost more than a stone in a very short time."

MR. TAYLOR, Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says: "I have lost quite 2 st. since taking your Tablets."

MR. GILLESPIE, 50 Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, Essex, says: I have lost just 3 st."

E. NICHOLSON, Crossfield, Staniland, Halifax, says: "I am pleased to say your Tablets are lessening my size very much, and my two sisters are going in for your pleasant treatment."

THE TRILENE COMPANY, 66 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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Having ascertained how much money may be spent on the trousseau, the next thing to do is to draw up a list of articles to be bought or made. Keeping the sum to be spent well in mind, it is advisable to put down in writing first what we should like to get with our money; then find out prices, and strike off what cannot be afforded. The success of the trousseau will be determined by the character of this list. Let the bride put quality before quantity. Let her, by all means, go to work so as to get as much out of her means as she can, buying ready-made goods at sales, if any advantage can be gained by doing so; but, all the way through, let her remember that excellent material is to be preferred to finery, and comfort to display. Let her buy the dresses she will need for the home, for visiting, and for travelling, yet do not let her forget that fashions change, and that, if she has more garments than she requires, she will simply get tired of them, and either discard them before they are half worn, or wear robes out of date. A good supply of underclothing, however, is always valuable. Fashions in these things are not likely to alter, and brides with moderate means will probably be glad if they are not called upon to renew this part of their wardrobe for some years. To this end they must provide for cold weather as well as for warm days. Daintily-trimmed silk undergarments are very charming to view and very pleasant to wear in July and August, but they are not worth much in December and January. In buying her trousseau, let the bride prepare for all seasons and all weathers.

The remark made about dresses applies also to hats and bonnets, in which fashions change every month. A little ready money put away to buy a hat or dress is more worth having than a superabundance of either. A good supply of boots and shoes, however, is a very good investment. These articles "ripen," as it is called, with keeping, and boots or shoes that have been kept for a few months actually wear better than those which have been newly made. Good wraps also are both a luxury and a necessity. Indeed, no more valuable present, the delight of which increases as time goes on, could be given by a mother to her daughter than a good warm soft shawl.

POOR TOAST AND GOOD TOAST

A witty writer has given the following directions for making "the meanest toast possible":—"Take bread that is a little sour, a trifle under baked, not quite light, and not fit to eat untoasted. Put it in front of a hot fire, where it will burn before it even dries. When burned sufficiently to taste bitter, spread it with strong butter, and pack the slices one on the top of another, allowing it to become cool before serving, and you have a dish that would ruin the digestion of an ostrich, and that no sensible person should touch."

To make the best quality of toast, use bread not less and not more than two days old, and cut it in slices about the third of an inch thick, so that it can be made crisp throughout. Put the bread on the toasting fork, and hold it at a little distance in front of a clear bright fire. When it is hot and dry on the surface, without having taken any colour, turn it, and slowly bring the other side to the same condition. Now turn it again, and let it

WARM WEATHER

AND

DR. TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

WE DRINK TOO MUCH TEA AND EAT TOO MUCH FLESH FOOD,

ESPECIALLY DURING THE WARM SEASON OF THE YEAR.

The latter militates against working energy, and the tannic acid and other deleterious properties to be found in tea lower the spirits and injure the health. The body, in fact, is a working engine, and as such it must be treated. The waste of tissue which daily goes on can only be replaced by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine.

And yet, in face of these scientific facts, how many people sit down to breakfast and drink tea and coffee—an utterly unscientific practice in itself—and follow this up by partaking of a more or less quantity of flesh food?

It is simply compelling the stomach to digest food which the system does not require, and which it cannot get rid of.

Drugs and medicine are worse than useless in such circumstances; they simply assist in the clogging process.

Science, however, has again come to the rescue, and it cannot be too widely known that tone and vigour can be promoted, and the rosy cheeks natural to health restored by the vitalising and restorative properties of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. The evidence of medical men and the public is conclusive on this point.

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slowly become richly brown on both sides all over, without being in the least black. If it is to be buttered, spread the butter lightly with the edge of the knife. To press the butter into the toast will be to spoil it. Serve it at once. The art of making toast well consists in drying it slowly, browning it equally without burning it, and serving it as soon as done.

CORRESPONDENCE

A. B. W.—Here are the directions you require. Get two-ply white fingering, and the smallest size of bone needles that can be obtained. About two ounces of wool will be needed for each shirt, and four shirts will be sufficient for a set. Make the vest in five separate pieces—one back, two fronts, and two pieces—to be sewn together. For the back, cast on 80 stitches, rib 2 plain 2 purl for nine inches, then cast off. (*N.B.*—Loose knitters would do well to narrow six or seven times at the beginning of the ninth inch, for fear the neck of the shirt should be too wide.) For the two fronts, cast on 50 for each (this is because the fronts are to fold over when in wear), rib 2 plain 2 purl for nine inches, cast off all but 12 stitches, and knit this 2 plain 2 purl to the depth of an inch, to make a small shoulder-strap. For each sleeve, cast on 60 stitches, knit 20 rows, then cast off 20, thus making a gusset; knit 40 rows of the 40 stitches which remain. Sew the fronts to the back, leaving the fronts open, and a place for the armhole; sew the shoulder-straps in position, make and put in the sleeves, and finish with a narrow crochet edging round the neck, the sleeves, and, if liked, round the shirt itself; put a running string of narrow braid ribbon round the neck, so that it can be drawn closely, and the shirt is done. A set of shirts made thus are sure to be liked. They are inexpensive, easily made, warm and soft, and can be washed out in a minute. And they do not shrink as woven shirts do.

Recipe for Knitting an Infant's First Shirt.

Inexperienced. — If you would manage your removal successfully, proceed as follows:—Have the chimneys swept, and clean the new house from top to bottom. Get rid of all rubbish, and have the furniture and belongings cleaned and put in repair in the old house. Take up the carpets, have them shaken, altered if necessary, and made to fit; then have them laid in the rooms, not on the stairs, the day before removal. Tie strips of glazed calico of different colours on each of the handles of the doors, and tie a corresponding strip of calico on each article of furniture, showing to which room it belongs; then have the articles put in their proper places as they are carried in from the van. When everything is in, arrange one room at a time, and put down the stair carpets, and the oil-cloth in the hall last of all.

How to manage a Removal.

An Admirer.—In hot thundery weather, housekeepers who live near shops should buy as much meat as is absolutely necessary, and no more. As all housekeepers know, there is in every joint one part more liable to taint than the rest. This part should be examined every day. If any signs of moisture appear, it should be wiped with a cloth dipped in vinegar, then dabbed with flour to make it dry, and peppered. If a blow-fly has managed

To keep Meat in Hot Weather.

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A GREAT STORY.

The Temple Magazine counts among its Contributors many, if not most, of the best-known writers of the day. But, though the Editor is always glad to secure contributions by authors whose names are guarantees of the merit of their work, it has been his privilege to introduce to his readers the early writings of authors whose abilities have since become universally admitted. To recognise the glitter of gold among the gravel and grit is always a peculiar pleasure to an Editor, and in directing the attention of his readers to the work of **Miss JULIA MAGRUDER,** an American writer, whose powerful novels are as yet almost unknown in England, the Editor of **THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE** believes that the Story will make as profound and abiding impression upon them as it has made upon himself and upon the eminent literary critics to whom he has shown it.

"Dead Selves"

is a work which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say is

Not unworthy of the pen of Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot.

If any proof of its power were needed, it is surely to be found in the fact that, though it is avowedly "a novel with a purpose,"—a novel which was written to teach a great and sorely-needed lesson,—it is yet

More interesting, more fascinating, and more absorbing

as a story than any tale which has seen the light during recent years. The woman who wrote the story of the birth of the Soul of Rhoda Gwynn, the woman who etched for us with unerring touch the character of Duncan Fraser, and who has created for us one of the most truly lovable figures in all fiction,—his holy-hearted but human-hearted mother,—has surely a great career before her. She can bring hot tears to our eyes, and stir us to the depths of our being, for she reads the secrets of human hearts as few have read them since George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë laid down their pens.

☛ **THIS REMARKABLE STORY will commence in "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE" for October (ready September 24th).**

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to alight on any portion, that part should be sliced off liberally, and thrown into the fire. But much the best thing to do with meat in hot weather is to cook it while it is sweet. If this is not convenient, it may be partially cooked, allowed to get cold, and finished when required. The most effectual way of fighting the blow-fly is to use a good meat-safe, and to look well after the condition and ventilation of the larder. When there is special cause for fear, a box of broken charcoal may be kept on the floor of the larder. The supply should be renewed once a week, and at the time of removal that which has done duty should be burned.

A Hewer of Wood and Drawer of Water.—You are mistaken in thinking that you cannot do household work without "ruining" your hands. It is quite true that manual labour of every kind tends to harden the hands somewhat, yet it is a fact that at the present time numbers of women are doing domestic work every day, yet have hands that are quite beautiful. A little care is all that is necessary to secure this condition of things. Let the worker take pains to avoid staining, hurting, burning, or dirtying the hands; and whenever rough dirty work has to be done, let her be scrupulously careful to wear gloves to protect the hands. Housemaids' gloves are now sold everywhere for sweeping, dusting, and cleaning, and rubber gloves for cleaning plate and washing dishes; while all sorts of appliances are to be had for lessening labour and facilitating operations. All these things indirectly help to preserve the hands. It is to be remembered that strong coarse soaps injure the hands sadly; so also do both very hot and very cold water. Amongst the articles which are believed to be valuable for whitening and softening the skin of the hands are lemon juice, oatmeal, glycerine, borax, and almond paste. It is most dangerous to use any but the simplest preparations.

The Hands and Household Work.

Anxious One.—You are not alone in your fear. Housekeepers with advanced ideas on sanitary matters often object to the ordinary down quilts, because it is thought that they do not permit the escape of the moisture of the body that is thrown off during sleep, and therefore are not quite sanitary. So loudly has this objection been urged that modern quilts are now supplied with eyelet-holes, which are supposed to further ventilation. A more decided response to it has now been made in the production of a new bedcover, named the "Target Ventile Quilt," which claims to be absolutely sanitary. It is not unlike the down quilt in appearance, but instead of being wadded with eiderdown it is wadded with wood fibre, which is thoroughly porous, so that though it keeps the sleeper comfortably warm (the heat being well retained in the inner air chamber of the quilt), it yet allows the gases which emanate from the body to escape readily through the thousands of air-holes. It can be easily cleaned or washed, and can be obtained from drapers and upholsterers.

The New Quilt.

C. H. S. will find Newball & Mason's Botanic Beer a very good temperance drink. It is palatable and refreshing, and can be easily made at home from the extract itself. I can warmly recommend it.

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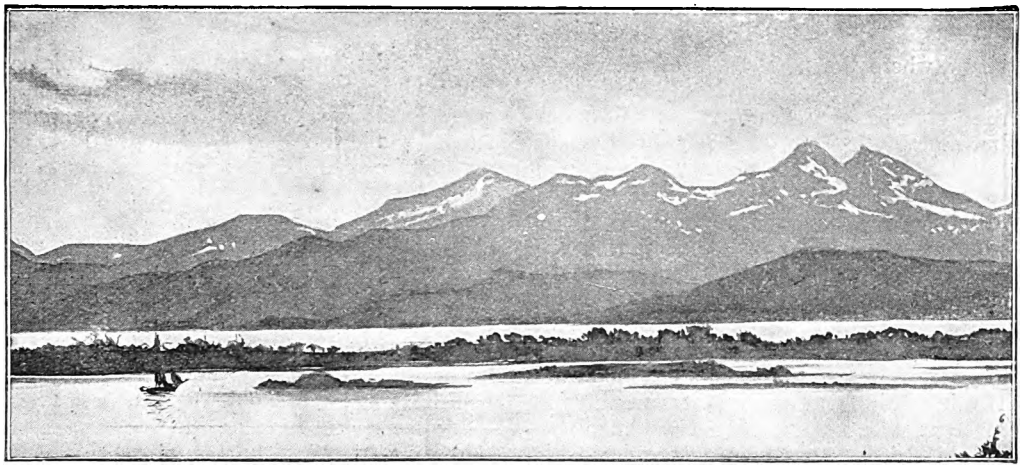

VIEW FROM MOLDE.

A HOLIDAY IN NORWAY

By R. F. Horton, D.D.

In vain do I try to explain to myself the charm of Norway, or to dissolve the spell which the very name casts over me. I do not pretend to write about it dispassionately; it is for me a land of magic, a land of blended colours, drenched in rainbows, a land of sweet odours and the incense of mountain-altars, a land of rushing waters and the infinite peace of their persistent music, a land of Christian manners and unworldly hearts. For those who do not find Norway such a land, and prefer Switzerland, I entertain a profound compassion. And with the jealousy of one who feels a certain proprietary right in a thing which he particularly enjoys, I am not sorry that the votaries of Norway are sifted by the stern ordeal of the North Sea passage; and that even those who cross the sea prefer their tourist steamer to the inland travel, and therefore leave the Paradise of simple souls uncrowded, and even in its broad entirety unmolested.

But what is this curious spell? I love to raise the question, though I never get nearer its solution. Suppose you sail from Hull or Newcastle on a summer evening — your beloved country will be scowling under a sooty pall; your busy muddy rivers, burdened with wealth, will be sulky with the sulkiness which the burden of wealth produces; your memory will retain no gracious outline, no beautiful object, no redeeming feature, in the level dreariness you leave behind.

Then, after your troubled hours of passage, you wake early on your second morning and look through the port-hole. This is called Stavanger, but surely it is a new and better world. The sea is shimmering with blue and gold; the long line of the coast rocks, grey with the age of eternity, but yellow with the youth of the seaweed, stretches in exquisite contour of terrace and hummock, and pyramid and mountain, and rises far away into infinite distances of rocky ramparts and snowlines against the summer sky. The spell is immediately upon you. For some reason or other, it is always heavenly when I arrive at Stavanger. There may be hours and days of persistent rain ahead; but at one's arrival the land, like the loveliest of women, draws aside her veil and smiles, and with a shy satire reminds you of the desolate shores of coal-smoke and shipbuilding — your mother-country—which you have left behind.

From that moment you are in the humour to be enchanted. Suppose you land at Stavanger, take the steamer to Sand, and drive to Suledalosen, you will make the acquaintance of a Norwegian river, sliding in solid transparency, twenty feet deep perhaps, yet every pebble clear at the bottom; or driven through the gorge—a churning glory of foam, and forming in deep pools, like a strong soul that prepares in quiet for great achievements. Then cross the lake, and traverse Bratlandsdal, nor stop until next day you reach Roldal. Perhaps the land will give you one of her sunsets to encourage you—the sudden flood of gold upon the mountain-top, like a soul aspiring and reaching its transformation. You from

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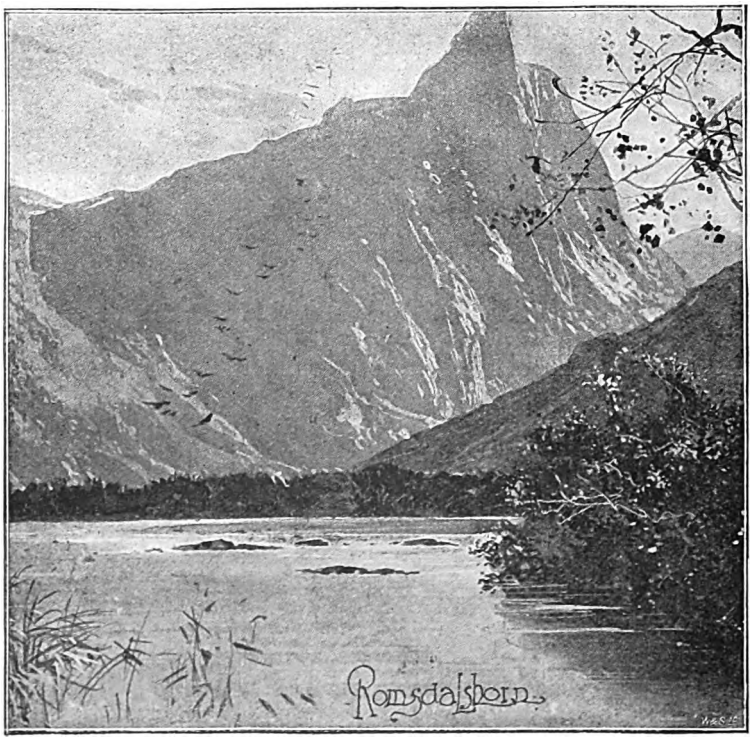
below, where the night gathers, will see the gold deepen into crimson, the whole line of rock crimson, the snow patches still gold—burnished gold. It does not quickly fade, but lingers—long drawn out—like the transformation of souls. I never saw such things in the Swiss Alpenglühe, though I have seen wonderful doings in that direction. That crimson of the Norwegian mountains at sunset is an experience apart,—is it the blood, the heart's blood, of the old heroic land, the legend and the passion and the gloom and the glory of the mysterious North, astir and aglow at evening for reverent visitors to behold? Then you should stop at Roldal for a day or two, and see the charming Prest, and the church with the mysterious rood; and, best of all, the houses, with their roofs like a parterre of flowers, as if they had risen from the ground, bearing up the carpet of grass and blossoms in their ascent. Yes, it is in these minute touches rather than in the great expanses of scenery, the infinite ranges of rocky mountain, and endless involutions of the fjords, that the charm of the country lies. A summer meadow, a walk through the alders, a scramble after bilberries and cloudberries over mountain-shoulders; and the domesticities, the minutiæ of delicate courtesy, the revelations of unselfishness and piety, the feeling of a simple culture, and of silent passionate hearts, — these do not explain the spell, but they are great elements in it.

Then the land is not all beauty and charm, it is also rippling with laughter. Everything has a quaint humour in it. Perhaps not the least element of amusement is a book of the advertisements of hotels. I am afraid the Norwegians will some day know English too well, and these humours will be gone. I should like to insist on every traveller learning Norwegian, and refusing to converse in anything else. Not that the language of Nansen and Ibsen is beautiful; but it is threatened with extinction by the inrush of English and German, and the language is too simple, too characteristic, too harmonious with the fjord and the fjeld, to be superseded by our more complicated tongue. Meanwhile, these advertisements suggest some new developments in English itself.

One hotel I stayed in was advertised as being surrounded "by piniferous and foliferous woods"; and so it was, though the words were not so familiar as the woods were delightful. This also is a pretty application of our tongue: "Occasion for shooting and fishing. Bird-dogs on sale, or to be let. The hotel will look out for horses."



And, more romantic still, the advertisement will often attempt a description of the natural features in an English which Johnson might have wondered at, and Stevenson might have imitated. Here, for instance, is a description of one of the indescribable rivers:—

"The river Driva is here pressed in a narrow chink with mighty giants' kettles. One must be cautious, as the mountain is polished."

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And who does not long to stay at Oldoren's hotel—happy resting-place for fevered brows?

"This first-class hotel is beautifully situated at the very bottom of the fjord, and accommodates transient as well as permanent boarders."

Simplicity and sincerity are the roots of humour, and the land is simple and sincere. To some of us, who find comic papers dull, and to whom a farce would bring nothing but facial laughter, there is a deep and quiet humour in every Norwegian, even the most reserved and sombre of them. For they have a childlike gaiety of heart, and their jests have no coarseness. They do not laugh much, nor do they scold or abuse. The land does not favour the expression of the emotions, it is too vast and over-awing. Under great precipices, or traversing dark waters, it seems inappropriate to expose the petty passions of humanity; but the people have an inward cheerfulness which makes their visitors cheerful; and a calm, the delicious calm, of those who have lived with the great things of nature.

But I am not continuing the journey, nor indeed can I, or need I. Take any road, order your cariole for any direction, and drive on in the leisurely manner of the country, and all will be well. Wherever you go you will find simple and homely entertainment, and the kind heart—always the kind heart—of a host or hostess. If there is reserve or unkindness, the cause will be not far to seek; it will be because some brutal and coarse-minded foreigner, English or perhaps German, has passed by that way, and imposed on the artless honesty or on the courteous hospitality of the people. Some *nouveau riche* has left the valley without paying for his fishing, because

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barren mountains. It is better not to follow a route. Baedeker, and even Bennett, cannot give you the best directions. For remember, it is not the scenery which gives the country its charm. The scenery is an episode, only an episode; the charm is in the people, the life, the vague impress of perished centuries, the curious awakening of a nation to a new literature, and a new place in the world.

And yet what episodes the scenery presents! I disclaim description. Artist cannot paint, nor can tongue describe, what meets one in every route that I ever took through that land of magic. Nowhere else do you walk up to meet a glacier which forms the steep final wall of a long valley, which rises two or three thousand feet, not winding river-like, but standing wall-like, as the waters of the Red Sea might have stood at the passage of Israel. Now it is white and glistering, now it vanishes in mist, now it is steel-blue, now it glows in the sunset.

Nowhere else do you climb three thousand feet to find a broad desolate plateau, and a large river threading its way among rocks and heather, to plunge suddenly over a precipice in a waterfall which takes a thousand feet at a leap, halts, and leaps again, and then again to reach the level of the fjord. With what a thrill of awe have I stood alone at the point of such a precipitous plunge—alone in that vast gathering-place of waters, where no herds are pastured, and no crops are grown, but the whole uneven plain gathers the rains, and rolls the streams together, in order to shoot them over as from the parapet of heaven! There are the solitary ways of Nature, where she communes with her own heart, and gives to an audacious mortal the sense of intrusion, hushing his voice, and bowing his superb and haughty head.

Nowhere else do the seas run into the land, as if to hide in the depths of mountain ranges; so that you sail along their sinuous course, watching the vast Symplegades of precipice open and shut, or the lower spurs interlocking like clasped fingers, and unclasping as if by miracle to let your venturous Argo pass through.

Nay, nowhere else are the birds, grey-hooded crows, magpies, and wagtails, friendly and genial, as if they never dreaded man. Nowhere else do the common wayside flowers grow large with excess of nightless days. Nowhere else does Summer gather all her power of witchery into two short months, and, warmed by the Gulf Stream and cooled by the snows, make her mysteries of contrast, of striving and content, a spell for the weary heart of an overworking age.

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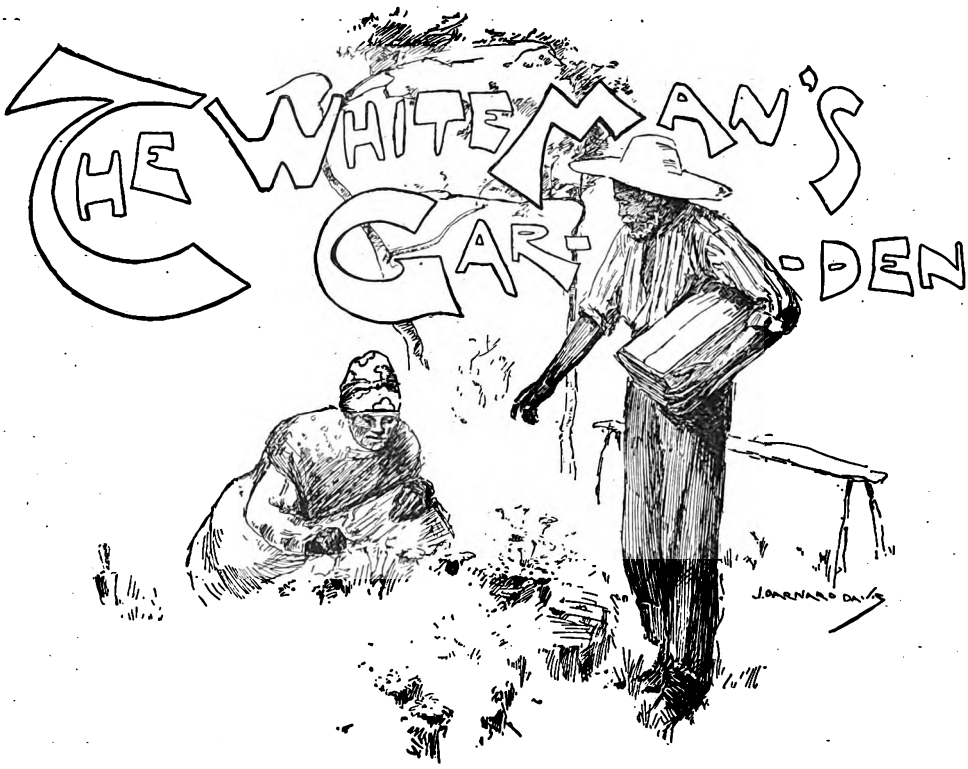
The White Man's Garden



By Charles J. Mansford

When Johnathan Marston died, he left his estate, real and personal, to Selina, his Creole wife. Rumour had it that the said Selina was originally a slave, bought by Johnathan to do the cooking for his establishment. Rumour may have been right or wrong, but when the Creole widow came into her inheritance she held everything with a tight hand, and the slaves of her cotton plantation very soon felt the change.

Marston himself, whatever his faults may have been, never stinted the slaves in corn-cakes, or objected to breakdowns when occasion seemed to demand them; but his widow changed all that. She could tell to a nicety how much corn it took to keep the soul alive in the body of a "brack" fellow, and her ideas of slavery were of the most cogent kind.

Pete Davis, bondman for ever to the Creole, could not understand the change. Certainly, Mrs. Marston had always carried her head very high, even in her husband's days, perhaps because she wished to be thought pure white. If anyone knew the Creole's history, Pete did, for he was a slave of Johnathan when she was bought and married by her master. Pete said nothing; he was discreet, for he valued his position as a sort of overseer on the plantation. Why Mrs. Marston hated him from the first he never troubled to inquire, but when he fell into her hands the first acts she performed were to give him all the most difficult and disagreeable tasks she could find. From being the most honoured slave, Pete very soon became the drudge of the others. When he pleaded for more corn, Mrs. Marston promptly sent him to the public whippers with a small sum to pay for a sound flogging.

After the disgrace which fell upon him, Pete was a changed man. He ceased to laugh and sing in the cotton rows, and shook whenever Mrs. Marston was close by. If it had not been for Dinah, the slave of the next plantation, he would have made a dash for liberty. Pete was in love with Dinah, and many a time had the moonlight fallen upon the two as they stole a precious hour from the night to wander through leafy ways together. Johnathan Marston had promised Pete his freedom; but, somehow, he never found the opportunity to sign the needful papers—and now the Creole widow reigned in his stead. Pete's love chapter seemed about to close.

There was one thing about all the change

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of circumstances which Pete could not endure — hunger. He had a very fine physique, but before long he grew noticeably thin. It may have been worry that affected Pete in this way, but worry was not in his vocabulary. Consequently, Pete thought the whole question out, and the conclusion to which he came was that Mrs. Marston was morally bound to find him food. Having come to this definite conclusion, Pete stole out the same night from his little hut which he still had to himself, and when he returned he drew from under his ragged jacket a plump chicken. Fear made Pete suspicious, so he kept his secret all to himself, as well as the chicken.

The theft passed unnoticed, and Pete, emboldened by success, repeated it. Out of about a hundred and fifty fowls, nearly thirty had gone to supply the place of the corn-cakes which the Creole widow stinted Pete of.

On the thirtieth occasion, Pete, to his infinite dismay on discovering it, made a blunder. The night was a dark one, and the fowls, quiet as Pete was, cackled, so the thief hastily took the nearest, wrung its neck, and made all haste back to his hut. There, by the aid of a fire he had kindled beneath a pot waiting to cook the chicken in, Pete discovered that the slain chicken was yellow and not black. The yellow chicken was the only one Mrs. Marston possessed of that colour; all the rest were black, and this particular chicken, Pete knew, would be missed when the Creole widow fed them next morning.

Pete was almost in despair; only the odour of well-boiled fowl brought him to a sense of his physical needs. All that Pete left of the yellow hen were the bones and claws, which he carefully cremated, and then went to sleep.

The very next morning Mrs. Marston missed the yellow hen, and then counted the others. There were thirty missing, and her wrath was fearful to see. She closely questioned the negroes on her plantation, male and female, as to what they knew about her loss.

When Mrs. Marston came to Pete, who stood half-way in the straggling line in which the slaves were drawn up, she eyed him closely.

"Pete," she said sharply, "I cotch er smile in yo' eye! Yo' is de t'ief!"

Pete turned as pale as his skin would allow, while his heart, if his own narrative be worthy of credence, went plump against the chicken lying inside him.

"Mis' Marston," said Pete, "I didn't *see* yaller hen las' night, I"—

"P'raps not, Pete, dough yo' eat dat hen and twenty-nine along uv her!" the Creole answered.

Pete's blood was up. He thought of old Master Marston and of the change his Creole widow had made.

"Massa Marston he lie under de tuff, ur he mought er forgiben er niggah fer stealin', ef dat niggah gits like's ef he w'ars his boans inside out!"

The Creole looked at Pete as if she could have whipped him with her own hands.

"Yo' niggah!" she cried. "Yo' speak to a pure white leddy like dat? I'se Mis' Marston, who owns every boan in yo' t'ievin' brack body! I'd like ter have yo' whipped agin, but I don't go ter spile de hide uv er niggah wuth hundreds uv dollahs—so I'se goin' ter *sell* yo'! An' Peblo, de wust planter in Virginny, wants yo' bad, an' he'll bid high fer yo' carcase! Yo' odder niggahs dis-remember dis as a wahnin'!"

Mrs. Marston turned and walked towards her house, leaving Pete plunged in the depths of stony despair. He sat down upon a stone, while the other slaves tried to console him, but in vain. At last Pete got up and went on with his work in the cotton row, but his brawny limbs trembled with fear of Peblo, the Spanish planter.

That night the clouds dispersed, and in the light of the stars Pete made his way to the nearest planter's, Jackson's, house. He rattled the hasp of the back door. A smart-looking negress, in a striped cotton dress, opened the door.

"Dinah," said Pete, "come out, come out! It's fer de las' time."

"Am dat yo', Pete?" the girl said, and their lips met.

Pete, as soon as he found the necessary courage, told her what had happened. Then she said quickly and tearfully—

"Yo', Pete! yo's t'ief! Er 'spectable cullur'd leddy didn't oughter be mairred ter yo'!"

After a time Dinah's anger calmed down, and as the two stood talking the sound of footsteps drew near, and then Dinah's master, Jackson, came upon the lovers.

"Why, you black niggers!" he said, with a queer little catch in his voice, "aren't you ashamed of yourselves, hugging and kissing each other like that where the stars can see you, and which know that neither of you have any right to do so, not being whites!"

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"That's the worth of you, is it?" asked Jackson reflectively: "a good deal more than I'm personally worth. Anyhow, it serves you right: a thief must expect to be sold, and I shall come to the sale to-morrow, and enjoy the fun of seeing your price toted up—and I'll bring Dinah too. Now, Dinah, just go in and shut the door!" But Jackson went in himself first.

Daylight found Pete sitting in his hut with his hands clasped and pressed against his knees. Mrs. Marston sent for him.

"Go an' be sold, yo t'ief!" said the Creole when Pete entered her presence; and he was taken a short distance, where all preparations had been made for a sale of negroes.

To make matters worse for Pete, Dinah was there, and, jostling her way through the crowd, she went up to him, saying—

"Pete, yo's t'ief! So yo's gwine ter be sold."

A number of planters went up to Pete, opening his jaws to see his teeth, and feeling the whipcord muscles of his arms.

The sale dragged its way along till Pete's turn came. He was mounted on a barrel, and the auctioneer, a puffy-faced man who spoke with all the peculiarities of a Virginian slave himself, explained the nature of the article for disposal.

"Pete Davis, single, twenty-five, er bondman for ever ter Mis' Marston, an' de papers ter dat effec' is here ter be handed roun' ter bidders."

The documents were duly examined, after which the auctioneer continued—

"Now, who say five hundred dollars ter fix de start?"

"That bid's for me!" said a hatchet-faced Spaniard. It was Peblo; Pete shook like a leaf.

The bidding immediately began briskly—

"Five hundred" — "and fifty" — "six hundred"—"and fifty"—"seven hundred"—"eight hundred"—"and fifty"—"nine hundred"—"and twenty dollars!"

There was a silence. Peblo's last bid had been nine hundred dollars. The other bid was against him. He threw away a cigar, half smoked, and then said, "Nine hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Auctioneer!"

"One thousand dollars!" said someone on the edge of the ragged crowd.

Peblo did not bid again; Pete's body was not worth it.

"Gwine for a thousan' dollahs, Pete Davis, good strong niggah—gwine—las' bid—er thousan' bid — gwine, gwine—Pete Davis *sold* fer er thousan' dollahs, gen'lemen. A big price, but he's worth it — and dirt cheap!" The auctioneer smiled upon the bidders, then told his clerk to enter the sale.

"Who's he sold ter?" the auctioneer asked.

"Ter me!" cried a coloured girl, pushing her way through the crowd. It was Dinah.

There was a laugh raised against the auctioneer, in the midst of which Peblo called out—

"Pete Davis is mine! This girl ain't free; she can't bid!"

At that moment Jackson came forward.

"This girl *can* bid; for she *is* free, Mr. Auctioneer," he said quietly. "I gave her her freedom this morning, and to everyone else on my plantation. Pete Davis is hers. Dinah, go and get your nigger!"

Pete got down from the barrel amid a dead silence. Dinah led him away like a man in a dream. Suddenly he seemed to recover his senses, and, turning abruptly, he ran to where Jackson still stood, discussing Lincoln's plan to liberate the slaves. Pete flung himself at Jackson's feet, pouring forth a deluge of incoherent thanks. His liberator —for Dinah did not buy Pete with any but Jackson's money—pushed the slave aside and walked thoughtfully away to his own plantation.

An easy-going man, Jackson knew that by his act of liberating his slaves he had ruined himself. He called them together and divided his plantation among them, settling it all with a lawyer, whose services he had requisitioned.

Three days after that, Pete, busy in fencing off Dinah's share, caught his naked feet against something hard. He stooped to pick it up, finding, to his horror, that it was a revolver, and held in a stiffened hand. In a moment Pete was down in the tangle of grass and weeds of the ditch whence projected the dead hand. Jackson was lying there upon his back, fallen a victim to his own act.

Pete is the oldest planter, they say, in Virginia; but Dinah still lives to help him tend the flowers which grow so profusely upon a mound in his possessions. There, when summer nights are cool and long, the planter gathers a few choice negro kindred spirits, and they talk of slavery days and what he did in them—he who lies under the mound which Pete has long called The White Man's Garden.

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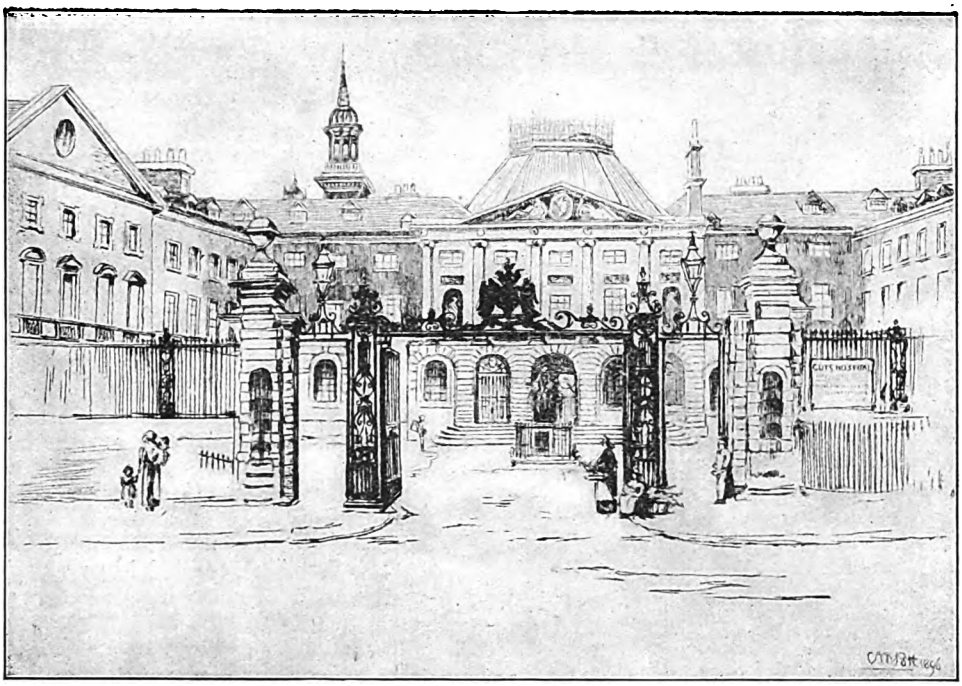

GUY'S HOSPITAL.
[*Reproduced from the Drawing by* MISS POTT.]

OUR HOMES OF PITY

A PEEP AT THE LONDON HOSPITALS

CALLOUS indeed is the person who can see physical distress unmoved. The stronger the frame, the more quickly do the eyes dim with compassion at the sight of distorted limbs, or body helplessly bowed down. The cry of the baby sufferer touches the heart of those even who think themselves hardened to pain in every form; while even sadder is it to see the still form with the weary hopeless eyes dumbly telling how the soul behind knows there is no cure on earth for its disease.

Sad, because in the generality of cases there has been one stage of the illness when a cure, partial or complete, could have been effected—if remedies had been procurable just at the proper time. But hospital wards were full, or there was no one to make the application, or it was put off till too late; and so the disease becomes embedded in the system, and perhaps is transmitted to descendants ere the first victim has wretchedly passed away.

The study of sickness fascinates, because one only then grasps how the votaries of medicine are grappling constantly with foes of every shape and every colour, and what energies, mental and vital, are expended in the work.

At this time, when the work that the London hospitals are doing has been brought so much to the fore, a description of a personal visit to some of them may not be out of place; carefully premising, at the outset, that they are not taken in order of merit, but as they chanced to fit in with my rambles.

In the very heart of Whitechapel, close to the docks, the railway, and surrounded by the ever-teeming population, made up of foreigners and outcasts, and exiles and refugees, stands the stately London Hospital. In 1753 the hospital had trees in front of it and around it, and green meadows were on every side. To-day, perhaps, no traffic is more dense or continuous than that which passes its gates daily, hourly, and every minute.

Statistics are always dull; and to be told that it has 776 beds, that it treated 11,337 in-patients last year, and that 2570 children under twelve years old received medical care, conveys but a feeble notion of the ever-active, never-ceasing work which is going on within its walls day and night.

But I will tell you what particularised it

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A CHAT WITH THE DOCTOR.

in my memory as I walked through the wards, each one more spotlessly clean and brighter than its fellows,—and that was the ward for Jews. This is a speciality peculiar to the London Hospital alone, and necessary indeed in a district which is permeated with Jews of every nationality. It is not only that they have their kin beside them, but their food is prepared in their own kitchen according to the tenets of their own religion; the Sabbath is observed according to the law of Moses, every rite is strictly adhered to, and they can have their rabbis and priests to visit them from the synagogue.

It is a picturesque sight to go through the Jewish male and female wards and see the dusky faces reclining on the snowy pillows, in many cases the head encircled with a cloth of various colours, and the great dark eyes watching all that is going on, though maybe the patient can only speak in some Eastern language, and has to depend on signs to be understood.

Their special kitchen is cosy and complete, but somehow has an air which distinguishes it from the one belonging to the Gentiles. It was presided over by a demure maid, who scarcely liked, I thought, that a Christian should step into her domain.

The house governor (who most courteously took me over the place) asked her, for me—

"You are a Jew, of course?"

She shook her head emphatically.

He raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "Not a Jew! how's that? have you been converted lately?"

"I am a Jew*ess*," she replied, dimpling into smiles, determined to teach the Christian her correct appellation.

There is quite a nice garden with trees, and the nurses are very proud of the separate rooms allotted to them. The nursing staff consists of 276 members, and their department is quite a colony in itself.

The London Hospital has no paying patients, St. Thomas's has—not that any comparison could be made, for they are run on totally different lines. To walk about the latter is a revelation in itself. Though the immense blocks are isolated but for the main corridor, there is a corresponding tunnel in the basement, which has side communications by stairs and lifts; and, after some complicated travelling, I was not surprised to hear that no one person was supposed to be equally at home in every part of St. Thomas's; I can quite believe it. Spaciousness is the prevailing tone, whether in the lofty kitchens, the wide corridors, or the well-ventilated wards. Its founders would do well to see it now; the bundles of straw once provided for beds are conspicuous by their absence, and it

THE PET OF THE HOSPITAL.
[*Drawn by* HARRY FURNISS.]

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would be amusing to watch the face of a "reglar dosser" if asked to make his couch of such nowadays. And medicines,—would the most ignorant coster girl be put off with a concoction of daisies for a bad eye, or walnuts for the brain, because they were supposed to resemble it in shape? The diet, too, was indeed sparse, according to an old deed still in existence: a few ounces of bread and beef, or bread and mutton, alternating with broth, and washed down with beer, and perhaps a milk pottage for a change!

The modern building was opened in 1871, and it is worthy of remark that the institution has kept very much to the original intention of the good monks, who worked hard for the "halt, the maimed, the blind" so far back as the thirteenth century. Now the halt, the maimed, the blind flock from even farther distances, at an average of 650 daily; while perhaps the most notable development of modernity is the department for the treatment of insanity in its early stages—a treatment which has often saved a patient from detention in an asylum for life.

TAKING HER INSTRUCTIONS.

The operating theatres are most perfect of their kind. One never enters such places without a chill, but really these are so superbly fitted up with every latest contrivance to assuage pain, and perform the most delicate operation with every chance of success, that apprehension is overpowered by wonder at the strides science has made. The glass tanks, the sealed cases of dressings, the catgut ligatures, the germ destroyers, are but a few of the evidences that men of brain never tire in giving of their very best to bring to its greatest perfection this branch of the healing art.

The story of the Middlesex Hospital is a pretty one. It was founded in 1745, for sick and lame people, at Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, but in 1755 the first stone of the present structure was laid. The spirit of charity broadened, and, with fresh funds, a wider sphere of benevolence was inaugurated. During the French Revolution the western wing of the hospital was thrown open to the emigrant clergy who were destitute, and surely the hospital deserved the friends it has found for an act which won the everlasting gratitude of the recipients.

I suppose we are all susceptible to first impressions, and the day I went over the Middlesex the sun was flooding the wards and corridors with genial warmth and brightness; the air was deliciously scented with the profusion of flowers which decorated every available table and window; the patients seemed to feel the influence of the day, and lay smiling and placid; while the nurses, with an extra bit of brightness in their faces, moved about active and alert, looking as if their work was a real pleasure.

True to my resolution of just picking out, where possible, one distinguishing feature, I concentrated my attention on the cancer wards, which are unique, because here, and here alone, may incurable sufferers find a home till merciful death beckons them beyond the grave. Knowing they are here for life, and that no more need they fear about maintenance for the future, or dread the changing about from one institution to

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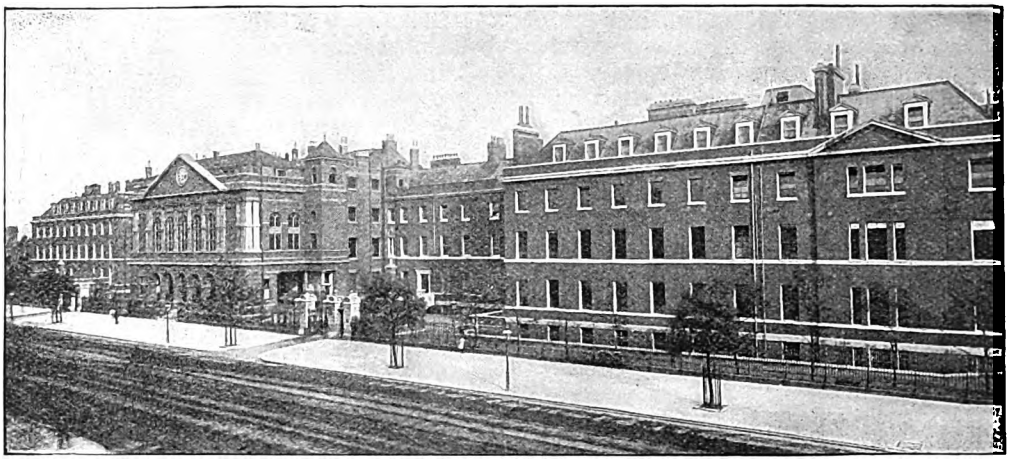


THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

the other, gives a look of peace and contentment to their faces which is observable even by a casual visitor; and the attendants seem to take every pains to mitigate the sad lot of the sufferers, and to put what pleasures they may enjoy constantly in their way.

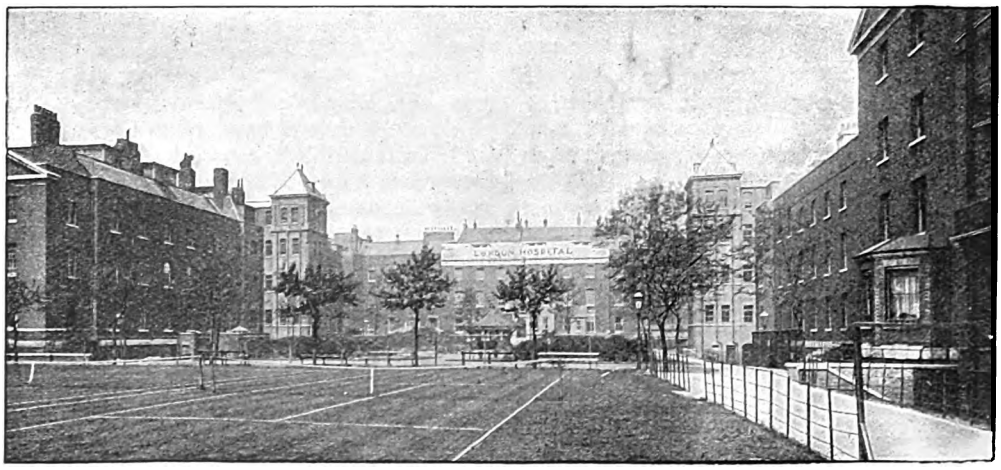
There are three cancer wards for women, at present holding thirty-five patients, and one ward for men, of whom there are nine. A sitting-room has been provided for the latter, with a large bow-window overlooking the garden, and here they may sit and smoke and read as long as they are well enough to hold themselves up.

The chapel is remarkably beautiful, the walls being inlaid with variegated alabaster. It was the gift of Miss Mary Ann Leicester, but the interior is still incomplete.

The authorities are very proud of their teak flooring, which is, they maintain, vastly superior to the ordinary wood for cleanliness, non-absorbency, and endurance. The Middlesex was the first hospital to use electric light, and has a convalescent home at Clacton-on-Sea.

Another feature deserves mention. In 1812 the Samaritan Fund was established, whereby temporary assistance can be given to the necessitous when they are discharged, especially cripples. Only the poor know what they suffer, when, after a period of warmth and nourishment, they are turned out penniless and destitute, and all the more likely to succumb from the previous comparative luxury.

In the out-patient department is a peculiarity which bids fair to be popular. There is a temperance refreshment-bar, where,



THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

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while waiting for their turn, patients may while away the time with a modest cup of tea and bun, or piece of cake. The little ones patronise the innovation largely, and their parents are not far behind them.

What did I like best at Guy's?

I must confess the kitchens won my heart. Such appetising dinners were going up in the lift, and such a clean comely cook was presiding over the culinary preparations. The dispensary, too, is an attractive place; it is kept so well stored with mysterious-looking bottles which line shelf after shelf, and fill case after case. A man in a white cap was stirring a fragrant mess in a caldron, which I essayed to taste, as it seemed to partake of the nature of jam; but I refrained when the stirrer grimly remarked that it was ointment.

That was somewhere near the basement. Mounting right to the top, we came to a long sky-lighted room, which would have made a first-rate studio, but which turned out to be a dentistry. Several persons were under the torture, some lying on couches, some bolt upright with their heads in a vice, but all with such an expression of pain on their features it gave one toothache to watch them.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

Guy's Hospital covers seven acres of ground, and roofs nine hundred souls. It is the third in point of age, and originally was an offspring of St. Thomas's, being founded by Guy, one of its governors. Everyone knows it is situated not far from London Bridge, in the midst of dirt and squalor and turmoil, and the weary grind for bread which is going on all around it. It stands aloof with an air more monastic than many of the institutions designed and originated by monks. Its shallow staircases, and panelled rooms with their floral ceilings, take one back to a former generation; while the exquisite tomb in the hospital chapel, by Francis Bacon, representing Thomas Guy bending towards a beggar—evidently one of the poorest of God's creatures—makes one realise that great thoughts and large hearts exist in every century, and defy time to annihilate the beneficent results which flow continually therefrom. In the magnificent pile of buildings of mixed architectural date and design, it is easy to trace the progress of Guy's as it was to Guy's as it is. The oldest part consists of the two quadrangles and colonnade, still called "Guy's House," where the surgical wards are now. In 1738 the eastern wing was built, and is pointed to as the purest type existing of the second George's architecture. The western wing was completed in 1780. Then other wings were added, and a museum was established, school buildings added, laboratories attached; and so it grew into a huge mammoth, unwieldy and irregular to some eyes, perhaps, but to those who are allowed to see somewhat of its internal mechanism an ever-increasing source of wonder, at the never-flagging good which is going on so quietly in this "hive of healing."

A recent in-patient thus describes his stay in the men's ward:—"In the Naaman Ward are twenty-two beds, and each inmate has had to undergo, or will have, an operation. Like the ruins of the American tourist, we are all 'so dreadfully out of repair.' The seven ages are represented—from the wasted boy with the shattered hip to 'Old Dad,' the sturdy Yorkshireman, in his eighty-eighth year, who went through his operation like a brick, describing the anæsthetic apparatus as a 'rusty tin can held to my nose, foller'd by a choking sensation.'" More precise, perhaps, was another man's definition: "It was for 'all the world like inhaling from a football.'"

St. Bartholomew's, or Bart's, has been the good angel of Smithfield since the days of Henry the First, when one Rahere had a vision commanding him to erect a house of God in the unclean marsh of Smithfield. He

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did more,—he added a hospital placed in the charge of eight brothers and four sisters, who attended to the "poore sykke and nedy," being allowed as a source of income the proceeds of the fair held on St. Bartholomew's Day—an ancient custom which held its ground till 1855. In Henry the Eighth's time the hospital had 100 beds, now it has 700. It is still so steeped in old associations that the present only brings back more vividly the past. You are shown a staircase decorated by Hogarth, who was born close by. You are reminded that the illustrious Harvey was one of its physicians. With great pride is preserved a Roman sarcophagus, dug up with its leaden case intact when laying the new foundation in 1877. And all the time one is *hearing* of monkish days and mediæval modes, one is *seeing* ward after ward of white-sheeted beds, rooms well lighted and smelling of cleanliness, the latest scientific apparatus for relieving pain, or the most modern invention for promoting the comfort of patients; and, over and above all, hangs the shadow of the cloister and the cowl, for, however much gratitude is due to the living, it is primarily owed to the almost forgotten dead.

In picturesque contrast to the mouldy past is the brilliant newness of the Charing Cross Hospital, the plan of which was only projected in 1822. No traditions cling about its origin—there is almost a glare of up-to-dateness about its arrangements and its details. But, like most others, it requires enlargement to keep up to the tax upon its needs. At present it consists of ten large wards and three small ones, the night-accident ward being, sensibly, on the ground floor. The top storey is fitted solely for sick children, and no sight is prettier than to see these tiny dots, in their flannel night-dresses, sitting up in bed playing with toys or nursing dolly, but never too much engrossed to be averse to a chat with a stranger. One wee mite of some four years was very friendly, and confided to me that she was too old for dollies, but did not mind a live baby or two. When asked if she liked her medicine, she remarked, "I like my medicine better than my tea;" and it came out that she was an arch coquette, and would do for the doctor what she would not for the nurse.

There is no space left to speak of other "homes of pity" the managers of which are silently struggling on, burdened with financial difficulties, but manfully striving to breast the waves for the sake of the poor, the diseased, the afflicted. To all the men and women who, filled with love, give their lives to this work, the words quoted below will have a meaning deep and calm as the waves of a summer sea:—

Pity stands with outstretched hands,
Pity loves—she understands,
Pity saves the soul astray,
And softly wipes the tears away.

Pity soothes and pity yearns,
Pity heals the heart's deep burns,
Pity bends o'er those who die,
And carries them to God on high.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

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"ONE of the richest women in England!" said Honor Creed to herself.

It was early summer, and there was a full chorus of bird-voices in the trees of Lincoln's Inn; Honor could hear the sweet wild music soaring over her head as she stepped out of her lawyer's office into the square. She heard it still when she was seated in a hansom, and yet it seemed to her that she was deaf to everything but those astounding words, spoken in Mr. Lorton's sedate voice—

"You are one of the richest women in England."

As the hansom rolled on she looked down suddenly upon her black dress with a feeling of angry pain. If this immense fortune had only come to her twenty years ago her whole life would have been changed; instead of a dreary woman, left alone in the world at forty-five, she might have been a happy matron with boys and girls to provide for, and a husband to share her prosperity. She had always known (or rather suspected) that her father was a man of means; but who could have imagined him to be the possessor of this enormous wealth? No luxury had ever been lacking in his quiet household; her own allowance was extremely liberal; she had not cared to spend half of the money that he had given her with an ungrudging hand. She had felt quite sure that he spent large sums in charity, but he had never taken her into his confidence, and she had learnt for the first time to-day that he had been a great public benefactor, personally known to very few. Oh, he was a strange man! It was a curious thing to have lived with a father for forty-five years and find out all about him after he was dead.

It did not occur to her that she might have known more if she had tried to know. She went back again over the long past to her twenty-fifth birthday, when Derrick Fletcher had asked her to be his wife. She could remember that day as distinctly as if it had been yesterday; the old gladness leaped up again in her heart; the blood warmed her cheeks at the mere remembrance of her great joy. Once more she was young, with all a woman's possibilities transfigured in the glorious haze of the future; once more she could wear the white gown and gold-coloured ribbons which went so well with her dark eyes and fresh brown face. How these memories mocked her as she sat alone in the hansom with her black-gloved hands resting on the folds of her sable dress! She caught a quick glimpse of herself reflected in the strip of looking-glass at the side of the cab, and saw a grim dark visage frowning under the crèpe bonnet and veil.

It was her father who had blighted the promise of her youth, and sent Derrick away from her side for ever. He had asked stupid and perplexing questions about young Fletcher's means and habits of life. And Derrick, the handsome ardent lover, had frozen under that chilling investigation, and had written a sad little letter to Honor, saying that he was compelled to resign her at the bidding of Mr. Creed.

She had never forgiven her father for the

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destruction of that early dream. As years came and went, and people whispered that Miss Creed was not a sociable or attractive woman, she accepted her place as a spinster, and felt a grim satisfaction in saying that she would never marry. It seemed that men were not disposed to shake her resolution: if suitors ever hovered around her they mentioned their desires to Mr. Creed alone, and he had found it wise to abstain from speaking of marriage to his daughter. He was kind and gentle to her always,—that she had never denied,—but he had stood between her and happiness. Supposing that Derrick had developed extravagant tastes, would it have mattered very much? This prodigious fortune would surely have covered any amount of extravagance; and yet Mr. Creed had talked about considering his child's future as if he could not give her more than a thousand a year!

There was still a hot glow of resentment burning in her heart when she reached her home in Regent's Park. The house should be sold as soon as possible, she thought, looking about her with tearless eyes; she had lived there far too long; it was time to seek fresh scenes and associations. Not that she expected to enjoy herself if she went away—it was far too late in life to do that; but it would be healthier to live in a new sphere, and begin a new chapter; nothing was worse for mind and body than stagnation.

"One of the richest women in England." The words were ringing in her ears like a chime as she wandered from room to room. One of the richest, yes, and one of the loneliest: if she owned any relations, they were distant cousins living on the other side of the world. She had been a mere child when her mother died, and all these long forty-five years she had lived in this large quiet house with the father who was gone.

The place was a true Londoner's paradise: from the windows she looked down the long alleys of an extensive garden, shady with fine old trees, and bright with carefully-tended flowers. The chestnuts were in bloom; long golden pendants hung from laburnum boughs; the air was heavy with the odour of the syringa. All at once her fancy conjured up the bowed grey-haired figure of the old man slowly pacing his favourite path under the flowery branches, and then she burst into a sudden storm of tears.

The fit of honest crying did her good, and cooled the hot anger of her lonely heart; but it left her strangely tired and weak. She needed change of air and scene; it would be wise to get away at once; but where was she to go? A swift remembrance answered the mental question, and presented her with a picture of another garden, more than sixty miles from London, where there were deeper shadows and wilder flowers, and a cool river flowing at the end of the grounds. This garden belonged to a drowsy old inn in a peaceful village which her father had discovered years ago. He had taken a strong liking to the place, and had stayed there with Honor.

Yes, she would go to Mallowdean the very next day, and send a telegram to announce her coming. She wrote the message at once, touched the bell, and gave directions to her maid.

"We shall start early to-morrow morning, Harrison," she said. "There is a train about nine. You will pack, and I shall go to bed soon after dinner. If I were to remain here another day I should have an illness."

"You are looking very sadly, ma'am," said the woman gravely.

Honor was feeling sadly enough, but the thought of escape revived her. Arrangements were quickly made in that orderly household; the servants were to be trusted; no one was surprised at her desire for a sudden flight. She wrote a brief note to Mr. Lorton, telling him where she might be found, and then went to her room to lie awake and count the hours till morning.

The noonday sun was glaring down upon the village when the travellers alighted at the door of the old inn. There were no changes since Honor had stayed here last; the old house was as shady and still as ever, enfolded in a veil softly woven of brightness and shade, and remote enough from other dwellings for nothing to disturb its seclusion. Every room seemed filled with an atmosphere of peace; sweet airs and murmurs drifted in through the open windows, lulling her with such gentle influences that she ceased to wonder what she should do with her money. It soothed her to watch the old-fashioned garden fade in summer twilight; the warm colours grew dim, the bird-notes were hushed, and the poor rich woman went quietly to sleep with all the simple living things, and shared their tranquil rest.

A light rain fell in the night, and Honor awoke to find herself in a fresh morning world. No London garden could ever give her the exquisite sense of untainted sweetness which revived her here. She did not care to stay indoors; the trees and flowers invited her to come and muse among them;

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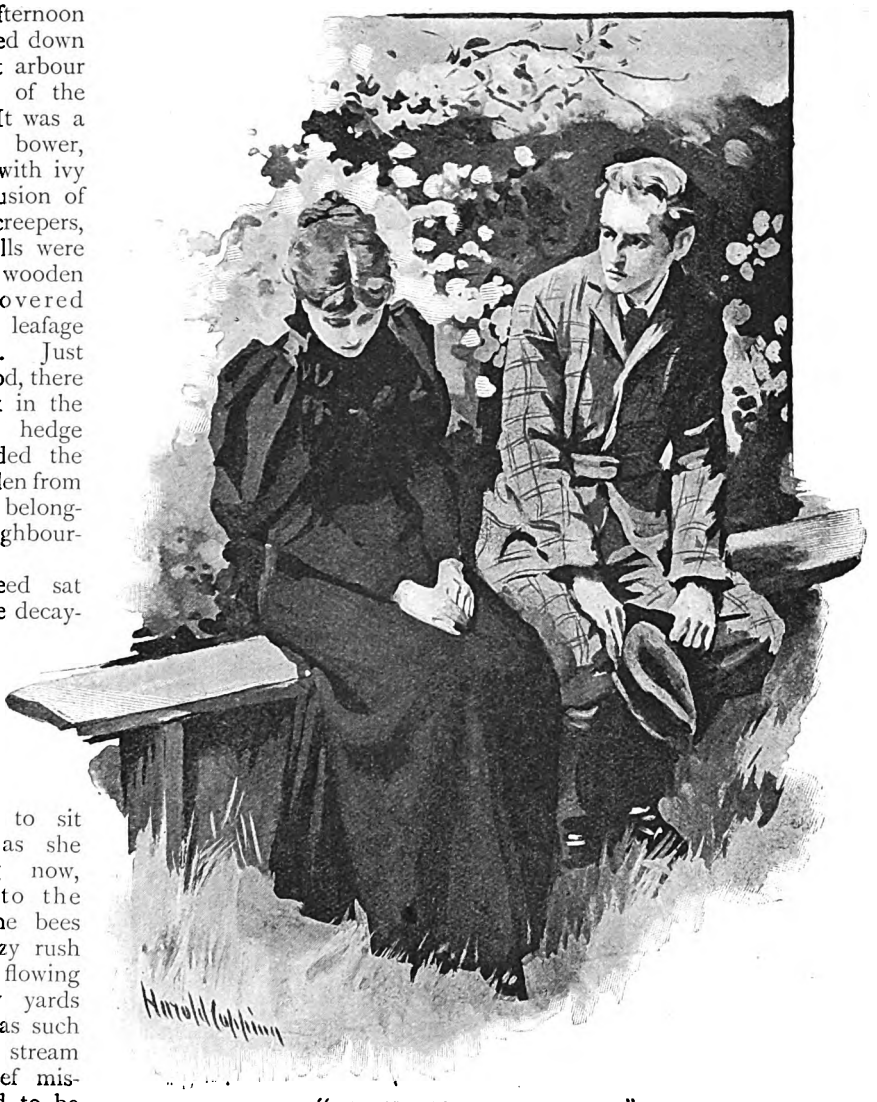
and in the afternoon she sauntered down to a quaint arbour at the end of the grounds. It was a charming bower, overgrown with ivy and a confusion of flowery creepers, and the walls were formed by a wooden lattice covered thickly with leafage and bloom. Just where it stood, there was a break in the straggling hedge which divided the old inn-garden from the orchard belonging to a neighbouring farm.

Miss Creed sat down on the decaying seat, remembering that this had been her father's chosen nook. He had loved to sit here, just as she was sitting now, listening to the drone of the bees and the lazy rush of the river flowing only a few yards away. It was such a sluggish stream that its chief mission seemed to be to soothe a worried spirit to repose; Honor had often knelt on its steep bank and reached down for the forget-me-nots, which could seldom be grasped save at the risk of plunging in. Her eyelids began to grow heavy; past and present, river and bees, made a drowsy song in her brain, and she floated quietly off into a land of dreams. A sweet voice roused her suddenly from her doze—a voice that had in it a thrill of passionate pain.



"I WISH I COULD FORGET *YOU*."

"Basil, is this true?" it said. "Do you really mean that you must leave me? Don't you realise that I am alone in the world, and that I have been praying and longing for you to come?"

"I do realise it all, my dear child," answered another voice, husky with embarrassment and trouble. "You don't know what it costs me to tell you such a bitter truth; but as a matter of fact there is only one course open. I am a poor man; and you—have nothing!"

"A very little; not enough to live upon. But you used to say that you longed to work for me, Basil!"

"Yes, Susie; a man always makes a fool of himself when he is in love; but I don't quite see what I can do to earn a decent living for us both. It's not so easy as it seems. Naturally, I thought that you would be well provided for when—when"—

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"Poor dear father!" There was a stifled sob and a pause. "I used to fear that there was something on his mind before he died. Oh, if he had only had the strength to tell me that all his money was gone! It was such a cruel shock to learn that I was poor; but, Basil, I trusted in you; it was the thought of you that kept me up."

"Yes, dear; and I love you awfully still—indeed I do. But there's only one course open, you see, as I've been saying all through. It's rough on us both, Susie; and—and—I shall never forget you as long as I live."

"I wish I could forget *you*." The words were spoken with an intensity of bitterness which made Honor start from her seat. She moved softly, and peered through an opening in the lattice which divided the speakers from herself.

A girl and a young man were sitting side by side in a tangle of white roses. The girl was beautiful; her sweet pale face, crowned with a rippling mass of golden-brown hair, looked all the fairer against her black dress. The man was fair too, and had clean-cut features, and a pair of small blue eyes which seemed curiously familiar to Honor. When and where had she seen those twinkling blue eyes before? The pair were so close to her that she could have touched them if the lattice had not come between; the bench on which they sat was placed at the back of the arbour, just within the bounds of the orchard.

"I'm afraid I must go, Susie," the man said, rising rather awkwardly from his seat, and grasping his hat with a nervous hand. "It's a long walk to the railway station, you know. Good-bye, dearest—good-bye, darling. It would be an immense comfort to hear you say that you forgive me."

"I don't forgive you. I never can."

Her face looked as if it had been cut in marble. He gave her one miserable glance, sighed audibly, and walked away up the orchard with a hang-dog aspect, until the trees hid him from view. Honor, the unsuspected witness, watched him with an irrepressible murmur of disgust, and then turned her attention to the one who was left behind. What was to be done? How could she help this stricken soul to face its future way?

The deserted girl sat motionless, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her hands loosely clasped and lying in her lap. Honor coughed, and rustled behind the lattice-work, but she did not seem to hear the sounds; and there was something so dreadful in this stillness that Miss Creed was wrought up to shout, or do some desperate thing to break the spell. She had left the summer-house, and was standing behind the low hedge, looking over at the rigid figure, when, quite suddenly, it rose to its feet.

"The river! The river!"

Honor never knew whether she merely thought the words or shrieked them out into the summer silence. She was vaguely conscious that two frantic women, with only a low hedge between them, were running down madly to the brink of the water; and then came the inevitable leap and splash, followed by another leap and another splash as Miss Creed sprang in to the rescue.

She was an athletic woman, with a good deal of the Amazon in her composition, and she had learnt to swim. Fortunately, her clothing was light, her limbs were strong, and she kept her head clear. As the pale girl's face rose to the surface she seized the thick masses of golden hair and held it above water with all the strength that she possessed. Suddenly from the bank above came a hearty voice; a man's face looked down, and then a rope came dashing into the stream.

"Hold on steady, now," he shouted, "and we'll pull ye both up together."

And they were both pulled out together, saviour and saved—the one spent, breathless, but conscious; the other cold and still. A carter and his lad, moving slowly with their waggon on the opposite bank, had heard the splash of the two bodies in the river, and had caught Honor's cry for help. The two dripping women were put into the waggon and conveyed back to the inn across the bridge in the village.

"Don't fuss about me, Harrison," Honor said to her anxious maid. "Just attend to the young lady, and let me know when she recovers."

While her mistress was getting into her dry clothes, Harrison was bringing the pale girl back to life. They had carried her into the spare room next to the one occupied by Miss Creed, and the landlady had recognised her as "that poor Miss Lawrence whose father had been buried about three weeks ago." Father and daughter had come down from London in April, and had taken apartments at Orchard Farm, on account of the former's failing health. After his death the daughter had stayed on until her future course could be decided upon. She was very quiet and gentle, and had won the goodwill of all those who had gathered round her in her sorrow.

Honor was not any the worse for her wetting, and her mind was so busy with the forlorn girl upstairs that she had not a

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thought to spare on herself. She dined at seven, and strolled out again into the old garden while the glow of the sunset was lingering over it still. A little wind had risen, blowing the white rose-petals over the low hedge and scattering them at her feet. She bent across to gather a spray of the roses that clustered round the lovers' seat; and then her glance rested on a folded paper caught and held by the bushes.

In a moment it was in her hand unfolded, and she stood still to read its contents in the golden evening light. It was a note, written in a handwriting which she knew quite well.

"DEAR BASIL,"—it ran,—"There's only one thing to do: you must give up Susie, and get the parting over as quickly as possible. Old Lawrence's affairs had been in a muddle some time before he died; I wish I had known this sooner, but I was quite misled. I am sorry for the girl, but the match is not to be thought of; I have not a cent to give you, and your mother is a greater screw than ever.—Your affectionate father,

"DERRICK FLETCHER."

A hot flush was burning on Honor's cheeks as she stood there alone, holding the letter from her old lover to his son. It was for this man that she had led a dreary life for years, wasting her youth in a long regret. Worse still, it was for his worthless sake that she had misjudged her father, keeping herself aloof from him in spirit,—her father, whose vindication was written in these very lines, discovered after he had passed beyond her reach!

But was he indeed beyond her reach? She did not know; but it seemed as if a veil had been suddenly withdrawn from her eyes. No miracle had been wrought; she had forgotten herself and her own interests, and thought only of the poor girl whose life she had saved. And this simple change in her had opened a door into another world. Hidden things were made plain; she saw the work that she had to do, and knew that in doing it faithfully she could atone for the miserable past.

"That lonely girl upstairs is *my* girl," she said to herself. "I must go and talk to her as only one woman can talk to another. Nothing ought to be concealed between her and me." It was a good sign in Honor that she recognised the strong bond of human sisterhood.

Susie Lawrence was lying on the bed in the old-fashioned lavender-scented room, and wondering feebly why she hadn't been drowned. She knew that she had done a very absurd thing, and had jumped into the river in a state of frenzy; and now she felt exactly as if she were waking up after her own funeral. She was not yet twenty, and as she lay there it did vaguely occur to her that she had been in a great hurry to quit the world. Wouldn't it have been wiser if she had waited a little, just to see if it were indeed such an unendurable place as it seemed to be?

No one seemed to have the least idea that she had not slipped into the water by accident. She was petted quite beyond her deserts; for now that common-sense was awaking she began to see herself as a thankless trumpery little thing, who had been so dominated by one feeling that she had refused to let anything else into her mind. Harrison's voice by her side, speaking in a subdued key, asked softly if she were feeling better.

"Much better, thank you," replied Susie, with all the energy that she could command.

"Then perhaps, miss, you are well enough to see my mistress? She would like to have a talk with you when you can bear it," said the maid.

It was almost dusk when Honor came quietly into the bedroom, but there was light on the beautiful young face upon the pillows. Susie's smile and eager words of gratitude were evidently genuine; she was in her right mind, ready to listen to anything that Miss Creed had to say.

"My dear," began Honor, "I have to tell you something which will surprise you very much. I come to you as a stranger, and yet I know your story from beginning to end. Basil Fletcher's father was once my lover, Susie; and he gave me up because my father would not give him all the money he wanted with me. You see, Derrick Fletcher would not take me unless I was very thickly gilded. It's not a flattering confession to make, but I have outlived a good deal of pardonable vanity."

"Oh!" sighed Susie, pressing the hand that clasped hers, "do you know that Basil has left me because I am poor?"

"I know everything; I heard what you said to each other in the orchard to-day; I heard him say good-bye, and saw him go sneaking off like the coward that he is. And scarcely an hour ago I picked up this letter, written by the father to the son."

She lighted a candle and read the letter

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aloud; and when she had finished she put it into Susie's hand and kissed her.

"Sleep with it under your pillow, and be thankful," she said energetically. "I heard very little about Derrick after we parted; but there was a rumour that he had married a woman with money. She is the person to whom he refers as a great screw. I wonder what forcible epithet he would have applied to *me*, if I had been so unfortunate as to marry him!"

"It was a happy escape," said Susie. "And so was mine."

"Ah! I knew that you would say so. Life is full of these happy escapes; but when they come to us we call them terrible sorrows. The abyss that is smothered up in flowers is an abyss all the same, although its hideous depth and blackness may be hidden from our eyes. And now, Susie, I shall ask you to give yourself to me?"

"To you?" said the girl wonderingly. "I am afraid I should be an encumbrance. You see, I am quite poor, and I must get strong and go to work."

"You shall work as hard as you please," Miss Creed replied. "But perhaps you won't mind doing the work that I can give you. There is such a heavy burden pressing on my shoulders that I must get some help from a trusty hand. It doesn't do to open one's money-bags and fling their contents about the world; if you play at being Tom Tiddler, the wrong people are very sure to pick up your gold and silver."

By degrees Susie began to realise what was required of her. Hope was a good tonic, and she was soon well enough to come downstairs, feeling heartily ashamed when good folks lamented her sad accident. Harrison, acting under directions, had packed up her drenched frock and sent it to a famous West End firm; and Susie was told to ask no questions about it. If she wondered what had become of that woe-begone gown, her curiosity was speedily satisfied. It came back from Evans in company with several other gowns, distinctly Parisian in style, and delightfully becoming. Best of all, the things fitted her as well as if they had been turned out by an establishment of fairies, and she began her new career as Miss Creed's companion and friend with every possible advantage.

"Now that you have some decent clothes, we'll say good-bye to Mallowdean," Honor said. "It will do you good to see fresh people and new scenes; and, Susie, don't be too sorrowful when you take leave of your father's grave. Sometimes we have to thank the dead for their greatest mistakes; they have served us better by their blunders than they ever could have done by their success."

Ill news is not the only kind of news that flies apace. The Fletchers, father and son, were men who always kept their ears open, and before that eventful summer was over they had heard of the change in Susie's life. But it was not until rather late in autumn that the girl and her first lover met again.

After all, Honor had decided not to sell the house in Regent's Park, and after months of absence it was good to come back to the beautiful old rooms, filled with such marquetries, carvings, and pictures as one does not see every day.

One afternoon, when the last sunshine of the year was gilding the faded trees in the Park, Mr. Fletcher and Basil called together on Miss Creed. The son was slightly nervous; the father, in high feather, felt confident that everything would come right; "old broth was sooner warmed than new broth made;" there was no earthly reason why Susie, with her sweet nature, should shut her ears to the voice of her heart. He was surprised at Basil's desponding mood, and told him, rather sharply, to pluck up a little spirit before they entered the house.

They were shown into a charming room, where a fire of logs was crackling between the polished firedogs on a wide hearth. Warm colours glowed here and there in the shadows; quaint vases were filled with hothouse flowers, and there was an air of quiet luxury in the apartment, which Mr. Fletcher thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

"Honor Creed always had plenty of good taste," he muttered into his son's ear. "No bumptious display of wealth here; just the right amount of restraint! For pity's sake, Basil, don't look as if you had come to get a horsewhipping! Hold up your head like a man!"

The door opened; Basil's craven heart gave a pitiful throb, and the two women entered together.

If he had felt sheepish before, the young man was ten times sillier now that he was brought face to face with his lost love. Watchful kindness, change of air and scene, and ease of mind, had developed Susie's beauty in a wonderful way. She was so tall, so gracefully clad in soft black silk, and so distinguished a person altogether, that the last spark of pluck in Basil's bosom went out, and he acquitted himself so ignominiously that no girl in her senses could have thought anything of him. Honor, secretly

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glorying in his discomfiture, met Mr. Fletcher with perfect self-possession.

She was no longer a grim regretful woman. A contented mind is a great beautifier even to a spinster of forty-five, and Honor had unconsciously grown quite handsome while she was looking after Susie. Her cheeks had filled out, and her brown eyes had a bright look of peace. There was a little talking; Mr. Fletcher ventured on some sentimental reference to the past, and was met by a baffling smile. Then he said something, in a subdued voice, about his son's deep and unconquerable affection for Miss Lawrence, and this time there was a distinct flash from the brown eyes.

"Susie," said Honor calmly, "we mustn't forget that Mr. Basil Fletcher dropped a letter when you saw him last. I think it had better be restored to him."

"Here it is," said Susie, holding it out in a firm little white hand. "It had no envelope when Miss Creed picked it up, so she couldn't help reading it, you see."

"FOR PITY'S SAKE, BASIL, DON'T LOOK AS IF YOU HAD COME TO GET A HORSEWHIPPING!"

As soon as Derrick Fletcher's eyes fell on that luckless letter he knew that the game was over. Basil, pale and shaky, received it with a few inarticulate words, and everybody felt that it was time to put an end to an embarrassing situation.

"Call a hansom? No, sir, certainly not," snapped the elder man when they were fairly

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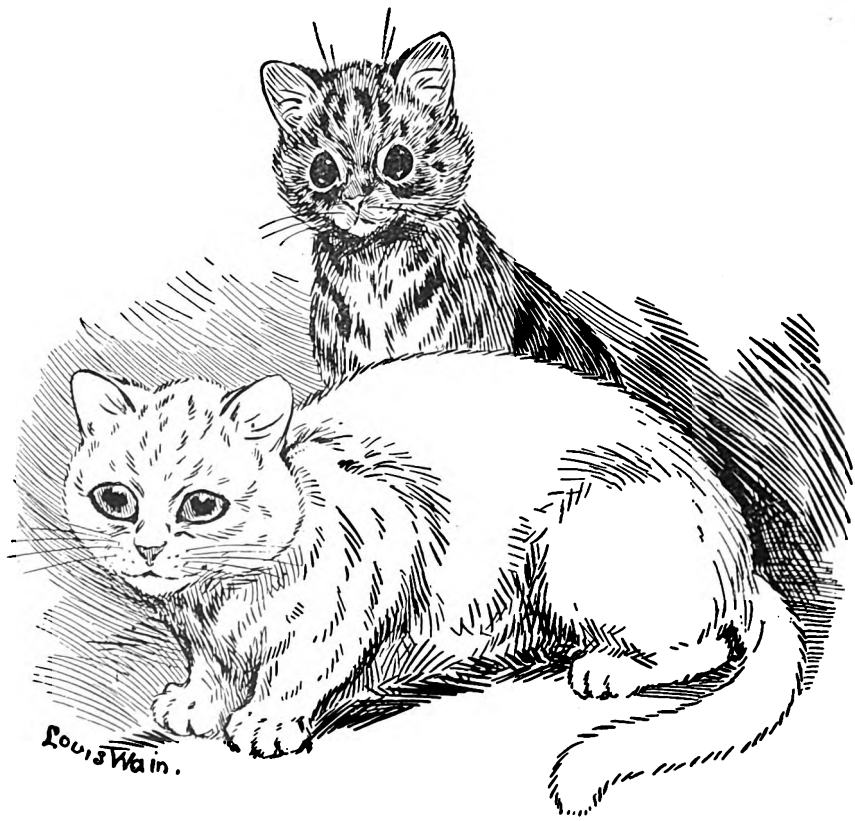
outside the house. "It's not at all likely that you'll ever be able to afford anything better than a 'bus. Don't you know that you are the biggest fool that walks? Why couldn't you have put my note into the fire instead of dropping it right at the girl's feet?"

"Why couldn't you have let me go my own way?" retorted the other in a passion. "If it hadn't been for you and your heartless conduct I should have been engaged to her still. You interfere in my life and make a mess of it, and then you throw all the blame on me!"

There was nothing irrational in these remarks; and Mr. Fletcher, tramping along in the gathering dusk, began to be distinctly conscious that he *had* made a mess of his own life as well as his son's. From first to last he had devoted himself to the worship of Mammon, and had got astonishingly little for his pains. Mrs. Fletcher held the strings of the family purse, and loosened them with a grudging hand. It would have been better, far better, if he had gone honestly to work, and proved to old Mr. Creed that he was worthy to be trusted with Honor and her fortune.

"But I couldn't have done it," he acknowledged mentally. "It wasn't in me; and he knew that it wasn't. And it isn't in Basil either, so there's no use in kicking him because I have given him my nature. Getting foggy, isn't it, my boy?" he added aloud. "Keep up your pluck; there's plenty of fish in the sea. Hi, hansom!"



"WAS THAT A DOG?"
[*Drawn for* THE TEMPLE *by* LOUIS WAIN.]

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By A. E. Fletcher

Late Editor of the "Daily Chronicle"

Gambling may be defined as the art of enriching yourself at the expense of your neighbour. It is therefore, as Mr. Herbert Spencer points out, unsocial; that is to say, it is antagonistic to all that makes the life of communities tolerable. If all men and women were gamblers, civilised society could not exist. Social order depends upon the recognition of the principle of altruism or consideration for others, but gambling is the quintessence of selfishness. It is the expression of the worst kind of individualism—the individualism which demands payment without service. Betting and gaming clubs have been well called gambling "hells." A veritable reign of hell upon earth would be established were mankind generally dominated by the passion fostered in these hotbeds of avarice and greed. I am aware, of course, that a code of "honour" exists among gamblers. There is also honour among thieves. It is the "honour," however, of self-protection, not of self-sacrifice, and, so far from redeeming the viciousness of gambling, merely emphasises it. Honest men would have a much better chance of coming by their own if there were no "honour" amongst thieves. There is no word in the language more abused than this word "honour." It covers a multitude of mean and contemptible acts. The man who gets into financial difficulties with his tradespeople in order to discharge so-called debts of honour is a thief of the worst type. He robs the man who has rendered him honourable service, to meet a claim which it was dishonourable to incur. A story is told of Charles James Fox, that when pressed by a tradesman to settle a long-standing account, he urged, in excuse for further delay, that he had heavy debts of honour to pay. The tradesman tore up the bill, saying, "It is a debt of honour." Fox paid up at once—a very laudable proceeding on his part. I fail to see, however, that it was at all creditable to the genius of a great statesman that he should have regarded the settlement of a tradesman's bill as less obligatory upon him than the payment of money that he was foolish enough to risk and lose at the gaming-table. It is by no means the least evil of gambling, whether practised by great states-

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men or great rascals, that it creates a false idea of moral rectitude.

According to Mr. Ruskin, however, all debts are dishonourable. He is almost as severe upon those who give or take credit in business as he is upon gamblers. In Letter xxvi. of *Fors Clavigera* he says: "I hear from those of my acquaintances who are unhappy enough to be engaged in commercial undertakings that their correspondents are 'failing in all directions.' Failing! What business has *any*body to fail? . . . This system of mercantile credit, invented simply to give power and opportunity to rogues, and enable them to live upon the wreck of honest men—was ever anything like it in the world before?" He expresses astonishment that commercial men should not be able to see this "plainest of all facts," that nobody gains one farthing by credit in the long-run. "It is precisely as great a loss to commerce that every seller has to wait six months for his money as it is a gain to commerce that every buyer should keep his money six months in his pocket. In reality there is neither gain nor loss, except by roguery when the gain is all to the rogue, and the loss to the true man. In all wise commerce, payment large or small should be over the counter. If you can't pay for a thing—don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it—don't sell it. So you will have calm days, drowsy nights, all the good business you have now, and none of the bad." It would hardly be possible, however, to do away with the credit system altogether, for there are many honest people who, unfortunately, are not good economists, and who, finding it convenient to take credit occasionally, thoughtlessly perpetuate a trade custom on which rogues thrive. The great evil of the credit system is that it encourages that form of gambling known as speculation. You can have very extensive dealings on the Stock Exchange on the credit system. You can buy thousands of pounds worth of stocks and shares for a mere nominal outlay. "Somebody must hold the baby" is a Stock Exchange phrase, but "the baby" is often passed on through a whole crowd of speculators before it reaches the arms of the unfortunate person who has finally to bear the burden of it. Now, it seems to me that gambling on the Stock Exchange is quite as bad as gambling on the turf. I am not sure that it is not even worse in its economic results. It may be difficult sometimes to draw the line between honest investment and gambling. There is a horizon, as Macaulay says, where the colours of virtue and vice appear to blend, and you cannot always tell where the one ends and the other begins. Mr. Ruskin, the most eloquent denouncer of the practice of taking interest for money since the time of the prophets and the apostles, frankly admits that he has invested heavily in bank shares. He did not, however, buy his shares "for the rise," or for any speculative purpose. A safe rule to follow is to take money only for service rendered. The speculator and the gambler render no service; they merely look out for themselves, regardless of the interests of their neighbours or of the community. Many volumes might be written on the evils to which Stock Exchange gambling leads. I will refer here only to one or two illustrations of the ruin recently wrought by men who have traded upon the mania for speculation which occasionally affects that vast number of foolish people who imagine they can make money without working for it. Ever since the Baring and Murietta and Trust smashes there has been a development of corrupt speculation, which Mr. A. J. Wilson tells us is unparalleled in modern times, and the result of this must, sooner or later, be disastrous.

There is no more remarkable feature of the gambling fever than the blind folly with which it affects its victims. They learn nothing from experience. I may illustrate this by what has happened recently in what we delight to call Greater Britain. Our Empire is now run by the Stock Exchange rather than by Downing Street. If you want evidence of this, I may refer you to what has happened quite recently in Australia and South Africa. If you want an object-lesson in the ruin wrought by gambling in shares as distinguished from gambling on horseraces, I need only summarise a chapter of the recent history of the city of Melbourne. Mr. Hogan, M.P., in his recently published book, *The Sister Dominions: Through Canada to Australia*, tells the story of the visit of a wealthy Melbournian from the Southern Hemisphere to the little Derbyshire village from which (through Lord Melbourne) the Victorian capital takes its name. The visitor astonished the villagers with his tales of the riches and magnificence of the new Melbourne that had sprung up in only a few years on the other side of the world. "Ah, well," said one of the village fathers, when the Australian gent had ended his glowing tale, "our Melbourne was here hundreds of years before yours, and will be here hundreds of years when yours has passed away. Such

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mushroom places as yours don't last." Mr. Hogan tells us that he felt as he strolled last year, after an absence of seven years, through this city of gamblers, that the Derbyshire villager's prophecy threatened to become true. He estimates that from 100,000 to 150,000 people had left the city within eighteen months after the collapse of the great land-boom. Streets that were busy hives of industry are now "simply long rows of silent, unoccupied, and dilapidated shops." In most of the suburbs of the city houses once highly rented could be had rent free, and in the city proper piles of buildings reared during the boom days are either tenantless or let at mere nominal rents. The present wreck and ruin of what used to be known as "marvellous Melbourne" would not have happened had her citizens contented themselves with the honest development of her natural resources, but unhappily they allowed themselves to be hypnotised by a ring of unscrupulous speculators, the result of whose operations is thus described by Mr. Hogan: "The craze for buying and re-selling city and suburban lands developed into downright mania. All classes of citizens from the highest to the lowest plunged into the whirlpool of speculation, and the great majority of them were, in the end, engulfed so completely that their heads are still under water, and years must elapse before, commercially speaking, they will be able to breathe freely again. When the boom was at its height, land and house property in Melbourne and its vicinity were artificially forced up to values vastly in excess of what they would bring if situated in the most eligible quarters of London. It was quite an ordinary occurrence to buy a property to-day and to re-sell it at an advance of £10,000 or £20,000 to-morrow. All the paddocks, farms, gardens, open spaces within a radius of twenty miles around Melbourne, were snapped up by syndicates, mapped out into subdivisional allotments, and disposed of by auction, in the presence of excited crowds of spectators brought to the spot in gorgeous vehicles, and regaled on arrival with champagne luncheons."

Of course a good many honest but foolish people were attracted to the boom by the distinguished men who helped to start it. The gentleman known as the "Prince of the Land Boomers" was a lavish contributor to the Melbourne Charities, and a "burnin' and a shinin' light to a' that place." Not only individuals lost their heads over the boom, but the banks and building societies speculated wildly upon it, and kept it going merry as a marriage-bell, until the bubble burst, and nearly everybody in the city was ruined. Hardly one even of the bosses of the boom came out of it in a solvent condition. Some of them are in jail, where many others ought to be. The "Prince of the Land Boomers," who during the boom occupied a gorgeous mansion, and entertained viceroys on a princely scale of magnificence, now lives in obscurity in a suburban cottage. The ruin wrought by the bursting of this great Australian bubble did not, however, arrest the spread of the gambling fever at home, where Stock Exchange operators, even at the time when thousands of workmen were trudging the streets of Melbourne clamouring for bread, had no difficulty in inaugurating a tremendous gamble in the interest of the Chartered Company. The extent to which this South African boom caught on affords remarkable evidence of the confiding nature of the British investor. I know of a stockbroker in a small provincial town (of less than 10,000 inhabitants) who made over £1000 in commission from foolish people who "watched the tape" in his office from day to day while the boom was on. It may not be out of place here to remind some of our good temperance friends who put their money into "Chartereds," that one of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's chief achievements in statecraft was the arrangement he made with the Dutch brandy farmers for giving the people of Cape Colony the blessings of alcohol duty free—a bargain which has doomed thousands of South African natives and many a promising English lad to an early grave.

Gambling on the Stock Exchange, however, is at present confined to the wealthy and the well-to-do classes, or, at anyrate, to those who have some small capital to work upon. The other form of gambling—betting on horseraces, football matches, prize fights, general elections, and other fine old English sports—is unfortunately becoming habitual with the working classes. Gambling on the turf is no longer an exclusively aristocratic vice. It involves consequences more far-reaching and disastrous than the ruin of young lords, like a certain Marquis (who lost a bet of £100,000 to a gentleman who is now one of Her Majesty's Ministers), or the young millionaires who have made a wreck of their fortunes and their lives, and sunk into a dishonoured grave ere they were well out of their teens. It is weakening the moral fibre of the youth and manhood of

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the nation. Unless something can be done to arrest the progress of this body-and-soul-destroying disease, it will have the same effect upon the onward march of society as the outbreak of a deadly malady has upon an army in the field. The bookmaker has invaded every town and village. He has found means to get his villainous work done, not only in the gambling hells and gin-shops, but in the schools and universities the warehouse, the factory, and the work-shop. As Mr. Hawke of the Anti-Gambling League tells us, bookmakers or their agents are now doing considerable business even with poor women and domestic servants. If the mothers of Britain take to gambling, by what kind of race will these islands be peopled in the future? Bookmakers "infest the streets and public-houses; they systematically waylay the wage-earning population on pay-days; they even glean the pocket-money of our day-school and Sunday-school children. Women and girls are employed as their subordinates to operate where the hands are principally females. Their great profits have given them a power of corrupting influence which has infected large sections of the police."

The gambling spirit, in fact, is pervading and corrupting almost every department of public and private life. Those who saw visions and dreamed dreams of the future of the British democracy at the time of the adoption of household suffrage and free and compulsory education must sometimes feel inclined to despair when they reflect that "wider freedom, saner laws" have not purified the classes of their vices, or prevented the masses from imitating them. I do not, however, despair of the future of the British workman, gloomy as the outlook for him is at present. I take courage from the fact that the Labour leaders are fully alive to the havoc which the spread of the gambling mania is making in the ranks of the industrial classes, and are doing their best to arrest it. The President of the Trades Union Congress at Norwich, two years ago, undoubtedly expressed the sentiment of representative workmen generally, when he declared that working men have more to fear from gambling and from drink than from all the forces which capitalists and monopolists combined can bring against them. Mr. John Burns, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Tom Mann, have sounded the alarm on this subject in the ears of many thousands of their fellows, and Mr. Blatchford, who has made noble sacrifices in the anti-gambling cause, is using his powerful influence to teach the workers the folly of indulgence in the betting habit. Not the least service that Mr. Blatchford and other serious thinkers of his school are rendering to the democracy is the effort they are making to modify the economic conditions which foster the growth of the gambling fever. The epidemic will not be stamped out until the passionate materialism fostered by reckless competition is cooled down, and until we make some advance towards a condition of things under which the workman will have joy and not sorrow in his work. Meantime, workmen would do well to remember that by patronising the bookmaker they are playing into the hands of the monopolists. It has been estimated that the cost of maintaining our racecourses, training and breeding establishments, is not less than £8,000,000 a year. This is exclusive of over £300,000 a year which is paid in stakes for winning horses. No estimate can be formed of the vast sum which is unproductively employed in laying and taking betting odds. The many millions of money that annually change hands in this country in betting transactions are so much capital withdrawn from industrial enterprise. There need not be a single unemployed worker in the land if this vast sum of money were devoted to some great industrial scheme, such as the reclamation of our foreshores, the afforestment of our 26,000,000 acres of waste land, or other practicable enterprises by which the earth could be made to yield its increase. The workman who bets is the enemy of his class, for he is helping to keep wages low and to support rogues and idlers, to say nothing of the risk he runs of breaking up homes and opening the fountains of women's and children's tears. Ruskin's warning to the young cadets at Woolwich applies equally to our young army of workers: "There is one way of wasting time—of all, the vilest, because it wastes not time only, but the interest and energy of your minds. Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites nearly every condition of folly and vice: you concentrate your interest on a matter of chance instead of upon a subject of true knowledge; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated

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with the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen —those who live by speculation. Were there no other ground for industry, this would be a sufficient one: that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice. Work faithfully, and you will put yourselves in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness—not such as can be won by the speed of a horse, or marred by the obliquity of a ball."

A GAMBLING CLUB.

It is not, however, the mere passing of money from one man's pocket to another's that is the chief evil of gambling. The great mischief of the habit is that it concentrates attention upon matters of chance. I have elsewhere pointed out that one reason why London and other great centres of industry in this country are reactionary as compared with the chief European cities, which are progressive, is that British workmen have become so absorbed in the study of sport, and especially of horseracing, that they have no time to take an intelligent interest in the serious problems of life. Continental workers have their faults, but they have not yet come to regard horseracing as the be-all and end-all of rational existence. Hence they would never tolerate the selection of their chief officers of state and other responsible public men from the ranks of the patrons of the turf — the companions of jockeys and stable-boys. What, asked the Paris *Figaro*, at the time that Ladas won the Derby, would be thought in France if its Prime Minister were to pocket thousands of pounds by running horses for the *Grand Prix*? In this virtuous country, however, we are content to go to the Jockey Club, not only for some of the chief advisers of the Queen, but for the Chancellors of our Universities, and for the Chairman of the great educational organisation responsible for the training of the future citizens of the capital of the Empire. These noble gentlemen of the Jockey Club whom we choose for our guides, philosophers, and friends, would no doubt be offended if I called them the

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proprietors of the greatest gambling hell in the country. The fact remains, however, that they own a certain institution on Newmarket Heath from which they draw an annual revenue of £30,000 in entrance fees. When the question recently arose before a bench of magistrates as to whether this establishment was or was not a common gaming-house, one of the magistrates who decided that this question should not go before the judges of the Queen's Bench was a member of the Club, and another was its banker! The Jockey Club is an organisation of gamblers for high stakes, whatever profession they may make to the contrary; and so long as its members are permitted to defy the provisions of the Act of 1853, we have no right to make raids upon the clubs of their humbler confederates and punish them with fine and imprisonment. Lord Londonderry, the Chairman of the School Board for London, defended betting, at the Jim-Crack Club, on the ground that a "man has a right to do what he likes with his own." There's end-of-the-century philosophy for you! Do what you like with your own, and devil take everybody else. That is the gospel according to the Jockey Club and the chief director of public instruction in London. When the present Duke of Devonshire, also a member of the Jockey Club, was appointed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, an undergraduate one day absented himself from college to pay a visit to Newmarket. On being questioned by the Dons as to what he meant by so serious a breach of discipline, he said, "I did not go to Newmarket to see the races, I went to see what sort of a man our new Chancellor was like." Newmarket, I am afraid, has not improved since Lord Chesterfield's day. That astute nobleman left his estate to his nephew on condition that he should never visit what is now the favourite resort of our leading statesmen and educational authorities. The following were the terms of Lord Chesterfield's will: "In case my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in keeping of any racehorses or pack of hounds, or shall reside one night in Newmarket—that infamous den of iniquity and ill manners—during the races there, or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose on any one day at any game, or bet soever, the sum of £500, it is my express wish that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate £5000, for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster." The wily Earl knew what he was about in making this stipulation. The Dean and Chapter looked well after the young man's morals, and I believe were rewarded for their vigilance by catching him tripping on at least one occasion.

One of the workman members of Parliament said to me not long ago, "This gambling madness is worse than the drink; it is demoralising our men in the North, and the newspapers are chiefly responsible for it." I think he was right. I have long felt that it is a degradation to journalism that it should have made the newspaper the Bible of the blackleg and the welsher, the tipster and the tout. We have a right to expect that the press should set up a high standard of public virtue, because it is ever ready to criticise those who fail to do so. It is never tired of exposing the shortcomings of the clergy of all denominations. It assumes the functions of the pulpit in its leading articles. I have sometimes heard newspaper proprietors excuse themselves for giving the latest tip from Newmarket, by pointing out that they preach against the evils of gambling in their leader columns. This is as good as apologising for the publication of loathsome advertisements by charging double for them. It seems to me the height of hypocrisy on the part of newspaper proprietors and editors to denounce in one part of the paper a vice which they publicly encourage in another. Most of, though I am happy to say not all, the leading papers keep a sporting prophet to advise us as to what horse we should put our money on, and if we take the advice, which is generally wrong, and lose our money and rob our master's till, or ruin our family or commit suicide, the same papers will probably write a pious homily, pointing out what fools or what scoundrels we have been. I am told, however, that newspapers must be made to pay, which is no doubt true; but society must be more corrupt than any pessimist has yet believed it to be, if it is impossible to make a newspaper pay without pandering to a degrading vice. If newspaper men make the accumulation of wealth the sole object of their lives, they are false to their mission. It is, as Mr. Ruskin says, impossible for a brave or upright or well-educated man to make money the chief object of his thoughts, just as it is impossible for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. "All healthy people like their dinners, so all healthy-minded people like making money—ought to like it and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money. . . . You cannot serve two masters—you *must*

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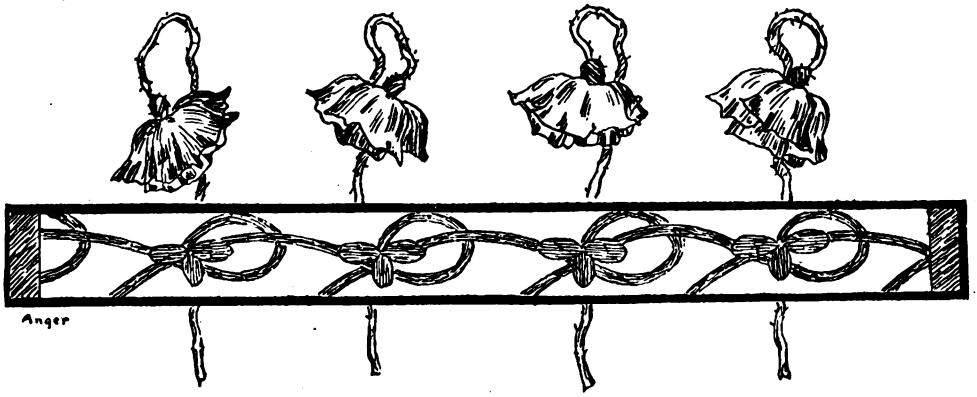
serve one or other. If your work is first with you and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—'the least erected fiend that fell.' So there you have it in brief terms: work first—you are God's servant; fee first—you are the Fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written, 'King of kings,' and whose service is perfect freedom, or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, 'Slave of slaves,' and whose service is perfect slavery." Some of us who have protested against the publication of sporting tips and gambling odds in newspapers have been charged with Puritanism. The charge is a compliment. The Puritans, with all their faults, were the noblest race of men that have walked the earth since the days of the apostles. It is quite a mistake to suppose that they were sour and narrow-minded ascetics. As an American writer has recently pointed out, much of the gaiety, the poetic ease, the intellectual culture of the Renaissance, lingered in the homes of the Puritans. Macaulay did them an injustice when he said that they hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. They were not opposed to sports and theatrical representations because they objected to the rational amusement of the people. What they really objected to was the adoption by the Stuart kings of the policy of the Roman emperors in providing the people with games to keep them quiet—to divert their attention from politics, and to make them slaves instead of freemen. The Stuart policy was corrupting the nation to such an extent that numbers of the clergy did not blush to read the *Book of Sports* in the churches. There is a great danger to-day of the people of these islands giving themselves up so desperately to amusements associated with gambling, that preachers of the gospel, serious politicians, economists, and reformers, who are seeking for the realisation of worthy ideals of national life and duty, must tax their energies to the utmost if they are to achieve success.



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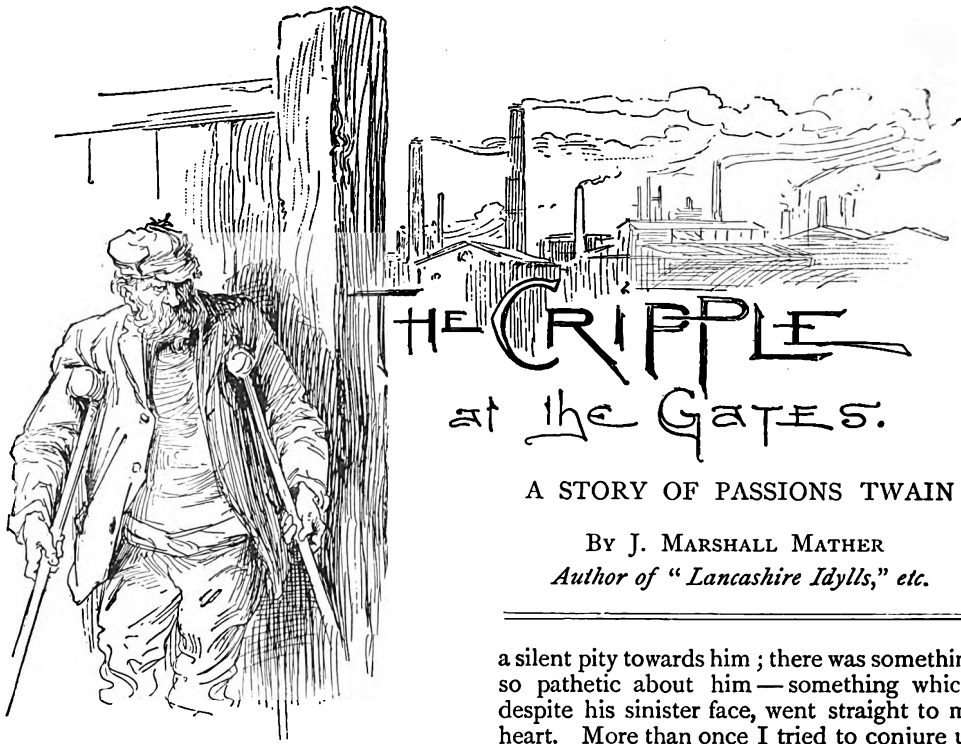

The Cripple at the Gates.

A STORY OF PASSIONS TWAIN

By J. Marshall Mather
Author of "Lancashire Idylls," etc.

I used to pass him in all weathers as he stood with his crooked shoulders propped against the great jambs of the factory gates, his arms stayed on crutches, his legs a knotted mass, hanging uselessly beneath his stout and fustian-clad frame.

He wore a hungry look, as though longing for the active life that roared within the many-storeyed mill, sniffing with desire the scent of cotton and oil that hung round its grimy precincts, and listening to the spoom of the spindles and the clash of the looms as though they were music from some unreachable shore.

He would greet the operatives as they passed to and from their work, glad to pick up any bit of gossip or scandal chancing to be current in their midst; laughing his laugh, or mouthing his jest, as the mood or story inspired. They took but little notice of him, however, seeming rather to shun him; while the lads would gather round and tease him, until driven to a distance by the wild sweep of his crutches; then they revenged themselves by giving vent to louder shouts, backed by showers of harmless missiles with which they pelted him.

It was not long before my curiosity was roused concerning this solitary figure—this wreck of manhood stranded within sound of the roar of manufacture's sea. I felt, too, a silent pity towards him; there was something so pathetic about him—something which, despite his sinister face, went straight to my heart. More than once I tried to conjure up the probable story of his life, but never to my satisfaction. How came he to be maimed? and, being maimed, how came he to be so neglected? The operatives, I knew, though rough, were proverbial for their kindness to one another. Yet here, week in, week out, stood one of them alone and forgotten. Before long, however, I became possessed of the key of the mystery—a mystery hiding the strange story of man's savagery, and the still stranger story of woman's revenge. It was told me in the twilight as I sat with an old weaver over her kitchen fire; and though it is long years ago, so vividly do I retain it that it comes back to my mind as though it were of yesterday.

"He used to weave," said she, drawing herself towards the hearth and settling to her knitting,—"he used to weave next me, did owd Lolly; an' he could weave an' all. Yi! an' he could do summat else—he could punce an' swear, for he'd a temper like a devil. In those days he ran six looms, an' awlus had a tenter (assistant); but he punished 'em so, their faithers an' mothers never let 'em stop wi' him longer nor two-thre week.

"We used to think he'd larn sense, for he lost a deal o' brass wi' changin' 'em so oft. But he kept on th' owd game—cursin' and swearin' and puncin'—till he'd tried nearly all th' childer i' th' parish.

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"One day he geet a chonce child for tenter—a little lass fro' th' workhouse—an' her he kept; but it were becose she couldn't help hersel'; she'd noabry like to fend for her; an' as soon as he fun aat he could do what he liked wi' her, he were noan neglectful o' th' opportunity.

"Mi heart fair warked (ached with pain) for that little un. Many a time aw've stood an' watched her while her een filled wi' tears; an' aw've seen her fair gawmless wi' fear. See yo'!" said the woman, looking up from her knitting, "aw've seen her yers o' red an' swollen wi' what he called his 'luggin's'; and at dinner-times th' lasses used to geet her to pull down her stockin's an' show 'em her legs all peyled (bruised) with th' brute's puncin's.

"Yo' may weel ax haa it was we didn't stop him; but we were as feeard on him as the little lass hersel'. Some o' th' weavers did go to th' manager about him; but then owd Lolly were th' best hond at a loom i' th' parish, an' he said he didn't care to sack him So th' owd game went on, Lolly gettin' more savage like, an' th' little lass more flayed.

"Haa long it would ha' gone on, I durn'd know. But like as th' Almeety has a way o' takin' things in His own honds; an' aw awlus say it were Him as spoilt owd Lolly's little game. Happen yo' think as Him as is up aboon has o'ermich to do to bother wi' a chonce child as tents i' a weavin' shed? but aw'm not o' yore road o' thinkin'; an' aw think when yo've heard mi tale, as yo'll know the meanin' o' th' words, 'Tak' heed that yo' despise not on' o' these little uns!"

Then, looking up from her knitting once more, and giving me a searching glance as though to measure my estimate of her rude standard of divine justice, she said—

"We Calvins, yo' know, believe i' ministers o' vengeance, an' this time th' minister come i' th' shape of a woman.

"Who she were, an' where she come fro', none of us knew; an' th' only name she went by were Red Moll, becose of her yure.

"Like as aw con see her naa, th' mornin' as hoo started on owd Jenny's looms—a weaver that were just dead: a tall, foul-lookin' woman, wi' een that fleshed like leetnin' an' a maath that shut-to like a rot-trap. 'Thaa'rt a rough angel, thaa art,' aw said to misel'; an' aw were not far wrong, as time showed.

"She hadn't been weavin' long afore we were as flayed o' her as we were o' owd Lolly. There were summat abaat her we none of us liked. Not as she meddled wi' us: aw seldom see'd her speakin' wi' onybody. Like as she kept hersel' to hersel'. She did a deal o' talkin' for all that, but it was to hersel', or to sombry as we couldn't see; an' when she got bothered wi' her wark, she'd spit an' curse o'er th' warps like a demon, an' her een would leet up an' glow like th' fires o' th' place which they say the demons come fro'.

"There were a deal o' talk abaat her, aw con tell yo'. Some o' th' weavers said as she were 'no better nor she should be'; but for that matter, which on us is? Others of 'em said she'd a 'familiar,' an' aw welly think it were a case o' possession. Ony road, some o' th' lasses raand abaat her worked aat their notices becose they were flayed o' her ways.

"Aw used to hear 'em tellin' o' th' words hoo come aat wi'. There were a deal o' Scripter in 'em; but, as the parsons say, they'd none a scripteral application. Aw think hoo must ha' larned 'em i' another shop.

"But there were one bright spot i' th' woman—just a flash o' leet in her ways o' darkness; for from th' day she came into th' shed she took to Lolly's tenter. When th' owd chap were aat o' th' gate she would stop her looms an' go an' help th' little lass; an' aw've seen her give her brass to mak up her wage; and when Lolly used to lug th' little un's yers, Moll would look at him wi' een that fair made mi marrar run cold.

"Aw fair trembled for him when he were agate wi' his puncin's an' luggin's, an' Moll were watchin' him atween th' beltin's. Once aw see'd her tak up a screw-key, as though she were baan to shy it at his head; but she said summat to hersel', and threw it daan again. If ever aw see'd murder i' a look, it were then.

"One day, when he were pullin' th' child's yers as though they wer shoe-tees, Moll went up to him an' told him to gie o'er; but he nobbut laughed at her, an' called her th' foulest name as ony man con call a woman, haaever bad hoo is.

"She looked at him for a bit, and then struck straight from th' shoulder, an' knocked him daan atween th' looms, whippin' th' child aat o' th' gate. But, afore she could get clear, Lolly up wi' a shuttle an' sent it flying atween her een.

"'Aw'll teach thee to mind thy own bisness,' he shaated; and then he called her by th' foul name again.

"Aw never see'd th' shed in such a state afore. Th' lasses were skrikin' and faintin', an' two o' th' tacklers geet atween Moll an' Lolly, and did their best to keep 'em apart.

"Well, they had to go into th' manager's office, an' if it hadn't been that he could ill

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were a man-hoile that let daan to th' wheel-race. This, as yo' may suppose, were awlus kept covered, nobbut when it were takken up for repairs.

"It were a dangerous place at the best o' times; so there were awlus a notice posted up—'No Road.' But, as aw tell yo', owd Lolly used to go through, for all that, to have his crack wi' th' engineer.

"AW CON DIE I' PEACE."

"One afternoon in November, just as th' shed clock were pointin' to five, aw see'd him leave his looms, an' slip through th' forbidden door into th' engine-haase. Moll see'd him an' all, an' th' strangest leet come into her een—a leet as told me hoo meant mischief, or summat wur. Like as it all flashed on me in a moment; aw knew as Lolly would never come back by th' road as he'd gone in at; an' he never did.

"The engine kept agate till closin'-time, when th' weavers set off home as fast as their legs could carry 'em, for th' neet were cold, an' it never takes long to clear a shed when th' looms is stopped. Th' engineer, haaever, were a bit late that neet, as he often were; an' while he were fettlin' th' cylinder, he thought he yerd summat daan behind th' fly-wheel.

"Stoppin' off his work, he yerd it again, an' turnin' raand, see'd th' trap-door open; then he knew somebody were i' th' wheel-race.

"Then he fotched owd Harry, th' fire-beater, an' leeted a lamp, an' they both on 'em went daan below; an' there they found Lolly lyin' underneath th' fly-wheel, wi' his face within an inch or two o' th' rim.

"'Well, thaa's getten thi nose near enough to th' grindstone this time, mi lad,' said th' fire-beater—for he were no friend o' Lolly's.

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"Th' poor felley nobbut groaned an' said, 'Get me aat!'

"But it were yessier said nor done, for th' moment they touched him he started skrikin'; an' no wonder, for he'd brokken welly every bone in his body.

"'Thaa's been none so gentle o' handlin' folks i' thi time, Lolly,' said owd Harry as he geet him by th' shoulder. But they say as Lolly cursed so th' moment they touched him, that they both fair trembled, an' th' engineer managed to knock o'er th' leet i' his fright.

"Aw believe it were a bonny hoile. There Lolly were, wi' his back under th' wheel, his body all brokken an' bleedin', callin' first on th' Almeety an' then on th' devil, an' none respectful to oather on 'em like; while th' engineer were doin' a bit o' prayin' on his own account, an' owd Harry were tuggin' away at th' poor felley as though he were a calico piece. Eh! aw could like thee to yer Lolly tell o' that dooment."

"Why," I asked, in some astonishment, "you don't mean to say he reverts to it! I should have thought he would have shunned it like some hideous dream."

"Nay," said the woman, "he'd tell it to onybody for a quart o' fourpenny; an' when he gets sharp-fresh (semi-intoxicated) he thinks hissel' a hero. Aw've yerd him brag haa he lay for welly forty minutes under th' wheel as it were goin' raand, yering naught but th' rumble o' th' cogs, an' feelin' naught but th' draught that swept his face, an' th' wet an' th' oil as dropped on him fro' aboon."

"Then don't you think he was frightened?" I asked.

"Well, he reckons as he wirn'd; but those forty minutes turned his yure white, an' aw once yerd him say as he knew what hell were, for he'd been i' it."

"And is that the end of the story?"

"Nay," said the woman; "th' strangest part nas to come. Th' neet as Lolly fell into th' wheel-race Moll were missin'. Where hoo went noabry ever knew.

"Aw never yerd no more abaat her till two year ago, an' like as aw'd forgetten as hoo'd ever lived, when one neet a lad come o'er th' hills fro' Scarsbeck to fotch me to a woman as were dyin'.

"'Who is hoo?' aw ses, 'an' what does hoo want wi' me?'

"'Aw durn'd know,' said the lad, 'nobbut as hoo said as aw were to tell yo' as Red Moll wanted to see yo'.'

"'Red Moll!' aw ses. 'Do yo' mean her as used to weave at Cross Stones?'

"'Aw tell yo' aw know naught abaat her,' said th' lad, this time gettin' mad like. 'All as aw know is hoo's dyin' an' wants to see yo'.'

"Well, aw never likes to say nay to a dyin' body; so aw slips mi shawl o'er mi head, an' follers th' lad to Scarsbeck. It were as aw expected: Moll were lyin' in a lodgin'-haase wi' noabry abaat her as hoo knew. When hoo see'd me, haaever, hoo geet hold o' mi hand an' ses, 'Aw'm fain thaa's come, Betty; aw couldn't die yessy baat seein' yo'.' An' then, lowerin' her voice, hoo whispered in mi yer, 'Did owd Lolly dee?'

"Aw fair started. 'Nowe,' aw ses, 'he didn't.'

"Then like as a shadow crossed her face, an' her een filled wi' th' owd fire.

"'But he's wur nor dead,' aw said. Then the shadow passed, an' hoo smiled, an' hoo said, 'What doesto mean?'

"'Aw mean,' aw ses, 'as when thaa left th' man-hoile uncovered thaa crippled him for life;' an' aw looked straight i' her face, but hoo never flinched. 'Even thaa'd be sorry for him,' aw said, 'if thaa could see him, walkin' on crutches, an' axin' for charity, while all th' while th' lads cob (stone) him as they pass him at the factory gates.'

"Then hoo raised herself up i' bed, an' throwin' her een towards the ceilin', hoo said, 'Amen! Aw con die i' peace.'

"Aw were some feeard, aw con tell yo'. 'Nay, Molly,' aw ses, 'durn'd say Amen to yore own damnation.'

"'It's worth th' price,' hoo ses.

"Then hoo made me sit down an' tell her all abaat th' accident,—haa he fell into th' wheel-race, and lay there for over haive an haar wi' the machinery thunderin' over him; then hoo made me tell haa both his legs were broken, an' his spine 'displaced,' as th' doctors call it. An' hoo weren't satisfied wi' hearin' it once, noather, but hoo kept me tellin' it o'er an' o'er again.

"'Yo' say he can't walk?' asked hoo, 'an' as haa he lives o' charity, an' as haa th' lads cob him?' An' when aw told her 'Yi,' again, hoo said as hoo were happy. Then hoo put her hand underneath th' pillow an' fotched aat an owd purse, an' said, 'Sithee, Betty, give this to th' little tenter;' an' hoo closed her een an' died."

"And what of the little tenter?" I asked.

"Hoo's none so little," was her reply. "Hoo runs four looms o' her own naa, an' is as bonny a lass as yo' ever clapped eyes on—nobbut hoo's deaaf for life wi' Lolly's luggin's."

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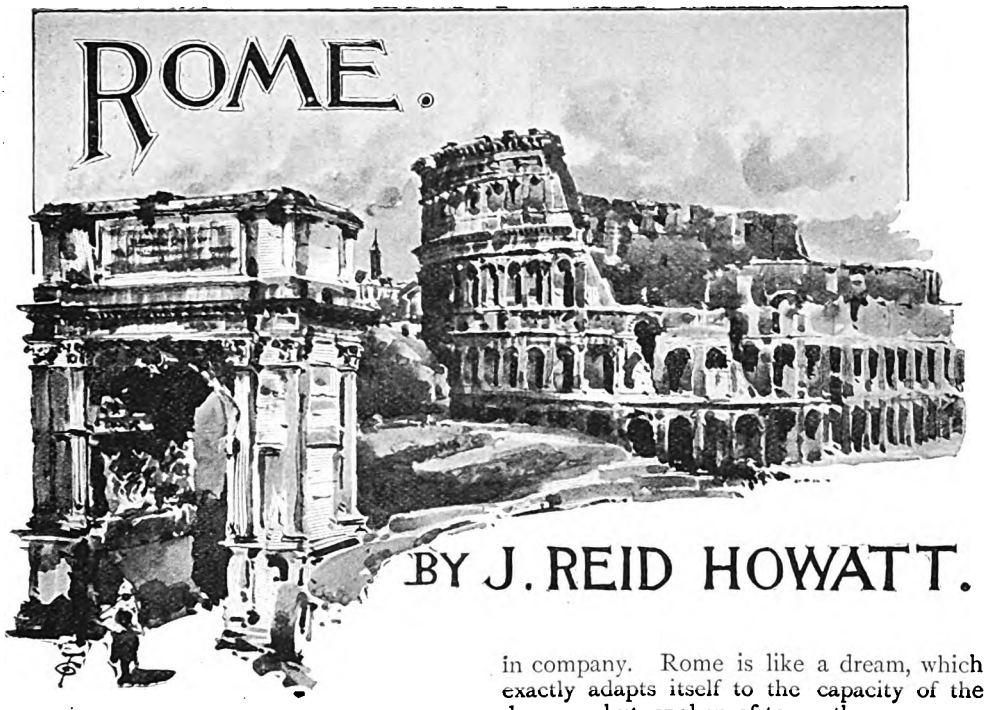
ROME.



BY J. REID HOWATT.

THERE are places which no one can take seriously. Paris, for instance; except in time of calamity, or when the thoughts turn on sewers, gaiety must lurk in all references to her. And Paisley: the "bodies" there are grave enough, in all conscience—grave to saturnity; yet this somehow seems only to provoke the lighter vein. But Rome! Only an American, steeped in modernity, has dared to speak lightly or risibly of her, and no man with a character to maintain cares to allude to him.

It was my fortune, or misfortune, to be one of a party. My fortune, for a more clubbable set could not be found; and from London to Turin, with no break to speak of, seemed as short a journey as from London to Brighton. But my misfortune too, for the holiday spirit was uppermost, with its disposition to frivol—a most unfitting mood in which to enter Rome—it has been sagely averred that to appreciate Milton one must don a dress suit, and read him in a cathedral, to the accompaniment of the solemn roll of the organ. I cannot speak from experience of this method—it has some practical drawbacks; but I am unswerving in my conviction that the man who went on his honeymoon to Rome, leaving his wife behind, to save expense, was, so far at least as outward conditions are concerned, better fitted to enter into the mysterious spirit of that mysterious city than he is who travels in company. Rome is like a dream, which exactly adapts itself to the capacity of the dreamer, but, spoken of to another,

> **Hangs loose about him, like a giant's robe**
> **Upon a dwarfish thief.**

Every man, somewhere down in his deepest consciousness, was aware of this. From Civita Vecchia—the last stoppage—conversation flagged; the undefined feeling of something majestic about to appear was creeping on all, so that, when someone announced, "The Tiber!" every cap was reverently doffed. Except for the name of Lars Porsena being dropped, the most famous river of Europe was crossed in silence.

It is the common irony of high expectancy to be disappointed: the scenes which have been imaged in the mind's eye, from childhood up, have a rude and freakish fashion, when actually seen, of falling beneath the glowing ideal. Not so Rome. Enter it when you will, by night or day, it flings its glamour on you, and exceeds all your imaginings. By night, and the narrow lanes with their heavy shadows, the sudden wide piazzas, the solemn arches, obelisks and monuments keeping the secrets of centuries, chasten the common run of thought: it is all so strange. By day, and the lofty domes, the umber-tinted buildings, the depth of blue in the sky, and the odd mix-up of the ages in things new and very old, that are found cheek-by-jowl everywhere, fascinate like a basilisk; you are disappointed, but it is the

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disappointment of the greater wonder. The West is here, and marked enough, but it is jostled continually by the East.

One eerie feeling is never absent—that you are being confronted by the centuries. They have settled here. The –th Regiment has a legend to the effect that, when they were in Afghanistan, a native chief was brought into camp in such a filthy condition that he was incontinently stripped and tubbed, only to come, after prolonged soaking, on a second suit of clothes. You can't help some memory of this floating into your mind as you think of Rome. It is not one city, but many, each under the other: beneath King Umberto's capital lies that of Julius Cæsar, and the Patricians, and Paul; but just beneath that, again, is the city of the Etruscans—the folk that speak through their art yet, but are silent in every other language. There are layers beneath this also, over which mighty antiquaries are for ever finding their joy in wrangling. It is loose language to speak of "Rome" in the abstract; the accurate and sequent mind demands which Rome you are alluding to.

The Philistine's remark, that "everything here is second-hand," was limited and inadequate, but it was suggestive. Ruins, ruins everywhere, all warranted genuine; the finest new building, including St. Peter's itself, struts amongst these with something of the shallow hardihood of a parvenu. In the Corso you may forget this; you are then in Paris or London again, but you no sooner turn aside to right hand or left than some grave and reverend seignior ruin reminds you that there were great men before Agamemnon, and mighty architecture before marble concrete and stucco.

One never gets clear of these sudden jerks from the Present to the Past, the Past to the Present. As you have walked through a wood in summer, and been conscious of passing at one time through a stratum of cold air, then through a colder, and as suddenly through one balmy and warm, so the psychological, the historical, and the social temperature here is always changing. Here is the Scala Santa, with a throng painfully climbing on their knees, and the thoughts drift off to Luther and the grey dawn of the Reformation — to be bumped back to our very modern day by the large-lettered announcement of "The American Bar." Here is the house where Keats died, and the sympathies are out to the hectic youth "whose name was writ in water," only to have them grotesquely twisted by the artists' models on the Scala di Spagna, waiting, in all attitudes and garbs, to be hired by whosoever wants a tame bandit, a shepherd in shaggy goatskin flavoured with garlic, or a contadina with striped skirt and white *panno*. Dickens tells how he felt quite at home when he first saw these models in the flesh; he had seen them all again and again (as we all have), with the opening of every picture-season. Here is the pillar at whose base the mighty Cæsar fell, and you are away at once to the old world, with all its massiveness worm-eaten with meanest intrigues; but, before you can disentangle Shakespeare's poetry from Niebuhr's prose, you find your way blocked, and your thoughts scattered, by a crowd peering curiously into a shop where cinematographs are on view at a penny a peep. You turn down a narrow quiet lane in quest of Paul's putative "hired house," to be startled at the yell of the driver of the little boggly tram, which runs without rails, trundles down most tortuous passages, and claims even the pavement for itself, when it is in the mood. It is all very curious and disturbing to the chronological order of one's ideas.

But there's worse behind: you are perpetually being humiliated before yourself. You fancied, most likely, that you knew something of Roman history; it had been birched into you when a boy, and perhaps you had been examined on it when a student; but as name after name greets you, allusion after allusion is made to ancient incidents, you find yourself drawing your hand across the brow, with the dispiriting feeling that your memory must be forsaking you: you ought to know all about these antique worthies and their doings, but you don't, and the fear of an imposition task is continually haunting you. I suspect this is a common experience of visitors: they listen to the fluent guide in a passive way, as those who are enduring a needless recital for the sake of those whose education has been neglected, but, if they are casually asked a question, just a step ahead or behind the information the guide has conveyed, even a professor could not give a reply with greater dignity—or vagueness.

This queer feeling, which follows one everywhere about the Eternal City, of living in a world where all epochs are mingled and all latitudes are tangled, is enhanced by the effect which their marvellously varied history has had on the Italians themselves. As, through the centuries, they have had good,

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bad, and indifferent models set them on almost everything—manners, morals, or art—so they seem to have agglomerated them in their government, their architecture, and their embellishments. Good and bad, the tawdry and the tasteful, the genuine and the sham, lock and interlock each other, and no one wonders—it is all accepted as "Italy." So far as art is concerned, the consensus of blame for this is made to rest on the shaggy head of Michael Angelo. The trace of his hand is on all, directly or by inference, making one almost pardon the American humorist (darkly alluded to at the opening of this article) for trying to "slump" all that is attributed to that master, by saying that creation was formed "from plans by Michael Angelo." He did much, but perhaps it is scarcely too much to say he undid more. The victory of the Renaissance over the Byzantine school was the victory of living faith over dead and artificial traditionalism, but the death-blow of the true and simple was given by Angelo. Says Ruskin, "Then Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian together bring about the deadly change, playing into each other's hands—Michael Angelo being the chief captain in evil; Titian in natural force. Tintoret, himself nearly as strong as all the three, stands up for a last fight for Venice and the old time. He all but wins it at first; but the three together are too strong for him. Michael Angelo strikes him down, and the arts are ended."

ON THE STEPS, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA.

The beautiful yet sinister influence of Angelo seems perpetuated in the decorative art of Rome everywhere. His "reliefs" in the Sistine Chapel are the marvel and adoration of all. To look on them is to believe the great roof to be supported on the shoulders of the giants, bulging in muscle, at the corners. They stand out, they fling shadows, they look real, in whatever light they are viewed, yet they are only make-believes—flat paintings, cunningly executed, but hanging on what they appear to be supporting. However clever the art may be, there is a painful sense of trickiness about it.

For this particular case much might be said in excuse of Angelo: he had no choice of his ground; he had to accept the conditions of the building and his patrons both. His success

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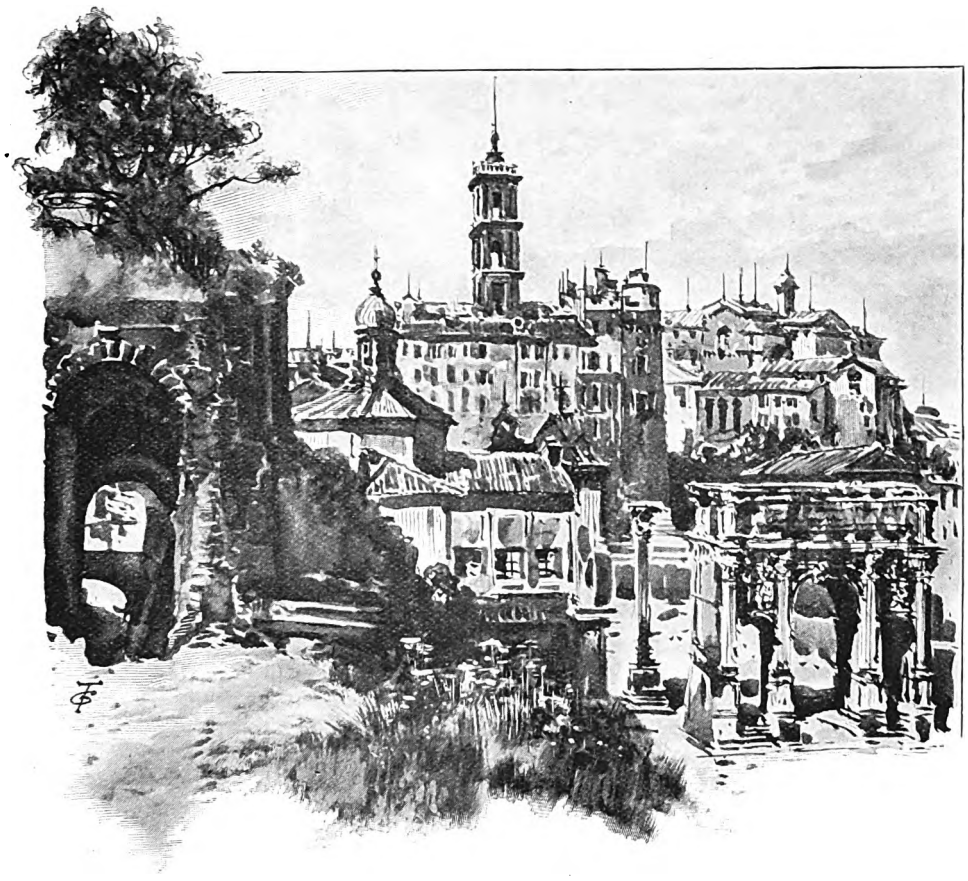

ABOVE THE FORUM.

here, however, has been most pernicious since over the whole land. The grandest building must have its sham relief; a window is partly opened all the year round, its jalousies are flung back, and cast their shadows even when the sun is not shining; or there is a buttress with pots of gay flowers, defying the rotation of the seasons. In one house—a house of sundry claims, too—this false art went so far as to have two sham windows, with the head of a gentleman above looking down on the head of a pictured lady beneath! Night and day these two keep their watch and ward, with never a yearning for the banns.

The old Egyptians understood the decorative art better; they never resorted to trickery, supported a painting by a painting, or made impossible shadows stand out from the flat. The Pompeiian school had also something of this verity, with its rare grace and wealth of colour, and, true to the spirit of agglomeration, respect for it is to be found in every quarter of Rome, yet side by side with the disfigurement.

In a brief and cursory paper like this, one can only fix an impression or two; but when the impressions are concerning Rome's paintings and sculptures, the mark can be but of the faintest. While Italy is poor, she is yet continually making many rich; her shadow or her glory rests on the best art throughout the world. Where is there a young artist anywhere who does not say to himself, not "See Rome and die!" but "See Rome and live—famously, too"? It was said that if Goethe had fairly shared his gains with the ladies to whom he was indebted for his best inspirations, he would himself have been very much poorer; it is the idea Le Gallienne has elaborated in one of his best essays. What gains would come to Rome if the artists who have flourished by her repaid the tithe-tribute of her due! As it is, she is poor still, and yet rich; two or three galleries of her art treasures could wipe off her national debt at a stroke. But she

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could better afford to part with Vesuvius; the Bay of Naples would still have its attraction: once part with her treasures of art, however, and she would have to get her living by hard work, like others—a state not congenial to the children of the sunny South.

The wise man tells us that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing." Perhaps not, in reasonable variety; but it is the experience of most, in wandering among the art treasures of Rome, that the eye gets quite satisfied—is content, indeed, to let a good deal pass which it might see, if it were not cloyed. Everyone, of course, blames himself for this, mourns over his ignorance, his want of time, his lack of technique, and so forth. Self-accusing moods, however, are rarely long-lasting; the oppugnant spirit gets stirred up, and there is an effort to discover if, after all, the blame is not in the object. Though it be flat Vandalism, I am inclined to throw a fair share of the blame for the strange weariness which comes over one in the very greatness of Rome's pictorial way, on the paintings themselves. All depends on how you look at them—for the execution or for the conception. In nine cases out of ten the execution may be masterly, faultless, deft, and harmonious, both as regards period and subject; yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the conception may be stiff, traditional, and terribly wanting in free life. Wander over the Vatican, for instance: here are pictures enough, by masterliest hands; but what is the crowning impression you carry away? That there were many popes in these days; that they imposed fences on the artist's genius, so that it would keep strictly within certain ecclesiastical bounds; that saints and sinners should alike carry their souls outside them, so that none might mistake the sermon the picture was meant to preach! You get tired of styleism, however correct, and long for something of the one touch of nature that makes the world kin. You may not be particularly in love with the Dutch school, but you feel how refreshing it would be to come suddenly on some of its most naturalistic scenes. It is different with Venice and Florence: there is variety of subject, with equal or superior skill of execution and wealth of colouring, and the eye's interest is continually maintained; in Rome, however, in gallery or chapel, it is pope, pope, saint, saint, sinner, sinner, sermon, sermon — needful, perhaps, in moderation, but calling for a leaning to mercy's side.

The sculpture has kept singularly free of this conventionalism; its range is pretty well the whole gamut of life, but always stately and attractive, even when dealing with the humblest forms. It is a little disturbing, however, to learn that this and that shapely image is made up with a head taken from one field, superimposed on a trunk taken from another, by a different artist, while the hands are from somewhere else, by someone else. "How many things there are we do not need to know!"

Many of the monuments in Westminster Abbey have always seemed to me most incongruous—Neptunes and Nymphs and mythological monsters helping to make known the merits of the illustrious *Christian* defunct! But though this incongruity is very pronounced for our land, it is as nothing to the mix-up of paganism and Christianity in St. Peter's, the Lateran, and almost every basilica in the city; yet it calls for no remark. It is the agglomerated legacy of the people again, and can no more be helped now than we can help naming our months and days by the titles of the old heathen gods which once had rule over us.

It is easy to point out this or that peculiarity of Rome,—you are unconsciously doing so all the while,—but it is not easy to define her mystic charm. As attraction and repulsion hold the stars, so you are held by disillusion and desire to the city which has been the Sorceress of the nations for nigh three thousand years. You give a sigh of relief on leaving her, yet are half conscious of deceiving yourself. There is a fountain in her midst into which whosoever desires to return casts a coin; in whatever pleasure you may have at departing, it is a subtile joy to remember that you left that coin in the basin.

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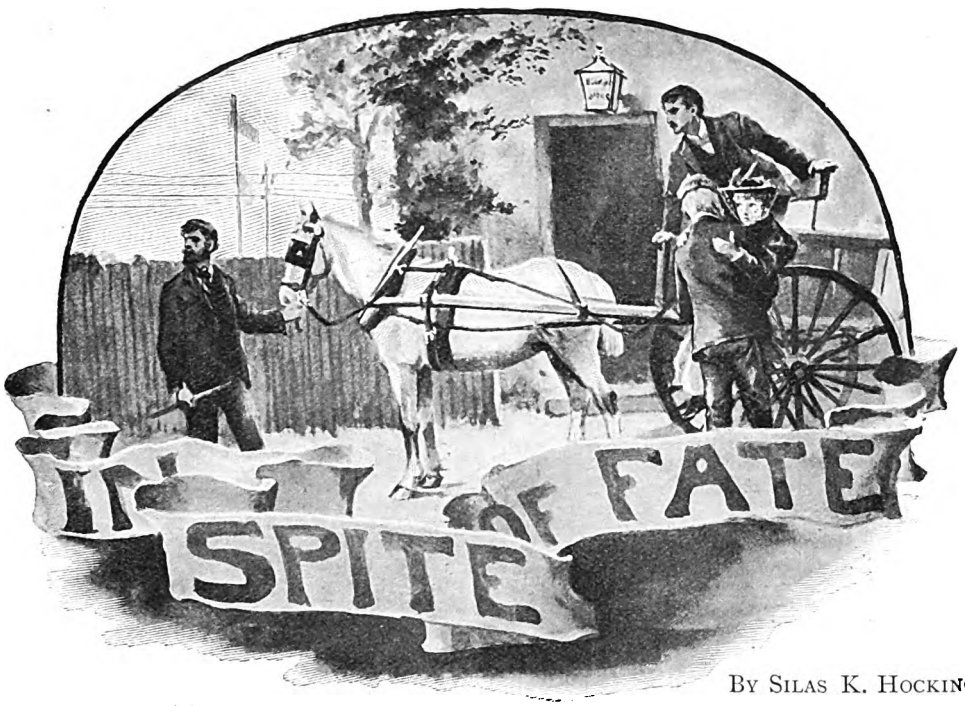

By Silas K. Hocking

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Amy Dean runs away from the house of her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth of Stamer, to marry Arthur Milward. After fifteen years of poverty she returns, a widow with two children, Jack and Eve, aged respectively seven and three. Crossing Pentarnum Moors, she is taken ill, and dies. Jack goes off to get succour, and is lost on the moors, and ultimately is picked up by some gipsies. Eve is found and adopted by a farmer and his wife, Jasper and Leah Downderry of Cranlock. The mother's identity is not discovered, and she is buried in a pauper's grave. Jack spends eight years with the gipsies, and becomes a great admirer of a blue-eyed gipsy maiden called Pearl, who is to marry a gipsy prince when old enough. At sixteen Jack is led unwittingly into a burglary, but not before he has warned the Rev. John Treherne. He is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. After his release he discovers his sister, but resolves to win back his good name before making himself known to her. Relating his story to a young lawyer, Reginald Tremayne, and requesting him to find out, if possible, who his mother was, he sets out again to seek his fortune. Reaching Plymouth, he spends three days in searching for Pearl. Falling among thieves, he is robbed of his money, and half disposed to throw himself into the sea. Meanwhile, Reginald Tremayne, who had fallen in love with Eve, pursues his investigations, to the dismay of Isaac Pengarth. Jack meets with the Salvation Army. Is charmed with their singing "There is a green hill." Lives a hand-to-mouth existence till the New Year. Starts for Cornwall. Is overtaken by a snowstorm. Sleeps in his wet clothes. Gets rheumatic fever. Is taken to workhouse infirmary. Rev. John Treherne visits him. Later, sends his servant Nathan to inquire, who returns with the news that Jack is dead. Hearing which, Mr. Treherne writes to the papers the true story of the burglary. Jack is not dead, and after his recovery he is employed by Sir George Treherne, first as gardener, then as under-steward. He learns that Pearl is Sir George's daughter, and goes in search of her. After many adventures he finds Pearl, and starts with her for her home. Discovers also that the "gipsy prince" has been liberated from prison, and that Banfylde is on the look-out for them at the station.

Chapter XXXI

RESTORED

Let me be silent. This is a joy
Too deep for words. Tears would become me now.

Pearl, as we have said, gave a sudden gasp when she saw Banfylde, and clutched Peter Bilkey's arm in a paroxysm of terror. To go back to be a gipsy again after the revelation of that day would be worse than death to her. While she had believed that Dick Banfylde was her father no other life was open. She might envy the people who had little homes of their own,—trim cottages by the wayside, with bees humming in the garden and honeysuckle trailing over the door,—but such possessions were not for her. But since she had learned that Banfylde was not her father, that he had stolen her when she was a baby for some purpose of revenge, that he had plotted to marry her to his convict son, that he had cheated her out of the sweets of her childhood and doomed her parents to long years of sorrow, a complete revulsion of feeling had come over her. She

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almost hated the man that once she imagined she loved, while the miseries of gipsy life seemed intensified a thousandfold.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned under her breath; and Peter felt her hand tighten on his arm.

"You laive that to me," he whispered. "Jist do what I tell 'ee." And he pulled up the trap in front of the station with a sudden jerk.

"Here, neighbour," he called to Banfylde, who was standing quite motionless, "will 'ee hold the mare's head a minute or two while me an' her husban' gits this young woman out o' the trap?"

Jack, who had been almost as much frightened as Pearl, began to breathe freely again. He felt that this slow-moving, dull-eyed country landlord had all his wits about him, and might be safely trusted in an emergency.

Dick Banfylde stepped forward without a word and took the horse by the head. Peter threw the reins on the horse's back and clambered nimbly out of the trap.

"My darter's sprained her ankle badly," Peter explained as he walked round Banfylde to the other side, "so her man's takin' her to Plymouth to a doctor there who's reckoned to be clever in sich cases."

"Oh, indeed?" Banfylde grunted.

"Now, Samuel, thee git over the seat an' lift her down," Peter said, addressing Jack; "but thou'lt 'ave to be terrible careful."

Jack obeyed at once. He saw through Peter's move in a moment, and secretly admired his fertility of resource and his gift for romance. Pearl also entered with zest into the adventure, and gave sundry little cries while Jack was lifting her, as though she was being hurt. Peter at length got her safely in his arms and carried her into the station, while Jack had only just time to get tickets when the heavy train came lumbering in.

Banfylde appeared to have no suspicion that he was being outwitted. He stood quietly by the horse's head, eagerly scanning the faces of the people as they came and went. He gave something like a sigh of relief when Peter returned, and, without waiting to be thanked, walked away into the darkness.

"Very likely I'm worritin' myself for nothing," he said to himself. "Likely enough, she's safe home by this time. Why should she want to run away? But I confess I'm gettin' nervous as it gets near the finish;" and he opened a gate into a meadow where he had left his pony tethered, and a few minutes later he was galloping rapidly in the direction of Furzy Hollow.

Meanwhile Jack and Pearl were speeding southward, and both of them in a state of nervous excitement that was positively painful. They sat opposite each other in a third-class compartment, but neither was in the mood for conversation. Pearl had not the smallest suspicion of what was in store for her, and Jack had not the courage to tell her. He almost wished that she had been Banfylde's child in reality; then he might woo and win her, and make her queen of his cottage home. Now a great gulf was fixed between them, and after to-night they would be strangers to each other.

"I shall not tell her," he kept saying to himself. "She'll know by to-morrow. Until we get to Polduly she's just Pearl—only Pearl, and I'm Jack to her—the best comrade she ever had; but after that she'll be Miss Pauline Treherne, and I"—

"Jack!"

He gave a little start and leaned forward. "Yes, Pearl?" he questioned.

"Have my father and mother any idea that I may be coming?"

"No. They don't know even that you're living."

"Perhaps they won't take me in. They may not be sure, you know. It will be such a surprise."

"It will be a great surprise," he answered, "but they'll know you when they see you."

"Will that mark on my arm make them sure?"

"Yes."

After a long silence, Pearl spoke again. Jack was leaning back in his corner, with his eyes closed.

"Jack," she whispered, "don't go to sleep. Tell me if my father and mother are nice."

"Yes, they're very nice," he answered huskily.

"And there's a little garden to the house?"

"Yes, they have a garden," he said slowly.

"You told me before," she went on, "but I wanted to be sure. Oh, it will be fine to have a garden. And do they grow a lot of flowers?"

"Yes, a good many; but you'll see for yourself to-morrow."

"Are we nearly there now?"

"Yes, we are getting near. There are only two more stations."

Then silence fell once more, and a quarter of an hour later the train pulled up at Polduly.

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Most of the villagers were already in bed, but a light still burned in Mr. Teague's substantial villa.

Jack paused when half-way up the garden path, and Pearl looked round her with a bewildered air. "Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm, "is this my father's house?"

"No, Pearl."

"SHE BARED HER ARM AGAIN."

"But why are you taking me to so grand a place?"

"Well, your father lives a good way from here, and he may not be at home, you know, and if he isn't you will stay here for to-night."

"Oh-h! But what are we waiting for, Jack?"

"Everything ends here, Pearl."

"Ends?"

"Yes, the old life is over now. You'll start afresh to-morrow. Will you let me kiss you once more, Pearl?"

"Of course you may, Jack. How strangely you talk!"

He did not reply, but he bent over and kissed her reverently and tenderly. Then he marched boldly up to the door and pulled the bell.

Mr. Teague was greatly excited when he heard Jack's voice in the hall, and his excitement was increased a hundredfold when he discovered that he was accompanied by a dowdily-dressed young woman.

"I've found her," Jack said, in reply to the questioning look in the old man's eyes.

"By heaven—no!"

"But I have. Come into the light, Pearl, and pull off that old hat and jacket."

She obeyed like one in a dream.

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"Now loose your hair," he said.

The next moment it fell in shining waves upon her shoulders.

Mr. Teague started back and raised his hands.

"Show the gentleman your arm, Pearl;" and she obeyed without a word.

Mr. Teague came forward eagerly. One glance was enough. The next moment she was in his arms, and he was kissing her as though she had been his own.

Pearl was too bewildered to talk. She simply did what she was told without a word, but wondered none the less what the end would be. She had never been in so grand a house before, and felt completely overawed. While the carriage was being got ready, she sat in an easy-chair staring dumbly about her. The massive sideboard with its mirrored back, the rich velvet-pile chairs and couch, the heavy curtains, the beautiful pictures and ornaments, the soft yielding carpet beneath her feet, the polished fender and fireirons, the air of ease and luxury that pervaded the apartment,—so new to her, so unsuspected, — all tended to increase her bewilderment, and half disposed her to believe that she was asleep and dreaming it all.

Mr. Teague and Jack left her for several minutes, while they discussed matters in an adjoining room.

Jack was disposed to go no farther in the case. He did not want to go to the big house and be questioned by Sir George and his lady. He felt that he had done with Pearl now. He believed it would be better for him if he never looked upon her face again.

Mr. Teague, however, who knew nothing of Jack's feelings, would not listen to any excuse. "No, no, Jack," he said; "you must have all the honour of it yourself. I'm not coming in at the last, as though some merit was due to me."

"But you'll go with us?" Jack said at length, when he found there was no way of getting out of it.

"Yes, I'll go with you," was the reply. "I'll prepare Sir George for what is coming."

Penlogan seemed wrapped in darkness when at length they reached it through a long and winding road. Pearl sat back in the carriage, with her eyes closed. She had almost ceased to wonder; she could only wait. The day had been so full of excitement and surprises that she was prepared for almost anything. It was too dark for her to see the widespreading park, and when the carriage stopped in front of the big house she thought she had got into a street.

She did not alight at once. Most of the servants had gone to bed, and there was considerable delay in opening the door. At length, however, she and Jack were ushered into the library, while Mr. Teague went upstairs to interview Sir George in his private den. Pearl sank into a chair and stared blankly round her; but she felt almost too exhausted to ask any further questions. She was beginning to realise in a vague uncertain way that her father might be someone of importance, but the excitement of the day had left her too unnerved to allow her to think the matter out in any connected way.

Jack sat on the edge of his chair, restless and ill-at-ease. He too was beginning to feel the reaction after so much excitement. Every now and then he darted a furtive glance at Pearl. She looked like her old self again. Her wealth of hair hung loose upon her shoulders and streamed in sunny wavelets down her back; her lips were parted, showing two rows of pearly teeth; her pure oval face was a little paler than usual.

Jack sighed more than once. He felt that the dream of his life had come to an end, and it seemed more than probable that his life would follow the way of his dreams. The Banfyldes were not the people to stick at trifles. They would soon discover what had become of Pearl, and his share in the transaction could not be kept a secret; and when the truth came out, revenge might be expected to follow, swift and sure. He had spoiled all Banfylde's plans, thwarted the plotting of a lifetime, and he knew only too well that from the gipsy point of view blood alone could wipe out the wrong.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he sat moody and silent. His one consolation was that he had done the right thing; and, whatever suffering might be entailed upon himself, he was still thankful that he had done what he had done. Pearl would be happy. The longing of her life would now be realised, and in that thought he found no little comfort.

Meanwhile Mr. Teague had broken the news to the baronet. At first Sir George thought his old steward had gone off his head.

"You say my child has been found among the gipsies?" he gasped.

"I say *a* child has been found, and I have the strongest reasons for believing she is your long-lost daughter."

"And she is in this house?"

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"She is downstairs in the library. But calm yourself, and let me recount all the circumstances."

The baronet dropped the door handle and began restlessly to pace up and down the apartment.

"The story holds well together," he said at length. "But tell me, is she ignorant, hideous, vulgar? Shall I wish she were dead when I see her?"

"Ignorant she no doubt is—that could scarcely be otherwise; but I do not think you will be ashamed of her."

"Let me know the worst—or—the best," he said; and he pulled open the door and hurried down the stairs. A minute later, he was standing before Pearl, staring at her as though his eyes would start out of their sockets. He did his best to appear outwardly calm. He was anxious not to commit himself to anything until he had the most ample proof.

"May I see your arm?" he asked at length; and his voice trembled in spite of himself.

She bared her arm again without a word, and then the strong proud man burst into tears.

"At last—at last!" he said brokenly. Then, suddenly pulling himself together, he took Pearl by the hand and led her away to the room of Lady Treherne.

Jack and Mr. Teague, taking advantage of his absence, quietly left the house and returned to Polduly.

Jack did not see Pearl again for several weeks, and then he stood aside for the carriage she was in to pass. She did not notice him, for she was looking up into her father's face, who sat smiling and happy by her side. Sir George was proud of her from the first moment of their meeting. Ignorant she undoubtedly was, but not stupid or coarse, while her beauty was of no common order; and when milliners and dressmakers had exercised their skill upon her, the transformation was a surprise to everyone. She was beautiful before—she was doubly beautiful now.

Jack held his breath in admiring surprise. She was Pearl still, but Pearl transfigured and glorified. He gazed at her with a wistful expression in his eyes, and in the sigh that followed the carriage there was something half regretful. She was no longer *his* Pearl. She had been lifted into a realm far beyond his reach. He was not at all disappointed that she had not looked his way. Had she looked and not recognised him, he would have been pained.

"She seems very happy," he said to himself, and with another look at the retreating carriage he went on his way.

Chapter XXXII

THE SECRET OUT

The waiting has been long;
But this atones.

It was toward the end of harvest that Jack, having obtained a month's leave of absence, started for Crantock, for the purpose of making himself known to his sister. He felt that the time had come when he might safely declare himself, and he had been longing for many months past to look again into Eve's bonnie eyes. Mr. Teague was quite willing that Jack should take a holiday. Indeed it was he who suggested it; and even Richard Trethewey—bookworm as he was—was of opinion that Jack was sticking more closely to his studies than was good for his health.

The excitement attendant on Pearl's restoration to her parents had long since died away. People said that Sir George was like a new man, that he was brighter and more cheerful than he had ever been known before, that he was infinitely less restless and more content to settle down at Penlogan. It was expected that he would send Pearl away to school, but he chose rather to have a governess at the house. He seemed almost afraid to let her go out of his sight, and in many things took the part of teacher himself, and appeared to find infinite pleasure in the task.

Mr. Teague went regularly to the big house to consult with his master, and occasionally during these visits he caught brief glimpses of Pearl, and he would come back to the office and retail for Jack's benefit what she had said and how she had looked, with sundry comments of his own on her beauty and cleverness.

Jack always listened with great interest to the old man's eulogies of "the young lady," but he did not often say much in reply. As far as he could gather, Pearl never made any inquiries about him. Doubtless she was too much engrossed with other things. Books and music and embroidery filled up all her thoughts. Jack did not resent her apparent indifference to his existence. He had too much common-sense to kick against the inevitable. He did not suppose for a moment that Pearl ever cared for him as he had cared for her. She was only a child at

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most. She would always remember him, and remember him with kindly interest; but fate had decreed that a great gulf should be opened between them, and that neither should be able to cross to the other.

Fortunately, Jack was able to fill up all his spare hours with useful studies. Had he been disposed to mope, he had no time. Richard Trethewey himself was not more enthusiastic in the pursuit of knowledge, while Tregonning declared that he would soon be ahead of them all.

Occasionally, Jack wondered what was being done and said in the gipsy camp of the Banfyldes. He hardly dared hope that Dick Banfylde and his son would sit down quietly under such an insult as they would deem it. Revenge was sweet to such natures as theirs, and, though they might not act hastily, he feared they would not let the matter sleep altogether. He knew that Sir George had been consulting a number of eminent solicitors, with a view of bringing them to book and punishing them; but nothing seemed likely to come of it. That Pearl was found in their possession was no evidence that they had kidnapped her. Indeed it was said that they had demanded compensation of Sir George for bringing her up, stating that she had been left on their hands during an epidemic of smallpox which had decimated the gipsy tribe, that they had not the remotest idea that she was any other than a gipsy born, and that they ought to be rewarded for taking care of her. How far this rumour was true, Jack had no means of verifying. One thing was certain—the case never came into the law courts, and after a few months people ceased to talk about it.

Jack was never quite free from the fear that sooner or later, at some unexpected time or in some unexpected way, the vengeance of the Banfyldes would descend upon him, or upon Pearl, or, it might be, on Sir George Treherne; hence he generally kept a sharp look-out for any suspicious characters that might happen to be moving about. The whole gipsy tribe, however, seemed to fight shy of Polduly and neighbourhood. Even at the fair there appeared to be fewer of them present than had ever been known before.

It was a lovely morning when Jack started on his visit to his sister. Richard Trethewey came with him to the railway station.

"Some day, Jack, I shall see you going up instead of going down," he said, with a pathetic smile, as he shook hands with him at the carriage door.

"I don't quite understand," Jack answered.

"I mean you will be going up to London some of these days, and I shall come to see you off."

"No, not see me off," Jack answered. "We'll go together."

"Ah, if I could only think so!" and the pale face of the librarian lighted up with a momentary smile.

"Don't bother with 'ifs,'" Jack answered in his cheery way. "If we can manage it no other way, we'll go on a cheap excursion."

Richard smiled again, and his pale face flushed at the thought. The train began to move out of the station. "Well, good-bye, and a pleasant holiday;" and then he found himself staring blankly at the retreating train, and wondering why he felt so dejected and cast-down.

At Polwhele Jack hired a trap and drove gaily across Pentarnum Moor. He had not seen the breezy upland in summer weather until now, and he scarcely recognised the place. The sunshine lay in glory upon the gorse and heather, and the air was fragrant with the scent of ling and "bittany." At Gideon's Chair he halted for a few minutes and tried to recall that wintry scene of other years. The driver wondered at this freak of his "fare," but said nothing; and Jack vouchsafed no explanation.

Eve was in the garden gathering flowers for the table when the trap pulled up at the gate. Jack looked at her for several seconds before he alighted. She had grown a good deal in the eighteen or nineteen months since he had last seen her. She seemed more womanly in every way. Her figure had taken shape; her loveliness had ripened.

She came toward the gate as he alighted from the trap. It was evident she did not recognise him again. The incipient moustache of eighteen months ago now hid the corners of his mouth, and very materially altered his appearance.

"You wish to see my uncle?" she asked, without attempting to open the gate.

Jack's heart gave a strange flutter at the sound of her voice. It seemed to call up a thousand memories that long had lain asleep. "Mother will live again in Eve," was the thought that flashed through his mind. Then he answered, with a smile—

"No; I came to see you."

"To see me?" and a warm blush swept like a wave of firelight across her face.

"You think it strange," he answered, still smiling; "but the truth is, I'm your brother."

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"AND YOU ARE MY REAL BROTHER JACK!"

"You?" she questioned, with wide-open wondering eyes.

"Yes, I'm Jack. Don't you recognise me again? I came here once before to see you."

"Are you my real brother?" she asked, not heeding the latter part of his remark; and she grasped the bars of the gate to steady herself.

"Yes, Eve, I'm your real brother. I did not wish to make myself known until"—

"Yes, I understand," she interposed. "But oh, there are so many things— You came here before— Oh, now I see through it."

"I was no credit to you then, Eve," he answered, a little huskily. And then Jasper suddenly appeared upon the scene.

Had Jasper seen Powell's ghost, he could not have been more astonished. For several seconds he was unable to speak. He recognised Jack at once, and was quick to mark also the change that had come over

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him. But what about that paragraph in the newspapers which said he was dead?

"I see you recognise me?" Jack said, looking at Jasper and smiling.

"I do, young man," Jasper blurted out at length. "But—but—the newspaper"—

"Ah, that was all a mistake," Jack interposed. "I will explain it by and by. But my first business is to pay back the money I borrowed."

"Then—then—you've—you've got on?" Jasper questioned.

"Not exactly," Jack said, with a laugh; "but I'm getting on."

"Well, that's just as good," Jasper answered. "But come into the house. There seem to me to be lots of things that want clearin' up."

"Let me settle with my driver first," Jack said; and a few minutes later he followed Jasper into the house.

Eve waited for him at the gate, her cheeks glowing with excitement and pleasure.

"And you are my real brother Jack!" she said, clasping her hands round his arm and walking by his side. "Oh, isn't it lovely?"

"It is for me," he answered; and he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

"Oh, Jack," she said, with a happy smile, "I have pictured you coming for years."

"And you are not ashamed of me now I've come?"

"Ashamed of you?" And then she dropped her eyes to hide the tears that suddenly gathered in them.

Jack bent over and kissed her again, and for the moment he felt as though he would trouble no more about Pearl. Eve filled the empty place in his heart; Eve satisfied all his longing.

There was considerable commotion at Crantock that afternoon. Charley was despatched post-haste for Lawyer Tremayne; Susan was put on a special line of cookery which was reserved exclusively for visitors; Leah started to dust the best parlour with great energy; while Jasper kept rushing in and out of the rooms in a state of painful excitement, but appeared to do nothing in particular. As a matter of fact, he was torn by so many conflicting emotions that he could settle to nothing. He had no moral doubt as to Jack's identity, but felt nevertheless that there might be room for question. He knew that a man's bare assertion would count for nothing in a court of law, and that he ought to be in possession of positive proof before he took the young man to his heart as Eve's brother. For this reason he had sent for Reginald Tremayne. He knew that the young lawyer had been inquiring into the matter. How far his inquiries had extended he did not know, but he believed he would be able to help him out of his difficulty

Jack and Eve knew nothing of what was passing through Jasper's mind; and as their hearts were untouched by doubt, legal or moral, they gave themselves up to the sweet enjoyment of each other's society. Each had so much to say to the other, so many questions to ask, so many experiences to relate, that the moments flew by like a dream. At last Eve's wish to know more about her mother was gratified. Jack could remember a hundred things that she had no knowledge of, while he brought many things to her recollection that had almost passed into oblivion. Her life-story was well known to him, but his was a sealed book to her. He did not tell her all that day. He entertained her mainly with accounts of his gipsy life, though Pearl's name did not pass his lips. It was a very disconnected story he told her—scraps and fragments out of different periods of his life. Now he spoke of his work at Polduly, and anon he harked back again to the days of his childhood. Neither of them noticed Jasper rushing in and out, or paid the smallest heed to the flight of time. Eve's face was a study—a picture of happiness and content. Jack was handsomer and nobler than she had pictured him in her wildest dreams. It was worth all the long years of waiting to have such a blissful meeting as this.

At last Eve started suddenly to her feet, a soft blush suffusing her cheeks, and went toward the open door. Reginald Tremayne came quickly forward, a pleasant smile lighting up his grave strongly-marked face. Jasper came close behind, a look of intense relief shining in his eyes.

"The presence of this young man will explain why I sent for you," Jasper said. "I believe he's my little maid's brother. But there may be legal questions, you see, an' I wanted 'em looked into. You've been a-probin' the business, I know."

"You did quite right, Mr. Downderry," Reginald answered, shaking hands with Eve and Jack at the same time; "and let me assure you nothing could have been more opportune. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Milward, on coming to life again."

"Stupid mistake, wasn't it"— Jack began.

"I should call it a fortunate mistake," replied the lawyer. "It removed the last vestige of reproach that"—

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"But didn't you see the correction?" Jack interrupted.

"No; but a few months ago I got a hint that a mistake had been made, and that set me on the track again. I think I've bottomed everything now."

"You know who my mother was?" Jack questioned eagerly.

"Yes. By carrying my investigations into Polwhele Workhouse I've unearthed the whole story."

"How? In what way?" Jack and Eve asked in the same breath

"Well, you see, when your mother died, everything of value found upon her was taken charge of by the matron, carefully labelled and locked away. Among the rest was an old-fashioned oval locket, such as people used to wear. On opening this, after very great difficulty, I discovered a large sheet of exceedingly thin paper, carefully folded, and written all over in a neat, almost microscopic, hand. This proved to be her life-story, with minute descriptions of her two children, Jack and Eve, so that in case of dispute there might be no mistake as to their identity. It is very evident that your mother had a fear that her claim might be disputed, that her children's rights might be set aside, and that her father's property might get into the wrong hands. With this in her mind, she took more than ordinary precaution to establish her own and her children's identity. Of course she never anticipated coming by her death in the way she did, or, even if she did, she never imagined that an English jury would treat a question of identity as of such little moment. Fortunately, however, all her belongings have been carefully preserved, and now we have a clear case before us. To-morrow—or to-day, if you like—we will go on to Stamer Hey and ask Mr. Isaac Pengarth to do all that now remains to be done."

"Isaac Pengarth?" said Jasper, aghast. "Isaac Pengarth, did you say?"

"You know him?" the solicitor asked.

"Everybody knows him 'bout here," was the reply. "Is this a question of John Dean's property?"

"Exactly."

Jasper dropped into a chair and smiled broadly. "People 'ave said as 'ow he'd cheat the devil over that matter," he said at length; "but he seems likely to be outwitted even now."

"I think we shall prove more than a match for him," the lawyer answered, with a smile.

Jasper's tongue was now fairly unloosed, and he plunged into a recital of the story of Amy Dean; and Jack and Eve learned a dozen things about their mother that they had not known before.

In the midst of Jasper's narration Leah came into the room and announced that tea was ready; and the little party adjourned to the "best" kitchen, where the wonders of Susan's cookery were invitingly displayed.

The lawyer stayed till well on to midnight, and never was such an evening known at Crantock. The evidence of Jack's and Eve's identity was found to be without flaw. The story from start to finish proved to be so interesting that it was told and re-told over and over again. Eve discovered excellences in her "knight" that evening that she had not dreamed of before; while he, staid man that he was, lost his heart more completely than ever to this blue-eyed sunny-haired maiden.

When at length he left, it was with the understanding that Stamer Hey was to be visited on the following morning, and Isaac Pengarth informed that the property of the late John Dean was no longer to remain in his possession.

CHAPTER XXXIII

VENDETTA

They say "revenge is sweet,"
Now we shall know.

ISAAC PENGARTH was too shrewd a man to fight openly what he felt from the first would be a losing battle. He was not altogether unprepared for the revelation Reginald Tremayne had to make. For months past he had been fearing something of the kind. Lawyers, even when they had only a small practice, did not waste their time hunting up family records for nothing, and Tremayne had the reputation of being a far-seeing lawyer. But what did surprise Isaac was the completeness of the evidence; at the first glance there seemed no loophole of escape anywhere.

He expressed great relief at this—assured the young lawyer that it was an infinite load off his mind, that for years he had been anxious to find the real heirs of the estate, and that now (providing, of course, there was no hitch) he would be able to end his days in peace.

Tremayne went away greatly impressed by Isaac's apparent honesty and sincerity. Nothing could be in better taste than the way Isaac had met him. Could he have

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seen the old man later when closeted with his own lawyer, or listened to his muttered ravings at the close of the day when he was left alone, he would have considerably modified his favourable opinion.

Isaac's difficulty was twofold. He wanted to appear outwardly as a pious fair-dealing man; at heart he wanted to rob Amy Milward's children of their property and give it to his son; and to play this double part was by no means easy. When he stole dejectedly to his room that night he looked ten years older. The worst had happened. The fair estate that he had nursed so long, and regarded as his own, was wrenched suddenly from his grasp. He had hoped and plotted in vain.

In the weeks that followed he raised every doubt and difficulty that the ingenuity of man could devise. He did this, he said, in the interests of the heirs of the estate. If Jack and Eve were the real heirs, it would be best for them that every possible doubt should be cleared away; and, of course, if they were not the real heirs, it would be criminal on his part to give up the property to usurpers.

This was so plausible that no one could raise any objection, and for several weeks the lawyers were kept busy enough. Jack and Eve meanwhile troubled themselves very little about the property. They did not know whether the amount in question was little or much. They had each other, and that for the moment was enough.

Jasper watched them roaming across the fields and through the lanes with a strange gnawing at his heart. His little maid was slipping away from him. Time seemed cruel in the changes it brought. Those we loved the best were always the first to leave us. If the hand upon the dial would only stop! If his little Eve could remain his always! Alas! alas! The waters of time were ever wearing away the stones. His own strength was being steadily undermined; he was growing to be an old man without realising it. In a little while he would pass away into the great silence, and what would become of his little maid then?

So he fell to dreaming, and finally he arrived at the conclusion that it was well for his little maid that she had a brother. She would have somebody to lean upon if he should be removed.

The days slipped away very rapidly. To Jack and Eve they seemed just like a happy dream. Twice—when Isaac Pengarth was from home—they visited Stamer Hey, and saw their grandmother, a meek, broken-spirited woman, with very white hair and a sadly pathetic smile, who kissed them both a great deal, and asked them a thousand questions about their mother. The sight of their fresh young faces was like new life to her. For years she had been wanting to die—though she was several years younger than her husband—and had been almost angry sometimes that death would not come; but after she had looked into the clear eyes of her grandchildren, and listened to their happy ringing voices, she felt that life had something worth living for again.

"Oh, my bonnie beautiful girl," she said to Eve, taking the sweet girlish face between her wrinkled hands, "you are your mother over again. She will never die while you are living."

And for answer Eve kissed her, and promised to come and see her often. So it happened that Isaac, who had always been as straight as a lath and as tough as a thong, became bent and feeble and halting in his gait; while his wife, who had been a chronic invalid for years, and scarcely left her room, began to gather strength again, and appeared to take a new lease of life.

The time for Jack's return to Polduly came all too soon. He was so well content with Crantock that he thought it would be no hardship to live there always. Before his month was up, Jasper was almost as proud of him as he was of Eve; while Leah nearly lost her heart to the handsome young man who dressed so well and spoke to her with so much deference.

"I'll be back at Christmas, if not before," Jack said as he climbed into the trap by the side of Jasper; and he waved his hand to Eve, Leah, and Susan, who stood at the garden gate to see him off.

"Well, I do zay he's a reg'lar beauty an' a gentleman," Susan said sententiously as the trap turned the corner and passed out of sight. "An' if Miss Eve ain't fine 'n proud of 'm she ought to be—that's what I do zay."

"I am proud of him, Susan," Eve said, with a laugh that had the sound of tears in it. "I think he's just splendid."

"As 'andsome as the young lawyer?" Susan questioned significantly.

"And a great deal handsomer," was the quick reply; and Eve turned suddenly round and marched into the house.

Nearly a week later, Jack was about to drop work for the day when a knock came to his office door. On opening it, he found

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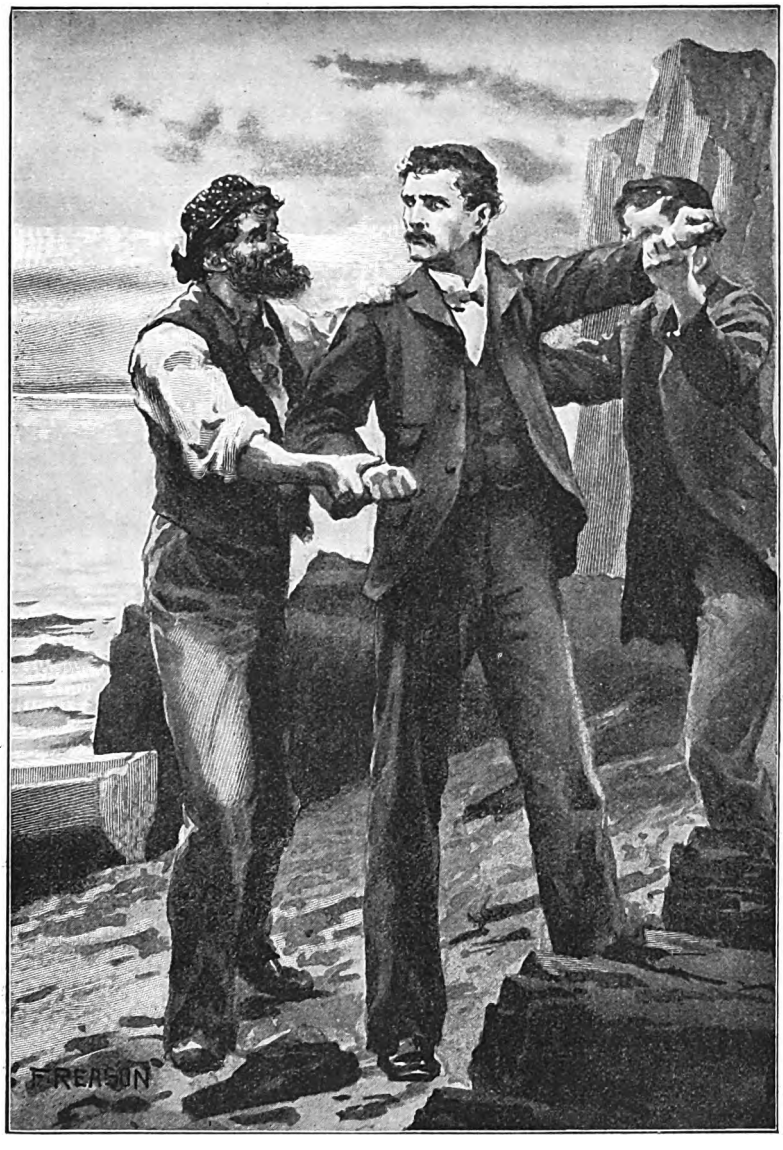

"SO WE HAVE MET AGAIN, YOUNG MAN!"

a rough-looking shock-headed lad standing before him.

"Plaise be you Maister Milward?" the boy asked.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Plaise, you knaw Richard Trethewey?"

"Yes. What of him?"

"Well, he's down to Portstress, an' he've found somethin' terrible funny, and he do want you to come to see it."

"Where has he found it?"

"Down on the beach atween the rocks. I don't know what 'tes; but he says he'd terrible like you to see it afore it gits dark."

"I fear that isn't possible," Jack said, looking up at the sky.

"Oah iss, 'tes," the boy answered. "You can git there in haaf an hour aisy, an' it waan't be dark for a hour yet."

"Which side of the Cove is he?"

"Oh, on this side. You jist go down the ziggety path and turn over the rocks to the left. He says he'll be there a-waitin' for 'ee."

"All right," Jack answered; and the next moment the boy was gone.

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"I wonder what Richard has got hold of?" Jack reflected as he began to lock up for the night. "But I shall have to make haste, or it will be too dark for me to see it, whatever it may be."

In a few minutes he was outside the village, and was hurrying along the cliff path at a swinging pace in the direction of Portstress. He met no one on the way. He was not likely to. It was a deserted place at the best of times—a narrow gap that had been scooped out of the solid rock, with perpendicular cliffs on every side, and a narrow zigzag path leading down to the hard yellow sand.

The twilight was deepening rapidly when Jack commenced the descent, and the great sea was moaning dolefully along the whole line of treacherous coast. A quick turn to the left over a sharp ridge of rocks that projected itself into deep water, a slippery descent to the hard shingle, and then the truth flashed suddenly upon him. He had been duped and trapped. He turned suddenly, and tried to retrace his steps; but he was too late. Two pairs of strong hands held him as in a vice; two cruel faces scowled at him, that he remembered only too well.

Dick Banfylde was the first to speak. "So we have met again, young man," he said, with slow and bitter emphasis, "and met almost sooner than I had hoped for."

"And why have you enticed me here?" Jack asked, trying his best to put a bold face on the matter.

"Because a Banfylde never allows a debt to go unpaid. You have crossed my path only to work mischief; you have meddled in affairs that did not concern you; you have thwarted me in what I had set my heart on, cheated me out of my due. Now you will pay the penalty."

"And what is that penalty?"

"You will find that out soon enough. There's no escape for you here. You needn't begin to hope. These cliffs have no ears and no hands. You happen to be the first that has come our way. The maid's turn will possibly come next—perhaps her father's; but the vendetta of a Banfylde never fails. The whole brood shall die."

"Don't be too sure," Jack said bitingly. "You have miscalculated before; you may again."

"We've made no miss in your case, anyhow," growled Will, tightening his hands upon him.

"No, I admit you have caught me," Jack said, making a sudden effort to jerk himself free.

"Ah," said Banfylde, producing a stout cord, "we'll stop these little antics;" and he proceeded to tie Jack's hands behind his back, after which he tied his legs.

"So you mean to murder me?" Jack asked quietly, feeling that any further struggle was useless.

"No, we don't call it by that name," Banfylde answered cynically. "But we shall silence you. Out in the deep water the dead make no noise, leave no trace. You see that boat there, with the grapnel thrown over the rocks? Very good. It is nearly dark now; we shall wait a few minutes longer, and then we'll sail away out over the boundless main together;" and he laughed a low, mocking laugh.

Jack cast an anxious glance out over the great darkling sea, and shuddered. The tide was creeping slowly in among the rocks, tossing the black seaweed about and moaning dismally. All the crimson had died out of the sky, and a long bank of cloud lay low on the rim of the ocean. The wind crept round under the cliffs, in cold fitful gusts; and, in the silence that fell, the sound of dripping water could be heard in an adjoining cave.

Jack felt his teeth beginning to chatter, and tried to brace himself to meet the worst. He knew he had nothing to hope for, either from Dick Banfylde or his son. There was no probability of help coming from Polduly. No one knew where he was, and when he was missed no one would think of looking for him in that direction. He had been very cleverly trapped. He wondered now at his own stupidity, and could have cursed himself almost for his folly. Would God intervene, he wondered? Alas! God did not work miracles in these days to save people from their own stupidity.

A shudder passed over him in spite of himself, and his teeth chattered loudly.

"Afraid, eh?" sneered Banfylde. "Never mind; that will pass off when you get fifty fathoms or so below the surface?"

"You intend to drown me, then?" Jack questioned, trying hard to keep his voice steady.

"We intend to sink you in deep water, where there will be no chance of your being washed up to tell tales."

"But is there no consideration on which you will let me off?"

The two men laughed scornfully in chorus.

"But I have done nothing to deserve this treatment," Jack pleaded.

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"Done nothing?" hissed Will Banfylde, turning upon him savagely; and he struck him in the face with his fist.

"Ah, coward! to strike a man when he's bound," Jack said scornfully. "You do credit to your royal descent."

Will answered him with a vicious kick, which made Jack groan; and then the older man intervened.

"You'd better save your breath to say your prayers," he said, with a sneer. "You've not much longer to live now."

"Then get done with your murderous work," Jack answered. "Do you think I belong to the gipsy breed of cowards?"

"You'd better be civil, young man, or you'll rue it," Dick Banfylde replied.

"You can only kill me," was the ready answer. "Why don't you get done with your cowardly business?"

"We wish to give you time to repent and say your prayers," and the two men laughed mockingly again.

The tide by this time had crept close up to their feet, and the night had grown quite dark. Will ran out on the reef and fetched the boat up the narrow creek; then he stumbled into the cave and brought out a big sack.

"We'll soon have you out of your trouble now," Will said as he opened the mouth of the sack, while his father lifted Jack in feet foremost.

"Will you smother me?" Jack gasped when he discovered what they were doing.

"Oh no; there are a few air-holes," was the mocking reply. "But since you are a Christian, we couldn't think of burying you without a shroud."

Jack ground his teeth, but did not reply.

"Would you like one more look at the stars before I tie up the mouth of the sack?" Will asked, with a brutal oath.

But Jack kept his lips tightly shut. Words were only wasted, and resistance was useless. The next moment he felt that the sack was being tied above his head.

Then a strange feeling of tenderness came into his heart, and his eyes filled. It seemed hard that he should die now, when life was becoming so rich and full. He thought of Eve and Jasper, of Richard Trethewey and Mr. Teague; and last he thought of Pearl. How they would all wonder! How distressed they would all be! How they would wait and wait for his return, and never know how he had come by his end! Oh, it was a cruel fate, after all. And he writhed in silent agony.

A few minutes later, he felt himself lifted into the boat, and then he lay quiet and still in the bottom, with his face downwards. This was less painful than if he lay on his bound hands, which were tied behind his back.

It seemed a long time before his companions joined him, but at length they came tramping in upon him; then he heard and felt the stroke of oars, and knew they were gliding out on the open sea. His companions were very silent. They had braced themselves to their desperate task, and were resolved to carry it through in grim earnest.

Out and out and out, mile after mile they sped. They had determined to leave no clue behind them. The deep sea did not give up her dead. Moreover, they had put heavy weights in the foot of the sack. Their victim would sink to the bottom and lie there for ever. The rowing ceased at length. The great sea was quite calm, and awfully silent.

"Now steady, Will, or we shall upset the thing," Dick Banfylde muttered. "Stand well in the centre and lift clear off the side. Are you ready?"

"Ay!"

"Lift easily: the young beggar is very quiet. Drop down into the boat directly he's over."

"All right."

"Swing no more than will clear the side."

"Right you are!"

"One—two—three"——

Plunge!!

The boat rocked for a moment as if she would overturn, and the weighted sack slid down through the black water like a flash.

(*To be continued.*)

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MEN I HAVE KNOWN

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury

VIII.—A GROUP OF BISHOPS AND DEANS

DEANS WELLESLEY, HOWSON, JEREMIE, PLUMPTRE, and Others; BISHOP SHORT OF ST. ASAPH; BISHOP MOBERLY OF SALISBURY; BISHOP COLENSO OF NATAL; BISHOP LIGHTFOOT OF DURHAM; BISHOP WORDSWORTH OF LINCOLN

To the Dignitaries and Ecclesiastics men tioned above I might add many whom I have known, but of whom I have not space to speak; and even of these I can only speak very briefly. Let me begin with a few well-known Deans

Whenever I ad the honour of preaching before Her Majesty the Queen in the private chapel of Windsor, which has been on an average at least once a year for nearly thirty years, I was the guest of Dean Wellesley at the deanery in Windsor Castle, as subsequently of his successors. Dean Wellesley was a man full of goodness, wisdom, and dignity — an admirable specimen of what a great ecclesiastic should be. Although he occupied so high a position, and enjoyed the warm esteem of his Sovereign—who placed full confidence in his judgment—he was a man essentially kind and humble. His long period of *otium cum dignitate* in the easiest of deaneries never interfered with the steady self-culture which led him to the end of his life to continue those serious studies by which he was kept *au courant* with every phase and development of modern theology. In his younger days he had lived with his uncle, the great Duke of Wellington, of whom he had also seen much when he was Rector of Strathfieldsaye. His manners recalled the stately courtesy which was perhaps more common in a past generation than now it is. Of Dean Wellesley all who were well acquainted with him retain an affectionate remembrance; and the Church of England owes a deeper debt of recognition than many are aware, to one whose sage counsels and wholesome influence, most unobtrusively exerted, saved her from many perils, and ensured to her many benefits. I shall never forget the indefinable charm, refinement, and warmth of his hospitality, nor the debt which I owe to him for many an act of gracious kindness.

Among other Deans once known to me was the genial and witty Dean Close, an admirable Evangelical preacher and speaker. I knew Dean Johnson of Wells, an Oxford scholar of great distinction, who counted both the Archbishops of his day (Tait and Thomson) among his pupils. At the house of Dean Herbert of Hereford I stayed almost every year, when I preached for him in Hereford Cathedral. He was a man deservedly beloved for the unassuming gentleness of his character, and his aristocratic courtliness recalled the perfect manners of a passing generation.

Dean Howson, as the joint author of Conybeare and Howson's *St. Paul*, and as an old schoolmaster, was interested in the same subjects and pursuits as myself. I have heard some of his former pupils at Liverpool College speak of him with warm affection, and record how, even in the smallest matters, he assiduously strove to guide them aright. One of them—now a clergyman—said that, as a boy, he had once put out his foot for

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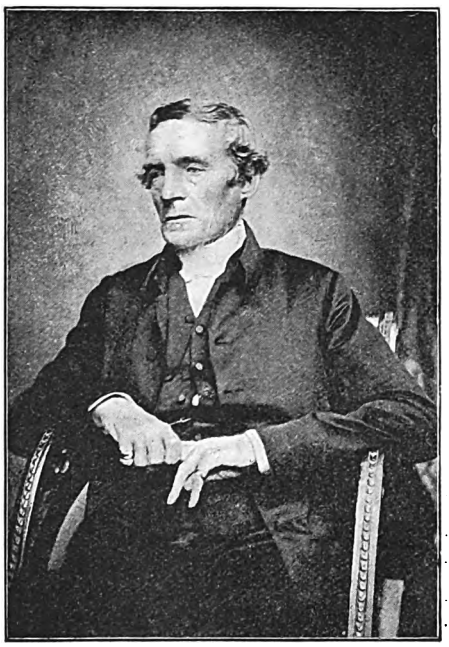
another boy to stumble over as he came out of the school gate. The boy was tripped up, and, while the offender was laughing at his fall, Dr. Howson, who happened to pass, merely looked at him and said, "*Was that kind?*"—nothing more. "Yet," said the clergyman, "that lesson—conveyed in but three words—was so spoken, that it has remained with me all my life." Dean Howson rendered inestimable service to Chester Cathedral, which he restored by the aid of the large fund raised by his personal exertions. He died in 1885, after a long career of unostentatious but signal services—as a teacher, an administrator, and a most useful writer. At Liverpool and Chester especially his name will long be cherished.



DEAN WELLESLEY OF WINDSOR.
[*From a Photo by* SAWYER, 230 *Regent Street, W.*]

The learned and able Dr. Blakesley, Dean of Lincoln and editor of *Herodotus*, once famous for his letters in the *Times* with the signature "Historicus," was a man of large heart and open intellect, with whom I have stayed at Lincoln, and with whom I had many views in common. Dean Jeremie of Lincoln (d. 1872), for many years Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was author, among other books, of the *History of the Church in the Second and Third Centuries*. For some kind reason, I know not what, he asked me to his rooms when I was only a poor unknown Freshman, and I still remember how, when the conversation happened to turn on Oliver Cromwell, he took down some old dictionary, and, with a hearty laugh, showed us a passage in which Oliver Cromwell was ranked with the Emperor Phocas and Judas Iscariot, and was characterised as one of the three most wicked men whom the world had ever seen, and one of the three most certain of eternal damnation. The Dean was one of the very few eloquent preachers to whom we Undergraduates in those days had any chance of listening. Whenever he occupied the University pulpit, the galleries were densely crowded. His sermons were perfect specimens of style. Every sentence was faultlessly turned, and dwelt on the ear like music. Nothing but "excessive fastidiousness, and nervous sensitiveness to criticism," prevented Dean Jeremie from accomplishing much more than he did; but his indecision was perhaps due to the long life which he had lived as a scholar and a recluse. He printed but a few of his sermons. They were somewhat academic in form, but certainly produced an effect and lingered in the memory. There were other Professors at Cambridge at that time whom I scarcely knew at all. One was Professor Blunt, another preacher who always had a large audience, because his sermons were enunciated with strong feeling. Professor Harold Browne, afterwards Bishop of Ely and Winchester, was always kind to me. He welcomed some of my papers in the Preliminary Examination with words of singularly high encouragement, and told me that he had kept them for years. I only came across the learned Professor Mill once. He had set a paper in the University Scholarship Examination, and his way always was to print four or five Latin and Greek passages for translation, and ask the candidates to assign them to their proper authors. This was generally an easy thing to do; but one year he set a passage from the soldier-historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, who died about A.D. 390, and had been an officer in the bodyguard of the Emperor Julian. I should think that this was the first and the *only* instance in which the Latinity of the Syrian author has been used as a test of scholarship in a University competition. Dr. Mill told me that I was the only one of all the candidates who had assigned the passage to its rightful author; and as I was only a Freshman at the time, he was a little surprised, and asked me how I came to be

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acquainted with such a writer, whom he personally admired, but who was wholly unknown to the classical curriculum of Cambridge. I answered that it was by mere accident. Ammianus Marcellinus is not infrequently referred to in Elliott's *Horæ Apocalyticæ*, and this had interested me in him, and made me acquainted with his style.

Dean Plumptre of Wells was a lifelong friend to me, since the days when I was a boy at King's College. He weekly looked over my papers in answer to questions on his Lectures, and he gave me excellent advice and useful encouragement, together with the blessing of his unfailing regard and kindness. I was very diffident about myself, and I might almost say of Dean Plumptre, as Jeremy Bentham said of Lord Lansdowne, "He raised me from the bottomless pit of humiliation; he first taught me that I could be *something*"—however small. But I received similar encouragement from the other King's College Professors of that day—Dr. Jelf, Archdeacon Browne, and Professors Maurice and Brewer. I have been Dr. Plumptre's guest in London, at Bickley where he was for some years a rector, and in his deanery at Wells. I do not think that the world has done justice to his manifold services and intellectual activity. His articles in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* are characterised not only by learning and research, but also by singular brightness and originality. His sermons, both those which were practical and those which were controversial, have permanent value, and show how largely he had imbibed the charitable spirit of his brother-in-law, Professor Maurice. He translated into verse—and exceedingly well—the Tragedies both of Æschylus and Sophocles; he wrote by far the best Life of the saintly Bishop Ken; he also published in two handsome volumes a most valuable translation of all the works of Dante, with Studies on his writings; and a singularly full and bright Commentary on Ecclesiastes. Besides all this, he was a poet: in his two volumes of poems, chiefly on scriptural subjects, there are some verses at least which ought to live, because they are written with great freshness of thought and insight. Dr. Plumptre was not for a long time Dean of Wells, but during his tenure of the office he won the hearts of all, from the oldest canons down to the youngest choristers. I count his friendship among the conspicuous blessings, and his teachings among the formative influences of my life.

The first Bishop whom I ever knew was Dr. Short, Bishop of Sodor and Man. He was the author of a *Short History of the Church of England*, which was long regarded as a standard work of its kind. He subsequently became Bishop of St. Asaph, and did admirable work in that see, carefully visiting every parish, and preserving records of its exact condition, which are, I believe, still found useful by his episcopal successors. I was then a boy of thirteen or fourteen, at King William's College, Isle of Man; and as the boys—in those days when steamers were few and travelling not so easy as now—only went home for one long holiday in the summer, the Bishop used kindly to invite some of us to spend a week with him at Bishopscourt at Easter. I remember that the first time I entered his study I saw on the chimneypiece a picture of my celebrated ancestor, the Marian martyr—Farrar, Bishop of St. Davids, who was burnt alive at Carmarthen in 1555. The Bishop told me that he was thinking of writing a sketch of his predecessors in the ancient see of Sodor and Man, and that Bishop Farrar was one of them. I have since learnt that this was a mistake. Bishop Farrar was one of Archbishop Cranmer's chaplains, and was appointed Bishop of St. Davids by Edward VI. There is not only no trace of his having set foot in the Isle of Man, but no trace of his having been appointed there. Perhaps the error arose from his sometimes signing himself R Men., which was an abbreviation for Meneviensis, or "of the see of St. Davids." It was very delightful for us boys to be guests of the Bishop at that charming country palace, and to wander through the supremely lovely mountain glen, watered by a crystal streamlet, which formed part of its grounds—to say nothing of the unwonted luxuries which the visits afforded us. It was also pleasant to accompany the Bishop *haud passibus æquis*, as with his long thin gaitered legs he strode about the mountains and seashores in the neighbourhood of his home. There was, however, a drop of myrrh in the cup of our enjoyment. The Bishop was a double first-class man, and an ardent enthusiast in matters of education. He would amuse himself by examining us wretched schoolboys all day long—at anyrate, all the morning. At last Mrs. Short, a charming lady, thinking that we looked "depressed and emaciated," interfered on our behalf, and robbed the Bishop of the luxury of gauging our very shallow attainments. Many incidents of those days linger in my mind. One evening the Bishop made us all play the game, "What is my thought like?" in which one had to show that one's guess resembled the thing really thought of. I guessed "a lamp," but he had thought of

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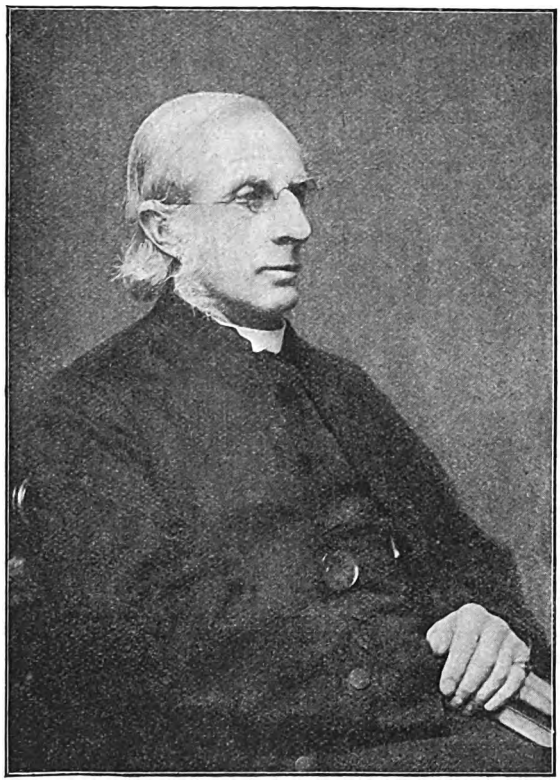
"a bishop." He wanted me to pay the forfeit for guessing wrong; but I stoutly resisted, maintaining that every bishop was, or ought to be, a golden candlestick. Another evening he watched us playing chess, on which as a boy I rather prided myself; but he disdainfully remarked that I seemed to play it without any prearranged plan. We were once quietly but severely reprimanded by him. It was after dinner; he was sitting asleep, or apparently asleep, in his arm-chair. The tempting dessert on the table was too much for some of the boys, and they helped themselves — to fruits and "lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon" — unobserved, as they thought. Their enjoyment of these dainties on the table was very brief. Suddenly there came a very quiet knock at the door, and the Bishop, with his eyes still shut, instantly said, "Come in!" He did not reprove the young offenders, but alluded — distantly, yet to susceptible consciences intelligibly — to the incident in his extempore evening prayer. He was never so happy or so much in his element as when he was orally examining a National school; and there were many stories of the answers he received. On one occasion he asked the children to compare an adjective, and a boy promptly answered, "*Short*, Shorter, Shortest." On another occasion he was questioning them about besetting sins, and rather imprudently asked them "what they supposed his besetting sin to be?" "*Drunkenness!*" was the prompt reply. Thereupon he told them that *that* was a mistake, but that his besetting sin was pride. Peace be with him! He gave me, when I was a boy, many a happy hour.



DEAN PLUMPTRE.
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The next Bishop whom I knew intimately was the late Bishop Cotton of Calcutta, a post to which he was promoted from the Headmastership of Marlborough College. He was a man of marked individuality, who, without any splendid ability or wide learning, impressed himself deeply on the affection and memory of all who knew him, by the beauty, firmness, and sincerity of his character. He was one of those men who seem to keep growing in power and wisdom all through their lives. He figures in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* as "the young Master" of Dr. Arnold's time, who befriends the shy and sensitive Arthur (a character intended in part to represent Dean Stanley). He was for fifteen years a Master of Rugby, much beloved and honoured by his colleagues, and gratefully appreciated by his elder pupils. There was a delightful quaintness about his ways. All his domestic pets had curious names, and his pig was dubbed "Vitellius" from its voracity! When Cotton went to Marlborough, the School, now so famous and popular, was passing through an acute crisis in its history. Before the degree list was out at Cambridge, I received a letter from him — then a perfect stranger — inviting me to take a Mastership at the College, where my friends Professor E. S. Beesley and Mr. E. A. Scott were already at work. I accepted the post, and one of the first remarks which Mr. Cotton made to me was, "You know any day the School may disappear in blue smoke." The College was at that time overwhelmed with debt, owing to bad management, and at first each boy was actually costing more than the low annual

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sum he paid, though the boys were badly fed and roughly housed. With indomitable patience and resolution, and often "in the teeth of clenched antagonisms," Cotton altered this; and though he was by no means a facile schoolmaster and could punish with severity, his quaint humour and his unqualified devotion to their interests, together with his admirable weekly sermons, soon gave him the highest influence among the boys. He gathered round him a devoted staff of masters, who for the sake of the School were ready for any self-denial, and who treated the boys as so many younger brothers. In the old rough days there were masters who, though they doubtless meant to be kind, kept up the inexorable severity with which, until this generation, boys had normally been trained for many years. In those days the commonest possible sight was to see boys' backs scored with red and blue marks from strokes of the cane, or to see their hands sore or cut from what were called "pandies," inflicted by the same instrument of torture. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The "rebellion," which had most seriously shaken the very existence of the School, was hardly detumescent; but Cotton's sovereign good sense soon swept away even the remembrance of it. I recollect that, when I arrived as a young Master, some forty-three years ago, the first thing I saw was a huge chalk inscription on the wall, "*Bread, or Blood!*" Cotton simply summoned the boys together, told them that his best efforts were being given to improve the commissariat (which was not in his hands), and that, instead of scrawling up vulgar and stupid inscriptions, they should confide in him. The Masters conferred together, swept away the old bursar-and-steward arrangement, took the finances in their own hands, agreed not to draw one penny of their incomes till the end of the year (to save interest), and then to regard each pound as a share. They also offered to give up the whole of their incomes altogether, if funds were not forthcoming, or only to take any percentage of them which might be available. At the end of the year—such had been the improvement in the management—every hundred pounds was worth *more* than a hundred pounds, though the comfort of the boys had been largely and in every way improved. The whole body of Masters then at once gave up the additional quota which was fairly theirs. That year of crisis saved in all respects the fortunes of the School, and turned all its sons into the most loyal of Marlburians. It is a great delight to me to have been a Master during so interesting a year.

I could tell many a story to the honour of Bishop Cotton; but space fails. I will mention but one. He had a most incisive wit, which, though never in the smallest degree unkindly, was yet very telling. Once he had let this wit play over an excellent boy in the Sixth Form, who was far from clever; and the other boys had all laughed. After the lesson, the boy stayed behind and said to the Master, "Sir, I know that I am not clever; I daresay that my work is intellectually poor; but I honestly do my best, and I do not like to be made a subject of ridicule." The Master, so far from being offended, frankly told the boy that he was sorry to have hurt his feelings;—and the remarkable thing is, *that never again was he known to have used his playful criticism in such a way as to cause pain to the most sensitive of his pupils.* This surely illustrates the beauty of his character. Very soon after I came, he appointed me as his assistant in the Sixth Form. Many of the boys in that Sixth Form have, since then, risen to positions of eminence. I remember once seeing a boy chasing another, who wore a scarlet cap, round the court, and shouting after him, "*Keblēpuris! Keblēpuris!*" That is the Greek for the "red cap," and the boy had taken it from "The Birds" of Aristophanes, which we were then reading. The boy who was chasing the other is now the Right Reverend the Primate of Australia; the boy in the red cap is now the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Glasgow. It reminds one of Shenstone's lines—

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless Bishops here,
And there a Chancellor in embryo.

Cotton did noble and invaluable work for India as Bishop of Calcutta, especially among the neglected Eurasians. His death, in the year 1860, was pathetically sudden. He had been consecrating a cemetery at Kushtia, and had spoken of the fact that, dear as were the associations of "God's acre" to the living, yet to the dead who die in the Lord it mattered as little as to the martyrs whose dust was scattered to the winds, if their bodies did not repose in consecrated ground. Cotton was very near-sighted, and he was also given to fits of abstraction. He had to walk back to his vessel on the river across a long unprotected

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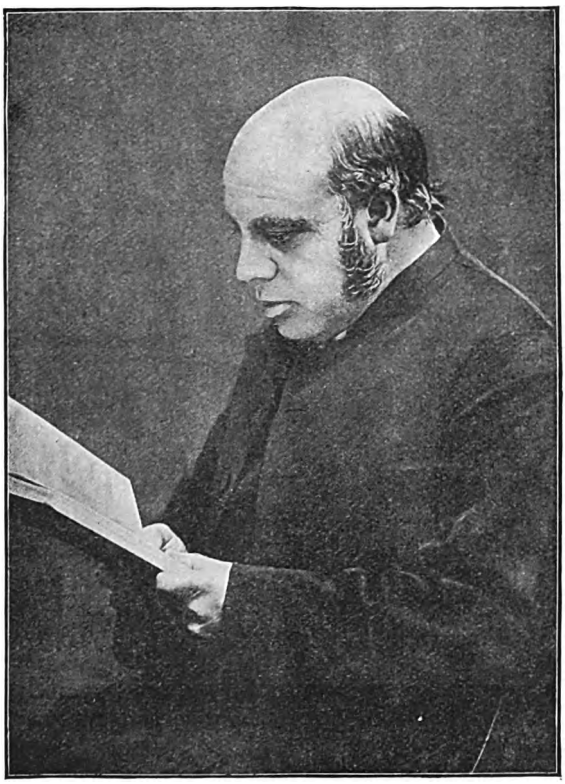
plank. He lost his footing; his body was swept away by the rushing waters of the Ganges, and was seen no more.

The next Bishop whom I knew intimately was Bishop Colenso. I was grieved to see him universally treated as if he were a pariah. In his book on the "Pentateuch" he has referred to the fact that I had been asked to write the article on "DELUGE" for Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. I wrote it, but took the views about the non-*universality* of the Deluge which most inquirers now hold. The editor and publishers, alarmed at this deviation from stereotyped opinion, postponed the insertion of the article, and in vol. i. inserted "DELUGE: see FLOOD." But even when they had got as far as "FLOOD," they had not made up their minds, and said, "FLOOD: see NOAH." My article was consequently sacrificed; for "NOAH" had been already assigned to the present Bishop of Worcester. Yet, after all, Dr. Perowne (as he then was) came to much the same conclusion as myself; for he wrote, "that even the language used with regard to the Flood itself—strong as it undoubtedly is—*does not oblige us to suppose that the Deluge was universal.*" The Bishop of Natal had alluded to and commented on this fact, and wrote to me about it. Indignant at the utterly shameful treatment which he was receiving at all hands, and glad to show my humble sympathy with a noble-hearted man, conspicuous for the ardent and fearless sincerity of his love of truth, I wrote to ask him to stay with me at Harrow. He had himself in former days been a Harrow Master, and he intensely enjoyed one or two quiet and happy Sundays with us. In those days, if a Bishop happened to be present in Harrow School Chapel, it was the custom to ask him to pronounce the benediction. Bishop Colenso did so; and will it be believed that numbers of letters came from parents, objecting that their sons should be blessed by one whom, in their utter ignorance of all the merits of the questions involved, they chose, with great injustice, to stigmatise as a heretic! The burden of this disagreeable correspondence fell, not on me but on the Headmaster; and consequently, when next the Bishop wrote to offer himself for a Sunday, I had, with the deepest regret, to ask him to come on a *week-day* instead. The persecution he incurred—which even went to the length of an impotent attempt to deprive him of his bishopric, and to reduce him to the condition of a pauper by robbing him of his income—was as incredible as it was infamous. I well remember his telling me that he found it by no means easy to get servants; and that his laundress had actually declined to wash for him any more, *because by doing so she lost customers*! I remember, too, that once when I had been preaching in a large West End church, the Bishop invited me to his house, and I walked out of the church with him, he taking my arm. As his tall form was seen amid the throng of worshippers, he was recognised as he left the church, and I heard audible and awestruck whispers, "*He's walking with Bishop Colenso!*" He faced this tornado of abuse, and these hurricanes of universal anathema, with the calmest dignity. He never once lost his temper; he never



BISHOP LIGHTFOOT OF DURHAM.
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returned so much as one angry word to men who had heaped on him every species of abuse and contempt, and of whom many were incomparably his inferiors, not only in learning but in every grace. A touch of humour helped him. He told me how, once, seeing an English bishop at Euston Station, the bishop, to his great surprise, advanced most cordially to meet him, and gave him a warm shake of the hand, which Colenso as warmly returned. But, alas! the next moment the English prelate said "The Bishop of Calcutta, I believe?" (or some other see). "No," replied Colenso, "the Bishop of Natal." The effect, he said, was electrical. The English bishop almost *rebounded* with an "Oh!" and left him with a much-alarmed and distant bow, as though after shaking hands with him he needed a purifying bath. Three of the greatest English bishops—Archbishop Tait, Bishop Philpot, and Bishop Thirlwall—always held aloof from the combination of Colenso's persecutors. Yet at the very time that all the "religious" newspapers were raving at him, and the press teeming with long-forgotten answers to him—answers which were often entirely futile, and involved either the most complete *ignoratio elenchi*, or an untenable casuistry seasoned with disdainful animadversion—at that very time he was receiving the hearty thanks and cordial appreciation of some of the most eminent scholars of Germany. Men of European fame—like Professor Hupfeld of Halle and Professor Kuenen of Leyden—openly expressed their admiration of him, and their obligations to him. French pastors like the Rev. Theophilus Bost wrote cordially about him; and the President and other members of the Committee of the Liberal Protestant Union of France sent him an address, in which "with outpoured hearts they thanked him, because, impelled by love of truth and true piety, he had commenced a work which, by ecclesiastical officialism, was charged with impiety and sacrilege." Bishops and ecclesiastics denounced and excommunicated him; and others wrote epigrams like—

> There was a poor Bishop Colenso,
> Who counted from one up to ten so
> That the writings Levitical
> He found were uncritical,
> And went out to tell the black men so!

Yet the Bishop of Natal had written, with utter self-sacrifice, at the cost of all, for the sake of what he regarded as the truth. When questioned about the literal accuracy of parts of Scripture, which were perhaps never meant to be literally understood, "My heart," he says, "answered in the words of the prophet, *Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?* I dared not do so." Future times will remember Bishop Colenso with honour and gratitude, when the names of nineteen-twentieths of his accusers have been buried in merciful oblivion. They will remember how, almost alone among Colonial bishops, he not only devoted nearly the whole of his years to the duties of his see until his death, but also, "with intense, indefatigable labour," mastered the Zulu language; produced a Zulu Grammar and Dictionary; translated into Zulu much of the Bible (correcting inconceivably frightful errors in some small previous attempts); and, in the cause of the oppressed, braving all hostile combinations, came home only to plead the wrongs of Langalibalde, and did his best to obtain justice for King Cetshwayo. I might add much more respecting him; but I only trust that his countless enemies and impugners may have been enabled to meet their last hour with as much certainty of hearing the words, "Servant of God, well done!" as this Bishop, with his boundless self-sacrifice, his incorruptible veracity, the charm of his simple Christian dignity, the blameless tenor of his innocence, and the singular sweetness and serene magnanimity of a temper which ever returned good for evil, and blessing for unqualified abuse.

The late most learned and altogether admirable Bishop of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot), whose writings, and especially his Commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul, are an imperishable legacy for the Church, was my private tutor in my last year at Cambridge, and remained my kind friend and occasional correspondent from that time to his comparatively early and deeply-lamented death, in 1890. Even as a boy, when he was at Birmingham School with two schoolfellows and chief friends so illustrious as his successor Bishop Westcott and the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury, he was remarkable for his scholarly thoroughness and unswerving diligence. It is no small glory to the late Bishop Prince Lee of Manchester, that he should have counted three such theologians among his Sixth Form boys. Dr. Lee chose for the one word on his tomb Σαλπίσει, "The trumpet shall sound." He was undoubtedly a remarkable and inspiring teacher, and Archbishop Benson told me that, though he by no means made a point of looking over all the exercises which the boys sent up, yet,

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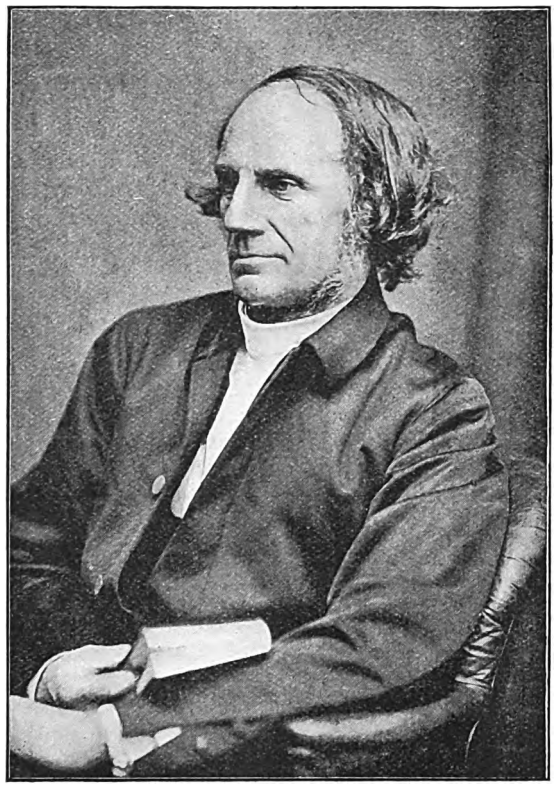
when he would open a drawerful of them and choose one for criticism, he used to deal with it in a way so masterly as never to be forgotten. One day he saw the boy Lightfoot standing on his desk, and called out in Greek, "*Kataba! Kataba! Kataba! Kataba!*" "Get down!" "*Katabēsomai,*" said the boy in his very quiet voice, completing the iambic line of Aristophanes! Whatever Lightfoot undertook he completed to the utmost of his power with inexhaustible thoroughness, and to the last day of his life, even when illness had laid its fatal mark upon him, he laboured on for the good of his diocese, of his Church, and of the world. He remained by choice unmarried, and at Auckland Castle found no small part of the refreshment and interest of his life in the society of the young men whom he generously trained for Holy Orders. When I was an Undergraduate, I remember the lesson we learnt from seeing the steady unvarying light of his lamp burning night after night in his room till midnight. He allowed himself no distraction except the afternoon "constitutional," and in summer the bathe in the Cam, to which I sometimes accompanied him. He became Senior Classic, although in Latin and Greek verse he never showed any brilliancy; and he was also a Wrangler and a Fellow of Trinity. He was grieved when, by some unaccountable accident, his friend Benson only came out eighth in the First Class; but, pointing to his name as Senior Chancellor's Medallist, he said, "I think that will get him his Fellowship,"—as it did. In the comparatively early death of this great Bishop, the Church of England suffered an irreparable loss. Even in the dust of his writings there was gold, and incidental papers and sermons are full of value. I once ventured to remark to the late Dean Church that Dr. Lightfoot, when he was a Canon of St. Paul's, was to me a far more interesting preacher than even Canon Liddon; and the Dean, who was a consummate judge in such matters, and a frequent hearer of both preachers, took exactly the same view.



BISHOP WORDSWORTH OF LINCOLN.
[*From a Photo by* SAWYER, 230 *Regent Street, W.*]

The late Bishop Moberly of Salisbury yearly came to our house at Marlborough to confirm some hundred or more carefully-trained boys in the College chapel. Having been himself a headmaster for many years at Winchester, he delighted in these annual visits to a great school, and told us that he reckoned his visit to Marlborough as one of the most enjoyable days in his episcopal year. At that time he was already old, and had to sit while he laid his hands on the boys' heads. His addresses varied but little from year to year, which is more or less inevitable, since bishops are obliged to administer confirmation perhaps a hundred or more times every year. But the addresses were so kindly, so sympathetic, so full of rich experience and wise advice, that they were always listened to with the most respectful attention. Bishop Moberly was a delightful talker. He was full of varied reminiscences of Oxford and Winchester days. At Oxford, when he was quite a young man, he was tutor at Balliol College, and Manning was among his pupils. Manning, as a youth, was full of eager ability and self-confidence. Bishop Moberly used to tell how once, in construing a difficult

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passage of Thucydides, Manning had made a mistake, which he, as tutor, immediately corrected. "Oh, sir," said the young Manning, "my rendering is, I assure you, quite right." He said it with such conviction that Mr. Moberly replied, "Well, I should have certainly said that it was quite wrong; but since you are so sure about it, I will look at it again." He did so, and found Manning's rendering absolutely untenable and impossible. Meeting him in the quadrangle, he said, "Mr. Manning, how could you defend your translation of that passage in Thucydides? It was quite wrong." "Oh, sir," said Manning, with a smile, and entirely unabashed, "didn't you observe that I had not looked at it before?" They continued to correspond with each other in later years. One day Dr. Moberly received from Manning the last Charge which he published as Archdeacon. Rumours were already ripe that Manning was about to join the Church of Rome, but the Charge was an argument on the other side. Dr. Moberly wrote back and said, "I was very glad, my dear Manning, to receive your Charge, as it disproves the rumours about your leaving our communion." "Dear Dr. Moberly," was the reply, "in my Charge I have stated the case of the Church of England. I only wish that it were tenable." Very shortly afterwards, it was publicly announced that the Archdeacon of Chichester had joined the Church of Rome.

In this paper I will only mention one more very learned and eminent prelate, Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln. I met him first at a dinner party at Dean Blakesley's in Lincoln, and he thanked me very graciously for the sermon I had preached for Lincoln Hospital. I was one of his successors in the Archdeaconry of Westminster, which he held for a long series of years, and this led to some communications between us. Few men have achieved, as he did, a Commentary—in many respects a very learned and helpful Commentary, though now in many parts absolutely untenable—on the whole of Scripture. This will remain as a permanent monument of his diligence and genius; and it was only one of many valuable works which years of leisure enabled him to elaborate. He was a very powerful, yet personally charitable, controversialist against the Church of Rome. On one occasion one of his old Harrow pupils —he had for a time held the Headmastership of Harrow, a post for which he was ill fitted, and in which he was far from successful—entered Westminster Abbey while he was preaching, and asked the verger what was the subject of his sermon. "Oh, sir," said the verger, "it is the old story; he is giving it to the Pope!" His sermons were usually very long; yet on one occasion, having only four Sundays in his month of residence, and wishing to preach five sermons of a course, he announced to his congregation at the end of his fourth sermon that he now intended, then and there, to preach the fifth on the top of it: and it is recorded that some of the congregation actually sat out both sermons! One of my predecessors at St. Margaret's, the Syriac scholar, Canon Cureton, had a son at Westminster School; and whenever the Canon preached too long a sermon, the boys used to thrash his son! When Dean Trench was informed of this, he remarked with a deep sigh, "Oh, how I wish that Canon Wordsworth also had a son at the School!" There was something very original about Bishop Wordsworth's ways. On one occasion, standing at my door in Dean's Yard, I saw a curious figure approaching me, with a scarlet robe huddled up about his neck and face to protect him from the cold. It was Bishop Wordsworth in his Convocation dress. "*Affulsit serena lux*," he said to me, "*affulsit serena lux*." This beneficent beam of light was, as he proceeded to explain, the settlement of some minute point in the Upper House of Convocation! His conversation was often a sort of thinking aloud. Once in his private chapel, at family prayers, something in the lesson led him to allude to the Papal Claim, and he kept all the servants and household an indefinite time, learnedly—and with perfect oblivion of the circumstances—disproving to them all grounds for the dogma of Papal Infallibility. In his speeches he seemed at times to be no less oblivious of his audience. I heard him once at a Church Congress meeting in Lincoln. He got hold of St. Bernard's words, *Deargentemus pennas*—"Let us besilver our wings." Talking on in an abstracted way, as though he were thinking aloud and had become unconscious of the throng of persons whom he was addressing, he repeated the words again and again, and enforced the duty of making our wings like the wings of a dove, which is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold.

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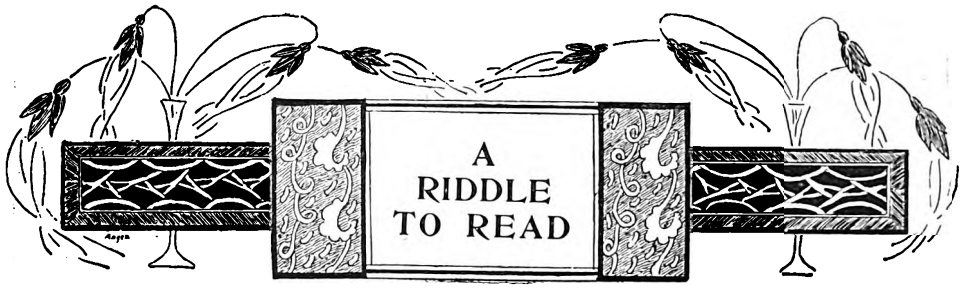


Oh, the sorrowful days and the evil ways,
They are shouting their summons on land and sea,
By the song of the lark, by the watch-dog's bark,
Our riddle we place to be read by thee.

If God is high, and thou preachest Him nigh,
And willing to help in times of need:
Whence the lack of rain and the blight on the grain
And the droop and death of the farmer's seed?

If God is here, and thou preachest Him near,
And good to all, whether man or beast:
Whence the carking care and the pest-fed air,
And thousands in famine for one at feast?

If God is great, and there is no fate,
But one strong will for the whole world round:
Whence the tears like rain and the racking pain,
And the hearts that break where they else might bound?

. . . . .

The riddle is old, and has oft been told—
To be told again where a soul can see:
If men do wrong, whether weak or strong,
There sorrow and loss shall surely be.

To break His laws must be ever the cause
Of shame and evil by day or night,
For His laws are good, and have ever stood
To guard all goodness from wrong or slight.

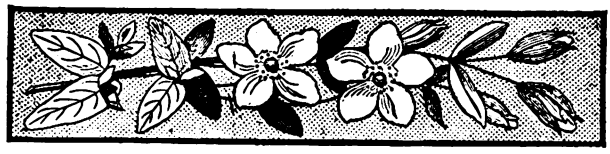
If we ever obey, in the sweet old way
Of childhood at home in the Long Ago,
We shall surely find all the peace of mind
Which seems to have vanisht with childhood's glow.

If we once do right with our mind and might,
And lift to the shoulder the strong, stern Cross;
If with constant eye we ourselves deny,
Our Gain shall cover our deepest loss.

If we once do good in true brotherhood,
Each to the other, warm heart, warm hand,
Shall be help for all, whether great or small,
And Life will be glad on the sea and land.

And in worlds away, beyond where we stay,
Circling nearer the Great White Throne;
Oh, sorrowful days and evil ways,
Your riddle by all shall be read and known.

ALFRED NORRIS.



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MY FAVOURITE HOLIDAY RESORT

BY

MRS. SARAH A. TOOLEY
MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER
DR. H. S. LUNN
AND
MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS

Mrs. Tooley describes a lovely little Danish Village.

As I sit down to think over pleasant holidays spent at home or abroad, there rises vividly before me a picture of Fredensborg—that lovely little Danish village nestling at the foot of the King's summer palace, and reposing peacefully on the shores of the blue lake of Esrom (*Esrom Sö*). It is an ideal holiday place for those who want quietude and repose, and who like a simple life; but British prejudices must be left behind, for at Fredensborg everything is unadulterated Danish, and the British tourist is almost unknown as a resident visitor: he comes rushing over from Copenhagen to take a passing look at the palace of Fredensborg, and then back again, without a thought of the village. The chief street is narrow and steep, with quaint signs hanging over the little low shops to indicate the merchandise to be bought within. Down in the hollow below are thatched cottages and houses with whitewashed walls and red-tiled roofs, looking charmingly picturesque amongst the trees, for Fredensborg is literally embedded in woods. Towards the railway station are a few modern villas built by retired people who have come to rusticate away from the city. At the top of the village street stands the Jærnbane Hotellet, its shady verandah covered with creepers. Here visitors are received *en pension*; and during the summer, at which time Copenhagen is unbearably hot, it is filled with visitors. The proprietor, Herr Hansen, and the energetic Frue, his wife, speak not a word of French or English, neither do the waiters; but with that beautiful kindliness which distinguishes all the Danish people, and which we see in its perfection in our own Princess, they seem to guess your requirements intuitively, and at least six out of twenty visitors can speak English—a language rapidly growing in favour in Denmark.

Each guest has a comfortable combined bed and sitting room, with bare polished floor. Meals are taken in a large airy room, also with bare polished floor, and having doors opening on to a delightful garden. The room itself looks like a garden too, for in every nook and corner are flowers and great branches of beech trees placed in high vases. It is a refreshing sight in the early morning to see Herr Hansen arrive with trays of roses fresh cut from his garden, and the beech boughs ready for decoration. Then he mounts the steps and fixes the shining foliage in the high recesses of the room, and descends again to study the effect, which is always artistic. And this is how we spend our days at the Jærnbane Hotellet. Tea with roll and butter, and a new-laid egg for the English lady, who is supposed to require something substantial, brought to your room at seven o'clock. You dress and take this at your leisure, then descend to the garden, where the guests are sitting about or forming parties for the woods, a favourite spot in which to wander for an hour or two in the early morning, amid the fragrance of pine, the scent of wild flowers, the singing of birds, and —the stinging of gnats, a species of mosquito. It is necessary to wear thick calfskin gloves when you walk in the woods. Another favourite early morning walk is to the neighbouring village of Asminderöd, where a stork has its nest on the top of the church, and, with its

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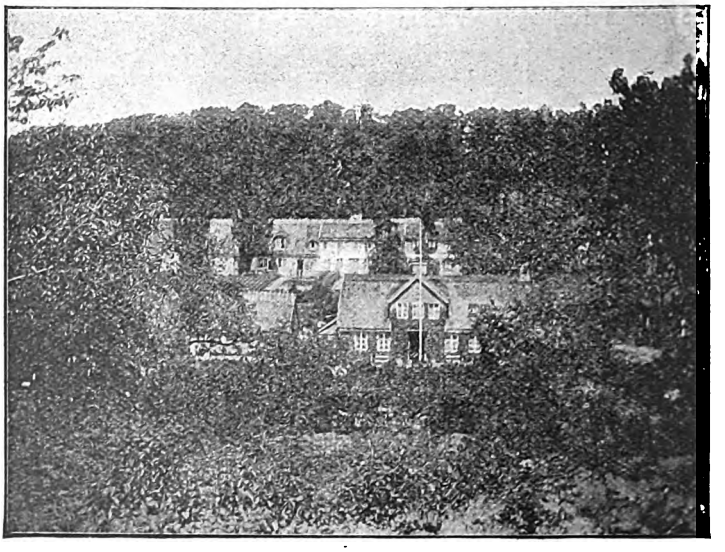
THE VILLAGE STREET, FREDENSBORG.
[*From a Snap Shot by* MRS. TOOLEY.]

family, is the pride of the countryside, to which it is supposed to have brought good luck. The churchyard is a perfect garden of flowers, and inside the porch of the church you may see the Lutheran priest holding a class of young communicants ere they go to the village schools. You return to the Hotellet for *déjeuner* at ten, when the table is spread with innumerable dishes of meat in thin slices, cold chicken, lettuces, radishes, many kinds of *brod* or bread, always a dish of prawns and of fish in jelly. There is much ceremony when you rise from table, for you must bow to those seated at either end, then to your neighbours on either side, and finally to everybody. Married couples frequently exchange a kiss as well as a bow; and everybody is so kind and delightful that you are yourself inclined to embrace the guests all round, even the ceremonious old Colonel with his medals, who is quite the most distinguished person present, and comes each year to spend his holidays at the Jærnbane Hotellet. It is well to take lessons in bowing before entering Danish society, for the ceremony just described takes place after each meal, and it would be fearful discourtesy if you omitted to bow to a single guest, even though twenty were present. After *déjeuner*, some pleasant hours may be spent in the lovely grounds of Fredensborg Castle, always open to the public. The grounds are intersected by long allées leading down to the lake, where you can sit on the King's Bridge, or take a pleasure or fishing boat.

The fashionable hour for dinner in Copenhagen is four o'clock; but at Fredensborg you dine at three, then adjourn to the garden to drink coffee and while away the afternoon in chatting. The Danish ladies are sure to be deep in their embroidery, and the gentlemen discuss the news over long Dutch pipes which descend to the waist. In the cool of the evening you can walk in the woods, or boat on the lake, then home to a meal which consists of every conceivable variety of cold meat, and which is designated "tea," as that is the beverage served with it. After a short lounge in the garden, everybody retires; for the



A VIEW IN FREDENSBORG.
[*From a Snap Shot by* MRS. TOOLEY.]

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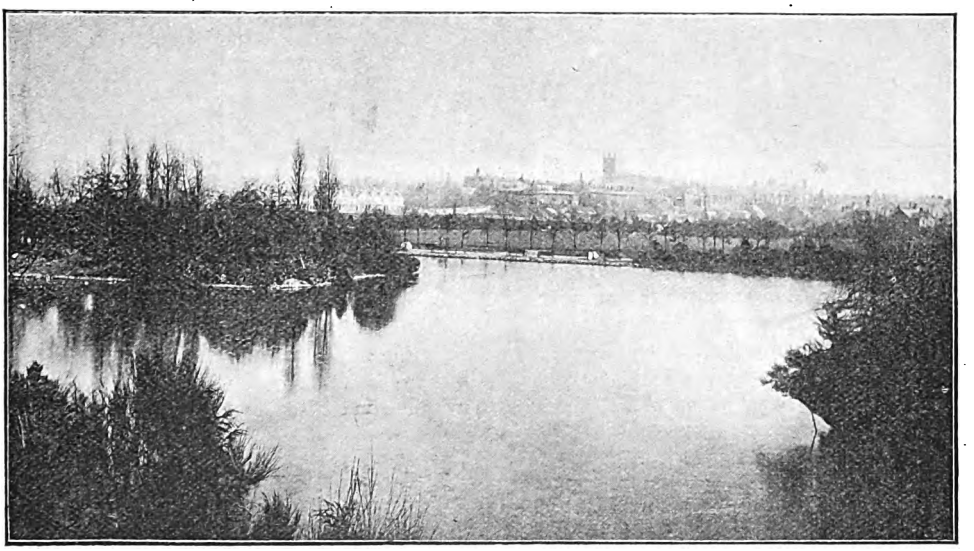
Danes believe in early to bed and early to rise. Such is a quiet day at Fredensborg; but it can be varied by a visit to Copenhagen (an hour's ride), most charming of cities, with its wealth of artistic treasures and beautiful promenade by the sea, or to the Castle of Fredericksborg, well worth a visit, and to which you can drive along lovely country roads from Fredensborg. Another delightful trip is to go by train (half an hour) to Helsingör, visit the famous fortress of Kronborg on the Sound, take the steamer to Helsingborg on the coast of Sweden, proceed by public conveyance to Marienlyst—a cosy little sea-bathing place, where in a sequestered wood at the back of the Château is the reputed grave of Hamlet and the brook where Ophelia drowned herself. Many other interesting excursions may be made in a day from Fredensborg, but the place is altogether so charming and reposeful that one never wishes to leave it.

* * *

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler describes the Charms of the Black Country.

THIS is a difficult subject for me to give an opinion upon, inasmuch as I dislike them all. Like the Irishman in the hospital, who—when the patients were sampling their respective medicines — cried, "Glory be to the saints! mine is the nastiest!" I could say which holiday resort is the nastiest to me; but that would be unfair to the festive spot, so I refrain.

Places and seasons, wherein pleasure becomes a duty, must of necessity be depressing—like Christmas Day or a wedding, for instance. On Christmas Day one feels doomed to wallow in plum-pudding, and to sing carols out of sheer lightness of heart; consequently the natural man hungers for plain fare and for pensive silence: at a wedding one's heart is expected to dance to the merry music of the marriage-bell; consequently the said heart grows heavy within one, and the Wedding March sounds more dismal than a dirge. In the same way a professionally funny man banishes mirth from the most cheerful countenances; while a humorous recitation is enough to draw tears from "the young-eyed cherubins" themselves. Therefore a town specially built and designed for holiday-making is in danger of becoming a veritable city of woe; for pleasure—like love, or a cold in one's head—is generally caught when least expected, and when one is in pursuit of something else.



A GENERAL VIEW OF WOLVERHAMPTON.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* BENNETT CLARK, *Wolverhampton.*]

By this, however, I do not mean that folks should never repair to the "sad sea-waves" for rest and change: such a vacation is often necessary to their health, and should therefore be most religiously indulged in. But going to a popular watering-place for pleasure seems to me like drowning dull care in bovril, or making glad the heart of man with quinine. As children, of course, we all adored "going to the sea"; but we enjoyed such strange things when we were children. I can recall a most delightful picnic when I was about four; it still shines down "the corridor of Time" when I look back;

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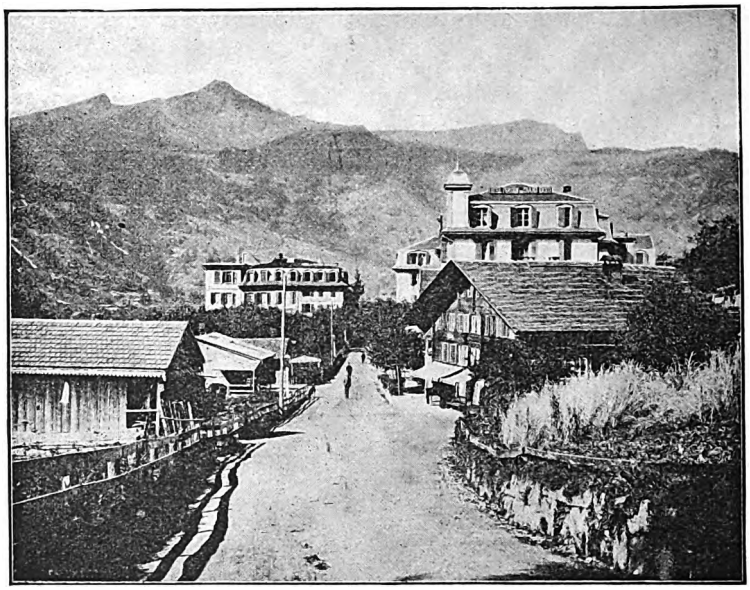

GRINDELWALD AND THE LAUBERHORN.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, 283 *Regent Street, W.*]

and it consisted of one pink cough-lozenge. But *nous avons changé tout cela*; and a visit to the seaside no longer satisfies our spiritual, nor a cough-lozenge our temporal, wants.

But if I were compelled to denote the spot where I would fain spend a holiday, I would describe a manufacturing town in the Midlands, situated on the crest of a hill, and crowned by a beautiful old church. If from this town a traveller walks towards the sun-rising he will soon find himself in a very Inferno of both blazing and burnt-out furnaces, deep dark pits, and weird heaps of cooling slag; but if he turns his steps Westward-ho! he will come to a pleasant land of meadows and orchards and elm-studded parks, and pretty villages clustering round square-towered churches. He will see no majestic mountains, no rushing rivers; but little brown streams that creep singing through the fields, and mossy banks carpeted with primroses and bluebells in their season. In the spring a snowstorm of damson-blossom falls all over the countryside; and in the summer the hedges are festooned first with white may and then with pink dog-roses. And there are straight wide roads and narrow winding lanes, all leading to somewhere delightful; and the rose-campions and the yellow dandelions grow on either side of the highways and byways, so that these nave red and gold edges, like hymn-books; and the hymns that are sung there by the larks and the thrushes and the cuckoos are the sweetest in the world—though it is too cold for nightingales. There is less rain there than in most places in England, and the sea is as far off as it can go from people who live on an island; but the east wind makes

GRINDELWALD AND THE WETTERHORN.
[*From a Copyright Photo by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, 283 *Regent Street, W.*]

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himself thoroughly at home, and gives health and strength to the natives, while he cuts the throats of the strangers within his gates.

And the name of my Favourite Holiday Resort?—

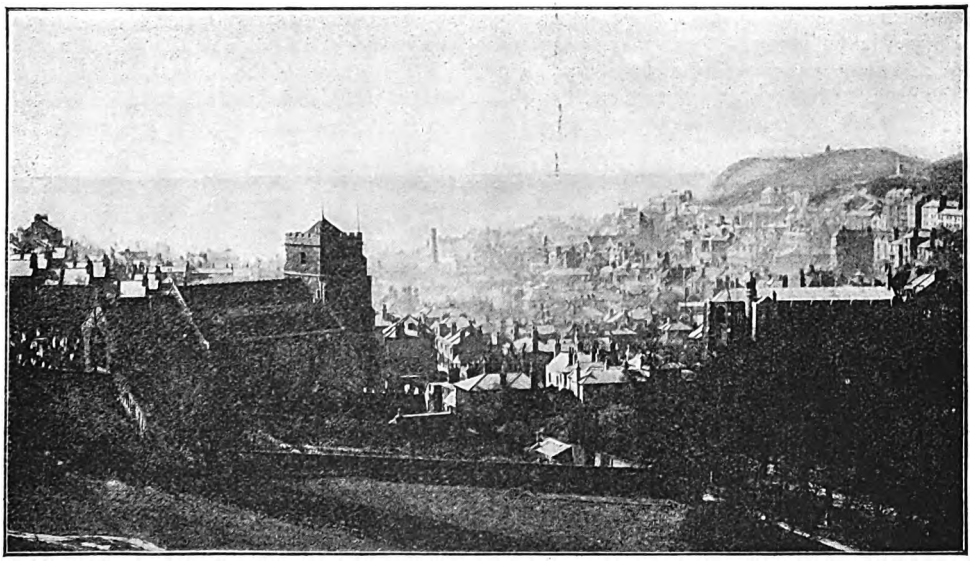
People who have never been there call it the Black Country: I call it Home.

* * *

On revient toujours à ses premiers amours, and after journeyings in many lands I always come back with unabated affection to Grindelwald in winter. I do not think it is because of the developments which later years have associated with the name of Grindelwald, but because of its own intrinsic charm, that I feel

Dr. Lunn selects Grindelwald in Winter.

sides, say, half-way up the Faulhorn, or half-way up the Wengern Alp. The climber follows the course of the tobogan slides made by the peasants, who take advantage of the snow to slide huge loads of wood for fuel and building down the precipitous mountain-sides. The climb occupies about half as long again as in the summer, the snow not offering so easy a foothold; but the excursion is infinitely more enjoyable than in the heat of August, and the bracing air inspires one to cry "Excelsior" at every step. The descent, on tobogans, of a height that it has taken three hours to climb does not occupy more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, but it is a time of such concentrated bliss as only the toboganner knows.



HASTINGS.
[*From a Photo by* THOMAS, *George Street, Hastings.*]

for this lovely valley the same enthusiasm as when I first beheld it. The Alps never look grander than when clothed with a complete pall of deep snow; the crowds of summer have departed; absolute silence reigns. The climate has not the fickleness of summer, but day follows day with an unbroken course of brilliant sunshine; the air is perfectly motionless, and consequently one can go about attired in summer clothing, with a thermometer from 5 to 10 degrees below freezing-point, and topcoats are discarded between sunrise and sunset.

It is difficult to imagine a more delightful day than one spent as follows:—Leave the Bear Hotel about nine in the morning, and climb some two thousand feet up one of the mountain-

In the afternoon the carefully-prepared rink enables one to study the mysteries of figure-skating, while the more leisurely sit in the warm sunshine watching the graceful movements of the skaters. A scramble over the glacier, which in winter can be traversed with far greater ease than in summer, or a sleigh ride to Interlaken or Lauterbrunnen, fills up the programme of a brief winter holiday, so perfect that I never met anyone who had once experienced it who did not regard it as one of the most delightful he had ever known.

* * *

Miss Betham-Edwards loves Hastings in spite of Vandalism.

HASTINGS, alas! with so many other beautiful places, in one, and that the most lamentable

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sense, belongs to the past. Its delightful climate, its tremendous panorama of sea and coast, its rural surroundings, remain; the Hastings dear to artists and all lovers of natural beauty, is fast vanishing. Here Vandalism has done its worst.

The historic West Hill, with the hoary ruins of William the Conqueror's stronghold, has been defaced for the purpose of making a lift, as hideous as it was unnecessary; the glorious East Hill, purchased as a recreation ground by the town—inspiration of Turner and how many more great artists—formerly a blaze of gorse, a bit of wild moor at our very doors, has been handed over to the tender mercies of a private Golf Club, who have done their very utmost to destroy every vestige of naturalness or rusticity; the picturesque old fishing town has been sacrificed in the interests of company promoters. And now comes the crowning piece of Vandalism—the project of shaving away or tunnelling the East Cliff for the construction of a railway,—in either case, a scheme fatal to coast scenery as fine as any in the kingdom, and yearly the delight of tens upon tens of thousands.

To love a place once is to love it always; and it is not easy to move one's household gods, however great the temptation. Hastings, too, has the great—to myself the inestimable—advantage of being within an easy day's journey of Paris. But liberal as is the sum of beauty still enjoyed from my windows—green swards, varied foliage; beyond, the old town nestled between its two grand Forelands, and the vast stretch of ocean—not a day passes but I regretfully recall the past. Where, not so very many years ago, stretched fields and meadows, broken up into tiny hill and dale, have sprung up closely serried lines of semi-detached villas, shops, and cottages. The shepherd pastured his flock just above the shore alive with bathers; a few minutes' climb from the centre of the town and the enchanted Londoner found himself in rural lanes, between hedges a tangle of wild-rose and honeysuckle, thrushes and blackbirds warbling as if in the heart of the country. Who can help feeling that this wholesale destruction of beauty, picturesqueness, and historic association is an injustice towards our children's children? We have robbed them of an inheritance that should be handed down intact, regarded as sacred.

"I'VE LOST MY MOTHER!"
[*Drawn for* THE TEMPLE *by* LOUIS WAIN.]

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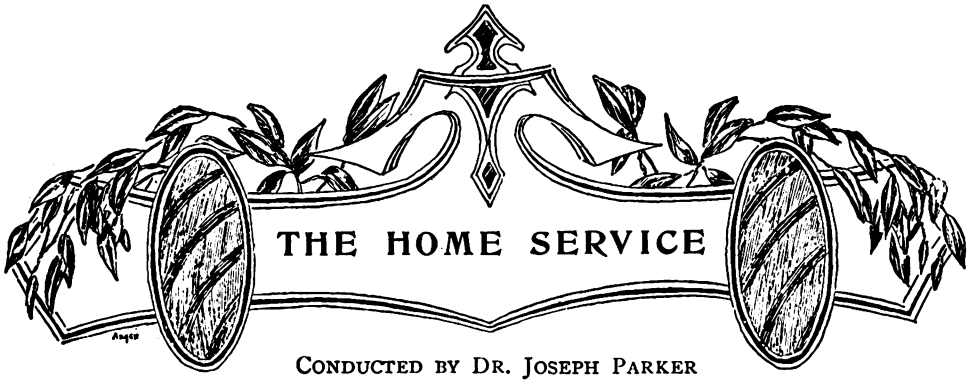

THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

WE come to Thee because we have heard that Thou wilt abundantly pardon: this is what we need, wave upon wave of forgiveness. Thou wilt not coldly forgive us, as if with reluctance and reserve and hesitation; we have heard that Thou wilt abundantly pardon, like billow following billow on the great sea. We have come to confess our sins and make supplication unto Thy mercy. We have done the things we ought not to have done; we have left undone the things that we ought to have done. We have sinned with the right hand, and with the left hand we have done iniquity. Our life is unclean before Thee; we are as lepers in the sight of God: Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make us clean! Yet why should we reproach Thy love, as if we wondered as to Thy will? When Thou hast given Thine only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life, how can we doubt Thy will? We may not doubt Thy power. Grant unto us, therefore, a sense of cleansing, give us the joy of realised purification; then shall we be full of joy, and gladness shall be the keynote of our song, and we shall as liberated men praise Thee with all the anthems of freedom. Thou hast done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Thou didst move away the stone from the door of the sepulchre; Thou didst dry up the river that we feared; Thou didst lay low the hill which we were assured we could never climb. Thou hast found for us water in the desert, and honey among the rock. Thou hast done great things for us, whereof we are glad. We said at the beginning of life that we could not travel far; and lo, Thou didst say unto each of us, Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be. We said, So small a beginning must have a small ending; and lo, the handful of corn on the top of the mountains has shaken like Lebanon, because Thou hast given us harvest blessings and great bounty of the gold of Thy love. We will not be silent, we will break the silence into music; we will wave a banner before the Lord, and repeat our vow at the altar of the Cross. Our days are going, yea, they are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, they are as a shadow, a cloud chased by the wind across the landscape; and there is none abiding. One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure; Thou changest their countenance, Thou sendest them away. We cannot go back upon our yesterday, what is written is written; but we can think of the future, and invoke Thy grace and Thy love and Thy strength; and this we do, one for the other, that we may be comforted in common prayer. Behold Thy servants, old and young, the grey-haired leaning on their yielding staff, and the young full of rose-beauty and spring-bloom and all manner of resolve and dream. And some so busy as to be doing nothing; and others beating their hands to pieces upon the wrong door; and some perplexed and bewildered and grievously distressed; and some casting upon others the blame of failure, instead of inflicting laceration upon themselves; and others slug-gards in the market-place and absentees from the altar, neither gathering the dust of this world, nor laying up for themselves treasure in heaven. And some of Thy servants loving Thee with ever-increasing love, and conscious of growing might in prayer, and of a clearer vision of the Cross, red with divinest blood and uplifted in symbol of divinest power. Oh, come to us these summer days, and grant unto us a summer in the soul. Comfort all that mourn; take away the garment of heaviness and put on the garment of beauty and of praise, beauty turned into music; and take away the vinegar and the bitter gall, and give us the honey and the sweet wine from the vineyard of heaven. And, above all, pardon our sin, purify our souls, quicken our spirits, and send upon us the Holy Ghost in pentecostal plenitude and power. O Lord my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant prayeth, have Thou respect unto his prayer; hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place; when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive! Amen.

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THE LIMITATIONS OF NATURE

Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.—JOHN iv. 13.

THE speaker is Jesus Christ. The hearer was the woman of Samaria who came to draw water. This water was the water of the well of Jacob. "Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Jesus Christ recognised the two natures of man, the body and the soul, the outward and the inward: He knew what was in man. He said in effect, You must, of course, have this water, but it only provokes the thirst which it allays; let there be no misunderstanding about it; keep things in their proper places, and they are right and good and useful, and, so kept, ought to constitute occasions for appreciation and gratitude, but do not carry them beyond their own boundary: your life is limited; hitherto shalt thou come; thus much shalt thou do; there are twelve hours in the day: mark your limitations; within them you may have much freedom; but if you attempt to exaggerate them you will be stung by the adder of disappointment. That is all; that is great teaching; that is teaching that is founded upon the lines of our own daily experience and consciousness. You know perfectly well that the water which you drink out of the rivers of earth cannot get into the soul; why betake yourself to Jordan, or to Abana and Pharpar, far-off rivers of Damascus? Take your bodies there, wash and be clean, drink and have your thirst quenched there, the thirst of the throat; but do not take your souls to the river of water. That is all. Was there ever such sweet teaching, such tender, wise, rich doctrine as this? And He said unto her, Hear Me, this water is good, but whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. It was water out of the well of Jacob, historical, traditional, romantic water, but it did not allay the thirst permanently. Understand Me: whosoever drinketh at this water shall thirst again. It is gold out of the well of the Bank of England, but, hear Me, you have drunk to your full to-day, you will be thirsty to-morrow. This gold-water cannot quench your thirst permanently. Moreover, it never touches the soul. It touches the animal nature, the external relation; but, when you come to think of it, it is utterly without reason to suppose that that which feeds the body can satisfy the soul. What a Teacher He was! He said, Now you have in you a thirst which only I can satisfy; your throat is burning, but your soul is suffering from a keener thirst. Moreover, He condemns us at the well-head. He says, You are seeking water for your body, seek water for your soul; you are insuring the few bricks which you call your house, lay up for yourselves an insurance, a treasure, in heaven; you are labouring for the bread which perisheth—very good, because the body perisheth—but do not labour for the bread which perisheth, as if it were everything, but labour for the bread which endureth unto everlasting life. Thus He handled man in both aspects—body, soul; needing water for the quenching of his throat's thirst, and needing another water for the quenching of the burning fire of his soul. We are in good hands; I love this Teacher; I hail Him; He knows me, He speaks my mother-tongue. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

Jesus knew precisely what materialism can do, what matter can do, what riches can do, what the external can do. He did not ignore the agency, function, necessariness of merely bodily and material relations and wants, but He said, This is what materialism cannot do. There are some things that cannot be done by iron, and materialism itself is divided and subdivided into a thousand relations and adaptations. No man can eat a bar of iron—that is matter enough—he must become a little more spiritual even in addressing his own body, and he must descend to the soft and the plastic, and he must be getting into gentler moulds and moods of things, he must have bread that his teeth can break. It was thus that the commandments grew up into "covetousness"; it was thus that "Thou shalt not steal" melted away into the infinitely spiritual "Thou shalt not covet"; you are first present at the junction of the dispensations—the great commanding dispensation, the great legal era, the simple, elementary, alphabetic description and delimitation of life; and then we came to the last of the commandments, and we found them getting more and more spiritual. "Thou shalt not murder"—no, we are past that. "Thou shalt not covet": He means to get at the soul, to get past crime into sin. And so in nature He has His parables, religious and theologic: He says, You cannot drink stones, you must get something softer, you must get water and dew and the sweet wine of God's own growing. Thus He has a thousand little parables on the road; but I know what He means—He means to take us

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past all wells and streams and rivers running in deep channels, and He means to satisfy our thirst with love, sympathy with Himself, with the assimilation of His own nature. It is something to know what materialism can do, and it is something to know what materialism cannot do. It is quite as important to know what nature cannot do as to know what it can do. We have been attending long lectures and listening to the highest scholastic eloquence regarding the power of nature; now it is time we heard something about its weakness. We want to know what science or materialism or nature can do; we are delighted to hear its instruction, and no wise man will repel further increase of knowledge; but we also want to know what nature, materialism, science, phenomena, or any other long words cannot do. We know perfectly well that when the lecture on science is done we must still go home and love, and we cannot be helped there by the longest and weariest and dreariest polysyllables of a merely academic and instructional kind. When all the high address is done and has blended with the wind, we must still have pity and sympathy and outgoing of soul after all higher meaning.

Now these are facts. You have too often allowed all these aspirations and desires to be regarded as mere sentiments, but sentiments themselves are facts. The interjection is a necessary part of speech. You say, "Ah!" and cannot help it; you may take a pledge against it, but you will break it, and must break it. "Ah!" what is "Ah!"? To you English it is only an interjection, because you do not know what the root of it is; you do not know that it is a Sanscrit root that goes right back and back to *breathe*. To you it is an interjection, with a mark of exclamation after it; to the Hindu it is *To breathe*—"ah!" the outgoing soul; the soul seeking the higher wells, the river of God which is full of water. So now we want to know something about what materialism or nature or the well of Jacob cannot do. We know perfectly well that it is not in the power of any amount of riches to satisfy a man's soul. Riches always return to poverty. They move upon a given axis and within a very limited orbit, and they come back to the workhouse. They cannot help it. A man may have fifty millions sterling, and be a pauper. He may have so much that he has nothing! Wealth works itself out into a vanishing quantity; it is repletion and repletion and more, and satiety and disgust and dispossession. It is only because we are mercifully restrained within limited incomes that can be taxed that we have anything of the nature of comparative satisfaction. In Solomon's day the silver went for nothing in old Jerusalem; it was so abundant that nobody cared for it: and so Nevada and all its silver mines get back to the workhouse, and are steps right back to the place where poverty hides its head that it may dry its tears. Oh, men, men! you want to double your income and have another thousand and a thousand over, and have another estate and ten thousand more estates, until you become the very gold mines of the world. You are moving very rapidly towards poverty. There is a plentifulness that has in itself no satisfaction. We know perfectly well that Jesus Christ was right when He said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Up to a given point they may be good, they are good—he is a foolish man who treats them as if they were only despicable; but there is nothing in them, nothing in things that can be held by the hand that can get at the soul, or have any saving relation to the soul. We must go to other fields and deeper wells if we would satisfy the immortality that burns within us. That is Christ's teaching.

Now we know perfectly that these desires, these upward desires, for which there is no dining-table spread in all the banqueting-halls of time and space—that these desires are as certainly facts, facts, facts, as are our bodily appetites. We have them both, and I would as soon deny the one as deny the other. I hunger,—yes. I hunger more,—right. The same man? Yes. That is what is forgotten,—as if all aspirations and desires and greeds and covetings of the soul were mere sentiments, and that a man longing for fatness of the table, and wine and bread, is longing for the only facts. Prayers are also facts, and belong to the same human nature, but to its higher levels, to its upper and better side. Why hunger thy soul, prince of fools? Yet we have allowed men to come and go amongst us who would treat hunger of the body as a fact, and desire of the soul as a mere sentiment. On what ground? by what authority? on the basis of what credentials? I am the same man, I hunger, give me bread; I desire, I crave, I pant, I sigh, I long for "a country out of sight." I am the same man; and yet here are persons, of the most limited stature, who assure me that when I hunger for bread I am the subject of a fact, but when I desire a higher kinship and a nobler fellowship I am the victim of a fantasy! In troth, these are dogmatists! On my soul's

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honour—naked, uncomplicated honour—these men are dogmatists! And the wise Christian tutor is no dogmatist, but a musician and a poet and a prophet and an apostle and a great comforter of souls; for he feeds my higher self, and tells me that Jacob's well can only quench the thirst of the body, that there is another well, a living well, a spring-water well which will refresh and fertilise and satisfy the soul. I believe it. Oh, help mine unbelief!

"The water that I shall give him shall be in him." Who is this "I"? Jacob never said this; no other man ever said it. The speaker just turned thirty years of age, and He says, "The water that I shall give him." Who is this "I"? Can you tell me somewhat of this Stranger? Is He a boaster? is He the victim of self-exaggeration? Tell me something else that He said that I may judge Him by comparative criticism. Did He ever say anything but this? Yes. What did He say? He said, "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross." He was a disciplinarian—yes, that is the right word. He said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." If He had only said, "The water that I shall give him," I could have smiled at Him, and treated Him as another dreamer and the victim of another fantasy; but this Man says, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out"; He says, "Love your enemies." Ay—"The water that I shall give him." "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Lord, is this necessary to be Thy disciple? Yes. He said, "Let your yea be yea and your nay nay," and people thought it was but an incidental observation of a very limpid and harmless kind. It goes to the root of human confidence and fellowship—that a man shall say No and mean it, Yes and mean it,—not stubbornly, not egotistically, not as the result of an exaggerated and demented vanity, but as issuing from the very love of truth, from the true, deep, tender sincerity of the soul. "Shall be in him,"—part of him, shall belong to him, shall be assimilated by him;—and I will say, Give him bread and blood and life and light and doctrine day by day until on the last day he shall be as I am. That is teaching. He shall not have a few opinions and some written credenda, but he shall be as Myself, My soul; the fire that burns in him shall glow in Me. Do you know anything about this Stranger? Who could make such an offer? Take it merely as an offer, but take in the whole offer, and not any one preferential part of it, and the offer is an offer of pain, discipline, persecution, self-obliteration, self-damnation, and accepting the truth, the comfort, and the promise from the same Master. We thought once we were dealing with some little pellucid propositions, some very tiny crystal-like moralities, that if we do good to this man and do good to that child, all will be well with us. The mischief is, that we will seize upon what I have called preferential virtues; we have magnified these because they come easy to us. It is nothing for you to be sober; the demon of drink is not in your family. It is easy for you to be chaste; you never burned with the devil's desire. It is easy for you to rebuke other men; you are inborn and incurable Pharisees. But there are others amongst us who know what it is to pass through fiercest temptation, and who are tempted to regard the temptation as a necessity, part of some great predestinarian scheme of the universe, part of some philosophic determinism by which everything is bound down to a given line and cannot escape from its tether. We are tempted to doubt the temptations, tempted to regard the temptations as indirect and collateral virtues. This is what Jesus Christ will do for us. You who are a perfectly sober man, He will not test by your sobriety; you cannot help it, you have no throat for drink, there is no thirsty devil from the seven hells in your soul crying for fire as water. There is no credit to you, not the slightest; that may be in a sense a weakness of yours, and you ought to dread that, because you are looking upon a grace as if it were a virtue. Grace—something that belongs to the cold or moderate blood. Virtue—hot blood subdued—down!—that is virtue. Grace, the poor little negative half-vice, that is nothing; but the man who has a thief's hand and who says, "I will not take it—I will!" and who says, "Lord, help me to cut off this thievish hand!" That is virtue. *Vir*—man, virility, manliness; *virtue*—manliness blooming, exalting, triumphing. You thought that if you went to church once or twice a day, and did certain little needful things, you were a Christian man. No, sir!—no! You may do all that, and be an outcast. It may be the cheapest thing you can do to go to church; it may gratify your vanity and your pride to be numbered among churchgoers. He only knows Christ, loves Christ, who denies himself, who has no vanity that can be wounded, no self-consciousness that can be humiliated, but who has outlived by the grace and power of the Spirit all these lower limits and lines, and is now, having conquered the devil and the world and the flesh, at rest on the wounded Lamb of God.

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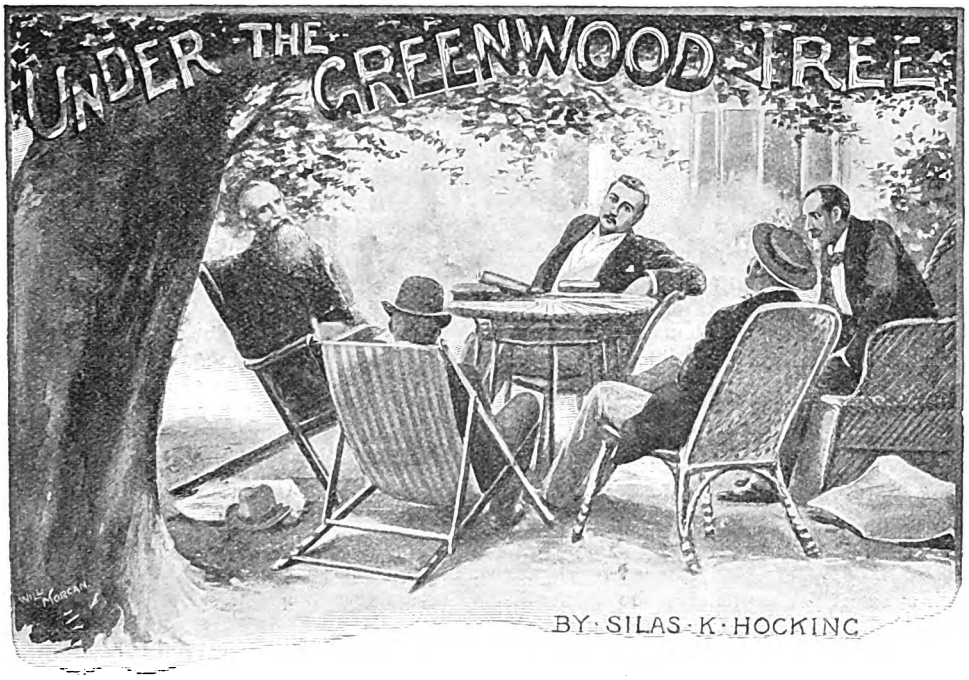

How to spend a holiday, and where?—chiefly *where*. These are questions that have poured in upon me during the last week or two from all points of the compass. But my correspondents take too much for granted. They seem to assume that I know all about them—their tastes, habits, dispositions, as well as the extent of their resources. Now, as I do not possess the gift of "second sight," and have no skill in reading character from the handwriting, and am equally unable to gauge the depth of a man's purse from the quality of his notepaper, it would be useless attempting to reply to particular cases. Each individual must find out what he likes, and must act accordingly, within the limits of his means. It is no use advising a man who has only ten pounds to spend to go to Scotland for a month, or to urge a man who hates the sea to take a yachting cruise off the coast of Norway.

* * *

Unfortunately, we are almost as much the slaves of custom in the matter of holidays as we are in other things. Hundreds and thousands of middle-aged men and women during this month and next will pack up their belongings; shut up their comfortable and well-appointed houses, or leave them to the care of servants; take long and expensive railway journeys, when all the trains are crowded and travelling is a torment; stow themselves away for a month or six weeks in ill-furnished apartments, or pay exorbitant charges in third-rate hotels; endure the miseries of bad cooking, irregular meals, and the absence of a quiet afternoon nap,—and all this, not because they want a holiday, not that they really desire a change, but simply because it is the custom to go somewhere during July and August, and they have not the courage to stay at home while all their neighbours are on the wing.

* * *

Civilisation has called into existence many bugbears, not the least alarming being that mythical personage Mrs. Grundy. "What will people say?" is the terror of the average English matron and miss. Nor is John Bull himself—with all his bounce and braggadocio—as careless about the opinion of his neighbours as he would like people to think. The horror of being considered singular is an important factor in our social life, almost as important as the desire to outdo in style and consequence the people with whom we happen to be on speaking terms. It is to be surmised that there are some people—perhaps a considerable number—who would cheerfully submit to any amount of discomfort and inconvenience, and even spend more money than they could well afford, if it would give them the opportunity of administering a polite snub to that boastful Mrs. Buckingham-Jones who lives next door.

* * *

As a matter of fact, a holiday that is taken in obedience to the demands of a custom or a craze is no holiday at all. There are thousands

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of people who crowd so-called health resorts every summer who do not need a holiday, and who would be very much happier if they stayed at home and "pottered round" in their own garden. They do not suffer from physical exhaustion or mental fag. They have done nothing to necessitate a holiday. They have worked only when they were tired of doing nothing, and taken a nap six afternoons out of seven. They have gone away for "week-ends' whenever they felt in the humour, and occupied their thoughts mainly in considering their own comfort. They live in pretty houses, and have well-stocked gardens, which look their very best during the holiday season. In their hearts, they would rather stay at home than go away. They shrink from the toil and trouble of packing, the discomforts of travel, the inconveniences of hotel life. They look wistfully at the banks of flowers in their gardens exhaling their sweetest perfume, and at the comfortable easy-chairs indoors. But—well, it is the custom for middle-class people to go somewhere during the holiday season, and custom must be obeyed.

* * *

In the same way, and for the same reason, Continental travel is undertaken by crowds of people who would be infinitely happier if they never left their own shores. We are inclined to laugh at our American cousins, whose social order demands that they shall "do" Europe ere they can get a footing in the best society. As a consequence, "doing Europe" has become a craze. Crowds of impecunious snobs skimp and toil and save for years, so that they may gather together a sufficient number of dollars to pay the expense of a scamper across England and France and Italy. We are in the habit of talking about the "wealthy Americans" who visit this country and the Continent,—and, no doubt, American millionaires are fond of spending their money in London and Paris,—but a very considerable proportion of the Americans who make the "Grand Tour" are anything but rich. I remember meeting an American on an Atlantic steamer who confessed to me that he had spent the savings of a dozen years in "doing Europe," and that when our ship reached New York he would have to dispose of some of his belongings to pay the railway fare to his own home.

* * *

In some instances, no doubt, such money is not ill spent. For the man with open mind, few things are more educational than travel. The untravelled Englishman, particularly, is apt to be insular and narrow and prejudiced. But the sad part of the business is, that hundreds of people who "do" Europe every year have neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor hearts to understand. You see them loitering through the churches of Rome, the picture galleries of Florence, the palaces of Genoa and Venice, and you can tell in a moment, by their whole manner, by the expression on their faces, that they are not interested, that they are bored almost to death, that it is a task they have set themselves to do, and they are going through it doggedly to the bitter end. Some of them make a show of interest, and diligently read "Murray" and "Baedeker," because "they guess they will be catechised when they get away back home." But from first to last they never enter into the soul of things; are never touched by the sublimity of either nature or art; never catch or emit one spark of enthusiasm; never speak one understanding word.

* * *

Mr. Ruskin in one of his books—if my memory serves me right—speaks of some American ladies who were travelling through one of the loveliest districts in Italy, and all the while they sat in a corner of the carriage sucking oranges, with the blinds down. A fair sample, no doubt, of the way many people "do" Europe! But let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that the Americans are sinners above all men in this respect. There are multitudes of English people who travel, possessing no glimmer of understanding. It is supposed to be the correct thing to do, and they do it. They have made money by spinning yarns, or weaving calicoes, or selling greengroceries, and they can afford to travel just as well as the Smiths and Robinsons who live in the next street. And so you find poor Jonas Buckingham-Jones—fat, bald, and perspiring—toiling dejectedly up Alpine paths, dragging his tired feet through the long lengths of the Uffizi Gallery, or gazing sleepily at the ruins of the Forum, and wondering all the while why he was ever such a fool as to leave his comfortable home, his pipe and his easy-chair, for the inconveniences and discomforts of foreign travel.

* * *

If a man have no knowledge of history, no interest in historic records, no love for art, no passion for nature, no reverence for antiquity, he will find travel only a weariness to the flesh. The Colosseum will be to him but a heap of decaying masonry, and the Forum a jumble of broken pillars. The canvases of Raphael and Titian and Tintoretto will be only patches of

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meaningless colour, and the "Stones of Venice" but time-stained blocks of marble without voice or message. The snowy summits of the Alps will awaken within him no thrill of ecstasy, and the pale-green lakes of Como or Lucerne will reflect no glimmer of heaven. Hence, when *W. W. K.* asks me if I think he would enjoy a holiday in Italy, I answer I do not know. It all depends on what manner of man he is. If he is such a one as I have described, he would not. He would enjoy himself very much more at Blackpool or Brighton. I have met people in Italy who experienced nothing but disgust all the time they were there. The dirt and dishonesty of the people, the irritating customs arrangements, the messes they serve up for dinner, the bad water, the filthy streets, the unspeakable smells, destroyed all the pleasure they might have found under better conditions. On the other hand, if a man have eyes to see, if he have in any degree the artistic sense, he will find Italy one of the most delightful countries under heaven. Its churches, its palaces, its pictures, its statuary, its ruins, its mountains, its lakes, are steeped in enchantment. To loiter through its villages and cities is like wandering in a land of dreams, and breathing the air of another world.

* * *

It would be very unwise, however, to go farther south than the Italian Lakes in August; and, speaking for myself, I much prefer, so late in the season, keeping on the Swiss side of the Alps. There is nothing in the Italian Lakes that may not be found in equal measure in Switzerland. Indeed, for historic interest, as well as natural beauty, Lucerne stands unrivalled. Lake Leman is larger, and boasts the possession of the Castle of Chillon, but it is not set in so glorious a frame as the Lake of Lucerne. Como is to me the most interesting of the Italian Lakes as well as the most picturesque. Lugano is easily accessible, and forms a capital centre for excursions.

* * *

To such of my correspondents as are lovers of nature and have not yet visited Switzerland, I would certainly advise them to take the journey, which is much less fatiguing than it used to be—thanks to the excellent arrangements made by the French and Belgian Railways. I have visited Switzerland many times and at various seasons of the year, and have always found it delightful, always inspiring. Soon after these lines see the light I hope to be on the wing again to that delightful country. It is to me the Holy Land of Europe. Nowhere else is there such a wealth of grandeur crowded into so small a space. Nowhere else—save in Norway—does one see nature in such varying moods. Nowhere else does one get so readily into her most secret chambers and into the presence of her deepest mysteries. To watch the sun rise over the Alps is an experience never to be forgotten; to witness the splendours of the "afterglow" is to receive a new revelation; to listen to the roar of the avalanche is to hear a new voice speaking a new language.

* * *

I almost envy those of my readers who are visiting the land of snow mountains, the land of lakes and waterfalls, the land of strange sounds and deep silences, the land of abysses and glaciers, for the first time. There is a rapture in first impressions—like the first touch of baby fingers on a young mother's bosom—that can never be known again. I shall never forget my first glimpse of the snow mountains in the early light of a summer morning. I threw open my bedroom window, expecting much; but the sight overawed me. At my feet were the pale-green waters of a lake; surrounding the lake, pine-clad hills; and above these, the beautiful snow mountains looming up against the sky, so strangely white and solemn, so spotless in their dazzling robes of virgin snow. For several moments I held my breath, then my eyes filled with excess of joy. I sometimes wonder if I shall ever know such a thrill again. Three years ago I saw even a finer sight from the top of the Furka Pass, when the whole range of the Bernese Alps seemed to catch fire in the purple glow of the sunset. But nothing can exceed that first impression: among the many delightful experiences of life, that stands out separate and alone.

* * *

It may not be amiss if at this point I reply to a number of correspondents who have written to me respecting the Continental tours organised by Dr. Lunn; and as a small modicum of experience is worth a great deal of theory, I may be permitted to take a leaf out of my own notebook. The last time I visited Switzerland I did so under Dr. Lunn's ægis, and I found the arrangements so satisfactory from every point of view that I intend this year to avail myself again of his services. All his parties contain some very delightful people, and there is not the smallest restriction put on the movements of anyone. Landed at your hotel, you are at liberty to do exactly as you like during your stay. If you are a sociable individual, you

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will very soon make the acquaintance of kindred spirits, and will find yourself organising little excursions on your own account. If you are a misanthrope, you may still dwell alone to your heart's content. In Switzerland, if a man is so disposed, he need not see his kind from morning till night. There are quiet valleys and glens, and lonely hilltops, where he will hear no sound but the tinkle of cow-bells and the music of falling water, and see no faces save those shaped in snow or carved out of the everlasting rock. For the entertainment and instruction of his parties during the evening, Dr. Lunn provides lectures and concerts. So that it seems to me everything has been done that can be done to make a visit to Switzerland a delight and an inspiration. And as for the cost—well, I fancy that most people would find a month in Switzerland much less expensive than the same length of time in Scotland.

* * *

H. H. (Ealing).—Being such a lover of nature, I am surprised you have not visited the English Lakes. I know nothing more beautiful in their way. Personally, I prefer Windermere and neighbourhood to Scotland. This may be a confession of bad taste, but I can't help that. Make Ambleside your headquarters for a week; and if you are a good walker, you may visit on foot the chief places of interest in the neighbourhood, including Rydal, Grasmere, Coniston, Brothers Water, and Ulleswater; and if you are a good climber, you may make the ascent of Helvellyn or Scawfell, or perhaps both. In any case, you may easily climb Wansfell, from which a capital view is to be obtained. From Ambleside go on to Keswick for another week, and scale Skiddaw and visit the falls of Lodore,—that is, if there happen to be any falls; they disappear in dry weather, — loiter through Borrowdale, and coach over the Honister Pass to Buttermere, and return by way of Newlands; and if you don't get your fill of beauty you will be hard to please.

* * *

Eda (Brixton).—Yes, you are quite right. Llandudno is no doubt one of the most delightful of our seaside resorts. Unfortunately, it is frightfully crowded in the height of the season, and apartments are at a premium; all kinds of provisions, too, are unreasonably expensive. But then, the Great Orme's Head, the Happy Valley, and the Band on the Pier, will atone for a great deal—to say nothing of the coaching excursions into the heart of Snowdonia. But as you seem anxious for some place less crowded, fashionable, and artificial, why not try Newquay? You get all the advantages of the open Atlantic there. Most of the houses are new and substantially built; the sands are firm and dry; the cliffs are magnificent; the caves are a sight to see; and the journey from London—thanks to Great Western enterprise—is now easily made.

L. E. S. sends me a story. She says: "I want to be a good and great writer. I am sixteen. Do you think I have any chance?" Candidly, I don't know. There is no particular merit or promise in the story she has submitted to me; but it is impossible to say what a girl of sixteen may become. If she is wise, she will wait, give up writing for three or four years, and go in for a course of reading. May I offer the same advice to *E. M.*, *J. W. P.*, *Beta*, and *Lucille*?

* * *

I have an impression that *E. D. W.* (Bristol) is also very young, though her little sketch contains considerable promise. She has, however, a great deal to learn before she can hope to see herself in print.—*Veronica* has made a great mistake in thinking she can write poetry. Much of what she has sent to me is not even decent rhyme. What is one to say of the following?—

> A soft glance, kindly resting
> Upon a kindred soul,
> Will stir the grateful homage
> That dwells in the breasts of all.

Poetry (?) of that kind does not call for criticism. —*Winton* loves poetry, and sometimes tries to write it. She also ventures to send two or three of her pieces, and hopes I will tell her if they are utterly worthless or not. I fear the most I can say is that they are slightly better than *Veronica's*; but I do not know any editor who would run the risk of publishing them. I am glad *Winton* loves poetry. But perhaps some day, when she loves it more understandingly, she will see that something more than love of poetry is required to make a poet.—I am afraid I do not quite understand what *C. E.* means by the question, "How best can I fit and prepare myself for studying the Bible?" Perhaps, all things considered, he will find studying the Bible itself the best preparation. Get Professor W. J. Adeney's little book, *How to Study the Bible*, and Thomson's *Land and the Book*. For his special work he might find *The Sermon Bible*, published by Hodder & Stoughton, of value.

* * *

Herbert N., who wants to know something about the growth and development of the British nation, could not do better than get a little book by Sir Walter Besant, which has just been issued by Horace Marshall & Son; the title is *The Rise of the Empire*, and the price is eighteenpence. I have just read it with great delight. It tells the story, clearly and succinctly, of the extension of the Anglo-Saxon power over every habitable part of the globe, and points out the principal causes which led to the extension. Any of my readers who wish to have the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in a nutshell should get the little book at once. It is in every way admirable.

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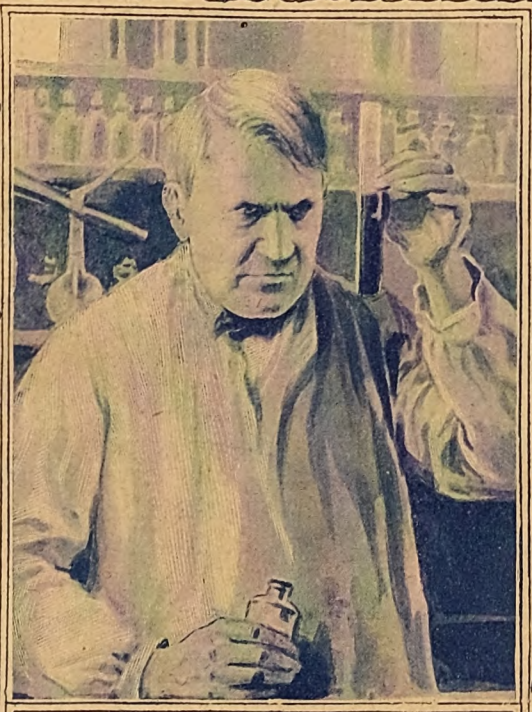

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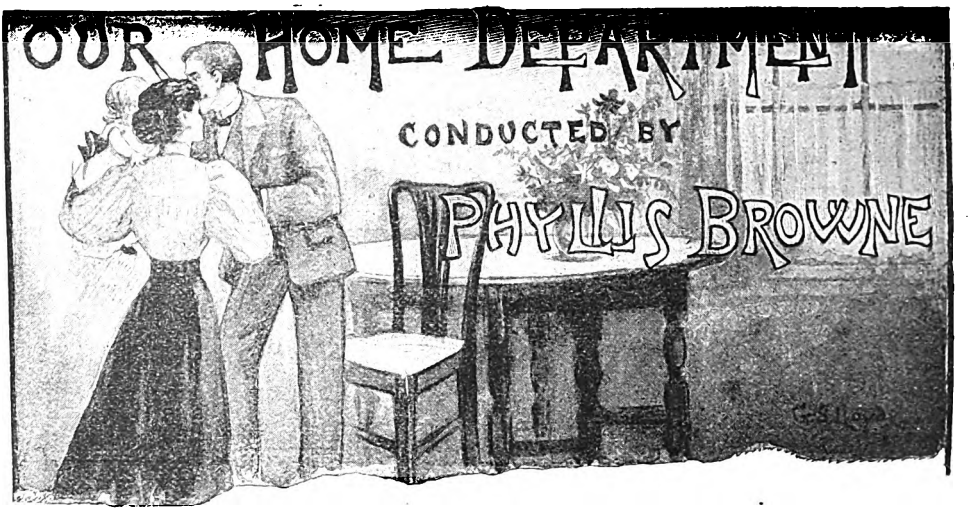

ONE WAY OF FIGHTING COLD

THE season of "the fall of the leaf" is a very trying time for invalids and old and young people, and sometimes it proves to be so also for the strong and hearty. People who have enjoyed vigorous health during the summer will frequently begin to flag at the approach of autumn, and unless they take steps to avoid mischief they may, in their slightly debilitated condition, take a cold, have difficulty in throwing it off, and so be below par all the winter.

The way to avoid disaster of this kind is to avoid a chill betimes. To this end warm clothing is of much more value than heated rooms. Let the housewife put out winter garments early, provide each bed with an extra blanket, and look round to see whether all has been done that can be done to keep out draughts. Of the worth of fresh air and ventilation it is impossible to speak too strongly; but draughts are dangerous, especially so are they in halls and passages, yet warm staircases and passages are rarely found, excepting in houses which have been well looked after.

It is to be remembered that in small houses the danger of draughts is much greater than in large ones, and usually these draughts enter at the front and back doors. The remedy for this evil is very simple. Let the housewife send for a good carpenter, and have a new "threshold" or "door-sill" put at the foot of all doors which communicate with the outside of the house, to keep out the draught. The cost of the appliance should not be more than a shilling for an ordinary door, yet, if effectually managed, it will make the house a different place. It may be regarded as an axiom in ventilation that cold air should never be introduced at the floor level. If it comes under the door, it makes the feet of the occupants of the house cold, and cold feet are always objectionable. There is indeed an old saying that if we could keep the feet always warm and the head always cool we should never die.

The prevention of illness and of the lowering of vitality in the inmates of the home are not the only benefits which would ensue if the doors in our houses which communicate with the outer world were furnished with well-fitting thresholds or door-sills. An indirect advantage belonging thereto would be the economy of coal. When halls, stairs, and passages are free from draughts, there is always a saving in the coal required for drawing-room, dining-room, and other fires. Through its length and breadth the house is more cosy and comfortable when halls and passages are not draughty; and if housekeepers will look to this detail without further delay, they are sure to discover before long that a great and good work has been accomplished through simple means.

DOMESTIC TREATMENT OF CORNS

Corns on the feet are a very common ailment. A great many people endure torments with them. They cannot take even a short walk without having twinges of pain, and if they attempt to do a little more than usual they are most severely punished. Their trouble is regarded by their friends as a trifle; and this is not astonishing, because we are all too apt to bear with resignation the misfortunes of others. To themselves, however, it is serious enough. It permanently interferes with their comfort; at certain seasons the corn is almost unbearable, and if not cured it may become a cause of the greatest pain and inconvenience to the unfortunate person who is afflicted by it.

There are authorised experts who deal with corns, and some of them are very skilful. But with the professional treatment we have nothing to do here. Not everyone can have it. Domestic treatment, however, is open to all, and there is no doubt that very much may be done to cure corns by the adoption of simple common-sense methods. If these are not successful, let the sufferer consult the family physician, and have the corn attended

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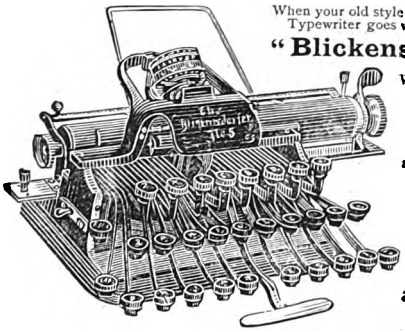

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to scientifically. If he is wise, however, he will not let a casual operator touch it. Even the mildest corn may become severe if it is unwisely handled.

The most important detail in the domestic cure of corns is the removal of their cause. Almost invariably corns are the result of the irritation, friction, or pressure caused by badly-fitting boots or stockings. Boots may either be too small and compress the feet, or they may be too large so that they chafe and irritate them. A writer on this subject says: "When corns occur on the under surface of the foot, they are due to friction against the sole of the boot; but when they make their appearance on the upper surface, it is, of course, the upper leather which is at fault. High heels, by throwing the weight of the body unduly on the toes, are a fruitful source of corns, and so are patent leather boots, which hinder the escape of the perspiration. In a smaller degree tight socks and stockings favour the formation of corns by crowding the toes together and preventing their even spread in walking." It may be added that thin stockings or socks also promote the formation of corns, and increase their painfulness, by failing to protect them from the pressure of the boot. Sufferers from corns often wear thin silk or thread stockings, thinking they will be easier than woollen ones. Again and again, however, it has been found that good woollen stockings are best both for winter and summer. They protect the feet, while thin stockings permit boots to press the feet. Frequent and thorough bathing of the feet is also a valuable preventive of corns, and keeps them from being too hot. Once during the twenty-four hours during both the winter and summer the feet should be well bathed, and when there is a tendency to perspiration they should be washed night and morning. The task of laving the feet is a very light one when it is performed regularly, and not only is comfort increased thereby, but diseased conditions are prevented. When the feet are thus regularly bathed, corns and bunions are comparatively rare.

People who suffer from corns have usually a great belief in the efficacy of cutting them. There is no doubt that delightful ease frequently follows the performance of this operation. There is also very little doubt that, after being cut, a corn grows again, and very often it grows stronger. Much more lasting good may be done by removing pressure, by getting the bootmaker to nail a little round of cloth on his last in the part where the corn is, before making the boots, and thus giving it plenty of room. If the corn must be cut, a little piece of diachylon plaster laid on it will delay the growth. But, on the whole, we may take it for granted that the chief thing to be done by those who suffer from corns is to have a serious talk with their bootmaker. If after he has done what he can the corns do not disappear, let them go to someone else. Avoid cheap machine-made boots, and have boots made to fit the wearer. When all encouragements to growth are removed, almost invariably corns die away of themselves.

ITEMS OF HAM LORE

Experienced housewives almost always cherish a liking for a good ham. The partiality is most reasonable. A well-cured ham is a most valuable food supply. It can be made useful in many ways, and can be employed to impart tastiness to numberless dishes where its name never appears. It can be utilised to the last fragment, for even the bone and rind may be employed to flavour soups, sauces, and gravies; its dripping is excellent for basting poultry and frying potatoes, and its scraps can be minced for making omelets, sandwiches, and breakfast delicacies. It is very generally liked, and is welcomed everywhere. Yet, notwithstanding this universal appreciation, M. Soyer, the celebrated chef, used to say that tons of ham are yearly wasted throughout the country. If this be true, hams ought to be more intelligently cared for than they are, and it may be that housewives will be glad to have one or two hints concerning them.

Before buying a ham, consider how you intend to serve it. A ham is at its best when boiled whole, because then the juices do not escape. For boiling whole, therefore, a short plump well-rounded ham should be chosen, and it should not be too lean. A thin lean ham will be dry and tough when cooked, a plump and fairly fat ham will be juicy and tender.

Slices for boiling or frying cannot be profitably taken from a ham weighing less than fourteen pounds, and one weighing fifteen or sixteen pounds will be better for the purpose. Only the centre of such a ham should be sliced; the piece from the large end and the shank will be best boiled.

The surest way of ascertaining whether or not a ham is perfectly sound is to pierce it through the thick part to the bone, and also to the knuckle, with a clean knife or skewer. If the blade or point when drawn out smells sweet and is free from greasiness, the ham is good; if it is greasy and has a strong odour, the ham may not be actually bad, but it will not be of superior quality.

When part of a ham is purchased, the fat should be examined carefully. It should be clear and firm and of a pinkish white.

There are no hams that are so much appreciated as home-cured hams; yet in these days, when everyone is intent on saving trouble, they are seldom met with. Even enterprising housekeepers, who would like to attempt them, are frequently deterred from doing so because they have no room for storage, and are ill provided with cellars and larders. Yet even in a modern dwelling, where there is no large cool place underground, it

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is possible, by adopting the following method, to cure one or two hams in a small easy way for home use, without any special appliances excepting a deep earthen pan, such as is to be found in nearly all kitchens. The recipe here given was used for more than thirty years by a lady celebrated for the mellowness and delicacy of flavour of her home-cured hams.

Commence operations in the fall of the year, in dry weather, just before the first frost. Procure two or three legs of pork, to suit convenience. The legs should be short and thick, and when the purchase is made the pork butcher should be asked to cut them ham-shape, or for curing, and not in the ordinary way. This means that they should be cut well round at the end, to give more flesh. If procurable, the joints should be taken from animals that are old enough to have firm flesh, and they should have been reared on a dairy farm. For family use, it will be found that hams weighing from ten to twelve pounds are the most profitable.

Weigh the meat, and for every fourteen pounds thereof allow half a pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of treacle, one ounce of ground pepper, half an ounce of ground allspice, and half an ounce of salt prunella. First rub the salt into the meat, and be very careful to cover the shank bone. Do this for two days in succession. The third and fourth days pour off the brine and carefully preserve it. On the fourth day, having done this, rub in the remainder of the dry ingredients. Measure the brine which was drained off, and boil it with three times the quantity of water, and the treacle. Put the hams, rind side downwards, into a deep earthen pan, and turn and baste them every day for five or six weeks, according to the size, but always leave them rind side downwards. Boil the brine three or four times during this period. At the end of the time wash the hams very lightly and quickly from the pickle, which will have a dark and rather unpleasant look, and hang them in a cool airy place to dry. They will be ready in about a month, and may then be wrapped in a cotton bag and hung in a cool place till wanted.

M. Soyer, already referred to, used to say that in order to prevent home-cured hams from becoming rancid, the following simple rules should be observed:—"After you have pickled your ham, dry the moisture with a cloth, and hang the meat in your kitchen for about three weeks, or until the outside begins to crystallise; then remove it to your dairy or any other dampish place for a few days; then place it in your kitchen again, and so on backwards and forwards three or four times, till perfectly dry and quite sound. If any part should happen to get yellow and rancid, scrape it off, rubbing the spot with a mixture of salt, pepper, and flour. After this, do not keep it too long."

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TWILIGHT TASKS—A KNITTED QUILT

Knitted quilts have of late years rather fallen into disfavour among housekeepers. It has been said that they are heavy and difficult to wash, and so they are not valued as the notable workers who made them expected that they would be. Why do not skilled knitters who like to have a piece of work in hand which does not need to have stitches counted, and that will keep the fingers busy without needing close attention, begin with the beginning of this winter to knit a counterpane in wool instead of cotton? Everyone believes in wool nowadays. Such a quilt might be knitted in small squares, all alike, and afterwards be sewn together: therefore the work would be very light to hold, and not at all heavy when on the bed, and yet it would be warmer than any blanket. If made of good white or cream-coloured fingering wool, it would last for a generation if carefully washed. One of its chief charms would be that it could be very easily washed at home, for a quilt of this sort should never be sent to the laundress. Here are the directions for making it.

Get a pair of bone needles size 16, and with points at each end, for convenience in turning; also a goodly quantity of cream-coloured 4-ply fingering. (If cream or white is not liked, the counterpane might be camel-hair colour, or grey, or any colour that will suit the room, and that will not fade in the wash.) The amount of fingering needed would depend upon the intended size of the finished article, which might be made for a cot, a single bed, or a large bed; and which might when finished hang down well all round, or simply lie on the top of the bed as a bedspread. It is, however, well to buy the wool all at one time, for fear there should be difficulty in matching the exact shade.

To make the Square.—Cast on 1 stitch, and knit backwards and forwards for 40 rows, increasing 1 stitch in each row by knitting 2 stitches in the last stitch but one, a stitch in the under thread and a stitch in the upper thread. There will then be 40 stitches on the needle.

41st row. Plain without increasing.

42nd to 48th rows. Plain. From this point, instead of increasing, begin to decrease by narrowing where before we increased, at the end of each row.

49th. Purl.

50th. Plain 2, *O (that is, bring the thread forward), T (or take 2 together), plain 2; *repeat to the end.

51st. Purl.

52nd. Plain.

53rd. Purl.

54th. Same as 50th.

55th, 56th, and 57th. Same as 51st, 52nd, and 53rd rows.

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58th. Same as 50th.

59th, 60th, and 61st. Same as 51st, 52nd, and 53rd. After this, knit plain backwards and forwards, decreasing one stitch in each row until there is only 1 stitch left. Cast off.

When joining the squares, be careful to make them lie as flat as possible. To this end, join them together as the strips of a carpet are joined, taking a stitch on one side and then across to the other, and put the plain half of the squares to their corresponding halves, and the halves with holes to their corresponding halves, to make the pattern. Be careful also to fasten the ends of wool securely.

If approved, this quilt may have a deep border of insertion all round, the insertion to be made in strips, and it should be edged with lace.

Suitable Insertion.—Cast on 56 stitches.

1st row. Plain 2 * plain 5, T, O 2, T, plain 4; repeat from * plain 2.

2nd row. Plain 2 * purl, working both the Os, by purling the first and knitting the 2nd, to within 2 of the end; * plain 2. Every alternate row is to be the same as 2nd.

3rd row. Plain 2 * plain 3, T, O 2, T, T, O 2, T, P 2; repeat from * plain 2.

5th row. Plain 2 * plain, T, O 2, T, T, O 2, T, T, O 2, T; repeat from * plain 2.

7th row. Same as 3rd.

9th row. Same as 1st.

11th row. All plain.

Suitable Lace Edging.—Cast on 12.

1st row. Plain 4 * O 2, take 2 together *; repeat 4 times.

2nd row. Plain 2, purl to last 4, plain 4.

3rd row. Knit 4 * O 2, take 2 together *; repeat 6 times.

4th row. Same as 2nd.

5th row. Plain 4 * O 2, take 2 together *; repeat 9 times.

6th row. Same as 2nd.

7th row. Knit plain.

8th row. Cast off 6, plain 4, cast off 6, plain 4, cast off 7, plain 3. This leaves 12 stitches.

CORRESPONDENCE

An Anxious Mother.

Your anxiety is not at all misplaced. The subject of the size and shape of the seats used by children is a most important one, and has much to do both with their comfort and health. It is quite usual for infants and very young children to be provided with high chairs in which they can rest comfortably, whilst growing boys and girls have to sit in chairs made for grown-up people, which give no support to their tired muscles. The consequence is that the children assume awkward attitudes, and twist themselves about, so that they become ungainly, and carry themselves badly. A medical expert said not long ago, "The seats of chairs intended for children should not be too deep from before backward, because a child's thigh is commonly short; nor should the chair ever be so high that his feet cannot reach easily to the floor without a hassock being provided. The back should curve in somewhat to fit the spine at the waist-line or small of the back, and should reach about to the shoulders in height."

Marks on Polished Furniture.

A. G. W., Brixton.—The white mark produced by a hot dish having been put on your polished mahogany table will disappear if you pour a spoonful of sal volatile upon it. When the spirit has evaporated, polish the spot with a silk handkerchief. Paraffin is often used for the same purpose.

Early Rising.

E. D. M.—Your difficulty is that of a good many housekeepers. It is true that notable housekeepers everywhere believe in the importance of early rising. Yet modern domestic helpers do not invariably agree with them. Curiously enough, we meet with people now and again who like to lie in bed longer than they should do. Nevertheless, the notable persons are right. If a house is to be well kept and well cared for, it must be started betimes, and, by some means or other, a responsible conscientious individual must form the habit of starting it. It is a great mistake, however, to arrange that one person shall do the early rising, and another the calling. Therefore do not begin the practice of "calling" or "ringing up" your domestic. If you do, the probability is that you will lie awake half the night, and fall asleep just when you ought to be ringing the bell. Let the person who is to rise early have the business of waking herself. If she is willing, she will soon get into the way of it. Induce her not to take heavy suppers, to keep the bedroom window open a little at the top in all weathers but foggy weather, and to draw up the blind before retiring in winter-time. If necessary, provide her with an alarum; but in any case let her rely on herself. Where there is the will and the wish to rise early, the power is seldom wanting.

To clean Furs.

A Careful Housewife would be glad to know how to clean furs. The thorough cleansing of furs is the business of a professional. It would be unwise to try to clean costly furs at home. The following are, however, domestic methods of improving and freshening the appearance of furs, occasionally adopted by housekeepers, which might be tried:—Ordinary muffs and furs made of the skin of nameless animals can be cleaned by having a pennyworth of fig-dust (to be bought of the corn chandler) rubbed into them, then beaten lightly with a thin stick. Sable, chinchilla, and squirrel are sometimes cleaned with bran meal which has been placed in the oven till quite warm. The warm bran should be rubbed into the fur and left for a few minutes, then shaken well.

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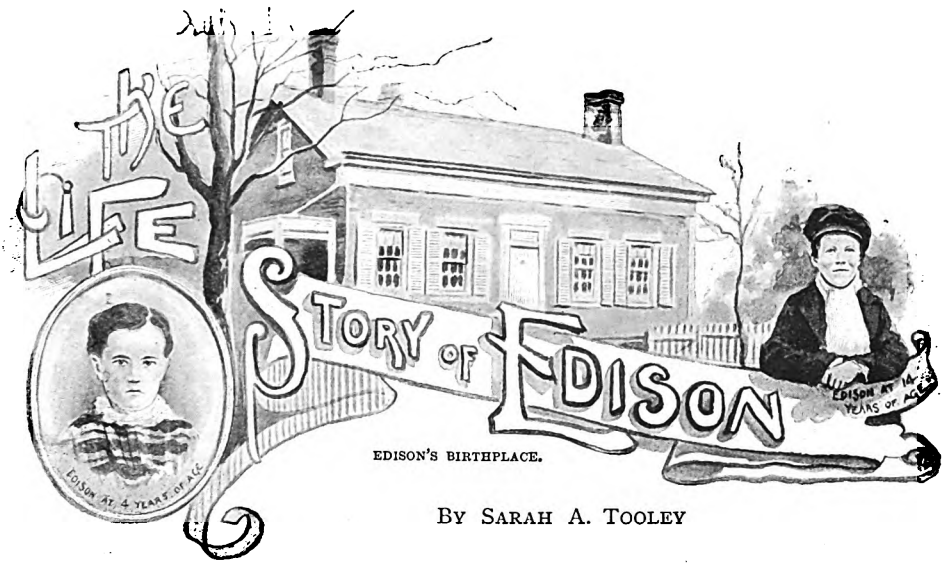

EDISON'S BIRTHPLACE.

By Sarah A. Tooley

It is not easy to conduct an interview across the Atlantic even though the cable be in excellent working order; and Mr. Edison, in consideration of this, and of the fact that we were not connected by phonograph, kindly suggested that the simpler plan would be to base my sketch of his career upon the data with which he had already supplied his friend, Mr. W. R. Dickson, for his work, the *Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison.* I have carefully refrained from repeating any of the tempting little stories which are current, unless specially authorised by Mr. Edison himself, to whom my best thanks are due for his kind courtesy.

The American ancestry of Mr. Edison dates back to 1737, when his family emigrated from Amsterdam and settled in the States. His great-grandfather was a wealthy banker on Manhattan Island; and his father, Mr. Samuel Edison, a vigorous old patriarch still tilling his land in Florida, after various vicissitudes of fortune settled in a humble home at Milan, Erie County, Ohio, where his illustrious son, Thomas Alva Edison, was born February 11th, 1847. It may perhaps be said that the inventor owes his fine healthy physique to his father and his genius to his mother. The record of robustness and longevity amongst the Edisons is remarkable: the great-grandfather of the subject of our sketch lived to be nearly one hundred and three years old, his grandfather exceeded that age by seventeen days, while one of his aunts lived to be one hundred and eight years old. His mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Elliot, was of Scottish parentage, born and reared in Canada. She was a woman of natural refinement, intellectual tastes, and withal of so sweet and sympathetic a nature that we cannot wonder that her famous son cherishes her memory so fondly, and feels that his success to-day is due to the sympathy and inspiration which she gave him as a boy. The good woman was not without the usual trials which beset the mothers of geniuses, which are quite bad enough if the son be a born naturalist like Thomas Edward, and conceals "beasties" in every nook and cranny of the house and keeps a jackdaw concealed in his "breeks," but which become intensified when the boy is a budding electrician and rigs up amateur laboratories filled with explosive material.

It would seem, however, that the early bent of Edison's mind was more literary than mechanical, a taste which Mrs. Edison fostered. We find him as a boy studying the *Decline and Fall* as assiduously as Silas Wegg, and struggling with such works as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Newton's *Principia*, starting to read through the whole of the Detroit Free Library, and actually succeeding in reading fifteen feet of closely packed volumes before he was persuaded to desist. The first seven years of his life, spent in his picturesque birthplace at Milan, Ohio, where his parents lived in comparative ease and comfort, were the brightest of his boyhood. Afterwards came a decline in the family fortunes and the removal of his parents to the town of Port Huron, Michigan, and his literary ardour suffered from the paucity of pocket-money. But, with true American enterprise, young Edison, aged fourteen, started in business for himself; it was only as a vendor of news-

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papers on a railway car, it is true, but it proved to be the tide in his affairs which taken at the flood led on to fortune. It was during the Civil War, when excitement for news was at its height regarding the battle of Pittsburg Landing, that "Tom" Edison persuaded the editor of the *Detroit Free Press* to let him have a thousand copies of the paper as stock-in-trade, to be paid for on realisation, to sell from the cars of the Grand Trunk Railway; he further conceived the ingenious plan of getting his news bulletins exhibited on the official blackboards along the line, prior to the arrival of the train which bore him and his papers, with the consequence that excited crowds of eager buyers were in waiting at every station. Mr. Edison thus describes his first start in business: "At Utica, the first station out from Detroit, I usually sold two papers at five cents each. As we approached the station on this day, I put my head out to look forward, and thought I saw an excursion party. I had half a dozen papers only in my hand, and, seeing that the crowd began to shout and gesticulate when they saw me, I guessed it was papers they wanted, and rushed back, grabbed an armful, and when I reached the platform sold forty. Mount Clement was the next station. When it came in sight, I thought there was a riot. The platform was crowded with a howling mob, and when the tones became intelligible I realised that they were after news of Pittsburg Landing, so I raised the price of papers ten cents, and sold a hundred and fifty where I had never before disposed of more than a dozen. As other stations were reached, these scenes were repeated; but the climax came when we got to Port Huron The station there was a mile from the town. When the train stopped, I shouldered my bundle and started for the city. When I got less than half-way, I met a crowd hurrying toward the station. I thought I knew what they were after, so I stopped in front of a church, where a prayer meeting was being held, raised the price to twenty-five cents per copy, and commenced to take in a young fortune. In two minutes the prayer meeting was adjourned, the members came rushing out; and if the way coin was produced is any indication, I should say that the deacons hadn't passed the plate before I came along."

Having been so successful as a news-seller, Edison lost no time in becoming an editor and publisher, and like Garrison—

> What need of help? He knew how types were set,
> He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

True, Tom Edison's press only consisted of a disused set of type purchased for a mominal sum, and his combined printing office and editorial sanctum was a dilapidated luggage van, but it possessed an advantage of which even Printing House Square cannot boast—it was migratory. The van converted to this novel purpose was attached to the train, on the Grand Trunk Railway, of which the young editor was newsboy, and appropriately enough the paper was entitled the *Grand Trunk Herald*. A further venture was *Paul Pry*, in which, if one may be excused a pun, the editor "pryed" into things in too free a manner; and some individuals, incensed at his fun at their expense, dipped him into the river to cool his imagination. Further disaster followed when one day a phosphorus bottle upset in his laboratory and nearly set the train on fire. The conductor promptly removed Edison and all his apparatus, printing and chemical, on to the platform at the next stopping-place. It was a bitter moment, of which Mr. Edison cannot to-day think without feeling over again the sense of utter hopelessness and desolation which came upon him when he saw the train whirling off while he stood alone and forsaken amongst his broken gods, his ear tingling with a brutal box which injured his hearing for life. There is usually the mother's heart which under such circumstances will go out in pity to the disappointed lad, and Edison found a lodgment for his belongings in the cellar at home, and a loving heart to give him courage.

From journalism the embryo inventor turned more particularly to the study of telegraphy, and by dint of much self-denial and many clever contrivances he was able to purchase books and materials and to conduct some successful experiments. Then came the well-known episode when he earned the gratitude of a railway employee by rescuing his child from being crushed to death by a locomotive. The father having no money to bestow upon the brave youth, offered to teach him telegraphy—an offer eagerly accepted. Soon Edison was proficient enough to gain employment as an operator on the railway line, and clever enough to devise certain little labour-saving contrivances for his own benefit, which were not so warmly appreciated by his employers. A climax was reached when by a grave infringement of duty the over-clever telegraphist nearly caused a collision. We cannot do better than let Mr. Edison describe his youthful escapade himself. The general manager having

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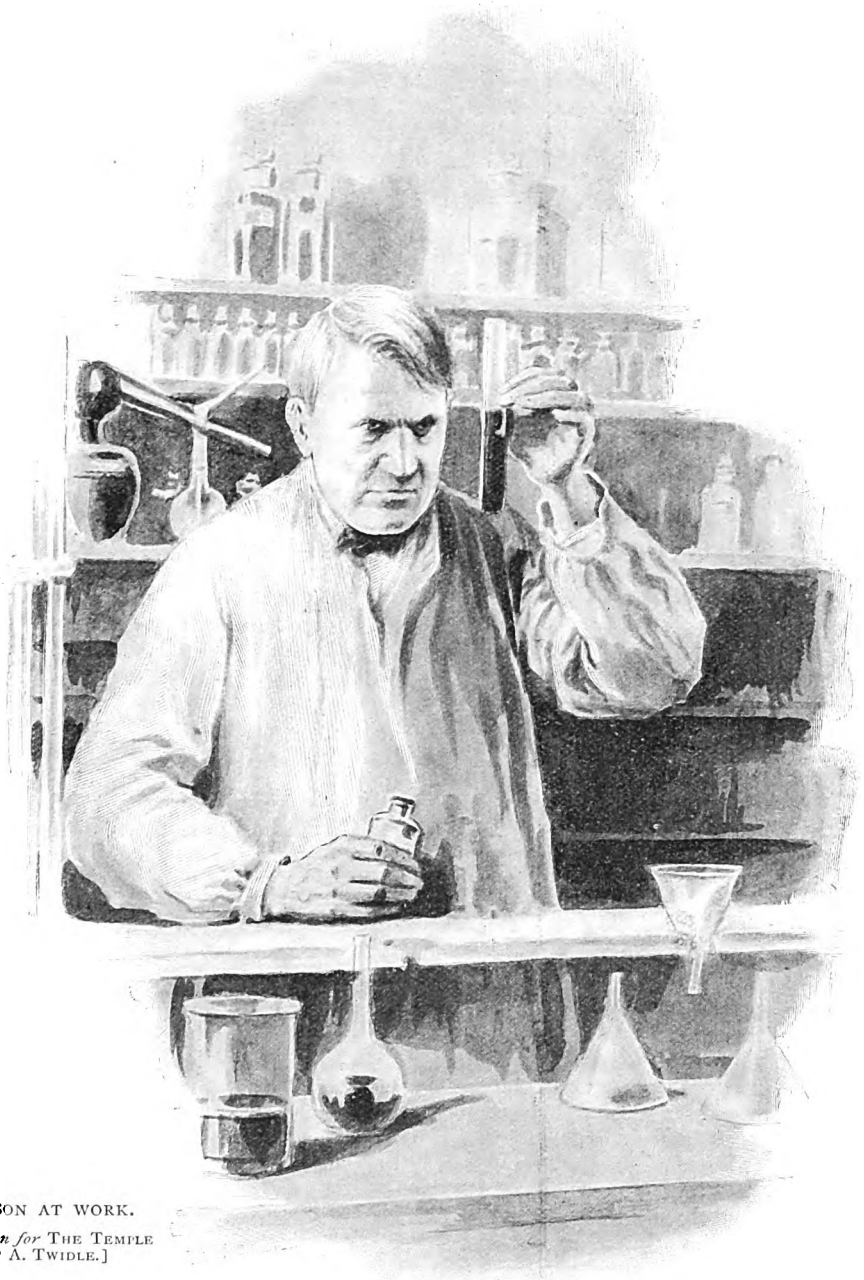

EDISON AT WORK.
[*Drawn for* THE TEMPLE *by* A. TWIDLE.]

summoned him to his august presence, said—

"'Young man, this offence of yours is a very serious one, and I think I shall make an example of you. I can send you to the Penitentiary for five years, and'—

"Just at this moment," continues Mr. Edison, "two English swells came in, and Mr. Spicer, the manager, now all affability, rose to greet them. They engaged him in conversation, and, as I couldn't see that they really needed me around there, I slipped

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quietly out of the door and made for the freight depôt, where I found a train about to start for Sarnia. I knew the conductor, told him I had been down in Toronto on a little holiday excursion, and said I'd like to take a run up the line with him as far as Sarnia. He told me to jump aboard, and I wasn't long in getting out of sight; but my pulse didn't get down to normal work until the ferryboat between Sarnia and Port Huron had landed me in the latter town. I haven't been in Toronto since that time, nor have I yet received the pay due me up to date." We may also add that the Penitentiary has not up to the present time sought to claim Mr. Edison.

For the next few years he led an itinerant existence, now finding employment as an operator in one place and now in another, but always distinguishing himself by some brilliant contrivance or experiment. His creative genius now began to assert itself, and the most important outcome of it was an automatic repeater—an instrument by which, in telegraphy, writing could be transferred from one line to another independently of the operator. This his first invention was made when he was a raw lad of seventeen, ill-clad, ill-fed, crippled on all sides for want of money to buy books and scientific materials, but full of indomitable pluck. He was undoubtedly an erratic genius, and seems to have been for ever getting into hot water with his employers, who occasionally, in spite of his cleverness, intimated that they preferred his room to his company. He seriously injured his health by burning the midnight oil too freely, denying himself even the necessaries of life that he might be able to buy the things to carry on his investigations. Although a roving wayward youth, fond of a "lark," young Edison was an example to his associates in all points of moral conduct, and acted as mentor and good angel to those less steady and abstemious than himself. Occasionally he had four or five scapegraces sharing the hospitality of his room at one time, and they were not always of the most grateful kind, as the following story will show. At this period Edison was spending every spare coin upon books, and had lately become the proud possessor of fifty volumes of the *North American Review* purchased at an auction. His face glowed with pride as he arranged the precious volumes around the walls of his room until it had the appearance of a library. Some half-dozen young gentlemen of scientific ardour were at this time getting a free lodging with Edison, and one evening when deep in their cups they carried off their host's library to the pawnbroker's and disposed of it. When Edison returned from work in the early morning, he "felt," he said, "that this was running hospitality to the ground," and promptly ejected the two of his guests who had remained in his room to sleep off the effects of their spree.

It was while at Louisville office that Edison's career received another check. He could not resist the temptation of using the Company's instruments and chemicals for experiments, and one night, when taking some sulphuric acid from the battery room, he upset the chemical, which ate up the floor, descended below to the manager's room, and ate up his desk and the carpet. Next morning he was summoned before the Board, and told that they wanted a telegraph operator, not an experimenter, and that he might take his pay and go. After two years spent in situations at Cincinnati and at his home in Port Huron, during which time his insatiable love for books and scientific appliances always kept him in an impecunious condition, he set out to seek his fortune in Boston. He tramped the distance in four days and four nights, and when he presented himself at the manager's office he had an unkempt and uninviting appearance enough. However, a chance was given him to see what he could do, and his fellow-operators contrived a little plan to "put a job on the jay from the woolly West." He was told off to take a report for the *Boston Herald*, and the conspirators contrived to have one of the fastest senders in New York to send the despatch and "salt" the new man. Amidst smothered laughter from those in the office, Edison sat down unsuspectingly to his work. It happened, however, that one of his accomplishments was a simple and rapid style of handwriting, which enabled him to meet the demands of the operator at the other end of the wire with composure. Put on his mettle, the man increased his speed; Edison with equal success increased his. Then the sender began to slur the words and other tricks likely to cause confusion; but Edison was not discomfited. Finally, when he thought the fun had gone far enough, he opened the key and remarked, "Say, young man, change off and send with your other foot." After this came the collapse of the New York man and immense popularity for "the jay from the woolly West." In Boston the young inventor met kind friends in the

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office managers, Mr. Adams and Mr. G. F. Millikin, who saw beneath his uncouth exterior the marks of genius. In the encouraging atmosphere of appreciation Edison's gifts found rapid development, and, relieved from the cruel pressure of want, his physical powers became stronger, and the more genial and humorous side of his nature came into play. Amongst the little inventive contrivances of this period was an electric battery for destroying the cockroaches which infested the office. This invention, we believe, has never been patented by Mr. Edison, or it might have proved a boon to the London cook who inhabits an area kitchen.

During this Boston period Edison's brain was fired by the study of Faraday's works on electricity, and, after sitting through the early hours of the morning poring over the first volume, he suddenly said to his companion, "Adams, I've got so much to do, and life is so short, that I am going to hustle."

Experiments in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine followed; and Edison at this time also made an electrical apparatus for recording votes in the Legislature. He was justly elated with the success of the instrument, but judge of his astonishment and disappointment when told that his invention was too perfect —in short, it permitted of no filibustering tricks in the Legislative Assembly, and he was informed that the House would not use it even if he paid them to.

"Ever after that," says Mr. Edison, "I investigated minutely the necessity of any particular invention before I attempted its reduction to practice. To this decision I have made it the rule of my life to adhere."

Such an eminently correct young man was Edison deemed in Boston that he was invited to lecture before a fashionable ladies' college upon telegraphy. So absorbed, however, was the lecturer upon his experiments that he seems to have been oblivious of the sex of his audience, and indeed had forgotten the appointment altogether, until a friend rushed in at the last minute and carried him off in his working clothes to the seminary, where the unexpected sea of upturned faces of fair scientists almost caused his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth. Interest in the subject gained the day, and after the first stammering plunge Edison did bravely; and it is to the credit of the girls that they thought more of his knowledge than of the deficiencies in his toilet, and on all future occasions when they encountered him bestowed so many smiles and bows upon him as to be embarrassing to a modest youth.

When Edison was twenty-two years of age, and had already made valuable discoveries in several branches of telegraphy, he left Boston for New York, arriving in the latter city in his chronic state of impecuniosity. There was a panic in Wall Street, and the newcomer, lounging outside the great Exchange, learned that something was wrong with the telegraphic communication, and that business had been almost brought to a standstill. In the tumult Edison slipped into the office of Law's Gold Reporting Company, discovered what was wrong with the stock quotation printer, and informed the astonished manager that he could put the machine in order, which he at once proceeded to do, with the result that he was engaged by the Company at a salary of three hundred dollars a month,—to him comparative riches, and which enabled him to develop some of the ideas which had long been seething in his brain. The Edison stock printer was the first outcome of his improved conditions, and other private printing telegraphic appliances followed. An opportunity for selling his patents offering itself, the inventor thought to himself that he might take five thousand dollars for them; but the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company, with which he was now connected, made an offer of forty thousand dollars.

"I believe," says Mr. Edison, "I could have been knocked down with the traditional feather, so astonished was I at the sum, and I concluded there must be some Wall Street trick about this thing, and that if ever I got a cent I should be lucky. After signing the agreement, I received the cheque, and proceeded to the bank with it. I had never been in a bank before, so I hung around in order to see the methods of procedure, then took my place with a row of boys at the paying-teller's window. When my turn came and I presented the cheque, the paying-teller yelled out a lot of jargon, which I failed to understand on account of my deafness; again he roared something at me, but I could not catch it, so left my place and passed on. Sitting dismally on the steps of the bank, I concluded that I was never fated to see that money, and so hopeless did I become that anyone might have bought that cheque from me for fifty dollars. However, I went back and told one of the clerks in the Company's office about the bank episode, when he explained that the teller evidently wanted me to be identified. He then went back to the bank with me, performed the

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ceremony of identification, and the money was at once paid, greatly to my astonishment. In thirty days I had fully equipped a shop of my own—an investment which left me very little money."

The one small shop soon developed into others, and from them a large number of inventions relating to telegraph printing were turned out. In 1873 he entered into a compact with the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Gold Stock Company to give them the exclusive right to his inventions. A handsome salary was paid him, and he was soon established in a commodious factory at Newark, with a working staff under him of three hundred men. His career from that period has been one unbroken success. To enter into detail regarding the inventions which seem literally to pour from his brain is impossible in the compass of this article. If when only twenty-four he was described as "a young man who has kept the path to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps," what is to be said of him to-day? His duplex and quadruplex systems, which took six years to perfect, introduced a revolution in telegraphy, and were perfected during the Newark days. He tells the story that when deeply immersed in these studies he forgot to pay his taxes, and received the usual summons that if they were not paid by a certain hour next day he would have twelve and a half per cent. extra to pay. He took his place in a string of delinquents at the City Hall with the intention of paying them, but deep in the quadruplex system he forgot what he had come for.

"Now then, young man, look sharp, what is your name?" roared the tax official.

"I don't know," sublimely replied the inventor.

Finally he was waved aside as a person of weak mind, and, the time limit having been reached, he found, when he at length recollected his name, that he had the twelve and a half per cent. extra to pay.

After the establishment of the Newark factory Mr. Edison's fame as an inventor spread far and wide, and people thronged the place to see the wizard of electricity at work. This led him to remove to Menlo Park, about twenty-four miles from New York, where he built a large and magnificently-appointed laboratory, expending a hundred thousand dollars on experimental apparatus alone. "When the public tracks me out here," he said, "I shall simply have to take to the woods." The rustic inhabitants of the district regarded him as an uncanny magician, and tales of the most extravagant description were whispered regarding the miracles which took place in the big new factory suddenly set down in this desolate region. And indeed the rustics were not far wrong; for when we consider the marvellous properties of that delicate instrument the micro-tasimeter, one of the many evolved at the Menlo Park factory, it seems little short of miraculous that the human brain could have conceived it. The tasimeter is constructed to measure degrees of heat and moisture, and so sensitive is it that it can register the heat from the human body standing eight feet away. The odoroscope and the microphone, for measuring odours and sounds, are modifications of the tasimeter. The megaphone — another invention belonging to this period—is an instrument by which remote sounds are brought near. By it people miles apart can converse with ease; but the most wonderful result of the power of this magic contrivance was when the sound of sheep crunching grass six *miles* away was made audible in the factory at Menlo Park. Possibly, the most widely-known of all Edison's inventions are the telephone and phonograph, and the latter was discovered by the merest accident—namely, an accident happening to the right man.

"I was singing," says Mr. Edison, "to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! halloo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

All this sounds remarkably simple, and Mr. Edison has a habit of speaking of his inventions as though they had dropped from the clouds; but needless to say, after the principle of the phonograph had been discovered, there were days and nights of anxious thought and experiment before the famous talking machine, with which even the nursery is familiar to-day, had reached its present perfection. It had quite a simpering delicacy at first; and when Mr. Edison would in full tones roar "Spezia," for instance, into

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the phonograph, it would reply "Pezia" in lisping accents. The inventor has spent fifteen to twelve hours a day for six months in succession dinning that one word "Spezia" into the machine, until it was constructed to re-echo it back with perfect intonation. At another time he would sit for days at a time gravely repeating,

Mary had a little lamb,
A little lamb, *lamb*, LAMB,

ment might be made into a reliable lamp. With his usual absorption and pertinacity he set to work, and did not leave his laboratory for four days and four nights, until the matter was accomplished. Repeated experiments proved at first disastrous. Late on the second night, the longed-for result still eluding his grasp, Edison exclaimed to his associate, Mr. Charles Batchelor, "We will make a lamp before we sleep, or die in the

MRS. EDISON AND CHILDREN AT GLENMONT.
[*Drawn for* THE TEMPLE *by* A. TWIDLE.]

until the poor phonograph must have wished that Mary and her pet had never existed. The wonderful instrument was first exhibited in this country at the Crystal Palace in 1888, when most successful messages were given out from Mr. Edison in America, and the exact reproduction of his voice quite startled his friends in London. The following year the new invention was the marvel of the Exhibition in Paris.

For many years, while the inventions to which we have briefly alluded had been shaping themselves in his wonderful brain, Mr. Edison had been studying and experimenting with electric light. October 16th, 1879, was the memorable day when he arrived at the conclusion that a carbon filament might be made into a reliable lamp. With his usual absorption and pertinacity he set to work, and did not leave his laboratory for four days and four nights, until the matter was accomplished. Repeated experiments proved at first disastrous. Late on the second night, the longed-for result still eluding his grasp, Edison exclaimed to his associate, Mr. Charles Batchelor, "We will make a lamp before we sleep, or die in the attempt." It was on the morning of the second day from this that at length a perfect filament was secured. But in carrying it from the laboratory to another building, a breath of wind reduced it to powder. One does not wonder that Mr. Batchelor, at this misfortune after days and nights spent without sleep and little food, exclaimed to his chief, "Edison, it's gone—broken by the wind. I'm sick, I'm disgusted! My impression is, that job got too much reputation on a small capital." However, next morning another successful filament was secured, a lamp made and lighted. Then the two men went to their couches for a few hours. When they awoke, it was to find the electric lamp still burning — a truly magnificent success.

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This was the beginning of what has become known as the Edison incandescent light, which is now illuminating our public buildings, and bids fair to become general for domestic purposes.

It was in 1880 that Mr. Edison gave a public exhibition of his new electric lamp at its birthplace in the Menlo Park Laboratory, and visitors flocked from every part of the United States to see the wonder. The invention had the usual effect of Mr. Edison's discoveries, and inflamed the popular mind until it was deemed possible for him to accomplish any marvel. One of the visitors to the Menlo Park Exhibition was a schoolmaster from a remote hamlet. A short time after his return home, this worthy man saw a brilliant light in the heavens over the top of the Ramapo Mountain, and promptly informed the rustics of the district, to whom he was an oracle of learning, that the mysterious light in the heavens had undoubtedly been placed there by Mr. Edison, and gaping crowds assembled each night to gaze at it. The fact that Mr. Edison was experimenting at Menlo Park, forty miles away, with an electric light and a balloon, gave plausibility to the idea that he had fixed up an incandescent light in the clouds.

The years which succeeded the introduction of his electric light were perhaps the most harassing of Mr. Edison's life. He had to face the detraction and obloquy so frequently the lot of a brilliant genius. Even originality was denied to him, and there was a hubbub of voices proclaiming that lighting by electricity was no new thing, while others declared that it was impracticable. While Mr. Edison was willing to admit that scientists had already demonstrated the principle of the electric light, he justly claimed that he was the first to perfect the system and make it of practical use.

Mr. Edison's domestic life also underwent a cloud at this period by the loss of his devoted wife, who had been for him in every way an ideal partner, able to understand the somewhat erratic nature of her husband, and sufficiently in sympathy with his work not to begrudge the consecration of so much of his time and thought to it. Mrs. Edison was a Miss Mary Stillwell, formerly engaged in her husband's works at Newark, and married in 1873, just at the time when Mr. Edison had made his mark and had an assured position. She continued to take a lively interest in all that went on at the laboratory, and was greatly beloved and respected by all the employees. The inventor's friends never tire of singing the praises of Mrs. Edison, so watchful was she that there should be no domestic jar to disturb the peace of mind so essential to her husband in the exercise of his inventive faculty. To her the world owes a debt of deep gratitude for her unselfish devotion to its great inventor and benefactor throughout the years when he was living at the greatest pressure, and but for her watchful care would probably have overtaxed his naturally robust constitution by neglect of food and sleep. She died in 1881, leaving a family of three children.

The last phase of Mr. Edison's scientific investigations is to be found in his experiments for the application of electricity to locomotion. How to obtain that force direct from the oxygen and carbon without the heating process which involves the steam-engine as a factor in making electricity, is the problem upon which Mr. Edison has been for some years at work. He confidently expects that the discovery will come by which electricity can be obtained by a simple chemical process which will render it sufficiently cheap for practical purposes and will make it the great power in the mechanical work of the world. Then, when the steam-engine with its cumbrous weight of fuel has been supplanted by a small and compact electrical motor, transit by rail and ocean will approximate to flying. There is no reason, Mr. Edison thinks, why in the future we may not be travelling by electricity at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

An electric railroad close to his Menlo Park Works was the first practical step taken by Mr. Edison in the development of the new locomotion. This railway, as well as serving the purpose of scientific demonstration, was a fruitful field for playing off practical jokes—a diversion in which the great inventor takes as much delight as a schoolboy. On one occasion he had his little electric train filled with sedate directors and shareholders, bent on trying the effects of the new progression. Possibly, their irreproachable bearing and grave inquiries stirred the spirit of mischief in Mr. Edison, and when the company were seated in the open cars and engaged in weighty conversation, without the slightest intimation of his purpose he turned the motive power on at full force, and sent his living freight whizzing through the air at a speed which took away their breath and sent their hats in one direction and their coat-

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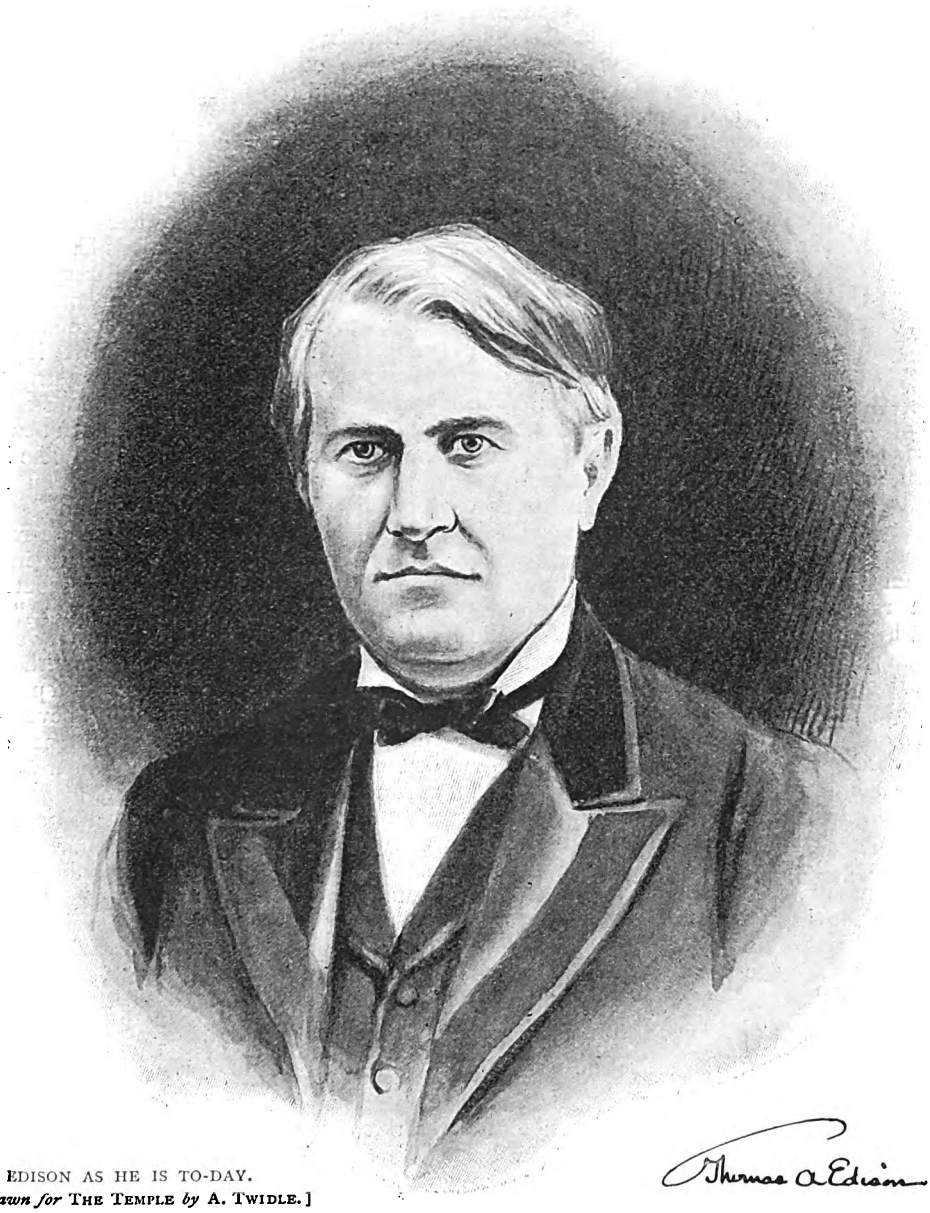

EDISON AS HE IS TO-DAY.
[*Drawn for* THE TEMPLE *by* A. TWIDLE.]

tails in another. The louder their protests the faster flew the cars, until Mr. Edison had had his joke out.

Electric railways, tram cars, and the new motor cars are all steps towards the realisation of Mr. Edison's dream that electricity will be the one great working power of the future; indeed, the possibilities which electrical science has before it seem too marvellous for conception. If by means of the telephone and phonograph we can hear and speak by electricity, it is not improbable that we may see and think by it also. Fantastic as the latter idea may sound, Mr. Edison and his assistant, Mr. Batchelor, have already experimented in the transference of thought by means of electric wires connected with their respective craniums. Often it has seemed that the problem was on the eve of solution, and any day a cablegram may announce to the civilised world that it is an accomplished fact.

In the realm of photography Mr. Edison

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has accomplished marvels by means of electricity. His kinetophonograph combines photographic apparatus along with the ordinary phonograph, and by this dual arrangement impressions are given back to the eye as well as to the ear; and the inventor believes that in the future not only will the sound of the voices of great artistes be reproduced, but their forms and gestures will be given also, thus forming a perfect realistic picture of a musical or dramatic performance. Mr. Dickson, who has seen the kinetophonograph at work in Mr. Edison's laboratory, thus describes his impressions: "Nothing more vivid or more natural could be imagined than these breathing, audible forms, with their tricks of familiar gesture and speech. The inconceivable swiftness of the photographic successions, and the exquisite synchronism of the phonographic attachment, have removed the last trace of automatic action, and the illusion is complete. The organ-grinder's monkey jumps upon his shoulder to the accompaniment of a strain from 'Norma.' The rich tones of a tenor or soprano are heard, set in their appropriate dramatic action; the blacksmith is seen swinging his ponderous hammer, exactly as in life, and the clang of the anvil keeps pace with his symmetrical movements; along with the rhythmical measures of the dancer go her soft-sounding footfalls; the wrestlers and fencers ply their intricate game, guarding, parrying, attacking, thrusting, and throwing, while the quick flash of the eye, the tension of the mouth, the dilated nostrils, and the strong deep breathing give evidence of the potentialities within."

Mr. Edison's latest experiments have been in connection with the Röntgen Rays, and, in addition to being able to photograph the bones through the flesh, it is rumoured that the great wizard of electrical science has discovered a chemical so susceptible to the Röntgen Rays that it will be possible to construct an instrument that will show by means of the X Rays the internal organs and tissues of the body, as well as the bones, thus enormously increasing the powers of diagnosis possessed by surgeons in cases both of wounds and of the processes of disease. Should internal diagnosis be rendered thus easy, life will only be limited by accident and old age, and Mr. Edison will have crowned his work for science by adding to it this marvellous discovery for the preservation of life and the treatment of disease.

The spread of commercial enterprises connected with Mr. Edison's inventions has been prodigious during the last fifteen years. Giant factories for the manufacture of his patents have come one after another into existence, company after company has been formed, and the revenue derived from these sources is a large one. But not the inventor's greatest enemy would accuse him of being a money-grubber. If Edison has "struck electricity," never surely did any man touch a mine of wealth with less thought for material gain. His inventions have dropped from his brain with the peculiar spontaneity born of great genius; he could not help it, any more than the bird can account for its song. When once asked what impelled him to the incessant and tireless struggle of working at inventions, he was quite staggered by the question, and, after gazing in bewilderment at his interlocutor, said, "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps." One cannot but feel in studying the career of Edison that his genius amounts to inspiration, although he himself rather scouts the idea of "dreams in the night-time," and periods of special intuition, and very stoutly contends that what he has accomplished has been the result of hard thinking and practical application. He prides himself above everything in the fact that his inventions are of commercial utility, not mere wonder-working machines. What has made Edison the most wonderful man of the age is, we fancy, the union of genius, or inspiration, with infinite capacity for hard work. We are sometimes told that it is the latter which really constitutes genius, but alone it certainly lacks that peculiar quickness of vision which distinguishes the highest intellect. A man may be a model of persistent industry and yet accomplish no work of true genius. On the other hand, a genius without industry is a person only fit to be incarcerated in a "home for geniuses," such as one of Mr. Barrie's characters conceived for erection in *Thrums*. In Edison we have a man who not only possesses creative power, but who has worked for the greater part of his life from fifteen to twenty hours a day. The result is known to everyone.

A man of kindly heart and humane sympathy, Mr. Edison is a most generous and considerate employer; but there have been times in his works when to have mentioned an eight-hours day, or indeed any time limit, would have been the unpardonable sin. "Now, you fellows, I've locked the door, and you'll have to stay here until this job is completed," was the startling information to

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which he occasionally treated his employees. And stay they did, on one occasion for sixty hours at a stretch without sleep and with scarcely any food, until a hitch in some of the machinery had been discovered and rectified; but, needless to say, the master stayed too.

Prodigious as is Mr. Edison's faculty for work, he can play also—a trait in his character already alluded to, and of which further example is shown in the following story. After a successful trip to New York, at the beginning of his business career, where he had disposed of an invention very advantageously, he returned to his Newark factory, bubbling over with boyish hilarity, entered the workshop with a whoop, and astonished his employees by flinging his silk hat into an oil pan, and would have pitched his coat in after it, if he had not been prevented. Open-handed generosity is another of his characteristics, and many are the stories told of the lavish way in which he will scatter largesse amongst his men when there is some special piece of work to be accomplished. When he first began to manufacture the incandescent light, he discovered that a special kind of fibre made the best conductor for his lamps. Hearing of Mr. M'Gowan, a specialist in fibre-hunting, he sent for him, and briefly announced in characteristic fashion—

"I want a man to ransack the world for a fibre: how would you like to undertake it?"

Mr. M'Gowan replied that he was willing to go, and asked when he was to start.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Edison.

"That is a little early," said Mr. M'Gowan. "I have a few buttons to sew on before I can set off on a tour round the world."

Finally, the time for departure was extended, and when Mr. Edison took leave of his commissioner he placed in his hands a piece of fibre, saying briefly, "If you find as good as that I will be satisfied." After a year spent in a most hazardous and expensive expedition, Mr. M'Gowan reappeared at the Edison Laboratory. The chief happened to be passing through, and, seeing Mr. M'Gowan, extended his hand in the most matter-of-fact manner, asked, "Did you get it?" and hurried on to the work he was superintending. It transpired that in the interval the great electrician, instead of waiting for the arrival of the fibre which he had spent a little fortune to secure, had utilised an artificial carbon which he thought might supersede the bamboo. The incident is characteristic of Mr. Edison's absolute disregard of cost or trouble provided that he can procure just the thing he needs, and of his resourcefulness, and easy disregard of everything but the absorbing interest of the moment.

Of late years Mr. Edison has passed most of his time in the handsome and extensive laboratory which he built in 1886, at the foot of the Orange Mountains. The description of this unique building reads more like an account of a fairy palace than of an industrial centre. The library is of royal dimensions, and contains some forty thousand books of reference; flowers, statuary, portraits of celebrated men, models of dynamos and terrestrial globes are scattered about the magnificent apartment, while the entire furnishings are of the most costly and luxurious kind. As originally designed by Mr. Edison, his library was plain enough, but during one of his absences from home the laboratory staff and workmen converted it into a place of artistic beauty. Connected with the Orange Laboratory are a variety of workshops, a gigantic Store Room, an Exhibition Hall, where models of the inventor's creations are arranged, a Lecture Hall, photographic rooms, and the chemical room, which is Mr. Edison's favourite, and from which startling discoveries may emanate in the near future. From eight o'clock in the morning until six in the evening Mr. Edison is to be found in his laboratory in working undress, then he returns to his beautiful home of "Glenmont," where his second wife (a young and lovely woman) and a group of merry children await him. He enters little into society, partly owing to the infirmity of deafness from which he suffers, and partly to his absorption in his scientific studies,—and one wonders how a man of such world-wide renown has been able to keep himself so much apart from the great world. Now and again he has been caught in the lion-hunter's trap, as during the Paris Exhibition of 1889, when he was fêted at the Opera and mobbed by excited crowds in the streets, crying "Vive Edison!" Medals and decorations have been profusely awarded him by many societies in different parts of the world, including the Albert Gold Medal from the London Society of Arts, and the three degrees of the Legion of Honour from France, which are arranged and kept under Mrs. Edison's care in the drawing-room at Glenmont; there, too, are many autograph letters and presents from royal persons and notabilities. Possibly, the keynote to Mr. Edison's unparalleled success is to be found in his favourite motto: "I have my own ideas, and I take my stand upon them."

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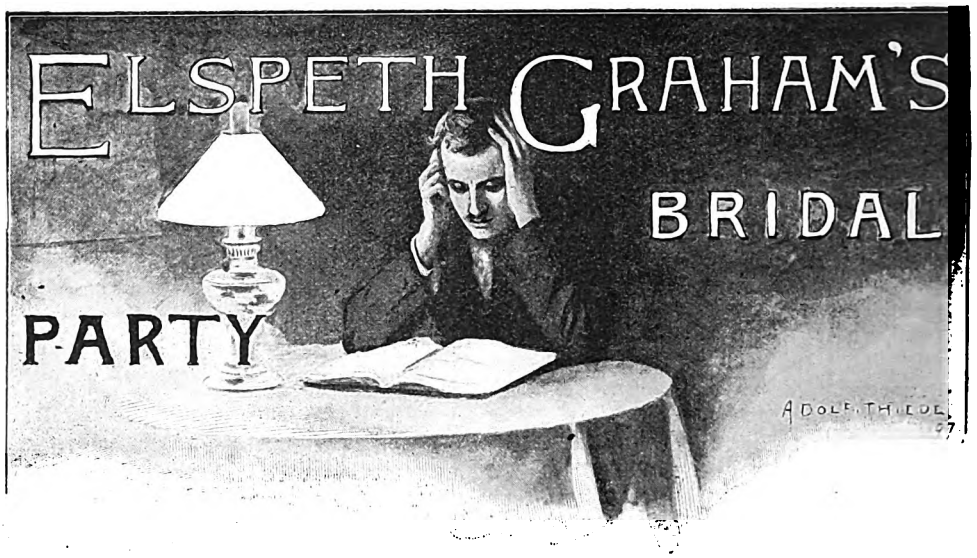

By Charles Edwardes

It was not altogether Tam Porter's fault that he was so unpopular in the Edinburgh slum circles to which, as a resident with his mother in an attic of David's Close, he belonged.

For one thing, he was plagued by a stammer that had made him a laughing-stock from the time he could toddle among the other children of the Close. Being a sensitive boy made matters worse, for when he was jeered he stammered so frightfully that there was no understanding him.

The stammer and other causes gave him rather a solitary time; and this also brought him into disrepute. The other boys never forgot that eventful day when they unearthed him (though "disentombed" were the better word) from the Elder's vault, whither he had withdrawn with a book to be out of the way.

The Elder's vault was just a common rectangular monument over a certain worthy Edinburgh person in the adjacent slum kirkyard. The top stone or lid of the vault had been abstracted by a rogue who wanted a good large slice of stone for repairing purposes. And it was in the box-like cavity over the Elder's bones that Tam as a twelve-year-old had ensconced himself with *Rob Roy*. But one of the others had there espied him, and between them the boys of the Close had quickly designed a horrid fright for Tam.

There was a loose door handy. This the rascals seized, and cunningly carried to the vault, and, having slid it between Tam and the daylight, half a dozen of them promptly jumped on to the door, and there sat singing and misbehaving themselves until several enraged ladies of the Close made a strong raid on them and drove them off. Tam was then discovered in the tomb, senseless.

But, though something of a pariah, Tam bore no malice toward anyone—either for his immurement in the Elder's tomb, or aught else.

At eighteen he was still in the Close and still with his mother. The old lady took in washing, which she hung on two long poles from her lofty window, near to the gutter spout of the great building and more than a hundred feet above the heads of the passers beneath.

By employment Tam was a mason. He was a deft worker, though a poor talker.

A good proportion of his old playfellows (to call them so) continued like himself to live where they had been born. But they were mostly better talkers than workers. All evenings, week-days and Sundays alike, there was loud and often angry conversation at the corners of the Close; with much smoking of short pipes, which entailed a thirst that had to be consoled with beer and spirits.

The local constables styled the David's Close folk "a coarse crowd"; and they were quite that.

Tam was distinctly an exception to the majority, and as such was regarded with more and more disfavour by the majority.

And this was why there was no talk of asking him to Elspeth Graham's wedding party that was to be—a fact that struck poor Tam very sorely indeed, for he had known

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and admired Elspeth since her little bare feet had first taken the air on the Close stones; and Geordie M'Culloch, the bridegroom, had been born the same year as himself, and so near him that with a pole he could reach Mr. M'Culloch's window from his mother's window.

It was to be a very exciting wedding festival, on the eve of the day. And Mr. M'Culloch's room was to be the scene of the festivities, with the two or three other available rooms on the same floor for the overflow of guests.

Elspeth herself wished Tam to be asked; but Geordie M'Culloch said no.

"A loony like him!" cried Geordie. "He begins to say a thing the day and doesna finish till the morrow. Gin you ask him, Elspeth, ye'll ha' to do without me, and that's na possible."

Upon this, Elspeth Graham gave way, and it was agreed that Tam should have a fine share of cold shoulder and nothing besides.

"Let them gang their own gait, the silly fules," said Mrs. Porter, for her son's comfort. Further, she resolved that she would so arrange things that on the supper night there should be a particularly thick array of washed clothes hung out between her window and Mr. M'Culloch's —to hide the sight of the merry-makers from her son's eyes. And the clothes should be of the worst and least ornamental kind—not one red or blue petticoat among them! She only wished, moreover, that she could so hang them that they should drip into Mr. M'Culloch's room, instead of upon the heads of the luckless strangers who chanced to take the short cut through David's Close to Cockburn Street.

And so the gay evening came, and the ugly clothes were thrust forth.

Tam returned home an hour later than usual this evening. He did not ordinarily care for the club to which he (and all his fellow-masons) belonged; but for once he endured an hour of its dulness, almost falling

"HE SAW ELSPETH GRAHAM AT THE ROOM WINDOW, WITH TERROR IN HER EYES."

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asleep over a newspaper. Then home he went, climbed the terrible winding staircase of the building, and sat down to his tea.

Mrs. Porter straightway talked for three. The good soul meant to distract Tam from thoughts about the wedding party over the way. But she showed precious little tact in the matter, every now and again referring to this or that new arrival in M'Culloch's room, the sound of whose voice came to her through the open windows.

"And never a one of them to equal my bonnie boy Tam!" quoth she.

At which Tam smiled rather drearily.

"You're o-o-ower fond of me, I'm thinking, m-m-m-mother," he said, with a desperate and successful effort at intelligibility.

"I ken ye, at anyrate, which is more than ony ither soul can say," was Mrs. Porter's reply, which set Tam reflecting, but did not exactly fill him with delight.

He tried to persuade his mother to remove the drying clothes, but without success.

Also, he begged her not to make her comments quite so loudly on the different characters of the persons who had been favoured with invitations to Mr. M'Culloch's room and feast.

Mrs. Porter was a downright good specimen of a David's Close woman—full of fight, self-opinionated, and eager to express her opinions.

At last, to choke off his various thoughts on matters domestic and neighbourly, Tam seized the book on mathematics which he had lately (to his mother's unbounded admiration) begun to study, and put his two hands to his two ears the better to concentrate his attention upon it.

Thus the laughter and talk from over the way reached him faintly as the distant falling of water; and even his mother's remarks did not call for reply.

So matters proceeded until past nine o'clock. By then Tam was thoroughly engrossed in the properties of triangles, and seeing all sorts of dim connections between the uses of mathematics and the practice of bricklaying. By then, too, Mrs. Porter had taken herself away to a neighbour as talkative as herself, whom she stunned with the torrent of calumnies on the Grahams and M'Cullochs poured forth by her ready tongue. By then, too, the wedding party over the way had got to the whisky.

It was not a cheerful night. A drizzle of rain had begun—happily for the clothes, before Mrs. Porter had left the room. These were now all inside, so that there was an unobstructed view of the revellers round the lamp in Mr. M'Culloch's apartment. Elspeth could see Tam over his book, and he could see *them* all whenever he chose.

The blackness of the abyss between the two blocks of the Close buildings was emphasised by the yellow lamplight on both sides.

This same blackness was intensified by something else for a good many minutes before the added cause was discovered. Smoke was the cause.

Tam himself was the first of the David's Close inmates to suspect that aught was wrong. His window was not shut very tight, so that the smoke and smell of burning at length were unmistakable to him.

He opened the door to see if the nuisance (or worse) belonged to his block. But it did not seem to.

Then it occurred to him to open his window, braving the eyes of the revellers across the way, some of whom were far gone in their cups.

The instant he did this, a tongue of flame—the first—shot from the window two storeys below Mr. M'Culloch's room.

"S-s-save us!" cried Tam. "They'll all be b-b-burned where they s-s-stand."

He shouted and gesticulated, but for several seconds could not gain the attention of Mr. M'Culloch's guests. Elspeth was not then in the room; otherwise, perhaps, he would have succeeded earlier.

Mr. M'Culloch's window was now thrown open.

"Run down, for your lives, men!" cried Tam in a breath. "D-d-dinna ye see the house is on fire?"

Lamentable was the confusion that ensued. Tam heard cursing and exclamations from Mr. M'Culloch's room, mingled with the noise of feet stampeding down the hard stone steps.

Then the first shriek sounded.

"God s-s-send them safely out on't!" murmured Tam.

He bent over the sill to see if anything was being done below; but he could not stand much of the pungent smoke of David's Close in conflagration. To relieve his mind, he shouted from his own landing outside to all and sundry in his block, telling those below what had happened. The wonder was, perhaps, that some of them had not found it out for themselves.

However, as none of the crowd returned to Mr. M'Culloch's room, it seemed clear they had made a successful rush for safety.

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Tam took this view of affairs, and was himself about to descend to the street level, when a cry reached his ears, and, looking across, he saw Elspeth Graham—none other—at the room window, with terror in her eyes.

"Help! help!" the poor girl cried.

"Run down, lass, f-for your l-life!" shouted Tam to her.

"But I canna, for the smoke," she answered, with a sob. "It's too late."

"Run again, and t-t-try. You must. Try!" urged Tam desperately.

"Hoots, man!" said Tam.

Ere the words were out of his mouth, Elspeth's white face reappeared in M'Culloch's room.

"I canna do it!" she wailed.

In silence Tam looked about his mother's room—hopelessly. The clothes-sticks were not nearly long enough. And there was the ghastly hundred feet of space below, even if the sticks could be got from one window to another.

Mr. Bullen wrung his hands.

"There's naething possible to be done,

"THEN HE TOO SCRAMBLED OVER THE WINDOW LEDGE."

Elspeth stood hesitating for a moment, then burst into tears, and disappeared, leaving Tam terribly concerned.

"What will we do if the fire's too hot to face?" he groaned.

A Mr. Bullen, from the floor below, here joined Tam and heard his tale.

"She'll be suffocated, the puir lass!" said Mr. Bullen. "Geordie M'Culloch will never wed her."

lassie!" he cried. "Wait for the firemen folk—perhaps they'll reach ye."

Of all hopeless suggestions! Elspeth herself in these words realised the doom that was upon her.

Then, in an instant, it flashed to Tam.

"Keep t-t-talking to her, Mr. Bullen," he whispered, and rushed away—to return in a couple of minutes with a coil of thick scaffolding rope.

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The heat and smoke from below were now so great that Elspeth could hardly be seen for the one, or faced for the other.

But Tam bent from his sill and explained the situation.

"You must f-f-fasten it to the grate in the f-fireplace. There's nothing s-s-stronger. And be sure to make a d-d-double knot. Then, please God, we'll save you. Catch it —quick!"

So saying, he threw the end of the rope to her.

Elspeth caught it, but did not move.

"I darena cross!" she sobbed.

"Fasten it, lass, and leave the rest to me," urged Tam.

This she proceeded to do, while Tam and Mr. Bullen secured their end. Eventually the rope seemed quite taut.

Mr. Bullen was almost out of his mind with excitement.

"Ye'll be killed, man!" he protested.

But Tam only threw off his coat for reply.

"I'm coming, Elspeth," he said. "If it'll bear one, it'll bear half a dozen."

The distance was only fifteen feet; but it was enough. Tam went hand over hand, holding his breath—as did the other two; and finally dragged himself into Mr. M'Culloch's room.

"You s-s-see how easy it is!" he said, with a strained smile. "Can you trust yourself on my back?"

Elspeth looked at him, coughed from the smoke and said, "Yes, Tam, if ye wish it."

"Ay, *and* Geordie would wish it," said Tam. "Now then, I've got my wind. Be s-sure you grip me f-fast, and shut your eyes. Then it'll be just nothing to you."

The start was awkward. Elspeth made a slip in getting on to Tam when he was already hanging, and then inadvertently all but choked him. The flames from below almost licked their heels.

Midway, Tam thought he could not do it. Elspeth weighed upon him like a mountain of lead. But he moved on inch by inch all the same, resolved about one thing only—that nothing should make him let go of the rope. Mr. Bullen's voice encouraged him, tremulous though it was.

But it was like heaven itself, he thought, to come alongside his own sill and to hear Mr. Bullen exclaim—

"Now, lassie, just let me lift you off him and inside."

With the removal of Elspeth a sudden faintness came upon Tam. However, it was only momentary, and then he too scrambled over the window ledge, and all was well.

David's Close will never forget the scene that ensued upon the appearance of Elspeth M'Culloch from out the staircase of the other block of buildings, with Mr. Bullen and Tam Porter at her heels.

Geordie was half demented for joy.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bullen explained matters. Tam was for sneaking off half-way, but they stopped him; and that night was the beginning of a new era in Tam Porter's life. The number of hands he had to shake!

By the time the fire was out, all David's Close agreed that Tam was a hero, and a credit to the town and his mother.

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By J. Reid Howatt

"See Naples and die!" Well, every man to his humour: I have seen Naples, and have a decided objection to the suggested sequel. I fear, however, that I am rather finicky and fastidious in this respect: I have never seen the place yet where I would care to die. I was once offered a "lot" in Woking Cemetery, very cheap; but though I went to see it, and had no fault to find with the price, somehow I let the chance slip. I did the same with Naples: the scenery, I admit, is all that even the most fastidious could desire, but when you are on the ground floor the view grows limited.

Besides, Virgil's tomb is a kind of warning against trusting to mere sentiment. He had the pick of the Bay given him—an outjutting shoulder of high land, commanding all that lies in the lovely crescent of waters, and all that rises hazily, softly, like purple dreams, beyond; but a scraggier or more neglected spot than his is now, I have seldom seen. A barefooted boy, with two garments only, admirably ventilated, sees your carriage stop, ushers you through a hole in a wall, then lures you up some worn steps to a most dilapidated vegetable garden, where he is joined by a man in similar easy costume, who gives you to understand he wants a lira apiece for pointing out a slab of common sandstone, standing about two feet above the long and unkempt grass. The whole thing is wretchedly dreary, made all the more so for the grand possibilities lurking everywhere. The expenditure of a good English ten-pound note or so could make this one of the loveliest nooks in Europe; for want of it, the noblest of classical poets is reduced to give edge to the old saw—that a living dog is better than a dead lion. It is pardonable, surely, if you come away with the feeling—"See Naples—and die somewhere else!"

This reference to the lira naturally brings to mind the character of Italian money. Everything, from the franc upwards, is in notes. A gold piece or two may be met now and then, but it is an event. The little scraps of paper—una, due, cinque, etc.—are most bothersome; they get stuffed away anyhow, mixed up with your letters, cigarette-papers, knife, or notebook, so that at one time you suddenly find yourself hard-up, to revel again in unsuspected riches when you are searching for a match! Some slip through your fingers, not by spendthrift prodigality, but by virtue of the grease that is on them;

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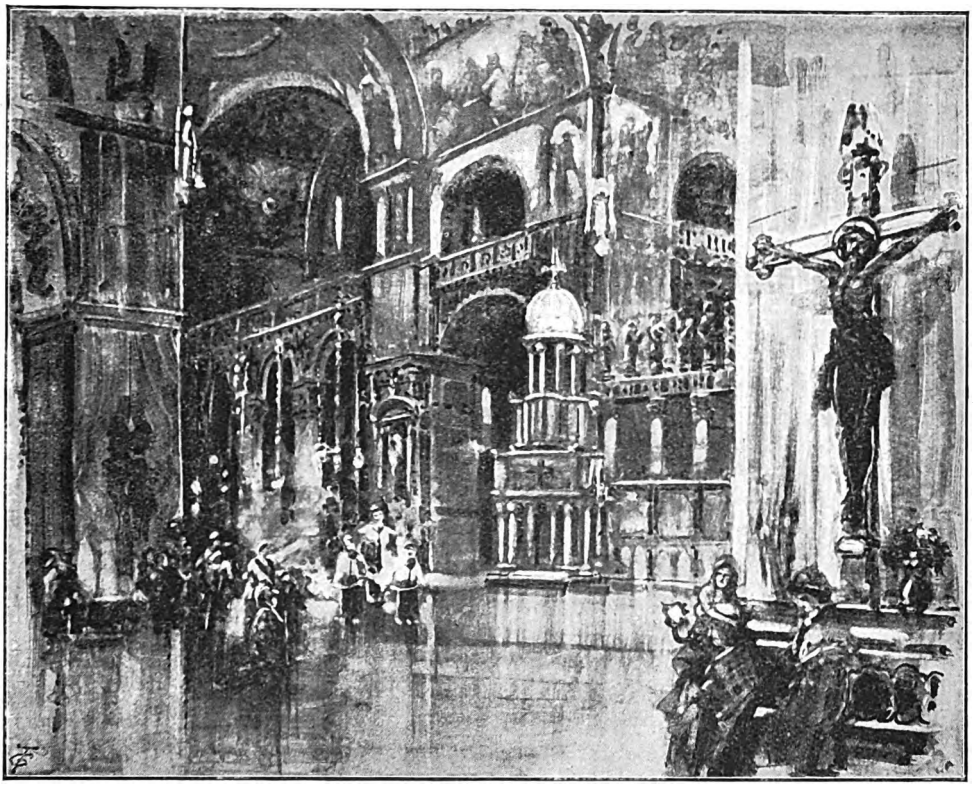

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

They are the relics of King Bomba's system, and the sort of priesthood he gathered about him—in the paralysis of industry on the one hand, and a parochial theology on the other, which, in the absence of rates and taxes, tried, with a little tincture of superstition, to get the people to support their own poor. For they are the Neapolitans themselves who create these beggars and sustain them; every coin that goes to their grimy hands somehow slackens the screw in Purgatory for the donor, so there is a bit of piety in it, after all: if it is mistaken piety, the fault be with the teachers, the grace be with the taught! The thought makes you look with a certain reverence on the soldier, whose pay is scanty enough, clumsily undoing his waistbelt to get at a coin to give some trembling old man or withered crone. The motive may be somewhat turbid, and the practical results this side of Purgatory may be bad; but there is no denying the presence of the raw material of devotion, if it was only rightly worked up.

Of course Vesuvius is the lion here: a thoroughly deceptive mountain. As you see it first in the distance, it looks the picture of serene tranquillity, its lofty peak toying with a white scarf of cloud. Not till you are a good way up do you note that the cloud is really a curving line of smoke, by which time, too, you begin to feel the depression of a scene which flings everyone back on the Bible for the loan of the words "Sodom and Gomorrah." Ashes, ashes—in lumps or dust, through which you plunge knee-deep—nothing but ashes; never a blade of grass to temper the accurst ground. Stretching beneath you lie the cities of the plain—lovely enough to look on, but never suffering you to forget what this mountain did to some of them once, and may yet do to them all again. It is about as hateful and baleful a spot as ever loomed through a nightmare.

It was tolerably active when I was at the top,—more so than it had been for months, we were told,—and was evidently working itself into the passion it showed soon after, raising fears of a repetition of its last great outbreak, a few years back. Ugh! the hollow "boom" and shaking of the ground, the bash, the splash of red-hot lumps into the

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air, and the scurrying of everyone to windward, for the bolder sort to return, make a dash for the edge of the chasm, give a fearful look down—and scurry off again at the warning of the next "boom": it is about as gruesome a memory as one could wish to lay up against the time when he is feverish and shapes ugly dreams! The regulation thing, on looking down the belching chasm, is to think of all your enemies. I couldn't recall any particular one at the moment, so I slumped them all with the good feeling —that I was glad they were still safe at home!

What a midget man is! He knows quite well what this mountain has done before and what it may do again at any moment, yet he will risk his head in its jaws, tremble at what he has done, and hasten to be ridiculous. While the guides were shouting, "Back! back!—dangerous!" a clergyman, whose training ought to have delivered him from such levity, went careering about with a camera, taking snap-shots of everything and everybody; while two young ladies devoted their whole attention to the refixing of a loosened heel on one of their shoes! "'Tis but a step," etc.

But for what has taken place during the reign of our Queen, the re-exhumed cities of the plain — Pompeii and Herculaneum — would have been fine moralists in favour of humility; for, up to the limits of this period, they certainly prove that there was nothing new under the sun, or the lava. There were costermongers in those days, and they knew the knack of displaying their walnuts in the half-shell; there was electioneering, too, with appeals posted up, tantamount to requests, to "vote early and often" for Codlin, *alias* Marcus Aiius, for he was the friend, not Short—*alias* Quintus Curtius. The theatres had their notices, too, with the great tragedian in large letters, and the noted comedian in script but slightly smaller. The butcher and the baker had their passbooks, and certain scales showed a sad need for the Inspector of Weights and Measures. For the benefit of ladies and other folk who got nervous in the midst of street traffic, there were the little raised pavements in the middle of the road, to give confidence in passing over. They had even the latticed iron gates that fold up like a fan, as the grooves on the steps, without slots in the walls, testify. If they had not pince-nez, they had at all events the monocule; I saw an eyeglass which some Pompeiian Chamberlain of the olden time no doubt used to advantage in awing a feeble but irate Opposition in the local House of Representatives. Leaving out electricity, the phonograph, photography, and a few inventions of the kind, you wander about these old deserted streets, squares, and houses with a mournful feeling that civilisation has too long been mere mimicry, not progress.

The vice of the inhabitants of these old cities (and Sodom and Gomorrah could scarcely have been worse) instinctively turns your eyes away across the Bay in search of the line on which the true advance was to be made through the centuries. There is Puteoli, snuggling in a bend. Here, one morning in spring, a few years before Vesuvius had scattered its desolations, a grain ship was warped to the little wharf, and landed a shipwrecked crew, a few soldiers, and three poor men — Paul, Luke, and Aristarchus. As these trudged to Rome on the Appian Way — the Way that had resounded so often to the plaudits that greeted the returned victorious general — a poorer spectacle could scarcely have been witnessed. Without weapons, without worldly influence, to have their voices soon and cruelly stifled: these were yet to be the true conquerors of Rome! Verily, "base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Having spoken of Rome itself in a previous paper, I need not allude to it now except, in this connection, to point to the silent rivalry that is slowly but surely going on in the honours rendered to St. Peter and St. Paul. When the Church of San Paulo, on the putative site of the apostle's martyrdom, is completed, it will, in many respects, outvie St. Peter's; whereat many historians will rejoice, for, whatever tradition may have added to the history of St. Paul, there is not a scrap of evidence to show that St. Peter ever was in Rome. From this and other things—not to speak of Peter having been, for certain, a married man—the Church of Rome has been peculiarly unfortunate in the selection of her patron saint.

After Naples and Rome, it is a most gratifying relief to enter Florence. The weight of centuries which oppresses you in the Eternal City is here relaxed; there are no more beggars than are to be found in any other city—fewer, indeed, than in most; the streets are very clean; and, happiest sign of all, everybody is working at something or other and carries himself with self-respect accord-

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ingly. One does not wonder that it should be called the City of Flowers: he would have been peculiarly stupid who should have missed giving it that name; no other would have suited. Flowers everywhere, gardens, terraces, green and gay, with spacious drives and approaches, suggesting that everybody lives in some palazzo or other. The chief attraction, and chief employment too, is art in one form or another. The Cathedral is passing through a transition stage; the modernising of the outside with white marble is effective, yet a trifle garish also, making the contrast with the dim and plain interior the more pronounced. The place where Savonarola, "the Samuel of the Florentine theocracy," thundered, should be plain, and, above all, it should be sincere; yet it is disfigured with some of the most atrocious deceptions ever allied to the architecture of a place of worship, for here are stained windows (!) which are no windows at all, but only coloured tinfoil pasted on dummy embrasures. These transmit no light, but they reflect what is let in by humbler windows opposite, taking to themselves a hypocritical credit altogether demeaning to the place and the authorities who connive at such manifest sacrilege. Thanks to the Englishman who built the façade of St. Croce, that church—the church of the simple-living, high-thinking Franciscans—has been kept in harmony, inside and out, making it a fitting place for grand monuments to Michael Angelo, Dante, and Alfieri, that are here. It would be but guide-booky to attempt to speak of the treasures of art in the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery, and that is as little to my mind as it is to most folk; it is enough that the two together may be said to make up the Italian *Louvre*.

It is the old bridge across the Arno that most readily attracts the general visitor—a bridge of jewellers' shops, with back and upper rooms jutting over the river, giving a most quaint and old-world look to everything, especially when the sun is westering. Old London Bridge must have been somewhat like it. The old bridge in Lucerne is unique for its *Danse Macabre*; the Rialto over the Grand Canal in Venice is sacred for its Shakespearean associations, but the shops upon it are now a little too prosaic for sentiment; the Ponte Vecchio of Florence alone is like a snippet out of fairyland.

The run from Florence to Venice is of the grandest description at the start, and so long as you are in the Apennines; it tames down, however, to monotonous flatness as you go on. Loveliest blinks dartle up, nevertheless, here and there—as in the towers and turrets of Padua's universities. Soon after this point the romance of travel begins, as the train steams along the two-mile viaduct that bridges the arm of the Adriatic, and enters Venice.

There is nothing in the station itself different from Euston, Gare du Nord, Turin, or Milan; but it is such a queer thing to hand your bag to a porter, and ask him to call, not a hackney, but a gondola!—and queerer still, when you pass the barrier, to find yourself facing, not a cab-rank, but a stretch of blue water, with boatmen, like water-beetles, ya-hooing one another while trying to get hold of you! But away you glide at last, as in dreamland—past palaces, cottages, shops, warehouses, and churches, all rising sheer from the water as the like rise from the pavement at home. Then the slums!—the "little" canals, the back alleys and wynds—so silent that the gondolier's warning cry "Y'oh!" at the corners sounds positively profane—a hush falls on one's spirit not to be known anywhere else. I walked up the steps of the Devonshire Club one day, holding the hand of a dear little fellow. He had been chatty enough a moment before, but on the soft pile of the carpet here, and amid the spacious surroundings, his voice sank to a whisper, and when I asked him why, he looked pityingly at my ignorance as he said, "We're in church now!" Venice has the same occult influence on all who visit her for the first time; you want to speak low, and would rather listen to the "plsh, plsh" of the water than give voice to your most poetic thought. You never quite get over this, however long you remain: as the conditions of light, place, and circumstance change, they always bring with them the same strange, grand, undefined feeling, that it is not here as it is anywhere else; it is easier to be better here than at home—which all other experience tells us must be a *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet we stick to it!

But enough!—to speak of Italy, from Como to Brindisi, is to speak of sorcery to which all that is natural in you—and the best at that—gives itself up, like another Tannhäuser, even though, like Tannhäuser, there is something within you that raises a luminous protest. The subject is too vast, and too grand, for a skimpy article. I would but say—after the fashion in which I began—"See Italy, and die when you please: you have seen about the best this old world of ours has to display!"

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A Fashionable Stranger

By Evelyn Everett-Green

Author of "Little Miss Urica," "A Hard-Fought Fight," etc.

Chapter I

"She's much too fine and fashionable for us. I don't suppose she would even thank us for calling," said Frances. "She would only turn up her aristocratic little nose at our home-made frocks, and be very chilling and polite and stand-offish."

Mother rather bridled up at that, and we all knew what would follow.

"My dear Frances, if it comes to be a question of birth, you can hold your head as high as anyone. The granddaughters of an earl need not fear the ill-grounded superciliousness of any mere *parvenue*. Aristocratic, indeed! I daresay she is nothing more than an ironmaster's daughter."

I am afraid we all smiled at that. Poor dear little mother! We all loved her dearly, but her little foible about our rank and family could not fail to amuse us somewhat. What she said was perfectly true. We were the granddaughters of an earl—a poverty-stricken Irish peer, who had been nearly ruined before the commencement of the recent agrarian troubles, and whose successor hardly got a penny from his estates—and she was in very truth the Lady Norah Kinglake, whose name figured from time to time in the local papers as the patroness of a flower show or the presiding genius of a bazaar. But certainly we boys and girls had never found that we had got anything through our grand relations on our mother's side. They were all as poor as church mice, I believe, and had mostly emigrated to other lands. Mother, as the wife of Dr. Kinglake of Starbridge-on-Sea, had done as well as any member of her family, and had a very comfortable and prosperous home. She and father were devoted to one another; and we all liked to spoil and make much of our pretty and young-looking mother, though we did sometimes indulge in a smile at her expense, especially when subjects like this were on the *tapis*.

"I don't think she's that," said I. "She's so wonderfully lovely, and looks so dainty in all her ways. Mother, you must look at her in church to-morrow, and see if you don't think she has the looks of the aristocracy, because I maintain she has. I want to know her. I love pretty people, and she must be deadly, deadly dull, cooped up all day with that cross and unsociable old Mrs. Ridley."

But mother's face did not look complaisant.

"Since we have not called upon Mrs. Ridley, we cannot possibly call upon her

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guest. You must see that for yourself, Eileen."

"Yes, mother, of course; but there is no law of the Medes and Persians why we should *not* call upon Mrs. Ridley. It's only because we heard that she was a cross, grumpy old thing, and didn't seem to care about knowing anybody, that we didn't do it before. She's only been three weeks at the Hermitage. We could call any day we liked, and it would be all right."

Mrs. Ridley was a lady about whom we none of us knew anything, who had taken for three months the house of some friends of ours, who (like many others in Starbridge) often let their houses in the summer if they could. Sometimes we called on these strangers landed in our midst, and sometimes we did not. The Hermitage was rather near to our house, and as a rule we did make the acquaintance of the inmates; but then they were generally persons we knew just a little about beforehand; but in this case the house had been let through an agent, and our friends themselves had been able to find nothing out about their tenant except that she was in a pecuniary position that ensured to them their rent. We had heard a discouraging account of her from the vicar's wife, who had been rather ungraciously received, and we had made no attempt in that direction ourselves; but the appearance of this very lovely young girl in the Hermitage carriage that day had set us all wondering, and we were discussing the question rather eagerly over mother's tea-table now.

"You'd better be careful what you're about—introducing such a lovely young Peri into the bosom of this family," said Jack. "I'll fall in love with her to a dead certainty; and when you've broken me heart intirely, maybe you'll be sorry for it, Eileen Mavourneen."

"Oh, you've fallen in love so often already," I answered unfeelingly, "that once or twice more is a mere detail not worth considering."

"When you see me lying dead with a dagger in me heart, you'll repent you of your hard words, darlint, and wish them unsaid."

"*When* I do, perhaps I shall," I answered, laughing; "but I'll take you to call on the ladies, if you like, and mother will let us go."

"With all me heart!" cried Jack, who when at home was a regular ladies' man, and never found it a bore to take us about, or go to tea or garden parties, as the other boys did. He had a good deal of Irish blood in him, as one could see by his straight handsome features and grey eyes so arch and full of fun, and by his soft blarneying ways that we all teased him about so unmercifully. But Jack was a great favourite both at home and abroad, and I always felt flattered that I was his favourite sister, and was accounted the most like him.

Sunday came before anything had been decided, and we told mother to "take stock" of the new importation that day in church. Mother declined to do anything half so rude, and never appeared to observe the lovely young girl (with the sad face and sweet brown eyes) so exquisitely dressed, who sat full in our sight. But when we got home she told us that we might do as we pleased in the matter, that the girl certainly "looked a lady," and that it might be kind to give her a welcome to Starbridge. Mother herself seldom paid calls in person, except on very old friends. She was delicate, and spent the greater part of her time lying on the sofa. Norah and Frances and I shared the household and social duties amongst us, and the two former, being the elder daughters, were delegated to "beard the lioness in her den," which was Jack's way of describing the first call to be paid to Mrs. Ridley.

Jack, of course, had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful stranger, and would have liked to call with the girls, but Norah said it would look odd; so we went for a walk together in the pine woods that overhung the cliff and clothed the fringe of the moor for a mile or two beyond Starbridge; and we had not gone half a mile from the commencement of the wood, before we heard by the barking of our collie dog that he had had an encounter of some kind.

Colin looked upon these woods as private property, and always resented the presence of strangers there. He never flew at them, or did anything outrageous; but he would bark angrily and persistently, with his frill all up on end; and timid persons were apt to be scared. So, on hearing him give tongue like this, Jack ran quickly forward, calling Col to order, and in a minute more I heard him apologising effusively to an unseen person, who did not appear to have been alarmed, as I heard the sound of a very clear sweet laugh.

Next moment, what was my astonishment and gratification to come straight upon our beautiful stranger, dressed in a very simple but *such* a lovely white frock, the set and draping of which was a perfect study in the art of real dressmaking, leaning against a red pine trunk, which made a perfect background for her slim graceful figure, her hand upon

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Col's black head, whilst her face was turned smilingly towards Jack, who, hat in hand, was making a very profuse and earnest apology for our unmannerly dog.

"He is not unmannerly—he is a darling!" said the soft sweet voice. "I love dogs. I wish I had my own with me here; but my hostess cannot bear them, so I was obliged to come without a companion. I miss them dreadfully."

"You are staying with Mrs. Ridley, I think," said I, advancing boldly; for, as an old inhabitant of Starbridge, I felt a right to speak. "My sisters went to call on her this afternoon. They were hoping they should see you too."

"How kind of them!" said the girl simply: for all her fashionable clothes, she was as unaffected and sweet in her ways as a little child. "I would have stayed in if I had known; but my aunt said callers did not come, as she did not know anybody in the place and was only a visitor. But this is just as good, is it not? I know who you are; my maid told me about some of the people—maids always find things out. You are one of the Miss Kinglakes?"

"Yes, I am Eileen—the youngest; and this is my brother Jack, who is home from his last voyage. The other boys are not here just now. But I do not know your name—it is not Ridley, is it?"

Somehow I felt certain it was not, and the stranger smiled.

"I am called Olivia Chetwynd," she answered. "Mrs. Ridley is my great-aunt. I do not know her very well. But I was sent to stay with her"—she stopped suddenly, and a vivid blush dyed her cheek, and then faded again, and she added in a different tone of voice—"because my parents wished it. I had not been—very well. I think they thought I wanted a change, and Starbridge is said to be very healthy."

"It is," said Jack, "splendid air! Will set you up in no time. Father says it only wants puffing to become quite a fashionable health resort; but we residents don't care about that sort of thing."

And then, somehow, we got walking and talking together as though we were friends, and we only parted with Miss Chetwynd at the gate of the Hermitage lodge quite an hour later.

Jack went off into raptures about her at once, in which I was quite ready to join, for her beauty and simplicity had thoroughly captivated my imagination and heart; but perhaps the chief of the charm to me lay in a discovery I thought I had made, and which I proceeded to communicate in a whisper to Jack.

"I am certain she has a history. She has been crossed in love, and she is sent down here out of the way of *somebody*. Oh, Jack, I should just love to find out all about it, and to help to bring them together again!"

Chapter II

"I will tell you about it if you like, dear. Sometimes I feel as though I really needed somebody to talk to; and we are friends now—and I know I can trust you. I suppose it is a very ordinary story; but everybody is apt to fancy his or her story somehow a little different from any other."

Olivia was sitting with me at the edge of the cliff, with the pine wood behind us. Col was lying between us, and her little white hand was resting on his head; a lovely colour was in her face, and her soft brown eyes looked dreamily out over the sea. It was not quite three weeks since our first encounter with the fashionable stranger in the wood; and now she was no longer a stranger, nor did I think her in the least fashionable. She had fascinated and enslaved my fancy completely, and, to my great joy, she had singled me out even above my sisters for her especial friendship. We were almost exactly of an age. I adored her from the first moment, and I think she must have divined it and been glad of it; for she seemed to crave love in the unconscious fashion that a child does, and to gravitate towards me, as I certainly did towards her.

More and more, as I learned to know her better, was I certain that she had some romantic and sorrowful story. She said so little of herself and her home. I knew she was an only child, that her parents must be very wealthy, and that she was somehow in disgrace with them. All that came out incidentally, bit by bit. I seldom asked a direct question, and she liked better for me to tell her about our uneventful life than to talk to me about hers. But to-day we had been unusually confidential. Each solitary ramble brought us nearer and nearer together, and I had at last been bold enough to tax her with being unhappy, and had received a gentle admission that such was the case. Of course it could not rest there. I had asked her if something could not be done to make her happy again. Her reply had told me

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much; I divined a great deal more. I had indeed divined it long ago; and bit by bit I led her on, till there was no concealing the fact that the trouble was a lover—and a lover whom her parents had refused to receive, or to allow her to betroth herself to.

To a girl who has never had a lover—never heard a word of *that* sort of love spoken—the whole subject is one of thrilling interest. I had pleaded to be allowed to hear more, and my request had met with a more ready response than I had dared to hope.

"I should like to tell you about it," said Olivia again, after a brief and breathless pause. "My aunt, of course, is against me—everybody is against me; but I do not think you will be."

"I am *sure* I shall not," I answered ardently, and she pressed my hand as she replied—

"No, I know you will not, or I should not have told you—I could not. To me it seems so hard—because, you see, they would never have refused him, and refused to let me speak of or to him again, or have sent me away here to forget, if it hadn't been for that other one. It is that that is so hard. A year ago they would have been very pleased about it, and now they will not even listen to a word!"

I did not quite understand, but I found it very entrancing. I asked a few questions from time to time, and gradually the story unfolded itself. Told in my words, it may sound commonplace enough; but it did not seem so as it fell bit by bit from the trembling lips of my beautiful Olivia that sweet summer evening.

Olivia, it seems, was an heiress—not only the only child of wealthy parents, but an heiress in her own right to a large fortune from her grandmother, so that she had the prospect of being in time one of the wealthiest women in the country. Her parents were fairly well-born people, especially on her mother's side. Her father's forbears had made their fortunes by commerce, but he had been brought up as a country gentleman, and both Olivia's parents had, not unnaturally, set their hearts upon seeing their daughter make a grand match. Her great beauty, combined with all this wealth, seemed to render it certain that she might pick and choose amongst the highest in the land.

She was kept in great seclusion until her eighteenth birthday,—now about four months back,—and then she was brought up to London and introduced quite suddenly to the world of fashion, presented at Court, taken to all the most brilliant and fashionable assemblies, shown everywhere, made much of in half a hundred fine houses, and absolutely stunned and bewildered by the extraordinary novelty of the life she was suddenly called upon to lead. She made an immense success—such beauty as hers could scarcely fail to make its mark; but the effect upon herself was not at all what the parents had hoped for or reckoned upon.

Instead of being dazzled and captivated by the glamour and the grandeur, the little country mouse, who had hitherto lived the unfettered life of a young girl in a luxurious but very quiet country home, became quickly wearied and disgusted by the never-ceasing round of empty pleasures, which were no pleasures to her. She pined for her garden, her live pets, the freedom of the old life, and felt the never-ceasing whirl of fashionable amusements to be a perfect treadmill of weariness. But in order not to disappoint her parents, who were devising all for her pleasure, she put a bright face on affairs, and tried to disguise her dislike of fashionable life. There were the morning rides in the Park,—she took her first gallop at the unfashionable hour of seven,—and the days spent at Richmond or on the Thames, to freshen her up; and gradually a new happiness began to steal into her life in the frequent meetings with a certain Hugh Tremain—a young baronet, not very rich, but of very good old family, who had been introduced to them early in the season, and who had since been frequently in their company. He was almost always riding early too, and from just lifting his hat in passing to Olivia he began to exchange a friendly word or so, and if they chanced to be riding in the same direction they would pace for a while side by side, till he felt he had better say good-morning and take himself off. They met often in society, too, and at first her parents had encouraged the young man to call, and had seemed pleased to see him; but gradually they appeared to change, or else it was because there were so many new friends always coming to the fore that he gradually seemed elbowed out of the way. Olivia hardly knew how it happened, but she saw him less and less frequently; yet it was useless then to try and lock the stable door—for the steed was stolen. In other words, Olivia and Sir Hugh were desperately in love with each other, and had exchanged vows of undying faithfulness, before a word had been spoken to the parents.

"He did not mean to tell me that he

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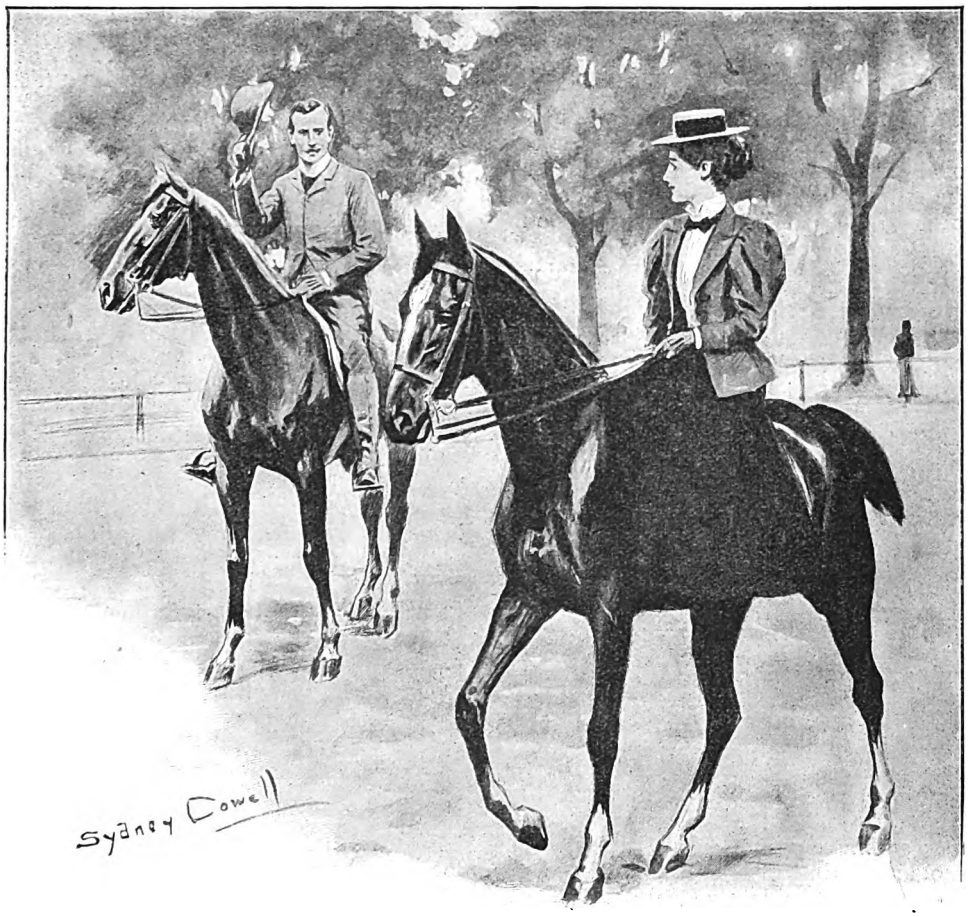

"HE WAS ALMOST ALWAYS RIDING EARLY TOO."

loved me, until he was sure that papa would give his consent," said Olivia, with a little smile that betrayed a great deal of inward happiness; "but oh, I am *so glad* he did! It came out at a picnic. We had got lost in the woods together; it was a pine wood like this—I always love them now. I don't know how it began, but we just had to tell each other everything. Oh, how happy we were! And we were both so sure that papa and mamma would be pleased, for I knew they wanted me to marry into a good old family and have a title; and Hugh had both. There didn't seem a cloud in the sky as we went home that night. But next day everything had changed!"

"Oh, Olivia! How?"

"Hugh came, of course; but papa, instead of being glad, was furious. He wouldn't listen to a word,—papa has a violent temper sometimes, though afterwards he is sorry, and is very kind often to those he has been most angry with,—and called him a fortune-hunter and I don't know what besides, and sent him away without letting me see him (I did meet him once more, and then he told me about it), and then he sent for me and gave me a dreadful scolding, and tried to make me promise to give him up; and when I wouldn't, was more angry than I have ever seen him, and made me fearfully frightened that he would do some harm to Hugh."

"But, Olivia, what was it all for? I thought they liked Sir Hugh?"

"Yes, in a way they did; but I found out all about it soon from mamma. There was an odious marquis who had been paying me a great deal of attention. He was almost old enough to be my father, and I'm quite, quite sure he was a bad man, though mamma was very angry with me for saying so; and he has lots of land and fine houses, but has run

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through all his money (Hugh told me this—and I know it's all true, from hints other people have dropped), and he is on the look-out for a rich wife. And it seems he had actually spoken to papa; and they thought it would be so grand for me to be a marchioness, and perhaps some day a duchess, that they could think of nothing else. And that is why Hugh was sent away, and why they did nothing but din that odious marquis into my ears from morning till night."

"And did he ask you, Olivia?" questioned I, feeling quite elevated by the thought of talking over love-affairs with a girl who had been proposed to by a marquis.

"Yes, and I refused him—*of course* I did. I could not bear him, and I detest the fashionable life I should have to live with him. I want a quiet old-fashioned house in the country—such as Hugh has got—where we shall live simple happy lives, having all we want and need, without any more fashion or flummery than just what we choose. That is the life for me. But oh, how angry papa and mamma were! I shall never forget it. And in case I should ever see or meet Hugh again, I was packed off here to my aunt; and I am supposed to stay here in disgrace till 'I have come to my senses.' But if that means till I will marry the marquis, I shall have to stay here altogether, or else they will have to take me home without my senses; for I shall never, never, never do that; and if I may not marry Hugh, I will be an old maid all the rest of my life!" And as I looked into the lovely face that had suddenly put on an expression of the greatest determination and resolve, I thought it would not be Olivia who would be the one to give way in this tussle of strong wills.

Chapter III

"Jerusalem!" cried Jack, springing to his feet, and startling us all by the sudden vehemence of his voice and gesture, "there's a yacht on fire over there, signalling for help, and not a sign of a boat or vessel in sight! Run, girls! down to the shore for your lives! If there's nobody else, we must row out to her ourselves in the biggest boat we can find. Look alive! It may be life or death to somebody!"

In the greatest excitement we sprang to our feet—Olivia, Frances, and I—and rushed headlong after Jack down the steep path towards the bay, taking quick glances from time to time at the column of smoke rising up in the still, clear air, and wondering whether it would be possible that any boat could be launched and rowed over in time to be of any avail. Our little bay was so very quiet and lonely. The town of Starbridge lay more than a mile away up the little estuary of the river Star, and a great headland hid the yacht from anyone there. The few fishermen in the cove were at this time of year all out miles away, often for a week together, fishing along the coast. A lad or two we might find, but probably no one more serviceable. Frances and I could both pull a good oar, but of course we had not the strength of men.

I turned all this over in my mind as we raced down to the shore. Jack had long outstripped us, and when we got there he was already running a large boat down into the water, with the assistance of three young lads, who were the only persons to be seen.

"It's a six-oar, and we must have six rowers!" cried Jack, pulling off his coat and jumping in. "It's no good to take a cockle-shell out there, when there may be eight or ten persons to rescue. Girls, you must come and pull like bricks. Miss Olivia, can you steer?"

"Yes," she answered steadily and readily. "Please take me with you."

"Of course. We want a coxswain. Now, in with you all as fast as you can. You first, Miss Olivia; I'll take stroke oar. Ben, you take the bow, and be ready with the boat-hook when it's wanted. Frances, you sit next me, and Eileen behind you. So. That will balance you one against the other. Now, you two other boys, look alive! Here we are, hard all! Get her head well round and keep her straight to the yacht, Miss Olivia. Now pull like blazes, every man-jack of you! Remember, I say, it may mean life or death over there!"

Jack has a good deal of the ruling instinct that will make a good captain of him when the time comes, I am sure. He infused his own spirit into the whole of his composite scratch crew, and I know that I set my teeth and pulled at my oar as I had never pulled in my life hitherto, and the others must have done the same, for our little craft seemed to lift at every stroke.

Of course we could not see ahead of us, or how fast we were approaching the yacht; but we could see that the land was receding fast, for the wind and tide were helping us; and from time to time I stole a look at Olivia's face. It was rather pale and in-

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"HE WAS RUNNING A LARGE BOAT DOWN INTO THE SEA, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THREE YOUNG LADS."

tensely eager, and she steered us beautifully through the great buoys that marked the channel and through the cross-currents of the bay, which were rather puzzling when the tide was running out hard. Jack had taught her the art before, and gave her more than one approving nod as we sped upon our course.

"Here is a boat!" she said suddenly.

It was a very small dingy, containing four persons, and it was so low in the water as to be in some danger of capsizing. As we passed it by—for we did not pause even a stroke—somebody called out to us—

"For heaven's sake, make haste! She is burning fearfully fast. We lost our longboat

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through the carelessness of some of the men in a gale last week. And there is no chance of getting back in this cockle-shell."

"We'll be there in a jiffy!" sang back Jack in his regular sea tone; and it seemed as though that appeal had turned all our muscles to steel, and we pulled at our oars with such force and strength that in a very few minutes we heard Olivia's quiet soft voice saying—

"Easy a little; we are very near. Jack, tell me how to go up to her."

The lad in the bow shipped his oar and stood up with the boat-hook. Jack likewise shipped his, and turned round to take the tiller. We could see nothing and do nothing but just obey his words; and I shall never forget the strange feeling of being wrapped suddenly in clouds of smoke, of hearing the cruel roaring of the fire, feeling the heat fanning one's face, and listening to the rapidly exchanged words of warning, encouragement, and excitement that were shouted between Jack, Ben, and those on board. The sea had been calm enough in the bay, but it was rolling a good deal here. It was not easy to bring the boat up alongside, and the heat and reek were stifling. The smoke was so in my eyes that I could not see quite what was happening, but I felt that we were being pulled in towards the yacht, and that more than one person had leaped on board our little craft. And then something very strange happened; for as a gust of wind blew the smoke away, and I could see the faces of those near to me, I saw Olivia make a sudden spring from the boat and on to the yacht, from which all were escaping as fast as they could; and the next moment I heard her give a sudden loud sharp cry for help.

"Oh, Jack, Jack! what is it? Go to her!" I implored; and Jack needed no second bidding. Everybody was perplexed by the occurrence and anxious at the delay, for our position was one of no small danger so close to the burning yacht. The men looked at one another and then craned up to see what had happened on the yacht, for the two last of the sailors who had not yet embarked had run back at the sound of the girl's cry as well as Jack.

"Sir Hugh is not here," said one of the men. "They must have gone for him. He was on deck a moment since—said he would be the last to leave the vessel. Can anything have happened to him?"

"Here they come!" cried another. "They are bringing something along with them. Yes, it is Sir Hugh, for sure. He must have fallen down in the smoke and reek. A blessing somebody saw him—a few moments later and it might have been too late!"

And indeed there was but just time to swing the unconscious figure down to the boat, and for the bearers and Olivia to jump after him, before a fierce red tongue of flame seemed to dart right at us; and the men (who had taken our seats and our oars during these few moments of waiting) had to pull their best to get clear of the burning and sinking vessel.

We three girls were crowded together in the stern. Jack had the tiller, and the prostrate form of the owner of the yacht lay with his curly head in Olivia's lap, as she sat supporting it in the bottom of the boat. I leaned down and whispered in her ear—

"Olivia darling, is it he?"

"Yes," she answered very softly. "How did you know, Eileen?"

"I heard them call him Sir Hugh. Darling, was he coming to carry you away?"

A little smile hovered round the corner of her lips.

"I do not know," she answered softly. "But I did know he had a little yacht; I think I was always wondering if she would come. He might perhaps have found out where I was. But oh! if coming had cost him"— She stopped and shuddered, and looked down at the pale handsome face. I think one heavy tear splashed down.

"How did it happen?" I asked. "How did you know he was hurt?"

"I saw him fall," she answered. "I was standing up. I suddenly saw his head behind the others. I think he saw me. We seemed to be looking straight at one another. And then a great fierce tongue of flame came between us, and when it was gone he had gone too. I knew something had happened, and I jumped on board—I don't know how I did it now, but it seemed easy enough then. I found him lying on deck—the fire had almost reached him. I pulled him out,—oh, I must be very strong,—and Jack was there in a moment, and we got him away somehow. They say he is not hurt—only stunned, and insensible from the smoke. See, he is opening his eyes now. Yes, Hugh, I am here with you." I could just catch the soft whisper, though indeed I did not try to listen. "You are quite safe—and with friends!"

The burning of Sir Hugh Tremain's yacht and his "heroic rescue by some ladies and a

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few lads,"—that was how the papers put it,—was a nine days' wonder at Starbridge, and was thought something of an event by the great world without. Sir Hugh was carried to our house, of course, to be doctored and set up by father, and made much of by us all. We were quite the lions of the place (or lionesses), Frances and I, and somehow Olivia's romantic love-story came out, nobody knows how (for I'm sure I never said a word), and father suddenly went off to London on a mysterious errand, and the next day Olivia came down to see us, walking between her father and mother; and it did not take two eyes to see that all was right between them now, and that Sir Hugh was going to be accepted as a son-in-law.

Their visit, indeed, was to him; and during the time that it was going on in the drawing-room, Olivia slipped away into the garden to find me—she knew I should be waiting for her in one of our most private haunts. And she flung herself into my arms, laughing and crying at once, and in a very incoherent fashion told her version of the tale.

"They saw it was no good trying to stop us when they read the news in the papers. And oh, Eileen, they have been so good and kind, and have called me a little heroine—as though I had done anything! It was all Jack, and he is the dearest boy in the world! I'll make Hugh have him made post-captain (isn't that what they all want to be?) as soon as ever he's old enough. They don't like being angry with me; and they have heard so many nice things about Hugh. And oh, Eileen, better than all, the marquis is going to marry an American millionaire, and mamma says now she would not have let me have him for anything—they know he is a horrid creature. So it is all right. And Hugh says he wants to marry me at once, and I do think it will be quite soon. He says he shall not feel safe till he has me, and that this wreck business has 'unhinged his nerves.' I know *that* is just his nonsense! But mamma began pitying him directly, and papa always says if a thing is to be done, it is just as well done quickly. And so I think I shall be Hugh's wife very soon. And oh, Eileen, you must be my bridesmaid, for it seems as though it was partly your doing that all has come right!"

I could not quite see what I had done, but it was pleasant that Olivia and Hugh (I call him Hugh now that I stay there so often) should persist in thinking so; I was pleased and proud to be a bridesmaid, and a very pretty wedding it was. Jack went with me, and was one of the merriest there, though as the carriage drove away he turned to me and said—

"Sure, me heart is broke intirely—I shall never meet such another again!"

"Oh yes, you will, Jack—at least, you will think so when you go to see them at home, and meet all the pretty girls of the county. You will soon console yourself for the loss of 'our fashionable stranger,' and be frantically in love with some other girl soon!"

And indeed I proved a true prophet, for Jack fell in love with more than one of the pretty girls he met at Lady Tremain's, and ended by finding his wife in their house; and I don't mind confessing that it was there that I met my husband. So that a good many marriages came about as the result of Olivia's appearance at Starbridge in the guise of our fashionable stranger.

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MEN I HAVE KNOWN: REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS.

LORD LYTTON.

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.,
Dean of Canterbury

IX.—THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, LORD LYTTON, AND THE EARL OF LYTTON

When I was Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Prime Minister of the day, if he lived in his official residence in Downing Street, was always one of my parishioners. This was not due to any prerogative of that ancient historic Church,—which nestles under the shadow of the great Abbey, and is as old as the Abbey itself, being meant for the population, whereas the Abbey Church was mainly for the monks,—it was simply due to the circumstance that the parish attached to the church extends as far as Whitehall. But owing to this fact I have had interviews with most of the Premiers and Chancellors of the Exchequer who lived in their official houses during the nineteen years that I was Rector of the Church of the House of Commons; as also with several of the First Lords of the Admiralty—such as that kindly and truly good man, Mr. W. H. Smith, whose guest I have been on various occasions. Of the living I will not speak, though throughout these papers almost every reminiscence which I have recorded, however slight, has been, and has been intended to be, kindly and respectful. But the Earl of Beaconsfield, both during the later years of his life and since his death, has loomed so large upon the popular imagination, that any anecdote about him will be received with interest.

To me he was always conspicuously kind, though he was perfectly well aware that I belonged to the Liberal school of politics. It was he who, when I was Master of Marlborough College, offered me the important and valuable Vicarage of Halifax, which, however, I was unable to accept. He next offered me the Canonry of Westminster, which is attached by Act of Parliament to the Rectory of St. Margaret's. I kept him long waiting for an answer; for at that time I had had no experience in parochial work, and in those days the parish was not only far more densely populous, but also unspeakably more wretched than it subsequently became. Had I followed my own inclination, I should have shrunk from so heavy a burden, and all the more because the church itself was then as repellently unattractive, with its churchwardens' Gothic and hideous galleries, as it subsequently became beautiful and interesting. But, on consulting friends of some distinction in the Church, they advised me to accept the offer; and I did so. Dean Wellesley told me afterwards that if I had asked his advice he would have recommended me to decline; and that, in that case, it was certain a higher office would have speedily been placed at my disposal. I do not, however, in the least regret this, though I was assured on the highest authority that the only reason which deterred Lord Beaconsfield from promoting me later on was the outburst of denunciation which followed the publishing of my sermons on "Eternal Hope." This is no more a subject of regret to me than the other. The determination of our little destinies lies in

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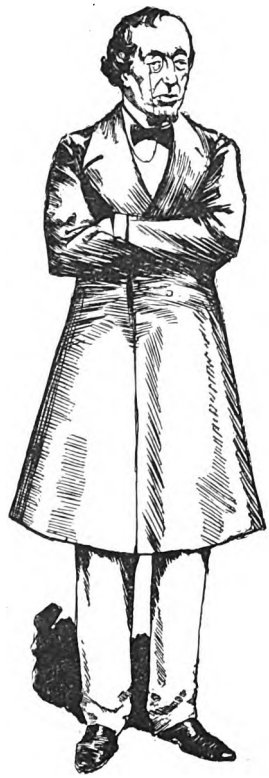
hands far higher than our own, and I have every reason to thank God that, throughout my life, the lot has, by His mercy, fallen to me in pleasant places. When some kind friend said to Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, "Why, you have given preferment to a strong Radical"—(a remark which certainly required modification)—he only answered, with a laugh, that perhaps I should in time be brought round to his own views.

He came on one occasion to hear me preach at the Abbey, having been taken there by Dean Stanley; and he was good enough to express approval of what he heard. But my most characteristic reminiscences of him are connected with a long interview which I had with him in Downing Street. I had taken some direct part, and had been deeply interested in, an Exhibition by Working Men of articles made by themselves, which had (I think) been originally suggested by my friend the Rev. H. E. Fox, who was then Vicar of Christ Church, Westminster. Several persons of high rank and great eminence had visited this Exhibition, to which some two thousand working men and their children had contributed. Among these visitors was H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany, who asked me to come and see him at Buckingham Palace, to drive with him in a brougham to the Exhibition, and to conduct him over it. I did so, and he was extremely struck — as I was myself, and as all the most observant visitors were — by the beauty, the variety, and the ingenuity of the exhibits. This was all the more remarkable because it was a curious condition of the Exhibition that every working man should offer in competition for the prizes some article of his own making which was *not* within the sphere of his immediate trade. I do not think that such exhibitions have been by any means common, and I am quite sure that they might be multiplied with advantage. Anyone who saw what English working men could do with ease in all sorts of lines would, I think, have come to the conclusion that if the mechanical and inventive genius of our countrymen were carefully trained and encouraged, we could not possibly have anything to fear from the competition of articles "made in Germany."



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The Exhibition remained open for a month or two. The experts who decided the prizes had given their awards, and I now wished the temporary building to be closed and the prizes distributed. Lord Beaconsfield was then Prime Minister, and I was very anxious that he should take the chair on the occasion, and should with his own hand give the prizes to the successful competitors. I had very little hope that he would accede to my request that he should do so, because I was aware how much, at that time, his hours were occupied by the heavy cares of public business; and because, even when he was in Opposition, his public appearances were not numerous. I pointed out to him, however, that there would be not only a general but even a political importance in his presiding at a function which had something of a national significance, and would cause the highest gratification to the two thousand working men who had furnished their best treasures to the Exhibition. He saw the force of these considerations, and asked me to pay him a visit in Downing Street. The Prime Minister usually sits in a pleasant inner room, looking out on St. James's Park, which is approached through a large reception room. I was received by Lord Rowton, who was then Mr. Montagu Corrie, whom I remembered as an Old Harrovian. He showed me into Lord Beaconsfield's room, and I soon saw from his remarks that what the Premier dreaded was the trouble of having to prepare a speech on an unfamiliar subject. Anticipating this, I had drawn up a little paper, pointing out the value and importance of such exhibitions, and some of the special ways in which working men might gain from the report of experts upon their productions. By way of instance I mentioned that some excellent musical instruments had been exhibited; but two of them were, in spite of other merits, essentially

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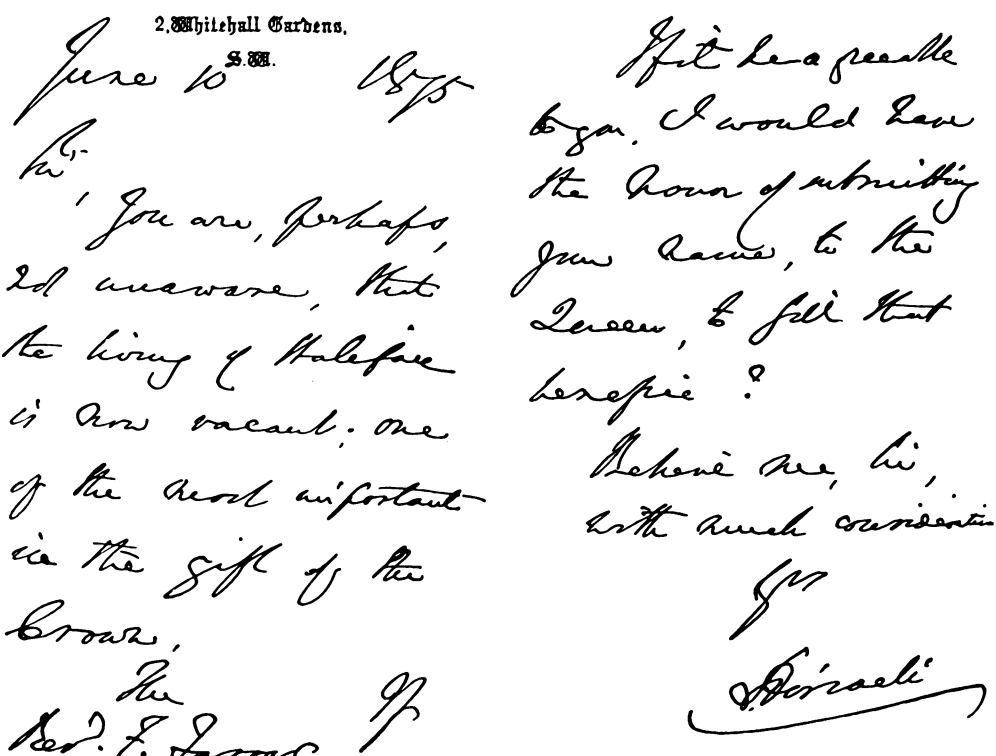
faulty in principle. For instance, one man had sent an *octagonal* stringed instrument, a mistake which he would never again commit when authoritatively told that the mathematical shape of the instrument interfered with the purity of the tones. Another—a blacksmith—had made a still more serious mistake by sending in a violin made of metal, being obviously unaware that the resonance of the metal would materially injure the vibrations of the strings. Notes of this kind were exactly what the Prime Minister wanted, and when he came to distribute the prizes I was amused with the effective use he made of them. For instance, he pointed out the mistakes in the construction of the instruments. "There is, for instance," he said, "my friend Mr. So-and-So, who is a blacksmith—*I shall always think of him as 'the harmonious blacksmith'*—whose violin is of metal. Now, this is a fundamental error; for," etc. etc. But the chief charm of the distribution of prizes—at which the Speaker, Lord James, Mr. W. H. Smith, and other persons of distinction were present—was the happy way in which Lord Beaconsfield handed their prizes to the children who had been successful. He said the same words of simple congratulation to each little boy or girl, but as he spoke them he smiled on the children with genuine benignity, patted them on the head, or took them by the hand, and sent them away highly delighted. It will always be to me a pleasant recollection that as I left Lord Beaconsfield he rose, took me by the arm, walked with me across the great reception room, and as he handed me over to Lord Rowton at the door, said very genially, "Dr. Farrar, I have always felt a sincere regard for you." They were the last words I ever heard him speak.

LORD LYTTON, the first who bore the title, was the father of the late Earl of Lytton, who was promoted to the earldom when he ceased to be Viceroy of India. The first Lord Lytton was perhaps more universally known under the names of Sir Edward Bulwer, or Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, under which many of his most famous novels appeared. He was not only a man of genius but also a man of wide reading and great attainments, who achieved success in many directions. Besides his chief work as a novelist, he wrote



LETTER FROM LORD BEACONSFIELD, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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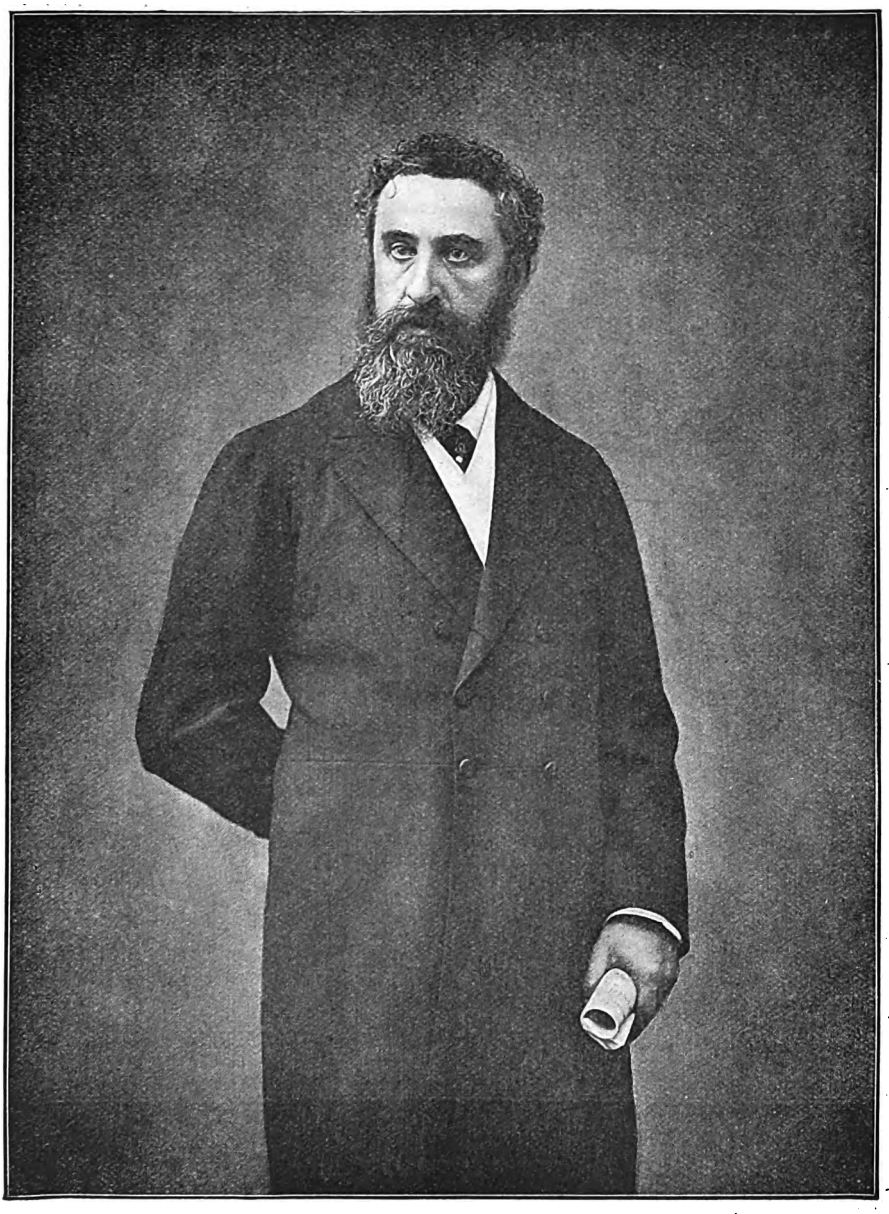

THE EARL OF LYTTON

[*From a Photo by* WALERY, 164 *Regent Street, W.*]

some poems, which, if they hardly reached a high rank *as* poems, could yet only have been written by a very able man. He wrote a History of Greece; he was a frequent contributor to miscellaneous literature, and some of his isolated papers, though now little known, were full of charm and insight. He was also a statesman, and was made Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1858. As a dramatist he was so successful that his *Lady of Lyons* and his *Richelieu* still hold their place on the stage, and his comedy of *Money* was extremely popular. He began his literary career by winning the Chancellor's Medal for a poem on "Sculpture," in 1825. One of the earliest of his novels to arouse attention was *Eugene Aram*, a subject which was, it is said, suggested to

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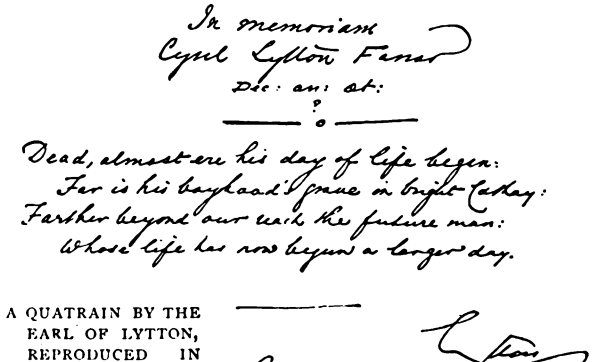
him by the fact that the wretched murderer had taught in the family of his grandfather. His fame was established by *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, in 1835. The custodian at Pompeii told me very recently that in the ruins of the old city no name was more frequently mentioned than that of Bulwer; and at Rome those who look with interest on the spot where Rienzi fell constantly refer to Lord Lytton's novel.

I forget exactly how it was that he first wrote to me, but it came about in this way. He had long been engaged upon a translation of the Odes and Epodes of Horace, which was very favourably received. It was published in 1872, and has passed through more than one edition. Some of his rhymeless versions — which attempted rather to catch the lilt and echo of the original than to reproduce the Odes in the ancient metres which I in vain tried to induce him to attempt in English — are happy and graceful; particularly a very charming rendering of the second Epode, "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*"; but the little introductory remarks to the poems are the most interesting element in the book. He dedicated the book to me in 1872; he died early in 1873. Not out of vanity, nor as accepting Lord Lytton's far too generous praise, but only to show the kindness of his heart, I quote a part of his dedication, which ran as follows: "To the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Master of Marlborough College, in admiration of an intellect enriched by the variety of culture which gives renown to the Scholar, ennobled by the unity of purpose which blends the vocations of the Scholar with the mission of the Divine. . . . Indulgence is necessarily the greatest amongst those most indulgent as to man's weakness, if most exacting as to man's strength, THE SEEKERS AFTER GOD."

As Lord Lytton was not in the closer technical sense a classical scholar, he wished his book to be revised page after page by someone who would, he thought, be able to correct any slight errors into which he might fall. He had asked Dr. B. H. Kennedy, the distinguished Master of Shrewsbury School, to perform this task for him; but when Dr. Kennedy, who was then in advanced age, was unable to face the labour, he asked me to undertake it. I did so with the best care I could in the midst of a busy life. There were *some* actual mistakes, but not many. I subjected the translation, however, to a close scrutiny, and criticised the pages as Lord Lytton sent them to me, closely and fully, venturing to make not a few suggestions, and I reviewed the book in the *Quarterly Review* for October 1869. One lesson the pleasant task brought home to my mind very vividly: it was the immense labour which Lord Lytton brought to bear on all his works. Buffon says somewhere, "*La Génie c'est la patience.*" I have, unfortunately, mislaid a mass of letters which I received from Lord Lytton about his renderings, and he would sometimes write more than one letter about a single phrase. He rewarded me most amply for a purely friendly and voluntary task, first, by his too appreciative dedication; next, by sending to Mrs. Farrar, with gracious kindness, a costly and beautiful dessert service in Berlin china; and thirdly, by always dealing with me as a friend for whom he had a regard. I give on the opposite page the only letter of his on which I can lay my hands at this moment.



A QUATRAIN BY THE EARL OF LYTTON, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

I was several times his guest at Knebworth. It was a truly delightful house at which to stay. The dining hall —with its panelling and gallery, its overhanging banners, and its suits of armour of Lord Lytton's ancestors, —was very beautiful, as were also the drawing-room and the long corridor full of interesting books and objects of art. On a side table of the drawing-room, under a glass case, was a skull of remarkable formation—evidently the skull of some man of marked genius—which had been found at Pompeii, and which suggested to Lord Lytton the character of Arbaces, the Egyptian priest of the Temple of Isis. Some also of the pictures were interesting, and had

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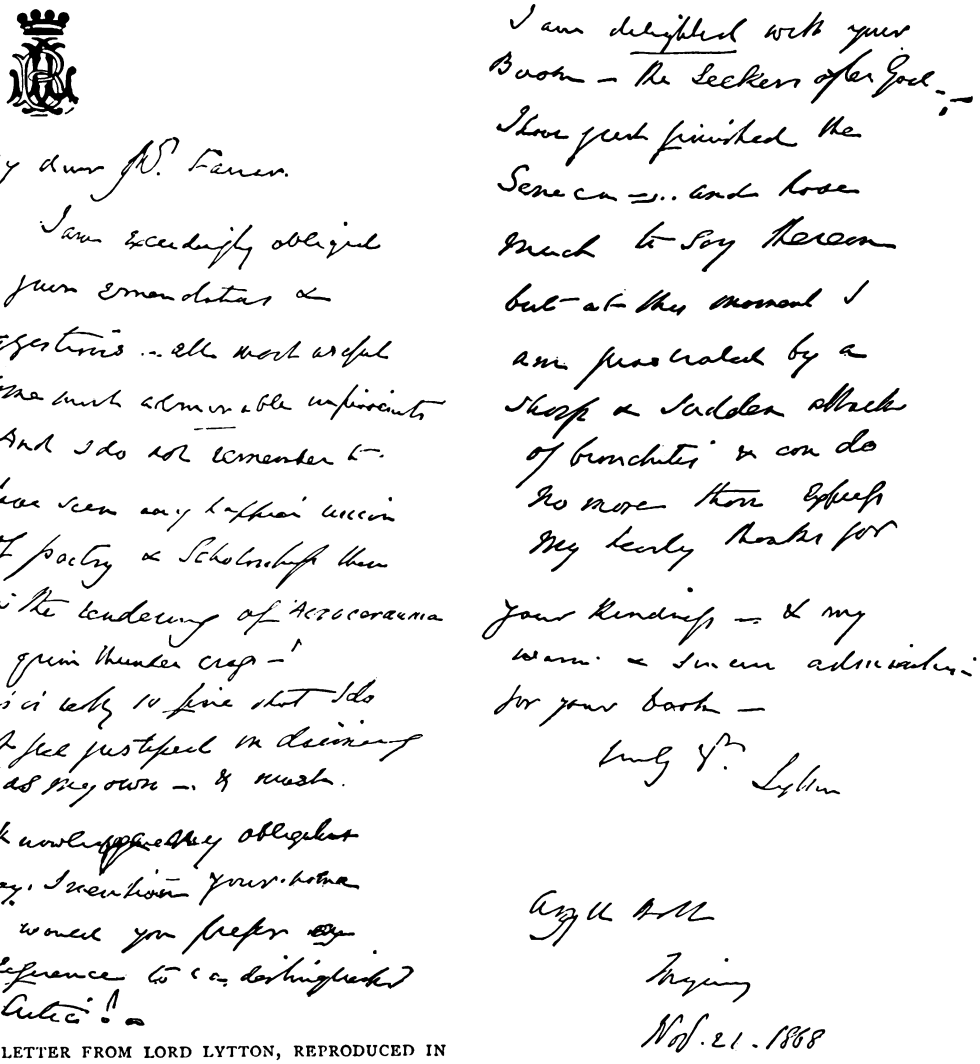
histories attached to them. The host laid himself out to make our visits delightful. One generally met there some persons of literary note, such as his son, Robert Lytton (Owen Meredith), the Rev. Charles Young, John Forster, and others. We once paid him a visit from Saturday till Monday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Arnold and the Duke of Genoa, who was then in my pupil-



A LETTER FROM LORD LYTTON, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

room at Harrow. It was pleasant to walk about the grounds at Knebworth; they were full of monuments and inscriptions. One was a funeral memorial to his mother, from whom he inherited Knebworth, on which were inscribed lines of his own, ending with—

See how high in heaven
The mounting column leaves the funeral urn.

Another bore a very sad inscription to a favourite dog, to the purport that since it died there were none so eager to welcome the return, or regret the absence, of its lonely master. One part of the grounds was known as the "Horace Garden." Horace was Lord Lytton's favourite author, and this secluded walk was surrounded with busts of Augustus, Maecenas, Horace himself, and many of the

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friends mentioned in his Odes, with the relevant passages carved beneath. Lord Lytton laid himself out to make his guests happy. Breakfast was sometimes spread under the trees on the lawn, and lunch would be had in a boat on the lake. One afternoon he drove us a delightful excursion to Panshanger, where we saw, among other paintings, the famous Madonna of Raphael; and to Brocket Hall, once the favourite residence of Lord Palmerston. I drove back in one of the carriages alone with my host. He was in one of his recurrent melancholy moods, and asked me "whether I thought that most marriages were happy?" I answered without the least hesitation that I believed they were. I knew from personal experience what matrimony might be, and while freely admitting, with the poet, that

> It locally contains or hell, or heaven,
> There is no third place in it,

I added that, looking round on a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, there was scarcely one among them whose marriage had not proved to be a source of the richest blessings. It is, of course, no secret that Lord Lytton's own marriage was not a happy one, and ended in long years of separation. After hearing what I said, he answered, "I wish I could agree with you; I fear that most marriages are unhappy."

He was much interested in spiritualism, and told me one curious experience of his own. When he was first made a Minister by Lord Derby, he accepted the offer; but the morning after his acceptance he received a letter from a total stranger, saying that, as a Conservative Ministry had come in, he doubtless expected an invitation to a place in the Cabinet, but that in this expectation he was mistaken. The writer professed to know, in some occult way, that Sir Edward (as he then was) would not at that time become a member of the Ministry, but might become so at some later period. Lord Lytton put the letter aside, thinking, "In this case, at any-rate, the astrologer or spiritualist is hopelessly wrong." Yet the statement of the letter proved to be true. He found in a few days that if he offered himself for re-election for the town of Hertford, on accepting a post in the Cabinet, it was extremely doubtful whether he would be elected or not. He knew that a defeat under such circumstances would be a blow to the new Administration, and he wrote to Lord Derby offering to forego for this reason the post which he had accepted. His generous suggestion was gratefully received, and it was not till afterwards that he became Secretary for the Colonies.

If I remember rightly, it was owing, in part at least, to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's suggestion, that Mr. Gladstone was sent on his famous Commission to the Ionian Islands. At any-rate, on this or some other occasion, he had to travel down with Mr. Gladstone to Windsor. It happened that a Colonial Mayor was also going to Windsor to be knighted, and got into the saloon carriage with the Minister and Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by his mace-bearer or some similar official. This was quite contrary to etiquette, and Mr. Gladstone told the macebearer very courteously that he ought to go down in another carriage. The man's only reply was, "Wherever the Mayor of —— goes, I shall go!" Then Mr. Gladstone again explained to him the reason why it was really out of the question that he should occupy that carriage; but argument and expostulation were quite unavailing, and the man, with bovine impenetrability, entrenched himself in the one unvarying sentence, repeated at every pause, "Wherever the Mayor of —— goes, I shall go!" All eloquence was unavailing, and at Windsor and everywhere else, wherever the Mayor went the inseparable macebearer determined to accompany him!

I had two disappointments in connection with Lord Lytton. He once sent us tickets to go and see his *Sea-Captain*,—I think that was the title of the play,—which was to be acted by Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. He had sent me a copy of the play, and I thought parts of it very fine. But when we got to the theatre door we found it closed, with a notice on it to say that Mrs. Hermann Vezin was ill, and could not act that night. I am not sure that the play ever found its way upon the boards at all.

Another time, Lord Lytton — then Sir Edward—was to have spoken on some great question in the House of Commons. He had a high reputation as an orator, and whenever he spoke the House was sure to be full. The Serjeant-at-Arms has a private gallery, and my kind friend, Lord Charles Russell, who then held the office, constantly gave to Mrs. Farrar and me the high intellectual pleasure of lending us his gallery, and so enabling us to hear a great debate. But the orator was ill that evening, and we lost the opportunity of hearing him. Even his slightest speeches had a certain grace in them. At a public dinner he had to propose the

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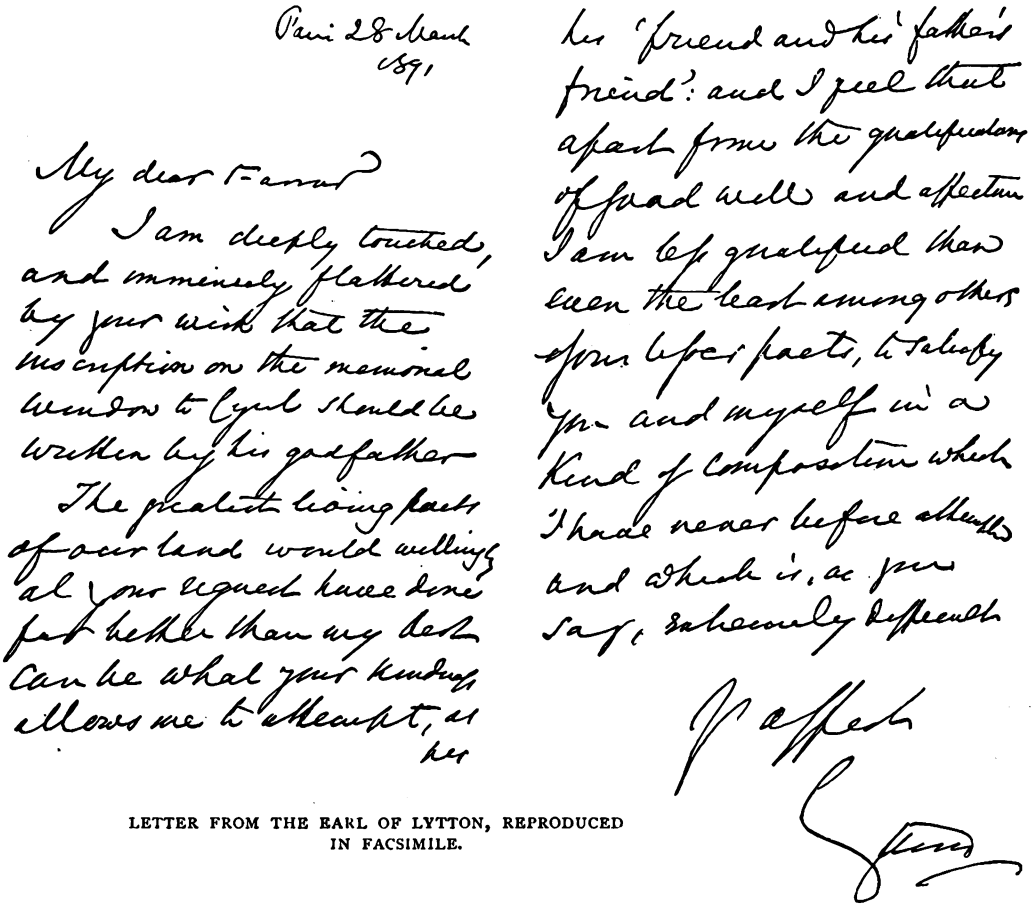
toast of "The Ladies." His speech, put in a far more graceful form than I can reproduce, was to this effect: "A great philosopher tells us that we should constantly lift our eyes to the heavens and contemplate the stars. I follow his advice, and, in lifting my eyes to the heavens and looking at the stars, I propose the toast of 'The Ladies.'"

Lord Lytton was a man of keen political insight. He once showed me a book which had been given him by Louis Napoleon, when the future Emperor was an impecunious exile, as a young man in London. Under the Prince's autograph he had written a most remarkable prognostication of his future career, which had been curiously fulfilled almost to the letter.

One evening the gentlemen who were his guests were sitting up smoking to a late hour. The conversation turned on religious subjects. I was the only clergyman present, and many questions were put to me. I answered them frankly and fully, and found in Lord Lytton especially a very earnest and sympathetic listener. Attacks were often made upon him both in public and private; but all that I saw of him made me regard him as kind, high-minded, and sincere, unprejudiced in his sympathies, and anxious to make those about him happy.

I knew ROBERT, first EARL OF LYTTON, even more intimately than I knew his illustrious father, and during the time that he was connected with the British Embassies at Paris and at Vienna, as well as during the time that he was Viceroy of India, and after his return, he wrote me long and affectionate letters. My dear son, Cyril Lytton Farrar, was his godson, and was named after him; and when this glad-hearted and gifted youth died at Pekin, at the age of twenty-one, Lord Lytton contributed the lines placed under the memorial window in


Paris 28 March 1891

My dear Farrar

I am deeply touched, and immensely flattered by your wish that the inscription on the memorial window to Cyril should be written by his godfather.

The greatest living poets of our land would willingly at your request have done far better than my best can be what your kindness allows me to attempt, as his 'friend and his father's friend': and I feel that apart from the qualifications of good will and affection I am less qualified than even the least among others of your lesser poets, to satisfy you and myself in a kind of composition which I have never before attempted and which is, as you say, extremely difficult.

Yr affect

Lytton

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF LYTTON, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

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the vestry at St. Margaret's, of which a facsimile is here given, with part of the accompanying letter.

The Earl of Lytton disparaged his own poetic gifts, but he wrote much that is of high excellence. None but a poet could have written such lines as these in Tannhäuser:—

Ah, deeper dole,
That so august a spirit, shrined so fair,
Should, from the starry session of his peers,
Decline to quench so keen a brilliancy
In Hell's sick spume!—ah me, the deeper dole!—

or than these in his two very remarkable volumes of *Chronicles and Characters*—a really brilliant series of poems, of which the idea was suggested by Victor Hugo's *Légendes des Siècles*—

Behind the hosts of suns and stars, behind
The rushing of the chariots of the wind,
Behind all noises and all shapes of things,
And men and deeds, behind the blaze of kings,
Princes, and Paladins, and Potentates,
An immense solitary Spectre waits.
It has no shape; it has no sound; it has
No place; it has no time; it is, and was,
And will be: it is never more, nor less,
Nor glad, nor sad—its name is Nothingness.
Power walketh high; and Misery doth crawl;
And the clepsydra drips; and the sands fall
Down in the hour-glass; and the shadows sweep
Around the dial; and men awake and sleep,
Live, strive, regret, forget, and love, and hate,
And know it not. This Spectre saith, "I wait,"
And at the last it beckons, and they pass.
And still the red sands fall within the glass;
And still the shades around the dial sweep:
And still the waterclock doth drip and weep:
And this is all.

Multitudes of passages might be quoted from his other poems—and especially from his *Fables in Song*—which any poet might have been glad to write.

I first met him, if I remember rightly, at one of Mr. Macmillan's Balham réunions, but also several times at Knebworth and in London. He pressed me to be his guest both at Vienna and in Calcutta, but I was unable to go. It has always been a matter of regret to me that I thus lost the chance of seeing India—which I shall now never see—under the auspices of one of the most magnificent of her Viceroys.

At the close of a letter of five large sheets, written to me from Mushobra in 1876, he says:—

"I have to thank God's great goodness and protection for more help and encouragement in the performance of my new and difficult tasks than I either deserve or expected. The birth of our little boy has also been a great joy to my lady and myself. Now, good-bye for the present.—Ever, dear friend, your most affectionate friend,

"LYTTON."

In another written from Naini Tal in 1877, he says:—

"DEAREST FRIEND,—Your charming letter would have given me unalloyed pleasure could it have contained a more cheering account of your life just now, which indeed seems to be as busy as my own without even the stimulus of that never-ceasing excitement and sense of immense responsibility which helps me through my daily trial here. On the whole, I think that, in despite of famine and a depreciated currency, my first year's work has not been barren of practical results, and, thank God, my health stands the work very fairly. Could you not manage to pass a holiday with me in India? My love to my little godchild, and believe me, dear Farrar, your ever affectionate, LYTTON."

I will quote but one more passage from these letters. He says, writing from Knebworth in 1880:—

"Morally and mentally—though not physically, thank God—I have certainly suffered much during the last four years and a half in India. But I cannot help feeling that I have also done much which will be of permanent benefit to India, though my work has been broken off prematurely in an incomplete condition. Possibly, the true character of it *may* become known and fairly judged, when its author and critics have become *pulvis et umbra*, a hundred years hence. But truth is both a slow and a desultory traveller, and posthumous justice is the most uncertain thing in the world.

"Pray give my love to Cyril. I hope he will keep his boisterous spirits. They are an invaluable possession which ought to be entailed, or put in trust for those spendthrifts the life-owners of it. Adieu!—no—*au revoir*, my dear friend."

The Earl of Lytton was often cruelly misrepresented and misunderstood. I should like to give my humble testimony that, knowing him intimately for many years, having spent long hours in his society, having received from him many letters, having conversed with him on all conceivable topics, literary and religious, and having heard him in public as well as in private, he left on my mind the conviction that he was a man of brilliant ability, of generous instincts, of kindliest nature, and one whose sincere desire it was to do his duty faithfully and strenuously in the world.

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Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," "The Old Maid's Sweetheart," etc.

PART I

THE harvest was over. It had been the best harvest for many years. It had been so abundant that wheat had fallen to half a crown a bushel. No one remembered wheat so cheap. The price of bread had fallen with the price of wheat. In some districts it was sold at threepence the four-pound loaf—less than one penny per pound!

An inestimable blessing to the poor through the coming winter; there should be no want in the country, with bread so cheap.

Though the harvest was the best that he could remember, Tom Rowe was giving up his farm. It was in a wheat country, and, except a few acres of grass for the cattle, most of the land was arable, and produced nothing but wheat. It was for this reason that Tom Rowe was giving it up. If his landlord had allowed him to lay half of it down in grass, he would have stayed on. He had plenty of capital to stock it with herds of prime cattle and flocks of sheep. He could afford to wait for the grass to grow; but he could not afford to pay labourers' wages, to sink his capital in machinery, and lose money every year in growing wheat.

His father had occupied the farm before him. The Rowes had farmed Plainsfield for so many generations that they seemed to have taken root in the soil. There were some old monuments in the churchyard to Rowes who had lived and died two hundred years ago. It was the oldest name in the neighbourhood, and the most respected. The office of churchwarden had been in the Rowe family for generations: it had descended from father to son. Old Nicholas Rowe had been dead a dozen years, and his son and daughter carried on the farm after him. They had not worked it on the same lines as the old man. He had lived in a simpler fashion. He had been content to work with his labourers in the fields, shoulder to shoulder. He worked as hard as any of them, and as long hours. And he saved money. In the face of bad seasons, in the absence of machinery, in the old, dull, stupid days, he saved money.

It was lucky for those who came after that old Nicholas Rowe left a well-filled stocking behind him. His son hunted three days a week and shot over his own land, and kept a bailiff to look after the men. The style of living indoors was different, too: it had changed with the times.

A smart housemaid and a cook had sup-

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planted the strong-armed maid-of-all-work. The young farmer and his sister no longer took their meals with the labourers in the farm kitchen. They had them served in the dining-room, which in the old days had been kept for company; and they were waited upon by a deft-handed Phyllis in a spotless cap and apron. The old family silver, that had been locked away in a chest upstairs and only brought out on such rare occasions as christenings and weddings and funerals, was used now at every meal.

"What was the use of saving things?" Mary Rowe used to ask her brother, with a fine contempt for the old careful times.

Mary Rowe had received a boarding-school education. She had passed the Higher Local Examination with honours. She played the piano, and she painted in oils.

She had just come into the room where her brother was sitting, with a picture she had been painting: a picture of a cornfield with the labourers at work in it. It was still wet, and she was carrying it carefully.

"What have you got there, Mary?" he asked her when she came in.

Tom Rowe was sitting at a table writing. He was jotting down what had been the cost of production of the rich harvest that had just been reaped in his fields; what it had cost him in labour, in manure, in the capital invested in machinery; and what he would get by it. He had totted up the figures, and was facing the result, when Mary came in with that picture of the cornfield in her hand. She had painted it a week ago, before the last load was carried, when the reapers were in the field. She had taken it out to-day, to add a few last touches.

Mary Rowe did not answer the question addressed to her; she turned the painting round, that her brother might see it for himself.

"Ah yes," he said, examining it, not very critically, but with an eye to the details; "it looks very natural, and you've got most of the men in it. There's old John under the rowan tree: you've hit him off first-rate!"

"And Meg"— Mary Rowe added. "You haven't noticed little Meg, Tom. I put them in the foreground: the old man and the child under the rowan tree. They make a capital foreground to the picture."

"No, I didn't see Meg: I was looking at old John. It's a surprisingly good likeness of him; I should have known him anywhere. I wonder what he will do when we are gone—Merriman won't keep him on."

Merriman was his successor—the man who had taken the farm.

"Of course he won't—what could he do with an old man nearly eighty? No one but you, Tom, would have kept him on so long. He hasn't earned his wages for years"—

"Never mind about his wages; I liked to have him about the place. He's worked on the farm all his life; it will be harder for him to leave than the rest."

"He ought to have saved some money," said Mary Rowe, who was practical; "after working sixty or seventy years on a place, never losing a day all the time, he ought to have put by something for his old age."

Tom Rowe shook his head.

"I don't think you would have saved much, Mary, on twelve shillings a week, and brought up a family. I don't know how many there were of them—seven or eight children, I believe, and one of them a cripple."

"There was the cottage, and the field, and the cider," Mary Rowe said quickly; "and he could always gather enough wood for firing."

"Yes, he had all these advantages while his strength lasted—he could not have gone on without them; but he has not had the field for some years, and he has given up the cider, and his wages are only half what they were; but he has the cottage still. I don't know what he'll do when the cottage is taken away from him and his wages cease."

"He'll go into the House, I suppose; he'll be much better off in the workhouse—he'll have someone to look after him."

There was some reason in what Mary Rowe said about old John being better off in the workhouse. He lived alone in his cottage,—he had lived in it by himself since his wife died five years ago,—he had no one to cook his meals and look after him if he was sick. His children—they would all be middle-aged men and women now, with children of their own—had gone away; all but one, who was married to a drunken blacksmith at the other end of the village. Two of his sons had gone abroad, and one was dead; the rest he had lost sight of. There were none left to take charge of the old man: he was quite alone. His working day was over; his ploughing and sowing and reaping were all done. His country had got a good deal of work out of him from first to last: seventy years' labour, with not a day off, as Mary Rowe expressed it. There should be some value, some national value, in all these years of hard patient toil.

The first intimation old John had that his master was giving up the farm was the sight of a large white poster pasted on the wall of

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the barn, one evening as he left work: "Sale by Auction."

He could not spell out the bill himself. Old John was "no scholard," he would tell you; there were no Board Schools when he was young, but he got a lad who was passing to read it to him. He did not say anything when the boy had finished reading the bill and gone whistling down the lane; but he stood before it, staring at the big black letters with his dim eyes, and his face looked grey when he turned away and walked back to his cottage.

His daughter came in during the evening and found him sitting in the dark. He had forgotten to light the lamp, and his fire had burned low. There were only a few dying embers left in the grate, and his evening meal was untasted on the table.

"What are you sitting in the dark for, father?" his daughter said, bustling in. She was a hard-featured, middle-aged woman; her face was lined and careworn, and she was poorly clad.

The old man looked up; he seemed dazed, as if he had not heard her question: perhaps it was with sitting so long in the dark.

"Is anything the matter, father?" she asked presently, when she had struck a light.

"No–o, nowt that I know of," the old man said, shrinking under his daughter's questioning glance.

"IS IT A BIG HOUSE YOU ARE GOING TO, GRANFER?"

"You've seen the notices?" she said, eyeing the old man anxiously.

"Ay, ay," he replied; but he did not look at her—his head had dropped on his breast. He was looking older and feebler than she had seen him look before. Something had aged him; he had grown suddenly old and helpless. The ruddy colour had dropped out of his face, his straggling white hair was limp and dishevelled, and his cotton shirt,

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burst open at the neck, showed his wrinkled throat and chest.

"An' Muster Rowes 'a-going away"—

"Ay," said the old man.

"An' the cottage 'll have to be give up?"

"Ay."

"Where be you going, father, when it's give up? It isn't going to be let wi' the farm again: it's promised to the Squire's new keeper; he's a young chap from Bickley, an he's going to be married."

Old John did not take much interest in the new tenant. He seemed to be shrinking more and more together as his daughter proceeded.

"If they'd let me live on here, I could manage," he said presently; "wi' half a crown a week, I could manage very well"—

"You'd never do it on half a crown, father, an' pay rent," his daughter said quickly; "there's nothing to be done that I can see but to go into the House. You'd be best off in the House during the winter; you'd be looked after and tooked care of"—

"Ay," said the old man, "maybe; but I'd rather make a pinch wi' half a crown a week out. It comes hard after"—

But he did not finish the sentence. He stared into the fire which his daughter had made up, and was silent.

When she had tidied up the place a bit, she turned to go. "If Bill were like some men," she said, "an' brought home his wages Saturday nights, I might have made room for you, father; but with all they childer—an' often not a bite or sup in the house—an' Bill coming in drunk"—

She did not need to finish the sentence.

"Ay, Bess," the old man said, looking up with something like a smile, and his lips working; "I know what you'd do if you could. Doan't think I doan't know!"

She went out and closed the door after her. She had not been gone long when the church bells struck out. It was a clear still night in September, and the bells were ringing a merry peal, and there was a sound of hurrying footsteps on the road outside. It seemed as if all the people in the village were going up to the church. It was the harvest-thanksgiving.

The bell was stopping when a neighbour opened the door and asked old John if he was going up to the service.

He shook his head. "Not to-night," he said.

The church was full of women and children, but there were not a great many labouring men present—not the men who had gathered in the harvest. The church was beautifully decorated. A sheaf of corn was over the altar, and the fruits of the earth were displayed in their abundance. There was not room for the offerings—the fruit and the flowers, the corn and the grapes—that had been coming in all day. The Rector's wife did not know what to do with the last basketful that was brought in just before the service. She had to put it out of the way in a dark corner beneath the tower. It was a case of *embarras de richesse*.

Yet it was not a very hearty service. There was so much to be thankful for—the abundant harvest, the corn that had been safely gathered in; but those who had gathered it were not present. The men had all read that sale bill as they left work, and they had drawn their own conclusions. The master they had worked for so long was going away: with wheat at the price it was, he could not make the farm pay. The abundant harvest was a doubtful good, after all.

Tom Rowe and his sister were at the service: they were the most regular church-goers in the parish; and as churchwarden, he took round the bag, putting half a sovereign into it himself first. Still, in spite of the half-sovereign, his heart was not very full of gratitude—not overflowing. He was giving up the farm unwillingly; it was a wrench to give it up, but he could not stay and lose money.

A preacher from the neighbouring town had come over to preach the harvest sermon, but his name had not been an attraction. The old people had kept away, old John Hancock among the rest.

The Rector met him in the lane a few days after, and asked him how it was he was not at the service; he had remarked his absence.

Old John pulled his grizzled forelock in his humble way and shook his head.

"I shall hear enough of he whan I'm at Bickley," he said.

The preacher who had come over for that thanksgiving service was the chaplain of the workhouse.

The Rector interested himself on old John's behalf. When his case came on before the Board of Guardians at Bickley, he used every argument to get him a substantial allowance—something more than the usual half-crown a week—but without success. He could have half a crown a week or come into the workhouse. He would be much better off, everyone agreed, in the workhouse.

Old John thought different.

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He was not surprised; he did not exhibit any emotion, grief, disappointment, when he heard the result of the Rector's application to the Board. He bore it with the dull patience that is one of the characteristics of those who till the soil. He did not complain. There were few preparations to make before he went away—some old worn-out furniture to dispose of, and some last things to be done about the farm. He was not to give up his work at the farm until after the sale. There were a good many things to see to at the last, same place another year. He had a way of filling up a breach by twisting some supple tender growth across it—a sapling that would send forth its shoots, year by year, and fill up the open spaces, till by and by the gap would be a wall of living green.

If old John were working in the fields far from home, his daughter would send one of the children with a bottle of warm tea for his mid-day meal. She generally sent little Meg, his favourite grandchild, with the tea; and she would sit beside the old man,

"HE LINGERED IN THE CHURCHYARD."

at a clearance sale, and an old labourer who had worked on the place all his life knew more about the things than younger men.

It was not only about the place he was in request. There was still work for him to do outdoors — repairing the fences where the cattle had broken through, and the gaps made in the hedges by the children gathering blackberries. John Hancock, old as he was, could mend a hole in the hedge better than a younger man. He took longer about it,—he did not do things in a hurry,—but it would not be likely to want mending again in the under a hedge, until he had finished his scanty meal, and take the empty bottle back with her.

Little Meg had heard of the coming change in her grandfather's prospects. She was not sure that "to go into the House" was not a promotion—a getting on in the world. Her grandfather had been working all his life; it was time for him to begin to get on.

"Is it a big house you are going to, granfer?" she asked him one day as she sat sharing his dinner under the hedge. Meg always had a share of the old man's dinner when

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she brought him that bottle of tea; and he generally had an apple for her in the unsavoury pocket of his fustian coat. Meg was not particular.

"Ay," he said, "it's big enough."

"Will you have it all to yourself, granfer?"

The old man shook his head.

"There'll be plenty of other folks there, I expect."

"What sort of folks?" Meg persisted.

The old man considered for a moment, and a shadow seemed to pass over his furrowed face as the child watched him.

"All sorts," he said in his slow halting way; "they who've worked, an' they who haven't; it don't make no difference whether it's misfortin' or fault—it comes to the same in the end. They takes 'em all in—an' they serves 'em all alike."

"Will you have any work to do there, granfer?"

"No-o; the work's all done when one goes in there: it's left outside. Not that I couldn't do a bit o' hedging wi' anyone; but there's no hedges there that wants mending, an' no fields. I dunno' how I shall get on wi'out the fields!"

It was the loss of the fields that preyed upon old John. He had been used to green fields all his life; he did not know how he should get on without them—how he should bear to be shut in between stone walls for the rest of his days. If he had committed a crime,—if he had been an idle drunken vagrant, and had never done a day's work in his life, instead of working hard for sixty years, bringing up a family of sons and daughters, honest, industrious, and in good repute,—he could only have suffered the same fate, come to the same end.

PART II

THE Rector was more concerned than anyone in the parish at the prospect of old John Hancock going to the workhouse. He did not know how he should get on without him on Sundays. Old John was never absent from his seat in church; he was always in his place, with his little grandchild beside him. The Rector had been so accustomed to his familiar figure in that seat near the door,—rather a draughty seat,—to the bent old figure in the rusty coat that had been new when John was married fifty years ago: he would miss him dreadfully when he was gone.

Most of all he would miss the quavering old voice repeating the familiar responses—often a long way behind the rest. Old John was "no scholard," but he knew the Church Service by heart, and his "Amens" could always be depended upon. He had been a singer, too, in his time; he could still sing the Old Hundredth and a good many old-fashioned hymns that he used to sing in his youth. The words of the hymns that he sang were real to him. It was as good as a sermon, the Rector used to say, to hear the old man's quavering voice—strong in faith and hope—witnessing to God's goodness and providence for fourscore years.

Old John had some special favourites among the hymns, and the Rector chose them frequently for the sake of his ancient friend. He chose a special favourite on the last Sunday that the old man was in church. His voice, once strong and resonant, had been heard so long in that place,—it had always been an audible voice in prayer and thanksgiving, slow and reverent, a little behind the rest,—but after to-day it would he heard there no more.

When the Rector gave out the first line of John Hancock's favourite hymn,

> Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,

a light came into the old man's face. His dim eyes were fixed on the east window while he was singing. There was no stained glass in the window, and the green fields stretched out beyond, and the hills in the distance, and the branches of the elm trees in the churchyard waved to and fro across the panes, and above all was the blue sky with the sunlit clouds sailing past.

The fields he was singing about were real to old John—as real as those he had toiled in all his life: this was his comfort as he stood up in his old place, looking on the dear familiar scene between the green waving elm branches for the last time.

After the service he lingered in the churchyard with his grandchild. He went round the yard to take a last look at the resting-places of his old friends. There were so many sleeping here that he had known in life. He did not need any stones to mark where they slept. He forgot a good many things, but he did not forget where any of the friends and companions of his youth were laid.

So many of those he had known and loved lay around him here—his children, his wife, and the friends of his youth: it was the hardest leave-taking of all.

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"I thought to lie here, beside 'em," he said. "I allus reckoned I should lie here wi' the rest."

He did not seem to feel anything very much after that last Sunday. A blank vacancy of feeling, that might be insensibility or apathy, took possession of him during those few remaining days. The Guardians at Bickley were to send a cart over to fetch him in the middle of the week, and meanwhile he did some odd jobs about the farm. The sale was over and everything cleared away, ready for the new tenant. On the last day his old master pointed out to him a weak spot in the hedge under the rowan tree that had been overlooked, and the old man promised to see to it before he went away. He was proud to have something entrusted to him to do at the last. The master might have asked another man to do it; and he had asked him.

"I shall want the hook, Bess, in the morning; I've a little job o' work to finish yet," he said to his daughter, when she came over to his cottage on the last evening to pick up the few things he was leaving behind.

He had not much to leave when it came to the last. The sons and daughters who had gone away had helped themselves; they had not gone from the humble paternal roof unprovided.

The old man had only kept back the barest necessaries: a bed, a table, a chair or two, an old chest under the window, and a few cooking things.

Whatever he was leaving behind would go to his daughter Bess and her children.

She was already gathering them up on that last evening, and the old man was watching her. It was a lovely September evening, and the sun was setting over the hills. He could see the hills, with the sun sinking behind them, from the window of his cottage, which faced the west. He had watched it sink behind the hills hundreds of times before to-night, and he was watching it now for the last time. His little grandchild, Meg, had come over with her mother; but she was not helping her carry the things away. She was sitting on a low stool at his knee, and the golden sunset light was falling on the old man's upturned face and the child's curls resting against his knee.

"What are you thinking of, granfer?" she asked presently, looking up into his face, which was shining with the ruddy light of the setting sun.

He did not answer her at once: he was looking through the open window at the distant hills and the fading hues of the sunset.

"I was a-thinkin'," he said presently, "that my day is a-most adone too"—

"What do you want the hook for, father?" his daughter Bess asked sharply; she did not see any use in leaving it behind. He was to be fetched the next day: enough work had been got out of him during these sixty years.

"I've promised t' maister to see to the bit of hedge under t' rowan tree; it'll be my last job in the old place"—

Bess left the hook behind reluctantly. She took away all she could carry with her.

When the cart came over from Bickley the next day to take old John Hancock to the Union, he could not be found. The man who drove the cart waited outside his cottage nearly an hour while the neighbours searched for him. He did not wait very patiently; he was indignant at an old pauper keeping him waiting, and threatened to drive back to Bickley without him.

It was only a vain threat: if Bumble waited there all day, he knew better than to go back to the Union without the pauper he had been sent to fetch.

Yet he had to drive the cart back empty, after all.

Old John was found sleeping peacefully under the rowan tree, with the hook by his side. He had finished his last piece of work, and he lay on the green turf that he loved, with his sightless eyes turned up to the blue sky.

He did not require much of his country after sixty years' labour — only a pauper's funeral.

He was not disappointed of his hope: they laid him in the green sunny churchyard "wi' the rest."

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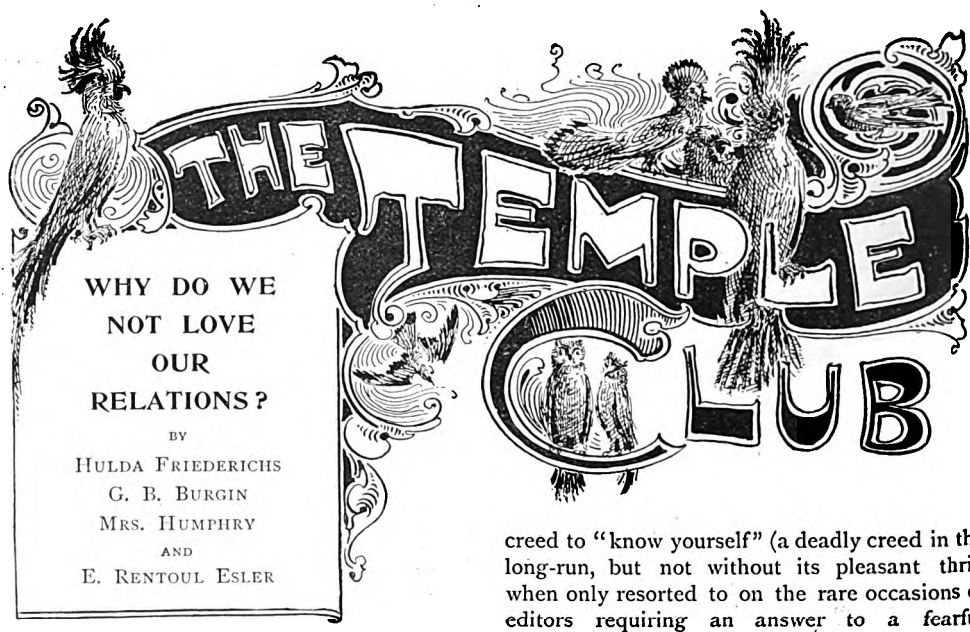

I.—By Hulda Friederichs

It is not for me to cast even the shadow of a doubt upon the (tacit) admission in the interesting query heading these lines, that we do not love our relations. The Editor is quite able to take care of himself; but for my own part, lest my kith and kin, reading what follows in abject disgust, should turn and rend me (morally only, I hasten to add), I should like to change and divide the question thus: "Supposing we did not love our relations—what would be the reason?" In thus turning my text, I hope I am not laying myself open to the charge of perverting it. Euclid is for ever doing the same trick: and who quarrels with Euclid?

Supposing, then, we do not love our relations (or better still, supposing they don't love us), what would be the reason? The most obvious, and also, I think, the most frequent reason is, that familiarity breeds some sort of contempt. Of people whom we meet occasionally we see only the social qualities. In the daily life at home, with its fads, fancies, and frivolities, and with its unavoidable friction where tastes and opinions clash, we see all the smallness of those belonging to us. Also, we are painfully conscious that we ourselves look very small where all our shortcomings are seen and noted. And this knowledge, again, instead of making us love ourselves a little less, causes us to draw back from our relations.

This is part of an analysis, but not the whole of it. Let us dissect our feelings a little more, especially since it is part of the *fin-de-siècle* creed to "know yourself" (a deadly creed in the long-run, but not without its pleasant thrill when only resorted to on the rare occasions of editors requiring an answer to a fearful question). Prying thus deeply into your own heart and mind, you will find that a curious contradictory feeling underlies the "dis-love" of your relations. You dislike their *gaucherie*, their want of tact or taste, or any other quality you hold high. But why dislike in your own people what in others only amuses, or gently pleases you, since it gives you a soothing sense of your own superiority in these things? Is it not because you are ambitious for them? You want them to be admired, respected, considered; hence you resent their falling short of what you wish them to be, and love them a little less.

Again, our relations are not interesting to us. Nothing and nobody about which and whom we know everything, is interesting. It is human nature to be attracted to the mysterious. As long as we know only in part, our imagination supplies the rest so well, that I, for one, prefer never to know all the actual facts. The modern seeker after Truth would not, like the Greek youth of old, fall down dead on seeing her face; he would only be disgusted. And it is a pity to be disgusted. It is not interesting. The more complicated a character, and the more difficult to fathom, the more attractive it is. The very complications in our relations' characters are plain to us; we expect nothing new, nothing surprising of them. Hence we love other people better than our own.

I often think that we pick up our *real* relations, our relations of the heart and mind, as we walk along the road of life. At the same time, a wise Providence has given us an instinct which supplies, when actual affection

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fails, all that is required to prevent families from breaking up. When troubles come, and difficulties, to those connected with us, then, unless we have gone very far away from each other, it is the sense of duty which grows strong within us, and we help to bear each other's burden; for "blood is thicker than water."

II.—By G. B. Burgin

One of the principal reasons why we don't love our relations is that so much of our time is occupied in loving those of other people. When one has been out all day experimenting with what my late friend Laurence Oliphant used to call "love currents," there isn't much love left for home consumption. But then, Oliphant had a theory that one should love everybody — even relations and the Prophet Harris.

As a rule, we don't love our relations because we see too much of them. I have an old aunt who has lived in a state of perennial surprise for the last forty years because I have not been hung. She started our acquaintanceship with this rooted conviction on her part, and based it on the somewhat irrelevant fact that I always had two helpings of butter to her one. She is now eighty-four, and my selfishness in not submitting myself to the hangman has caused her many a bitter pang. "I'm getting old, I know, my dear," she said to a mutual friend some time ago; "but from what I remember of him I shall live to see it yet." And all this because she saw too much of me at meals. Sometimes, when I am weary and reviewers have been saying the usual sort of things, I feel that it would be wrong to disappoint this kind aunt who has so little to which to look forward. But it is Jubilee Year, and I have no right to cast a gloom over the proceedings.

We do not love our relations because in the close intimacies of family life it is impossible for us to hide our own vanities and weaknesses from them. We also perceive the vanities and weaknesses of our relations, and mention them with all the engaging frankness which they invariably exercise towards us. And yet, in a great crisis how we always seek their aid! I remember once mentioning to my family circle the fact that I contemplated matrimony. I was going through the City one afternoon, and looked in at an auction. A tea service had been put up, and the auctioneer affected to believe that I had waggled my head in his direction. Consequently, I had to pay for the tea service. Directly that tea service came into my possession, an irresistible craving for matrimony seized me. Of course my relations unpacked the cups and saucers, and said that I was engaged, and had been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with someone. Then they openly discussed my points—I was full of points in those days—and wondered what any woman could see in me. Aunt—the same one—suggested that my only chance of getting married lay in the fact that there were not enough men to go round. And so on. It was all because they saw so much of me. They met a man the next day — almost a stranger—and wept with enthusiasm when he said he was engaged, and might he bring the girl to call. When I wanted to bring anyone to call, they seemed to have engagements at the North Pole, for they were always out. Then the girl would get cross, and return all my presents which she did not want, and I was a blighted being for the next twenty-four hours at least.

Oh yes! Our relations are always in evidence. If they would go away at intervals and stop away for a month or two, how much better we should love them! I had a very near relation once who went away quite suddenly. For the first day I did not miss her, although people crept about with red eyes and hushed voices. The second day, wearied of childish play, I found myself possessed of a wild longing to hear her gentle voice, and crept up to her room to see if she had returned. The door was open a little, and I stole up to her bed, and found her lying there so cold and still, and knew that she had gone away indeed.

Ah me! We don't love our relations because, although we see them constantly, live with them, eat with them, play with them, work with them, they have gone away from us such a long time ago. Each has his own ends and aims to pursue, each lives but in himself, each brushes the other aside, until—well, one day some cross querulous relation lies very hushed and still, with sightless eyes upturned to heaven, and we are sorry—very, very sorry—that we can never see too much of him again!

III.—By Mrs. Humphry
("Madge," *of "Truth."*)

Is family affection, then, an empty name? By no means. Millions of happy homes throughout Great Britain testify to the contrary. England would not be the great and powerful nation she is without this bond of strong cohesion that unites the people of our land, from the Sovereign herself down to the members of the humblest homes in the kingdom.

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But, notwithstanding this cheerful and undoubted fact, there is more than a little ground for the implication in the above question, that relations do not always love each other dearly. Very seldom does one realise one's ideal of friendship in any member of one's own family circle. Probably this is wisely ordered; for if we found all the sympathy and appreciation we need in the family, we should become very narrow in our estimate of those outside the home, enclosed, as it would be, by a ring-fence of amity and content.

There is no danger of any such contingency. The great reason that we do not love our relations is that they possess the key of the side-door, and too often make an unscrupulous use of it. Open your *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*—that immortal book—and see what he says about that side-door. Our relations know all about us—our ages, our incomes, our faults and failings, and our poor little pitiful weaknesses. And they deal with us in a truly awful spirit of candour, telling us plain truths with an outspoken sincerity which may very possibly serve some good and useful end, but which neither creates nor nourishes fond affection! Nay, it often kills it. There is no worse blight that falls upon the tender shoots of love and trust than the frosty touch of brutal and unnecessary candour.

Kindly, generous, and loving appreciation is the life of the struggling human soul, so harassed and buffeted by the waves of this troublesome world. It is in the heart of a friend that we find that ideal of ourselves, that picture of what we were meant to be, and may yet grow to be, which serves as bright encouragement to tired endeavour. Relations too often shut their eyes to our highest possibilities, and look only at the seamy side of us. Sunny exceptions there fortunately are, however; and the relations we truly love are those who ignore our failings and our many weaknesses, and, by looking for the best that is in us, go the best way to evoke it. Such friends as these are found more often outside the family than in it. A carping spirit of censorious criticism too frequently spoils brothers and sisters for all purposes of friendship; and if it were not for the sharing of early associations and the bond of kinship, the fraternal sentiment might dwindle into nothingness.

IV.—By E. Rentoul Esler

When we do not like our relations it is because of their impertinence. Acquaintances may be impertinent also, but, with perseverance and strict attention to business, they can be dropped, after a time. Relations are different: Mrs. Poyser thought them like the nose on one's face—not always admirable, but there all the same. Where our relations are not sensitive, and where their requirements are made the standard of our obligations, they may be quite objectionable.

The curious thing about the detestability of our kindred—when they are detestable—is the conviction they possess that their interference with our rights and privileges, their uncalled-for comments on our minds, moods, and methods, and their invariably critical attitude towards us, are due solely to their interest in our welfare. Grumble to them, and they command us to be thankful lest a worst thing befall us; meekly indicate that certain of our achievements have been well thought of, and they remind us that genius is never boastful. It may be that unrelated persons defer to our intelligence, and that time has unkindly placed a considerable number of years to our credit, but our critical kindred persist in treating us as inexperienced and unformed. They do not at all mind exposing our little weaknesses to uninterested persons, telling punctual people that we are always late for breakfast, and economists that our dress bills are tremendous.

When they come to visit us, their spirit is always critical—for our good. They are sure to find dust in unsuspected corners, and iron mould on the table linen. It never occurs to them that they are under our roof save to act as censors, and they seldom fail to indicate to us that our servants are too many or too few, that we dress extravagantly or with a shabbiness unbecoming our position, and that our methods with our children are not likely to conduce to their ultimate success in life. It may be that God has made us patient, with that substratum of rebellion underneath the patience which gives the suffering temperament. In that case we endure in silence. But if experience has taught us that the meek neither inherit the earth, nor, in this present world, are allowed to possess their own hearthstone in peace, then we fight; and that is a painful experience, and productive of an evil repute.

When minded to exercise them, our blood relations have special facilities for tormenting us: our old school-friend, or our early playmate, or our next-door neighbour, or our business acquaintance, may have intentions quite as definite in that direction, but our over-tender conscience does not strengthen their hands. We can send the objectionable neighbour to Coventry, but we are chary of thus manifesting ill-will to the relation who slapped us in childhood, and stole our sweets, and nicknamed us with horrible ingenuity. It is chiefly because of our moral sense that we dislike our relations.

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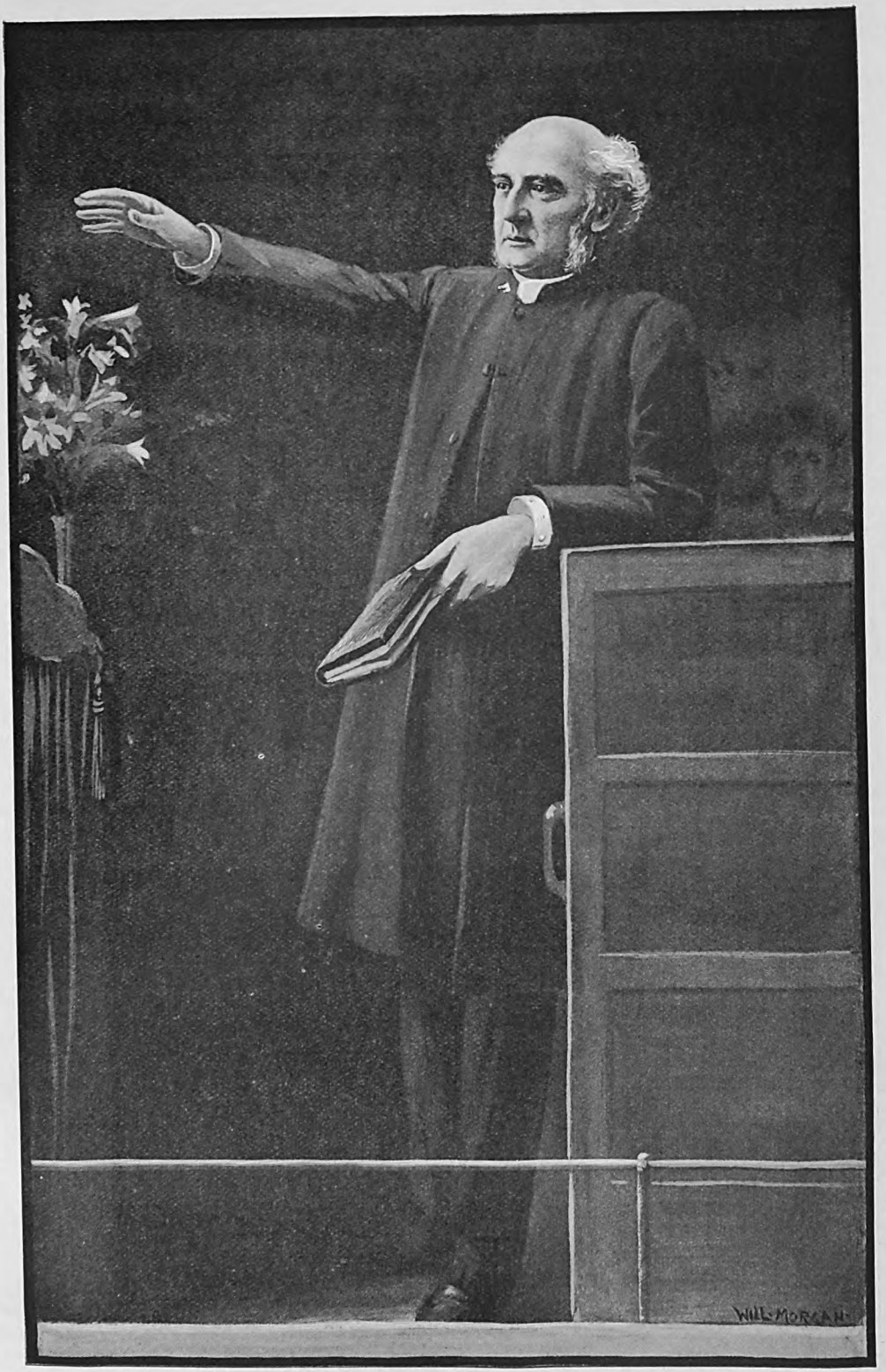

PREACHERS IN THEIR PULPITS

XI.—MR. MARK GUY PEARSE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

[*Drawn by* WILL MORGAN.]

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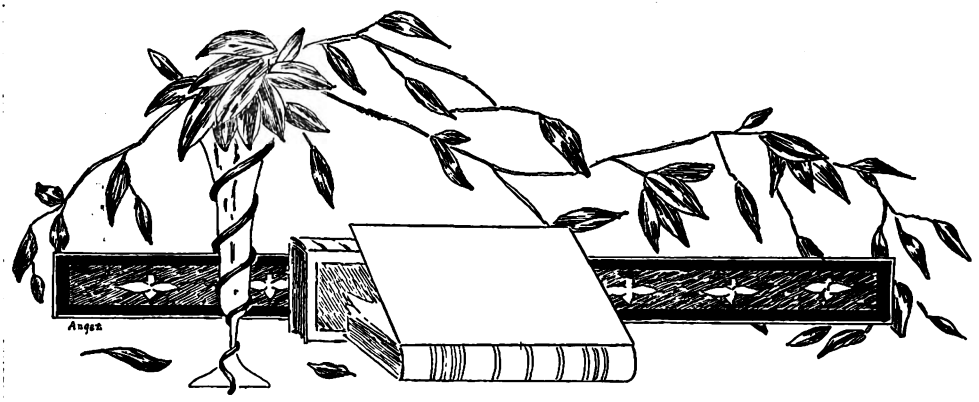

A MAN'S FAITH AND THE NATION'S LIFE

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.
Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital

An Englishman carries his views on the liberty of the subject into the question of the subject's faith. In the main he does not like the man who rejects all religion. He is disposed often to impute motives in such a case, and to suggest that vanity or eccentricity, or even a dislike of the moral law, may explain repudiation of Belief. But with the profession of some faith he is satisfied. He respects the privacy of his neighbour's mind, and does not insist on knowing what his religious views are; still less does he insist that everybody must believe as he does. Not even the long existence of an intimate relation between Church and State has made him think that everybody's religion must be expressed in the same terms, must employ the same organisation, must use the same customs in public worship. It would be foolish to allege that this liberality of sentiment is universal; but we must discriminate between the ardent devotees in any Church and the average men and women round about us. I speak of the latter. With these there is little disposition to find fault with other men's religious views or habits. You may like to worship under the dome of St. Paul's or in some ancient parish church; you may blend the ministry of Methodism with the liturgy of the Church of England; you may confess to an Anglican priest or undergo the benignant scrutiny of a class-leader; you may sit where silent Quakers wait the impulse of the Spirit, or march where a discordant but joyfully earnest Salvation band parades the street,—it is, in any case, your own affair. That, I think, is the attitude towards religion of the average Englishman who is not deeply moved in the matter of faith.

This deference to individualism has its good as well as its bad side.

It is a good thing to emphasise the responsibility of the unit. In an army the coward and the miscreant may share in the victory won by the brave and the true. But in the Christian army the devotion and the faith of ninety-nine members of a Church will not save the soul of the hundredth. They may do much for him. Their example, their words, their prayers, the atmosphere of their community-life, give him advantages; but they cannot save his soul for him, or answer in his name at the judgment seat of Christ. This is a truism; but it is the melancholy experience of every truism to be widely neglected. In every congregation you may detect persons who in a vague easy-going way regard themselves as devout by the devotion of others, and abounding in good works which their neighbours do. It is well, therefore, that the responsibility of the individual should be insisted on.

But individualism assumes curious forms in the religious. Because each must answer for himself, some have acted as though the responsibility of each ended there; as if the whole duty of man were to embark upon a private enterprise for the salvation of his own soul, without respect to the rest of the world. In this spirit men have thought that a life of absolute seclusion was the "good part" they did well to choose; or that the Christian's duty could be discharged by union in small and very exclusive little communities, given up to an Epicurean enjoyment of a present salvation peculiarly assured to themselves. Others have been aided by this individualism to observe a

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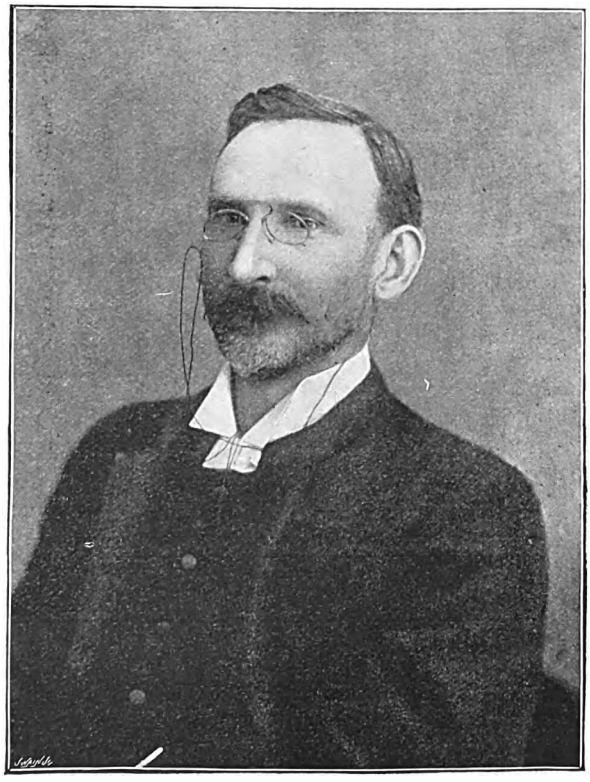
purely artificial division between religion and life, the parent of countless crimes shocking the community. But these things, whilst they show us the darker side of individualism, are things which cannot blind us to the value of making every man feel his own responsibility.

Yet we hear all around us a cry for less individualism and more socialism in our religious life. Men ask, and ask reasonably, that the religious life of Great Britain should be more evident in its bearing upon the political, municipal, and social life of the country. The most striking feature of English Christianity is its disunion. There is no agreement as to Creed; no uniformity in organisation; not even a concordat under which many Churches may live side by side in peace. The wise man agrees that people who feel strongly for the most part speak strongly; the wise man knows that it is hopeless to ask for uniformity of belief or of organisation. But, with all allowance made for these things, he is not satisfied with a Christianity which so largely manifests itself in party spirit and in mutual antagonisms. No arguments as to the nature of heresy and schism, or the right of private judgment, or the comparative merits of conflicting systems of Church government, will convince him that nothing is wrong in all this. Whatever else may come of discord, he is at least sure that it is responsible for weakening the force of Christian precept and Christian example in their influence upon the general life of the country.



THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

[*Specially photographed for* THE TEMPLE *by* FRADELLE & YOUNG, 283 *Regent Street, W.*]

Another belief which makes against the just power of Christianity is the persuasion that religion (though itself so often the parent of contention) can have no relation to things contentious. Because men fight over politics, over municipal affairs, over social ideas and customs, some urge that religion, if introduced into these discussions, must inevitably suffer.

Let us make a concession. No doubt it is possible to claim for political action a religious motive when the motive is purely secular. Hypocrisy is not excluded from the domain of politics, or of municipal and social life. But this is only to say that the infirmity natural to mortal man must, in any case, be guarded against. People are assumed to enter Parliament for patriotic motives. But it is commonly agreed that those motives shall not be too keenly scrutinised, and (despite Johnson) we do not condemn patriotism because it *may* be the last resort of a scoundrel. If men invert the proposal here made, and allow politics to dominate their religion, we need no reminder that they are wrong. But we cannot be expected to take their conduct as a proof that religion should never react upon politics.

Or, consider the social problems that confront us. It is fairly asked that, in a community like our own nation, the solution of these should be attempted on principles manifestly religious. And yet, when men and women claim to advance a definitely Christian treatment of such problems, their faith is often held up to the contempt of the careless or the antichristian observer. It is tacitly assumed by the latter that religion can

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have nothing to say upon simple questions of justice and morality, or that, if it does speak, it can say nothing worth the sober citizen's attention.

We are thus brought into a strait place. Upon the one side men affect to be aghast at the attempt to influence community-life from the vantage-ground of Faith. Upon the other, men cry out that Faith is impotent because it does not in this very way do more. To whom shall we listen?

Let us turn from these contending voices to hear such direction as the earthly life of our Master, Christ, may give. That our Lord spoke to a nation no one will deny. Upon the duties of the citizen to the State He could offer explicit direction—as in the matter of the tribute-money. He speaks of cities as responsible communities—as when He wept over Jerusalem, or denounced Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida. He appeals to men in crowds—as when He unfolded His Sermon on the Mount, and when He fed the multitudes. He reflected upon the conduct of rulers and teachers, indicated the responsibilities of power and wealth, dealt with physical ailments and moral weaknesses. Christ's ministry, short as its duration, limited as it designedly was in its methods, and brief as are our records of it, leaves no part of the nation's life untouched. Further, at His departure to the Father's right hand He leaves with His infant Church a commission. Their field is to be the world, their purpose the declaration of Christ to the nations, their message dogmatic (as it led to baptism in the name of the Trinity), and touching conduct as well as creed ("teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you"). How astounding, in the face of this, is the suggestion that Christianity must not be brought to bear as an inspiring and purifying influence upon the most serious issues in the national life!

But how is that influence to be applied? Are we to set up, in politics and in society, a great Christian Party? I confess that any such effort seems to me fraught with grave peril. Such a Party, however pure its purpose, however lofty the aims of its first leaders, would inevitably become contaminated sooner or later by baser elements. Our right course is to win men and women over one by one to embrace the cause of Christ, and to manifest their love for Him by keeping His commandments. We must bring them to see that their witness is not complete when they have complied with the conventional demands of Faith, or when they have shown a zeal for the spread of the gospel at home or abroad, or when they have taken up some specific Christian work. We must insist that this is not all; that fidelity to Christ means fidelity to His law in all things; that, so far as we may be guided by His Holy Spirit, we must seek to apply the principles of His kingdom to all, and not merely some of, the problems of everyday life. People who do this will come to take wider views. They will see that a man who, privately, is of scrupulous honesty, cannot consistently support an act of national dishonesty. They will see that, if it be right in private life to love one's neighbour as oneself, it cannot be right to assent to an act of national trickery or national oppression, or to class hatred. They will come, in fine, to understand something of the responsibility of the individual for the character of our corporate life. Would you and I, then, see the nation more distinctively Christian in policy and character? We must see first that we are Christians ourselves, and then seek to win our neighbour. As more and more men and women cease to be conventionally religious and become truly zealous for the truth of the work of God, the policy of the nation must become more definitely Christian. We need not talk of a Christian Party, yet, by obedience to common principles and a common impulse, we shall be brought to act together in the national life. I daresay some may allege that there are no signs of any such godly union and concord just now. But I think there *are* such signs, and that, when the Christian Churches make less of their organisations and more of the purposes these organisations are meant to fulfil, the signs will be more abundant. In the meantime, whatever faults may exist, do not relieve us of our individual responsibility. We must discharge our own tasks: "the night cometh, when no man can work."

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By Silas K. Hocking

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Amy Dean runs away from the house of her stepfather, Isaac Pengarth of Stamer, to marry Arthur Milward. After fifteen years of poverty she returns, a widow with two children, Jack and Eve, aged respectively seven and three. Crossing Pentarnum Moors, she is taken ill, and dies. Jack goes off to get succour, and is lost on the moors, and ultimately is picked up by some gipsies. Eve is found and adopted by a farmer and his wife, Jasper and Leah Downderry of Crantock. The mother's identity is not discovered, and she is buried in a pauper's grave. Jack spends eight years with the gipsies, and becomes a great admirer of a blue-eyed gipsy maiden called Pearl, who is to marry a gipsy prince when old enough. At sixteen Jack is led unwittingly into a burglary, but not before he has warned the Rev. John Treherne. He is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. After his release he discovers his sister, but resolves to win back his good name before making himself known to her. Relating his story to a young lawyer, Reginald Tremayne, and requesting him to find out, if possible, who his mother was, he sets out again to seek his fortune. Reaching Plymouth, he spends three days in searching for Pearl. Falling among thieves, he is robbed of his money, and half disposed to throw himself into the sea. Meanwhile, Reginald Tremayne, who had fallen in love with Eve, pursues his investigations, to the dismay of Isaac Pengarth. Jack meets with the Salvation Army. Is charmed with their singing "There is a green hill." Lives a hand-to-mouth existence till the New Year. Starts for Cornwall. Is overtaken by a snowstorm. Sleeps in his wet clothes. Gets rheumatic fever. Is taken to workhouse infirmary. Rev. John Treherne visits him. Later, sends his servant Nathan to inquire, who returns with the news that Jack is dead. Hearing which, Mr. Treherne writes to the papers the true story of the burglary. Jack is not dead, and after his recovery he is employed by Sir George Treherne, first as gardener, then as under-steward. He learns that Pearl is Sir George's daughter, and goes in search of her. After many adventures he finds Pearl, and starts with her for her home. Discovers also that the "gipsy prince" has been liberated from prison, and that Banfylde is on the look-out for them at the station. Jack outwits Banfylde, and restores Pearl to her parents. He visits his sister and makes himself known. Is decoyed by the Banfyldes to a lonely place under the cliffs, is bound hand and foot, tied up in a sack, taken out to sea, and dropped overboard.

Chapter XXXIV

NEMESIS

Nemesis is lame. But she is of colossal stature,
Like the gods.

It is easy to be wise after the event. Jack called himself a thousand fools for being so easily entrapped. As a matter of fact, it was the apparent simplicity of the whole transaction that had disarmed suspicion. He had walked into the snare with his eyes open. From the first moment he had very little hope of escape. He knew only too well the character of the men with whom he had to deal. Revenge was not only a passion with them; they regarded it as a duty. No scruple of conscience would deter them, no rising of sympathy would stay their hands.

He did his best to put a bold face on the matter, but it was not an easy task. He was not without a fair share of courage, but it threatened to give out more than once. Life was very sweet to him, and death was so terrible that he shuddered in spite of himself. He had been on the brink of death once before at least; but he was weak and spent

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by illness then, and life had nothing worth living for, and just to close his eyes and fall asleep was very different from the position in which he now found himself. To be taken out and drowned in cold blood, when the world was at its brightest, and youthful health and vigour coursed through his veins, was enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

He was almost thankful when the sack enveloped him. He could shed his tears unobserved, and pour out his last prayers without being mocked by Banfylde's cruel eyes and sneering lips. For a long time he lay in the bottom of the boat without attempting to move, and a strange calm stole over him at length. It seemed to him as if a voice spoke out of the awful silence and said, "Fear not, for I am with you." All tender memories seemed to crowd into his brain at once, and, without knowing how, he got suddenly to the core of all religious teaching, and felt that that core was Love. To him, as to all sincere hearts, there was granted a heavenly vision. He saw, as by the eye of inspiration, to the heart of things, and seeing, there came to him a great peace. Living or dying, he was God's. That was the measure of his creed. Many things in his life had led up to this. He saw the steps now plainly enough, and all past experiences became clothed with a new significance.

The boat began to move at length. He felt her rise and fall on the Atlantic swell; then the waves began to lap musically the sides, till by and by it seemed to him as though a voice were singing far away below the keel—

> Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
> And I must love Him too.

Was it a kind of torpor that was stealing over him, or was it the force of an idea that had stilled the loud beating of his heart and brought back so many soothing memories?

Then his wrists began to pain him, and he tried to shift his position. This movement started another train of thought. He had more than once entertained the youth of Polduly by letting them tie him in a chair and then wriggling out, to their open-eyed amazement. Could he, cramped as he was, wriggle his hands free? The thought no sooner occurred to him than he made the attempt. Had Banfylde bungled? His hands slid out of the noose almost before he was aware. He did not pause to reason as to what use he should put his partial liberty. The instinct of self-preservation seemed to guide him. Quick as thought, his hand sought his pocket and his clasp-knife; but to cut the cords that bound his feet without attracting the attention of the Banfyldes was not easy. He felt that the boat was gliding swiftly seawards. The two men were pulling well together, with long steady strokes. He knew they must be already many miles from land. At length his feet were free—not only of the cords, but of his boots. Then came a moment of reflection. What should he do next? His clasp-knife was not a very formidable weapon with which to attack two men, even if he could cut his way out of the sack without being observed. And yet, unless he could kill them and possess himself of the boat, there seemed no possible chance of saving his life.

The question, however, was quickly decided for him. He had scarcely begun to rip up the sack before the boat stopped, and he felt himself lifted from the bottom, and, before he had cut a hole big enough to creep through, he was dropped deftly over the side, and felt himself gliding feet foremost down through the icy water. Fortunately, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He tore at the sack with his knife with all his strength, and getting his head out, the weighted shroud was torn from him and carried away to the bottom, while he shot upward like a cork.

The boat had not moved from its place. The Banfyldes had just settled themselves back into their seats and got out their oars when Jack's head appeared above the surface and not a yard from the end of Dick Banfylde's oar. To seize it was the work of an instant. The instinct of life impelled him to do it. He did not stop to reason about consequences. A drowning man will grasp anything.

Dick Banfylde turned in a moment, and in a voice of horror exclaimed, "God! he's escaped!"

"Never!" replied Will, with a terrible oath.

"He's got the end of my oar, I tell you."

Will made no reply; but, rising to his feet, he raised his own oar in the air and struck at Jack, and in doing so overbalanced himself and fell. That he should clutch the side of the boat to save himself was only natural, and the inevitable result followed. A moment of wild confusion, of frantic oaths and curses, and the boat, bottom upward, drifted away from the struggling men. The two Banfyldes clutched each other, and shrieked curses and entreaties at the same moment. Had each struggled alone, they might have reached the boat; but they

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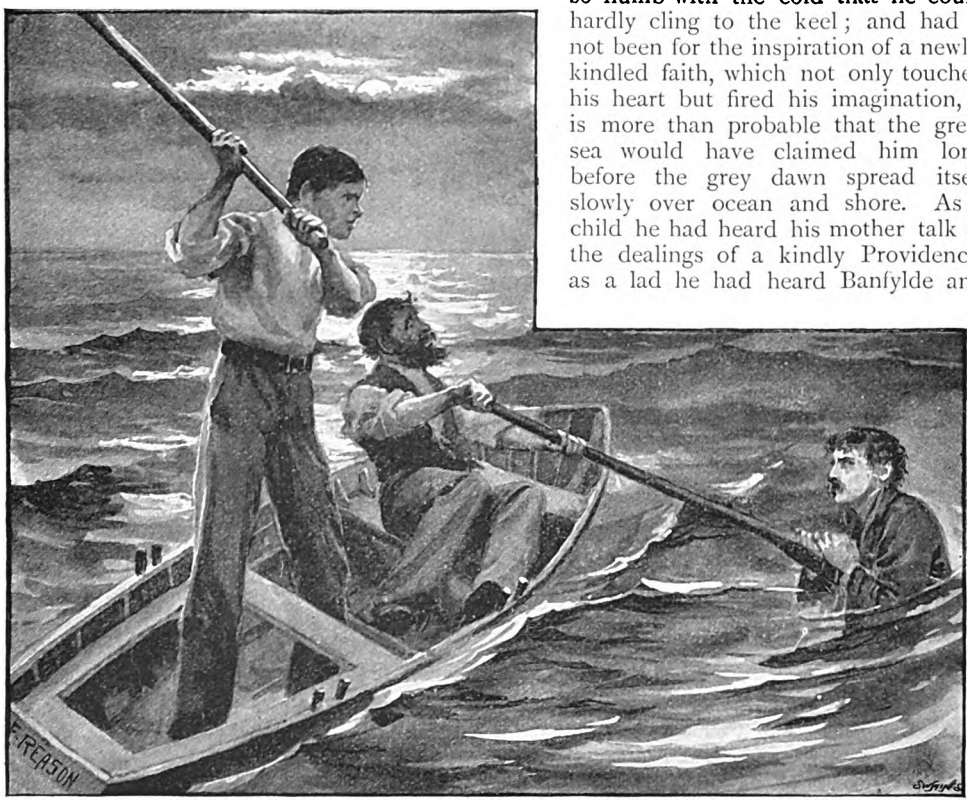
literally strangled each other. Jack, supported by his oar in some measure, and being a good swimmer to boot, was only a few yards away, and so was almost compelled to witness the life-and-death struggle of father and son. It was an awful moment. They appeared to fight each other like demons; then they sank for the last time, and the unremembering sea hid them for ever from sight. But their cries and curses and entreaties seemed to linger in the air long after their white passion-mutilated faces had disappeared.



"HE RAISED HIS OAR IN THE AIR AND STRUCK AT JACK."

Jack turned his face toward the drifting boat, and after a while he managed to get his hand upon its keel. He made a desperate effort to right it, but that was altogether beyond his strength. He did succeed, however, at length in drawing himself out of the water on to the boat, but in so doing he lost his oar. Nevertheless, he felt he had made a good exchange. Providing the sea kept calm, he might drift until some passing coaster or fishing-boat picked him up and conveyed him to a place of safety.

Lying along the keel with his face downwards, he tried to think out the events of the evening. It was difficult to realise that so much had been crowded into so short a time. It seemed like an age since he descended so carelessly and unthinkingly the zigzag path to Portstress, and yet scarcely two hours could have elapsed. What an ocean of horrors he had struggled through in that time! He wondered sometimes if he had not dreamed it all—if he was not dreaming now.

As the night wore away the boat seemed to drift into rougher water, and Jack became so numb with the cold that he could hardly cling to the keel; and had it not been for the inspiration of a newly-kindled faith, which not only touched his heart but fired his imagination, it is more than probable that the great sea would have claimed him long before the grey dawn spread itself slowly over ocean and shore. As a child he had heard his mother talk of the dealings of a kindly Providence, as a lad he had heard Banfylde and Lazarus discuss the doings of an unrelenting fate; but it seemed to him now that Providence was greater than fate, and it was this faith that inspired and strengthened him.

Let cynics sneer. That cannot be an evil thing which gives to life a nobler meaning and fires the heart with a holier purpose, that sings a song of hope in the darkest hour, and nerves the spirit to endurance when the flesh falters and fails.

Jack did not reason out his creed; he had simply followed his spiritual intuitions. He had come by a way he knew not, till at last,

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out on the wide sea, helpless, benumbed, forsaken, he felt as sure that God was round about him as that the great ocean was rolling underneath.

As the night wore away the cold became more and more intense. With elbows and knees he clung tenaciously to the boat, which pitched and rolled on the choppy sea, and threatened him constantly with destruction. His hands and feet were so benumbed as to be past feeling, and at times the sickness was so terrible that he wished he had never tried to save himself. There were moments when he almost envied Dick Banfylde and his son lying among the rocks and shingle at the bottom. With them the strife was over, and hunger and cold were things of the past; while he, in escaping death, had doomed himself to unspeakable torture, and perhaps to a more terrible death in the end. But these moments were always followed by a thrill of exultation. He had not saved himself: God had saved him. Torture was not the end of his rescue, but life and usefulness. So his new-born faith came constantly to his aid, and held him like an anchor. The thought that was ever uppermost in his mind was, "I shall not die, but live."

At length the cold grey dawn began to steal slowly over the wide waste of black heaving water. Jack tried to lift his head, but he was too exhausted. There might be a sail somewhere in sight, but he had not strength to look. He was conscious that the boat was riding more easily on the water than before, and for that he was thankful. The chill wind of an earlier hour had died away with the dawn, the cold was less cruel and numbing; but he had no power to raise himself. He could only lie there face downward, hugging the keel, and wait for such deliverance as God might send.

As time wore on, his brain became numbed as well as his hands and feet. It became too great an effort to think. Sensation, too, seemed to be gradually leaving him, and a sense of unutterable peace began to steal into his heart.

During the early part of the night he had prayed much, while constantly the tears had welled in his eyes and dropped on the boat's keel; but his eyes were dry now, and his lips dumb. He made no effort to rouse himself. He was unconscious of the flight of time. No memory of the past or anticipation of the future disturbed him. Eve and Pearl were but the faintest memories of a dream. He was passing swiftly into the land of forgetfulness. After the pain and strife, God had sent him peace and rest.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in a narrow berth in a stuffy little cabin. He was warmly wrapped in blankets, but quite alone. Through a small skylight the sunshine was streaming cheerfully, and overhead was the tramp of feet, and occasionally the sound of voices far away and indistinct. He had never been on board a vessel before, but he knew directly where he was,—knew, too, by the easy pitch and roll that it was a sailing vessel that bore him, and not a steamer.

His brain was perfectly clear. "His faith had not been at fault. God had saved him." This was the first thought that flashed through his mind. Then he began to wonder, When and how? The door was pushed open at length, and a weather-beaten face appeared in the aperture, and a pair of kindly blue eyes peered at him from underneath shaggy brows.

"Come in," said Jack feebly; and he was astonished at the sound of his voice, it was so low and indistinct.

The door was pushed wide open now, and a mountain of pilot-cloth, surmounted by a shaggy head and bearded face, seemed to fill the little cabin.

"So you are coming to at last, eh?" and a genial smile ran up the bearded face and contracted the kindly blue eyes.

"Yes, I'm nearly all right," Jack answered. "How long have I been here?"

"Two days. I began to fear you'd gone round Cape of Good Hope."

"Two days? No, surely," Jack said in surprise.

"Ay. It was day before yesterday we picked you up. How you managed to stick on to the bottom of that boat is a caution. It was no easy matter getting you off, either."

"I remember the day breaking," Jack answered, closing his eyes, "and then I seemed gradually to drop off to sleep."

"And another hour of it and you would never have waked again, either. But I'll send the cook with something strengthening for you. You must get some nourishment inside your skin if you are to see the voyage out;" and, turning quickly round, he slipped out of the cabin and closed the door behind him.

A few minutes later the cook entered with a basin of soup, which, after much difficulty, Jack succeeded in swallowing. He was too weak to sit up or even to raise his head, and so he had to be fed with a spoon and in

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exceedingly small doses. Fortunately, his appetite was not at all bad, and after the last spoonful had disappeared he heaved a contented sigh, and soon after fell asleep again.

By the following morning he was considerably better, and was able to sit up in his berth and use the spoon himself. Captain Bunney came and sat by his side and plied him with no end of questions, and gave him at the same time a considerable amount of information.

Jack told his story without reserve, to which the captain listened with open mouth and clenched fists.

"By George," he said when Jack had finished, "that's a clincher! I shall begin to believe in Providence again now; my faith's been a bit shaky of late. But, bless my soul alive—well, I never! It ought to be put into a book. Of all the topsy-turvys—well, I'm jiggered!" It was very evident Captain Bunney could find no appropriate words in which to express himself, and after the few disjointed sentences recorded above he relapsed into silence.

Jack, however, was thirsting for information, and after a few minutes he succeeded in getting the captain to talk again; but the worthy captain was much cleverer in asking questions than in answering them.

By the time the interview ended, he had learnt that the *Pelican* was an iron sailing-ship of fifteen hundred tons register; that she was bound for the Grand Canarys; that the first port of call was Lisbon; that the length of the voyage would depend entirely on the state of the wind and weather; and that if he saw his native land again inside three weeks he might consider himself very fortunate.

"But make yerself comfortable, my boy," the captain said, in concluding. "You'll be done just as well to here as at home, and you'll be just as welcome."

Chapter XXXV

DEVELOPMENTS

Growth is not measured by a two-foot rule,
Nor weighed in scales.

There was considerable excitement in Polduly when it became known that Jack Milward had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared. Richard Trethewey was almost demented. He had waited for Jack till after ten o'clock,—an unusually late hour for him,—and then, unable to sit still any longer, he had rushed across bareheaded to the schoolmaster's to make inquiries. Tregonning was just putting out the lights for the night when Richard's hurried rat-tat fell on the door.

Tregonning looked troubled when he heard Richard's story. "Not been home to tea, and not returned yet?" he repeated, half to himself. "He must have gone to Penlogan, surely; though it's not like him, is it? Wait a moment and we will go on to Mr. Teague's. Possibly, some special business has detained him."

In a quarter of an hour they were knocking at Mr. Teague's door. The old gentleman had retired to his room for the night, and all the downstairs lights were out.

"What's up?" he demanded, opening his window and thrusting his head out.

Tregonning explained in as few words as possible, for Richard was too agitated to speak.

Mr. Teague closed the window and came hurrying downstairs. "Come in, come in," he said, unbolting the door, "and let me hear all about it."

Richard pulled himself together, and told how he had waited and waited, till he could sit still no longer, and then had gone on to see the schoolmaster, and together they had come on to see him (Mr. Teague), thinking perhaps he would be able to throw some light on the subject.

"I can't understand it at all," said Mr. Teague. "I did not leave the office myself till six o'clock. Milward had nothing to do then but just finish up and lock the doors. He ought to have been out of the place at a quarter-past six."

"Perhaps he's taken ill—fallen down in a fit, or something," gasped Richard. "Had we not better go to the office and see?"

This suggestion was acted upon at once, and in another few minutes they were standing within the office doors, looking more troubled and perplexed than ever. Everything was in perfect order, every book in its proper place, every door and drawer properly fastened.

Mr. Teague returned to his home to wait any information that might be forthcoming, while Richard and Tregonning turned back into the village to make further inquiries. At every cottage where a light burned in the window they knocked at the door. These knocks often disturbed other people who had gone to bed, so that by midnight half Polduly

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knew that Sir George Treherne's under-steward had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Next morning all Polduly was on the look-out, and inquiries were instituted in all directions. Mr. Teague was at Penlogan before Sir George had finished his breakfast.

The baronet listened with a troubled face. "There is only one explanation," he said when Mr. Teague had finished.

"And what is that, sir?"

"Gipsies."

"You think so?"

"I do. In fact, I have feared it all along. You know how he has foiled them. They would not be likely to forget or forgive. It is not on my daughter they would wreak their vengeance—though I am keeping a strict watch over her. They would not consider that she was to blame. No, you may depend upon it, they have decoyed him to some lonely place and perhaps killed him."

Mr. Teague shuddered. "Had we not better put detectives on their track?" he said at length.

"A very good suggestion," the baronet replied. "I will communicate with Scotland Yard at once. Meanwhile we had better say as little about the matter as possible. My daughter must know nothing for the present."

During the next few days excitement rose to boiling point. There seemed something positively uncanny about Jack's sudden disappearance. No one had seen him leave the office, no one had met him in the village or outside it: had the earth opened and swallowed him up, he could not have vanished more completely. Of course the news was bound to reach Crantock and Stamer, where the excitement became scarcely less intense than at Polduly. Jasper Downderry and Eve came by the first available train to make inquiries, and Reginald Tremayne followed two hours later.

Alas, however, they could learn nothing that was of any value to them. Jack had simply disappeared—vanished. Beyond that, nothing was known.

Mr. Teague hearing that they were in the village, sent for them. He was greatly interested in Jack, and consequently in Jack's sister. Moreover, he had heard certain vague rumours that these two young people were heirs to considerable property, and anything affecting property was always of peculiar interest to Mr. Teague. His whole life had been spent in the management of estates, little and big, and so it was only natural that all his interests should run in one direction.

Nothing would satisfy Mr. Teague but taking Eve and Jasper to see Sir George. Jasper hesitated, great people overawed him; but Eve was ready to go anywhere if she could hear some tidings of her brother.

Somehow, in the big house — though nobody seemed to know exactly how—Eve and Pearl found each other. They were about the same age, both hungering for companionship, both touched by a common sorrow. No one introduced them. They met accidentally, looked at each other for a moment in surprise, and then — well, no one knew exactly how the rest came about, but in ten minutes they knew all about each other, and had sworn perpetual friendship.

Pearl took Eve off to her own boudoir and locked the door, and together they cried and laughed in turns. Pearl told Eve a hundred things about her brother that she had never heard of before, while Eve in her turn gave Pearl a good deal of very interesting information. Eve, however, was much less hopeful than Pearl.

"Oh, Jack is clever," Pearl said, her bright eyes gleaming. "As a lad nobody could touch him; and if he doesn't outwit Banfylde, I've never been a gipsy myself."

"Oh, I hope they haven't killed him," Eve said, with a terrified look in her eyes.

"I don't think they would dare," Pearl said. "It's not easy to kill folks and leave no trace."

"But think of the time that has already elapsed," Eve said in troubled tones, "and not a trace of him is to be discovered anywhere."

"It's just on that fact I'm building," Pearl answered. "If he had been killed, his body would have been found somewhere."

"Oh, I hope you are right," Eve replied tearfully; "but I don't think anyone can imagine how terrible it is to find one's brother and then lose him again directly afterwards."

On the following day Jasper and Eve returned to Crantock. They could do no good by remaining at Polduly, and Richard Trethewey promised to supply them with every item of news that might come to hand. Unfortunately, nothing came to light of a reassuring character. The detectives employed by Sir George discovered that Banfylde and his son were also missing, and that Banfylde's wife and daughters were considerably distressed about the matter. This only deepened the mystery, though it confirmed Sir George in his suspicion that the gipsies were at the bottom of Jack's disappearance.

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So three weeks passed away—weeks in which every hope grew fainter and every fear was intensified. Eve lost all interest in the lawyer's investigations and in Isaac Pengarth's obstinacy. Property seemed of no value whatever in face of this great trouble that had overtaken her. She would rather have her brother Jack than all the wealth of the Indies. Jasper fell to dreaming again in its acutest form. To see his little maid so troubled, to notice the roses fading from her cheeks and her eyes becoming dull and heavy, to watch her pick at her food and turn from the daintiest dishes, to hear her sighing when she fancied she was alone, and miss all the day the merry music of her laughter,—all this was as the bitterness of death to Jasper. He did not try to comfort her; he knew he could not. He could only watch her, with a grief growing at his heart greater than her own.

"'JACK IS CLEVER,' PEARL SAID."

When Eve locked herself in her own room, Jasper betook himself to the fields and wandered listlessly and dejectedly about his farm, doing nothing, and seeing nothing to be done. Fortunately for him, his wife every now and then crossed his path and wakened him to a momentary sense of life's pressing duties.

But for his wife he would have missed Stamer Market, for he had lost count of the days. Eve's grief made him forgetful of everything. Charley went with him to see that he did not fall to dreaming in the street and so get run over.

On reaching Stamer, they found the little town in a state of considerable excitement. That very morning Tom Pengarth had fallen down in the street in a fit, and had been taken home dead. He had been talking with Lawyer Jeffery at the time of the occurrence, and suddenly and without warning he threw up his arms, fell down, and expired.

Jeffery was greatly shocked, as he well might be, for he felt that it was largely in consequence of a certain communication he had made that the tragic occurrence had taken place.

Isaac had said nothing to his son Tom of the probable discovery of the heirs of John Dean while there was a doubt in the case; he had deemed it policy to keep silent. There were technical difficulties to be solved that might prove fatal to the claims of Jack and Eve; hence he permitted Tom to go on day after day in absolute ignorance of the state of affairs.

Lawyer Jeffery, however, knowing nothing of this, and meeting Tom in the fore street of Stamer, had inadvertently let the whole secret out. The shock proved too much for him. He first grew purple, then livid, then with a gasp fell forward on his face and died. Such an event in so small a town naturally caused the greatest consternation. People could talk of nothing else, and wondered

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what old Isaac would do now. Isaac had lived for Tom—had struggled, schemed, pinched and saved for fifty years that he might enrich him. And this was the end. Tom was dead, and at fourscore years the squire of Stamer Hey was childless.

Jasper and Charley were returning homeward early in the afternoon, bubbling over with this momentous news, when they saw Eve coming to meet them, her hair streaming in the wind, her eyes sparkling, her lips apart, her face aglow.

"Goodness gracious! what ails the little maid?" Jasper said in astonishment, tugging hard at the reins.

"Shouldn't wonder if her brother ain't turned up," Charley said sententiously.

"Gracious!" Jasper ejaculated.

Then Eve's voice broke clear upon the air. "Oh, uncle, Jack's found!"

"Found?"

"Yes. He's all right, and is coming home as fast as steam will bring him."

"Gracious!" and the cart came to a sudden stop.

"Have 'ee got a letter or summat?" Charley questioned in his slow way.

"Yes. Oh, it is wonderful! Come home quickly and you shall hear all about it."

Jasper smiled benignly, and the fount of joy was opened in his heart once more. His little maid was herself again. Her happy laughter once more echoed across the quiet fields of Crantock.

"Gee up, Luther," he called to the horse (for Nero had long since been gathered to his fathers). "Stir your stumps, old lazybones;" and he flourished his whip in a way that made Charley stare, and surprised Luther into an animated canter.

Two days later Jack himself appeared on the scene, looking very little the worse for his adventure. All work was suspended that day. Luther ran wild in the home-close, and kicked up his heels in sheer wantonness. Charley donned his best jacket, and came into the big kitchen to hear the story. Farmer Cox came across and joined the circle, feeling that he had a personal interest in the matter, and persisted in telling the story how Jack once damaged his nose. Lawyer Tremayne was there, of course, and managed to get a seat next to Eve. Richard Trethewey came all the way from Polduly, for he felt that nobody loved Jack as he did. And Pearl would have been there if she had dared, for the fact of her being Sir George Treherne's daughter had not changed her feelings in the slightest degree.

Jack told his story without any waste of words; and when he had finished, silence fell. But the silence was more eloquent than speech. Eve turned to her brother at length and kissed him, at which Jasper blew his nose violently, and Reginald Tremayne felt decidedly envious, though he made no outward sign of it.

Two days later Jack returned to Polduly. He knew that Sir George would be curious to hear his story. Moreover, deep down in his heart there was an unspoken hope that he might catch a glimpse of Pearl. Nor was he disappointed in this. Pearl and her mother came into the library, where Sir George received him, and sat there while he told his story.

Jack looked at Pearl every now and then, but her eyes were always averted; it seemed as though she did not care to look at him. Jack could scarcely repress a sigh now and then. He fancied that she was not the Pearl he once knew. She was as beautiful as ever—ay, more beautiful; for rich and well-fitting dresses set off the loveliness of her face and the grace and symmetry of her form. But while something had been added, something also had been taken away. He did not know what it was; but whatever it might be, it made a whole world of difference. It seemed as though *his* Pearl was dead, and a new Pearl had taken her place.

It was nearly dark when he left. His interview with Sir George had been everything he could desire. Sir George had been deeply moved, was without doubt profoundly grateful, and had expressed himself as being anxious to repay in some measure the heavy debt of gratitude he owed to him; yet, for all that, Jack wandered away down the long winding drive in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

"I wish I had not seen her at all," he was saying to himself, when suddenly a light footstep on the turf caused him to look round, and the next moment Pearl, panting and breathless, stood before him.

"Oh, Jack," she exclaimed, taking his hands and looking eagerly up into his face, "I could not let you go without thanking you—without letting you know how grateful I am. You have suffered all this for me, and I shall never forget it—never, never. You think I have altered, that I have grown proud, that a big house and fine dresses have made me forgetful of the past. Oh, Jack, it isn't so. I'm Pearl still, and shall always be Pearl to you."

"God bless you, Pearl!" he said reverently;

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and he raised her hands to his lips and kissed them.

"And you will not think unkind things of me, Jack?" she questioned, her own eyes swimming.

"No, Pearl, I never will."

"You cannot think how proud I am of you," she went on. "And oh, I owe you everything. I should never have found my home but for you."

"And are you happy?" he questioned.

"Yes, Jack," she answered slowly; "I think I am as happy as I can be. I don't think anybody can be perfectly happy in this world, you know."

"And why not?" he asked.

"Oh, well, it wouldn't do, I expect," she answered. "There's always something. My governess says every life has its compensations."

"And its drawbacks?" he queried.

"Yes, I suppose so. You see, when I had no real home, I had freedom; while now—well, you see, there are customs and usages, and all that. It's awful bondage sometimes. Still, I'm very happy, Jack—and oh! so thankful to you."

For a moment or two they stood looking at each other in silence, then he caught her in his arms and kissed her. It was a sudden impulse, and she did not resent it.

So they parted, to go their separate ways through long years that followed.

CHAPTER XXXVI

CONCLUSION

Go, little story. Tell thy tale
Of Love and Providence.

AFTER the death of his son, Isaac Pengarth ceased to resist the claims of Jack and Eve. He knew from the first that the battle was lost, yet for Tom's sake he was resolved to fight to the very last; but when Tom was brought home dead, all "fight" went out of him. There was no one left now to struggle and save for. Tom was his all. And if he had not been an ideal son, if at best he was loutish and slow, if he had been stupid in refusing to marry because Amy Dean rejected him, still he was the old man's idol, for he had none else. He was nearly fifty when he died, and yet Isaac always spoke of him as "his boy." And now, when the grave had closed over him, it seemed to the old man that the world was empty. He felt, too, that he was scarcely any more a part of it. He had passed his eightieth year, and all the sap in him was dried up. People had noticed for several months past that he had been failing; he had looked withered and shrunken, and his step had lost all its firmness and decision. But when he stood at the head of Tom's grave, listening to the burial service and looking with dry eyes at the coffin down there in the darkness and cold, everyone felt that his days were numbered, that he would soon follow his son into the land of silence and mystery.

A week later he sent for Jack. He was anxious to make some sort of reparation before he died.

"You have been here before?" he said to Jack as soon as the latter came into the room.

"Yes; during the holidays Eve and I came several times."

"I heard so, but I did not see you—I did not want to. But things have happened since then. Come a little more into the light, boy. Ah! you are John Dean over again. Yes, yes; it's God's judgment. Tell me all you can remember about the past—about your mother."

So Jack sat down and recounted simply and straightforwardly all the chief events of his life.

Isaac listened with eyes closed, but he made no remark till Jack had finished.

"It's God's will," he said at last. "I've saved for Tom, but it belongs to you. Unwittingly I've been a good steward. Every sovereign your grandfather left has gained ten. I hope you'll use it wisely."

"I hope so."

"On your way back call at Lawyer Tremayne's and send him on here at once, will you? I'll put things straight to-day. I know I'm nearing the end."

"Oh, you are good for several years yet," Jack said jocularly.

"I fear not, I fear not," was the reply. "Anyhow, you and your sister shall have your own to-day."

Isaac lived till the spring, and then was joined to his fathers. When his will came to be read, it was discovered that he had made Jack his heir. Everybody expected that he would leave his own money to some charity—to build a lunatic asylum, perhaps, or endow a church. But in this instance everybody was wrong. "I'll make the young fellow the richest man in the three parishes,"

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he said to his lawyer; and so it proved. When Jack came to look into the figures, he stood aghast; such wealth seemed a positive burden to him.

Most people rejoiced in Jack's good fortune save Richard Trethewey. Richard cared little for money himself,—indeed he had rather a horror of it,—and he feared that in Jack's case it might prove a snare and a danger. Moreover, it would mean the loss of his companion, and perhaps in the end the destruction of their friendship.

"Ah, Jack," he said, and there were tears in his eyes when he spoke, "you are going away to college, and you will mix with great people, and you will have many temptations—yes, many temptations—and—and— Ah, we shall not see you again."

"Why not, Richard?"

"Ah, you will form new friendships, and you will get to London, in time—yes, to London. I know you will. And then Polduly will seem very small and far away, and there will be nothing to bring you back here."

Jack thought of Pearl, and was silent for a few moments. It was just possible he might not want to come back to Polduly again. Penlogan was closed now. Sir George and his family were wintering abroad. But, in any case, he was not on visiting terms with the Trehernes. Two years ago he was but an under-gardener at Penlogan,—Sir George would never forget that. Besides, as Pearl mixed in society she would get other ideas, would form other friendships and attachments, and, with her grace and beauty, would doubtless in the end marry some titled aristocrat, and pass out of his sight altogether.

He looked up at length and smiled. "While you are at Polduly, Richard, there will always be an attraction here. But some day we will go to London together. You shall see the great city before you die."

"Oh no!" and the pale librarian almost gasped.

"But I say yes, Richard. If we both live, we'll go to London together some day. So don't forget."

So the two parted, and did not see each other again for many days. Jack went to college to work, not to idle; but he did not forget to write to his friends.

For a year or two time slipped away with little of change to mark its flight.

Jasper Downderry fell back into the old habit of dreaming more than was good for him. Things seemed to be reaching a crisis. Changes were bound to come sooner or later. Eve was a woman now, and rich; and though she still made Crantock her home, and gave no hint of change, yet he could not help going half-way to meet trouble. Sometimes he feared she would go to live with her grandmother at Stamer Hey. At other times he was suspicious of Lawyer Tremayne. He came to Crantock a good deal oftener than appeared necessary. It did not seem possible that Eve's affairs could require so much attention; and yet not a week passed that he did not come once, and more frequently twice.

Sometimes for hours on the stretch Jasper would stand leaning over a gate with a wistful far-away look in his eyes and a strange foreboding in his heart.

"My little maid is slipping away from me," he would say to himself. "What with her granny, and her brother, and her money, and that lawyer, I shall not be able to keep her much longer. I'm sure I shan't." And he would sigh to himself, and think the world a hard place and life a cruel thing.

Poor Jasper! Like many more of us, he mourned over calamities that never happened. He was constantly fretting that Eve would leave him soon. And yet it was he who went away. He caught cold one day while dreaming on a stile in the teeth of a bitter east wind. He took no notice of it at first, and when he did notice it it was too late. Pneumonia developed rapidly, and the end came with startling suddenness.

For an hour before he died all pain left him; but he knew all the same that he would not get better. Eve sat by his side fanning him, and moistening his lips with a feather.

"Oh, my little Eve," he said, with a winsome smile, "I do love 'ee."

"I know you do, uncle," she said, trying hard to steady her voice.

"Nobody can tell how much," he went on. "I've loved 'ee more'n all else on earth. You've been the sunshine of my life."

"And you've been my best friend," she answered, with a sob.

"Oh, that's been easy," he replied. "'Tain't never hard to be a friend to those we love. Oh, my little maid, it's been the happiness of my life to look after 'ee; an' yet, my dear, I've been very foolish."

"Oh no, uncle."

"Yes, I have, Eve. I've worrited no end, an' all for nothin'. I've kept sayin' for years, 'My little maid is slippin' from me. She'll be goin' away an' leavin' me some of these days.' And yet I needn't have troubled; you see, it's I who'm goin' away;" and a

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"'HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE OLD NAME?' SHE ASKED."

sweet smile stole over his face like a gleam of sunshine.

"But you must not give up hope, uncle," she said between her sobs. "Perhaps you'll get better."

"Yes, I'll soon get better, Eve; but not here. I know I'm goin' away, an' I'm not sorry. It'll be easier than seein' you go, Eve. Oh, my little maid, I think I love 'ee more than ever."

She bent down and kissed him, and her tears fell hot upon his brow.

"God has been very good to me," he whispered, for his strength was failing rapidly. "I've had you all these years to love and care for. And Crantock has never been lonely since you came, and life's been such a sweet and painful joy. Oh, my bird of Paradise, we shall meet again."

And for answer she kissed him many times; and even while her breath was warm upon his cheek God's angel came. She saw a smile steal slowly over his face, and after the smile a shadow fell. She called his name in a pitiful beseeching cry, which brought Leah instantly into the room; but Jasper was beyond the sound of her voice, beyond all the strife and tumult of earth.

. . . . . .

Twelve months later, when Reginald Tremayne, with much diffidence and many misgivings, asked Eve to be his wife, she gave her reply without hesitation.

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"I shall never love anyone but you," she said in her frank outspoken way.

"You really mean it, Eve?" he questioned in surprise.

"Why should I not mean it, Reg?" she asked, with a beautiful light shining in her eyes.

"I am so much older than you, darling," he answered pathetically.

"I do not like boys," she said, putting up her face to be kissed; and after that Reginald did not doubt again.

Eve was married from Stamer Hey, for Leah had given up the farm to Charley Blake and had gone to live with her sister. Susan still remained at Crantock as Charley's housekeeper.

Jack came over to give away his sister, and on his return spent two or three days with Richard Trethewey at Polduly. But he did not see Pearl. He heard that she was at Penlogan, and twice each day during his stay he took a walk in that direction, and got as near the big house as he possibly could; but she did not show her face.

The people of Polduly had a great deal to say in praise of her sweetness of disposition, her cleverness, her beauty—to all of which Jack listened with an interest he tried not to reveal; and since he was not of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeve, this was not difficult. Richard found him full of cheerfulness and good-humour, without a sign of melancholy either in his manner or conversation.

So six years passed away from the time Jack said good-bye to Pearl in Penlogan park, and in all those years he had never once seen her face. He had heard of her many times, but he was fated not to cross her path. People spoke of her as a beautiful and accomplished woman, a woman of rare talent and striking originality. Sir George, it was said, was immensely proud of her, but at the same time was somewhat disappointed that she had said no to all the offers of marriage she had received.

"I'm only a girl yet," she said one day, when Sir George had talked to her seriously about the matter, "and I have so much lee way to make up in the matter of education that I have no time to think about matrimony."

Jack had done well in those six years. His particular friends spoke of his university career as a brilliant one. But "brilliant" was not exactly the right word. There were many more brilliant men than he, but few more patient or persevering. His capacity for work was immense, his will unbending. He saw clearly enough at the start that unless he worked specially hard his early disadvantages would always be a millstone about his neck, and so he resolved that as far as it was possible he would make up for lost time.

He was yet undecided what profession to adopt, when a vacancy suddenly and unexpectedly occurred in the representation of the Stamer Division of Cornwall in Parliament. He heard of the event without interest, though he was a keen politician. He saw in the papers, as the days passed by, that the party to which he belonged was unable to find a candidate. At the previous election the other side had won by such a sweeping majority that there seemed no chance whatever for a candidate of the opposite colour. The party managers approached any number of capable men, but not one of them was disposed to lead a hope so forlorn. In the end the local committee approached Jack. They pointed out that it would be a good training for him, in any case; the chance of winning was small, no doubt; still, there was a chance—with a great deal more to the same effect. Jack took a day to consider it, and then with his usual quiet determination plunged into the fray. Fortunately for him, the contest was during the dull season. There was no other excitement in the political world, and so the battle drew to it an amount of attention out of all proportion to its importance. Everybody was asking who this John Milward was who was fighting such a plucky battle and delivering such a magnificent series of speeches. Newspapers, having little else to report, gave whole columns to his addresses, and there was scarcely a political club in the country where he was not talked about. This was a splendid advertisement for Jack. At a general election he would scarcely have been noticed, but at this bye-election the whole country looked on. Moreover, some of the leaders of his party came down to assist him, and made mental notes of his ability. The excitement grew from day to day. His opponent was old and slow of speech, and not particularly popular. Jack's handsome presence and genial spirit made him friends all along the line. Moreover, his Celtic blood caught fire. His ready speech and vivid style of oratory touched the imaginations of the Cornishmen. The waverers were won over to his side in shoals. Still, no one expected that he would win. That he would largely reduce the majority was quite on the cards, but

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more than that was not anticipated by the most sanguine.

The day of the election was characterised by tremendous excitement; and when late at night the poll was declared, such a shout was raised as had rarely been heard in Stamer. Jack had not only reduced the majority, he had turned it into a minority.

When Jack awoke next morning he felt as though he must have dreamed it all. The whole thing had come upon him so unexpectedly, and for a whole fortnight he had been borne along upon such a wave of excitement, that now it was all over, and he was actually M.P., he was unable to realise it. It seemed incredible that he, a child of poverty, a wandering gipsy, a jail-bird, an outcast, should now be one of the most talked-of men in the land.

When he went up to take his seat, he took Richard with him. But what Richard thought of London he has not yet told. Some say he was completely disillusioned; others, that what he saw he found impossible to utter. Some day, perhaps, he will let the world know.

Jack had been in London three months when he came face to face with Pearl. He had made a great speech in the House the night before, and everyone was talking about it. Friends and foes alike admitted that his position was now assured. He looked up with a start when Pearl stood before him, and for a moment he did not recognise her. This handsome queenly woman!—could it be possible?

"Ah, you do not recognise me?" she said, with a smile; and her voice sounded to him like music.

"Yes, yes," he said quickly. "You are"—Then he hesitated.

"Have you forgotten the old name?" she asked.

"Forgotten?" he questioned. "I should sooner forget my own. May I call you Pearl still?"

"Of course you may. What else would you call me?"

"I was afraid"— he began.

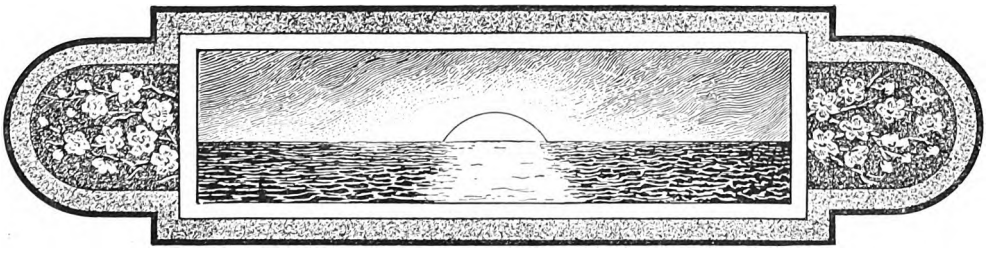
"That I might call you Jack," she interrupted, with a merry laugh.

He looked her full in the face, and their eyes met in one swift revealing glance. He saw the colour mount to her cheeks, he felt it mount to his own.

"I will always call you Pearl," he said in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper.

"And I," she answered, with her sweetest smile, "will always call you Jack."

THE END



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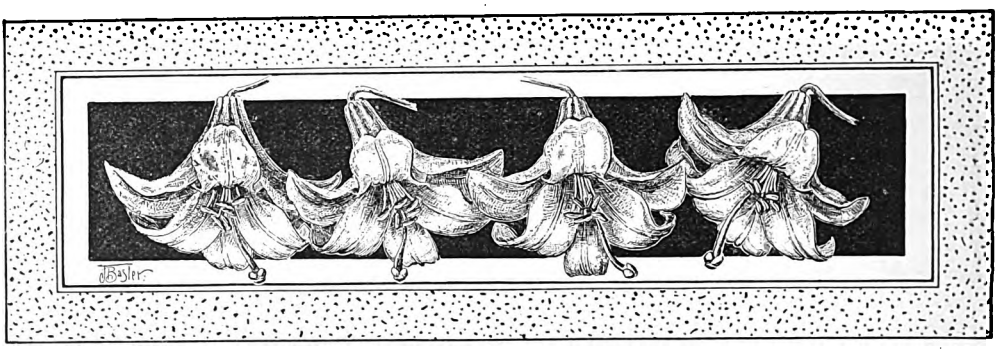

THE HOME SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER

PRAYER

FATHER of our lives, we thank Thee for innumerable mercies, daily compassions, daily dew resting upon the ground and all its growths. We will forget the darkness and the bitterness of life, and we will think of the joy and the mercy and the preservation and the inspiration and the companionship and the growing trust and love. Now will we say with one uplifted unwavering voice, The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. May we repent of our sins; may this be the funeral of all quarrel and bitterness and wrath and clamour and all unloveliness before God! To this end we pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost; that wondrous influence which can turn all dead things into life and immortality that have in them any germ of God. Pity us wherein we have done wrong. If we have given place unto wrath in an unwise and resentful way, God pity us, for we are of the earth earthy, and we are in the flesh and are troubled by divers changing fashions; and if in any wise we have thought to do evil, and made it our business to affront Thy holiness, oh that we may be forgiven at the Cross, the fountain of blood! There we would be cleansed from every stain and taint of evil; for the blood of Jesus Christ Thy Son cleanseth from all sin. If we have been little, peevish, and wearisome to one another; if we have been burdens where we ought to have been helps; if we have been clouds where we ought to have been sunshine, let the Lord's mercy be greater than our sin, and even now may we rise in a spirit of love and hopefulness and forgiveness, and for Christ's sake endeavour to be better in the future than in the past. Our days are hastening to an end; we are running down the hill; presently we shall be in the river, and over it: oh that men were wise, that they knew these things, that they would consider their latter end! We pray for the afflicted and the distressed—people to whom wearisome days and nights are appointed; and we pray for those who have to watch them, that in fortitude and patience and sympathy they may discharge their high ministry. We pray for all who are engaged in business that perplexes and disturbs the soul, for all statesmen, governors, rulers, leaders, and guides of the people; for all nations, without distinction of name, that upon the whole earth there may fall the impartial sunshine of the Divine smile. The Lord hear us in these confessions, thanksgivings, petitions, and supplications: and we know that we will be heard, because our altar is the Cross, our plea is the name of Jesus, our assurance is the promise of the Spirit. Amen.

TWO ENVIRONMENTS

An host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. . . . The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 KINGS vi. 15, 17.

WHICH, then, was the environment? Here are two surroundings: by which are we to judge God and our own life, Providence and experience? We cannot deny either of these environments, so called in modern polysyllables. Let us consider the case. People speak of environment as if it were one thing, one thing only, and namable. It may be more; it may not be a question of simplicity, but of intense perplexity. By environment is generally understood that which is outside of us, round about us, constituting the conditions and circumstances under which we live—such as climate, weather, friends, opportunities, possibilities, and all manner of interwoven and subtly related and crudely coloured event and incident. There is such an environment; there is a climate, there is a mystery of longitude and latitude, there is a ministry of heredity: no doubt of all that. The question is whether that is all, and whether it may not be absolutely modified and varied and practically converted or abolished by some other and deeper realities and factors.

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Let there be no mistake about the case. There is an external surrounding or environment:—"When the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots." And that was the only environment the young man saw: was it therefore the only environment that was present? When Elisha heard the young man's story he said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." This was startling intelligence to the young man, who had only eyes of the flesh, and could only see that which is palpable and tangible according to earthly standards and limitations. "And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see." Is there something we do not see with the eyes of the body? Is it possible to be so educated, directed, and inspired by the Holy Ghost as to see with the heart or the soul that which cannot be seen by the bodily eyes? "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha,"—an invisible, an impregnable environment.

Environment is individualised by temperament and habit. Two men may be in the same environment, but it may not have the same effect upon them. Two men may be members of the same family and yet be utter strangers to one another, greater strangers than if they were not one nominally by natural kinship. In this instance we have the master with one power of vision and the young man with another power of vision. They are both surrounded by the same outward circumstances; but the angels and the horses and the chariots are not round about the young man, they are round about Elisha. Men make their own environments. You can affect the circumstances under which you live: what are burdens to one man are opportunities to another; where one poor soul is crushed, a soul of another quality is quickened and inspired into an unsuspected and unimagined energy. Do not let us therefore roughly talk about environment as if it were some cast-iron arrangement that could be weighed and measured and spoken of in plain terms and figures. There is an environment of a purely external nature; no one, of course, can for a moment doubt that: but the question is, whether that external environment may not be individualised and powerfully affected by our own temperament, our own spirit, and our own habit of life.

Put a debauchee into a refined environment: does he cease to be a debauchee? He cannot see the environment; the very power of his vision is affected; things are blurred and intermixed and confused, and that which ought to be music and proportion becomes discord and annoyance and offence. Does environment make the man? Perhaps it would be more deeply true to say that the man makes the environment. Two men are not the same men under even the same class of circumstances. The one man is cowed by them; the other is fired into strength by them: yet the environment externally is the same. Put a sordid man into elevated society: does he breathe the higher air? Not he; he is selfishly calculating, he cannot get away from himself; he is only acquainted with the dust, he has no comradeship in heaven; he never knew what it was for his soul to be swept away in a great enthusiasm; he has always been upon the ground, and always kept room for more and more of its mud and dust. We may be therefore quite wrong in imagining that circumstances make men. Circumstances may develop men, and may very strongly affect men. The question is whether there is not another set of circumstances, a concentric circle nearer the soul, which is the real and true environment of the life. Put a Pharisee into the company of Christ: does he at once become Christ-like? does he at once shed off the evil skin of leprosy and put on the garment of health and of praise? Let history answer. What, then, is environment? Is it not more a question of the soul than of the body? Is it not a double question, touching both, but is not the higher aspect of it that which gathers round the very centre and breathing of the inmost life?

Do men really see their true environment? May they not be misled by appearances? May not appearances be deceptive in the double sense of being less than they are and even more than they are? Rid the mind of the notion that there is any question about human development and progress that is simple in the sense of being shallow. The environment was there, but the servant did not see it; the environment of the assailing force was there, but Elisha did not see it in the sense of being so impressed by it as to be in great fear. He saw that the further environment had to press in upon him, through an inner circle, and that to get at him they must get through God.

Even good outward environment may be

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rendered useless by bad dispositions. The bad stomach makes no good use of the most nutritious food. We must inquire into the responsive and assimilative ministries of nature before we can say whether the good outward environment is of any service to the inner life of the man. You may have the whole bounty of nature at your disposal, but be unable to touch it, use it, enjoy it. Hunger may be in a well-stored larder, but may be unable to avail itself of all that is there. Digestion may be nearer than appetite; chemical powers and actions may be ruling the life more than the mere desire for food; the very food might be spoiled by passing through certain conditions. Where, then, is environment? How much does it imply? Is it to be spoken of in terms of simplicity and perfect unity as if it were a simple superficies? or has it about it all the mystery of the cubic measure? Do not speak with fluent ignorance as if environment were one thing, and one thing only: understand that there may be a concentric environment, and understand that every environment has to get into the inmost soul through disposition and appetencies and desires that may modify the whole action, that may vitiate the whole issue.

Put a man into a library: is he therefore wise? Do we say, Look at his environment; a man so surrounded must be intelligent? Is that so? Have books any influence upon us if we do not read them? If we read them and do not assimilate the thought, are they of use to us? May we not destroy the very best environment? May we not turn the very richest opportunity into a disastrous neglect? It is better to put the case thus interrogatively and suggestively than to dogmatise about it. If environment, surrounding, the things amidst which we live, have such a great effect upon us, what about this man sitting in the midst of a library, gathered through many years and representative of many languages of every degree of intelligence? What about him? He may not have read one of the books; he may have read some of them in the letter only, and not have entered into the spirit at all. So, then, we cannot say, He who drives fat oxen must himself be fat; we cannot say, He that sits in a library must be wise; we cannot say, He that was born amid Alpine mountains must be of a noble and massive and majestic character. We sometimes can say that men who were born in poverty had bread to eat that the world knew not of: that was their inner environment. We can say that men who were born in the lowlands have had mountainous minds, towering and noble intellect. We can say that eyes that have seen no pictures on the paternal walls have seen pictures in the air, writings and drawings and colourings of God in all the mystery of clouds. We are able to say that many a man who was born as a stone has been raised up by the grace of God to be a son of Abraham.

It is important to hold these suggestions very clearly before the mind, because it is the fatal mistake of a certain order of thinking that if we had been in better circumstances we would have been better men. It relieves us of some degree of responsibility, we think, and falsely think, to be able to reflect upon our circumstances, to say, If we had been born in the palace, we would have been kings; we were born in the lowliest conditions, and therefore have had no chance in life. That is only true externally; it may be wholly false internally. God may have had your birth in the stable, and not in the inn or in the palace, because He had a great future for you. God begins low; He does not travel downwards, He travels upwards. It may be your fortune that your father was a poor man.

Now, as to all these environments—the white snow of the North making the Polar bear and the white bear of the country, and the rest. No doubt there is a certain scientific something in it—no doubt about it; the question is not up for consideration: the one question suggested by the incident is this: Whether a man may have one environment, or two, or three; whether he may not stand within a sevenfold ply of circumstances, seven concentric rings all guarding him, because he is a prince and a child of promise. We may have been looking too much at the little house that we live in, and have been thinking that if we had been born in the house that is on the hilltop, we would have been hillmen ourselves. Little houses may cover great lives; hidden altars may represent great prayers; external plebeianism may be God's way of veiling and hiding spiritual aristocracy. He will find a place for His sons. It delights Him to raise up the lowly, to strengthen those who are of a hopeful heart; it is one of His chief pleasures, so to speak, that He may speak a word in season to the one who has fainted and is weary.

It is the duty of man to overcome environment of an external kind. Why be crushed by

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your circumstances? You are a man, and God hath been pleased to put all things under your feet. You have been abortively endeavouring to carry them on your head. The life of man when in a state of disobedience may be represented as a life that is trying to take up the earth into its arms and carry the earth on its head. It cannot be done. It is the business of a man, made in the image of God, to conquer all circumstances and to set his feet upon them. We may have begun at the wrong end. Many persons do not know how to begin to clean a room. Are they wanting in industry? Far from it, but they are industrious in the wrong way; with one-tenth of the expenditure of labour they might have had better results. But their mothers never taught them; this was never made a matter of science in the house; it was made a matter of haphazard effort, a little now and a little then, and no connection between the two operations. The evening may see such persons really exhausted and really disappointed. So it may be in business: you may be spending your strength at the wrong point; you might have been doing more by doing less; you did not see the whole, but, mole-like, you only saw a sixteenth part of an inch ahead of you. Now let the moles do their short-seeing, but you are a man, and should see the whole orb. Common-sense may see some things that are hidden from science. The *nisi prius* lawyer has been declared by one of his own class to be the very worst lawyer in the world, because he only sees a point, a part, and he toils, with exemplary faithfulness, in the development of a point, but he does not see its relation to the sum-total of things. That is the difference between a statesman and a politician. The politician wants everything done to-day or to-morrow; the statesman allows his mind to dwell upon the whole century. He studies proportion, subtle influence, onwardness, backwardness, the opposition of forces: he therefore is slow, and is often condemned for philosophic and wise delay.

You cannot overcome your circumstances all at once. You must not worship a little perspiring idol called Haste. God is in no haste; He sits upon the circle of Eternity. We have made a clock, and therefore have suggested the word haste. Our error was in ever making the clock. Young men who are trying to be rich in three days are foolish men. It cannot be right for you to be in poverty on Monday and to be in wealth on Thursday, unless some great fortune has been left to you, and a responsibility been inflicted upon you which you would gladly have escaped. But you cannot have made a fortune between Monday and Thursday; if so, you will lose it between Thursday and Saturday: it is vicious, unrighteous, unnatural, and disappointing. Some man said he was born mud and would die marble. That was a wise ambition. Do not go back upon your poor father and mother, and say that if they had been king and queen you would have been a very different man to-day. So it may be: you may owe all your energy to the fact that you had to fight your way in the world, had to boil your own kettle, make your own coat, open your own gates; that may be the fortune which indicates the better wealth, the inward riches. Any fool can spend a fortune; it requires a man of energy and circumspection and industry and probity to make an honourable fortune, accompanying his daily acquisition with daily beneficence.

Never omit the invisible when you are making your calculations of life and action and responsibility. "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee;" "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him;" "Put up thy sword into its sheath; thinkest thou that I could not now pray to My Father, and He would presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?" Are they not all servants of the righteous? Are they not, angels though they be, at the beck and call of children who believe in God through our Lord Jesus Christ? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But is there any more pitiable spectacle than that of a man who started life within an environment entirely favourable, and forced his way through it into dissoluteness and wickedness and perdition? And is there among the practical illustrations of life a better and nobler picture than that of a man who was born in a manger and is crowned with all the riches of the universe? And is there not, in his own degree, a similar possibility open to every young man, who, being born in poverty and adversity and comparative desolation, puts his trust in the living God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; humbly, quietly, modestly, self-reliantly, works his way into influence and position and character and renown and great usefulness? Let us have no more whimpering about local environment, about domestic difficulties, and poor beginnings, and discouraging circumstances. All discouragements are challenges — challenges to our fortitude and manliness and faith in God.

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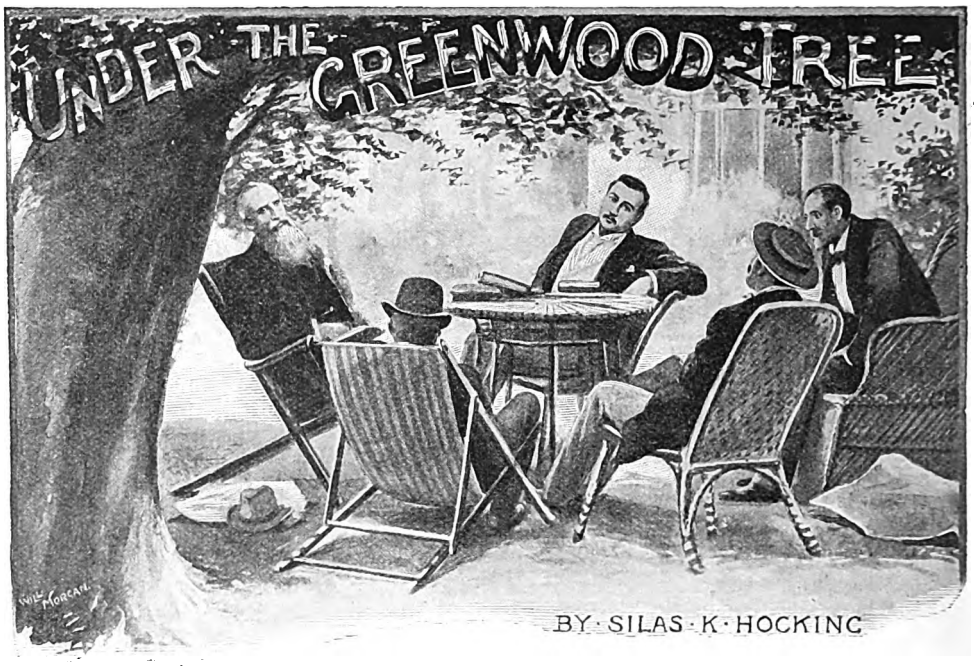

"HAVE the English people as a whole any genuine love for the beautiful?" was the question raised in a contemporary a few days ago. The writer was careful not to commit himself to any definite statement of opinion, but he certainly conveyed the impression that, in his judgment, the English race is hopelessly Philistine, and will sacrifice anything on earth for the sake of worldly gain and convenience. Unfortunately, one sees a good deal almost every day that will bear out that impression. Nothing is safe nowadays from the speculator, the company promoter, and the jerry builder. The loveliest places in England are being ruthlessly destroyed for the sake of gain. The charms of nature are of no account when placed in the scale against £ *s. d.* The delights of glen and waterfall, of drooping fern and overhanging tree, are swept away without remorse or compunction to make room for a factory or a mill, and the fair face of the landscape is disfigured in all directions by unsightly hoardings announcing pills and powders and a dozen other things.

* * *

But there is a worse phase of the question than this prevailing spirit of utilitarianism,—and that is the spirit of wantonness that appears to actuate so many people. I happened the other day to be in a remote part of the country, where extensive woods and moors are open to the public. Deep and picturesque dells, shaded with giant trees, cleft the hills in several directions. Where the trees had decayed or were decaying, young trees had been planted to take their places. On the banks, open to the south and to the sunshine, wild flowers grew in the greatest profusion. Beyond the woods, the moors were beginning to purple with the bloom of heather. Indeed the whole district was as beautiful as anyone could desire. It being summer-time and holiday-time, people were to be seen loitering in all directions, and one felt thankful that such an extensive and beautiful district was open to the public; but one's thankfulness was soon tempered by a very different feeling. Here a branch of a tree had been wantonly wrenched off; a little farther on a young sapling had been stripped of all its bark; not far away was another young tree that had been broken in half; while in all directions the beautiful wild flowers had been plucked by handfuls and then thrown upon the ground to wither and die; and on the top of all this, the banks and paths were a perfect litter of paper and orange peel and discarded sprigs of heather.

* * *

Some years ago, when I was in the city of Toronto, I was very much struck with the manifest regard of the people as a whole for objects of beauty. What in this country would be fenced off from the public by high walls or iron railings was there thrown open to everyone. Long gardens slanted down from handsome houses to the edge of the pavement—gardens

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that were perfect pictures of beauty, velvet lawns bordered with flowers that were a delight to the eye,—and there was not even a kerb to protect them from the foot of the trespasser. As a matter of fact there were no trespassers. The public seemed as proud of and as anxious to protect the gardens as were the owners of them. How much these fenceless gardens and lawns added to the beauty and dignity of the streets may be imagined; and on making inquiries, I found that there had, from the first, been no cause of complaint; even the ordinary admonition—common enough in all English parks—"Please keep off the grass," not being required.

* * *

There can be little doubt, however, that as a nation we are improving in these respects. Utilitarian John Bull undoubtedly is, and will in all probability remain so to the end of the chapter. Nevertheless, he shows signs in all directions of an increased love for objects of beauty. We all know there was a time—evidenced not only by the splendid cathedrals and abbeys which still dot our land, but by numberless specimens of sculpture and woodcarving that remain with us—when not only the rich gloried in the beautiful, but when the ordinary craftsman took pride in his work, and showed in many a cunningly-wrought example of his skill his innate love for symmetry and perfection of form. Unfortunately, this time was succeeded by a long period of artistic declension. A great number of people deliberately set themselves the task of crushing out all love for the beautiful, and those who were of a different way of thinking were so engrossed in money-making that they did not appear to care.

* * *

Up to almost the middle of the present century we were about as sordid as a nation could be. Big manufacturing towns had sprung up in all directions, that might have been designed by Diabolus himself. The jerry-building fiend was rampant everywhere. "Cheap and nasty" was the order of the day. Nature's loveliness was sacrificed in all directions, and no one seemed to mind. Streets of cottages were run up that were simply long lengths of hideousness, and so-called public buildings were a positive offence to every cultivated eye. It will take many generations to rid the country of these blots; but that a revival of good taste has set in there can be no doubt. Corporations and Local Boards in all parts of the country are beginning to rub their eyes, and to ask if something cannot be done to make their sordid-looking towns a little less unlovely. Societies are being formed in most large centres for the protection and preservation of choice bits of landscape; and the Vandalism that fifty years ago was allowed to pass without protest is now denounced, though not as strenuously as might be. Religious people no longer believe it is idolatry to reverence the beautiful in nature and art, or that they can worship God more acceptably in a whitewashed barn than in a Gothic temple ornamented with carving and mosaics and stained glass. The advance of education, the multiplication of art schools and picture galleries, the wide dissemination of pure uplifting literature, are all contributing to the same result. The illustration of books and magazines is now done in the highest style of art. Architects vie with each other in designing beautiful dwellings for those who can afford to build. In the matter of furnishing a very distinct advance has been made. Even wall-papers and carpets show the general progress of the people in matters of taste; the crude splashes of staring colours that satisfied our fathers will by no means satisfy their children.

* * *

We are beginning to move in the right direction, but we have much leeway to make up. Our passionate lust of gold has bred a vulgarity that cannot be cured in a day or even in a generation. The wanton spirit of mischief that still exists can only be overcome by long and patient teaching. The Vandalism that lovers of nature everywhere deplore will only yield as men are taught to love beauty for its own sake. The present generation must be content to sow; the harvest will be reaped by our children and our children's children.

* * *

I can best answer *G. W.* (Darwen) by saying that the mission of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE is not to advertise any sect or creed or "ism." Spiritualism may be right, or it may be wrong. It is not for me to say, though I hold very decided views on the question. Many years ago I made a considerable study of spiritualistic literature, and attended several séances in different parts of the country; and the conclusion I came to was that the entertainment was dear at the price, while the information I received was *nil*. Like most other people, I would gladly lift the curtain that hides the future if I could, and get a glimpse of that great Beyond to which we are all tending. There is to most minds an irresistible fascination in the whole question of futurity. We wonder unceasingly what lies beyond. The mystery

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of that great silence weighs constantly upon our hearts. We would give almost anything if we could see again those friends of ours who have passed out of sight. We long

for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

* * *

I know that spiritualism claims to satisfy us on these points. Does it make that claim good? If so, all I can say is we have not much to look forward to. Much as we shrink from oblivion, I would rather go to sleep for ever than become a furniture remover, or a table-rapper, and be at the beck and call of such lunatics as I have seen at dark séances. I was favoured once with a speech from the spirit of Milton, delivered in blank verse. Poor Milton! I have never wanted to hear from him again. Milton in the flesh was a seer and a poet; he had a grace of style, a majesty and dignity of diction that have rarely been equalled, while all that he wrote was illumined and exalted by a fine spiritual fervour and passion that time has not dimmed in the smallest degree, though his theology is now considerably out of date; but Milton disembodied was a mere ranter of the stalest platitudes in most execrable English.

* * *

If my friends who have passed out into the great unknown are engaged in turning tables in stuffy rooms, and flinging chairs about in the dark, and playing tambourines in a way that would be a disgrace to the rawest recruit in the Salvation Army, and perpetrating antics generally that would not be tolerated at a nigger entertainment, then I would rather remain in ignorance of the fact. It is pitiful and painful to think that the dead lose all their dignity and culture directly they shuffle off this mortal coil—that the sober ones become mere buffoons, and the wise ones lose all their learning, and forget even how to speak correctly. If this is the fate of the friends of our youth, and is likely to be our own fate, then it is a kindness to shut down the lid and keep the curtain drawn. I am not going to argue with my correspondent, or call into question his statements. All I say is, that if the future life be what he and his co-religionists make it out to be, then most of us have been living in a fool's paradise since the days we were children, and existence is a bigger fraud than the most hopeless of the pessimists declare it to be.

* * *

E. P. T. (Luton).—I have not up to the time of writing these notes seen any complete catalogue of the late Mrs. Oliphant's works. But some time ago I reckoned up a list of over eighty novels written by her, and I feel sure that that list did not represent the total number. In addition to her novels, she wrote quite a number of biographical and historical volumes. I believe her latest biographical work was an appreciation of Charlotte Brontë. Her essays, contributed to various magazines and reviews, would fill several volumes more. So that, making a rough guess, I should say she cannot have written much less than a hundred volumes. This is a large output even for a busy woman during a long life. Her volume entitled *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*, though one of the thinnest of her books in point of bulk, was in some respects one of her greatest in point of merit. For a long time after it was published the authorship was kept a secret; but the truth leaked out at length (such secrets somehow have a habit of coming to light), and in all future catalogues of her works I have no doubt the volume named will be included.

* * *

It has been hinted that Mrs. Oliphant's closing years were somewhat saddened by the discovery that she had outlived her vogue—that her popularity as a writer was a painfully diminishing quantity—that a new generation of writers had practically elbowed her out of the running. In a volume of stories published only a month or two before her death, she draws a sadly pathetic picture of an artist who had outlived his day, whose pictures, once run after, would no longer sell, and who saw not only neglect but absolute want staring him in the face. More than one reviewer fancied he saw in this story a picture of her own heart, and heard in the artist's wail her own sad moralisings. Perhaps it was so. A book is bound to reflect the writer's own feelings to a greater or lesser extent. I do not think it is possible for any writer to stand absolutely apart from his or her work. He may not intend to reveal himself, he may strive after the very opposite; but he will put himself into his book in spite of all that he can do. The printed page will reflect the man's own self.

* * *

Student (York) writes as follows:—"Would you kindly point out in what lies the secret of Rudyard Kipling's greatness as a writer? I do not profess to have been a diligent student of his works, but I have read a number of his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, his novel *The Light that Failed*, and more recently still, his *Captains Courageous*, and I candidly confess that I am at a loss to see where the greatness

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or the genius comes in. I have read any number of stories infinitely better than his, and by writers who had no reputation at all. I may be an ignoramus, but candidly I should be downright thankful if you could give me a little light on the subject." I fear if *Student* has not discovered Kipling's genius while reading his works, nothing that I may say will enlighten him on the question. A threadbare truism says that "we see only what we take with us the power of seeing." And if a reader lacks the power to see, it is in vain that someone else holds up the torch. *Captains Courageous* is to me a perfect marvel of vivid description. The story itself is a very simple one, and in the hands of ninety-nine writers out of every hundred would have been a failure; but Kipling's marvellous power of describing things exactly as he sees them, his passion, his energy, his boundless resource, his directness, his amazing gift for detail, his prodigality of metaphor, his very contempt of style, if I may so speak, enables him to make the most commonplace subject as enthralling as the wildest romance ever penned.

* * *

Kipling, of all writers, never talks round a subject. He wastes no time in polishing periods or in elaborating sentences. He is so full of his theme that he seems impatient of delay. He sees with such vividness every detail of his story that he is eager to fling the picture on the canvas exactly as he sees it while it is fresh in his mind. He has all his pigments at hand. He knows exactly what colours to use, and in what quantities; his haste sometimes seems almost to border on recklessness. He is an impressionist, and yet a realist. His technique is his own. He cares nothing for mere form, and yet his forms are of the grandest and noblest—colossal, rugged, captivating the reader's fancy by sheer strength and energy. While other men are labouring to say things he has said them, and the impression abides, a rich and treasured possession.

* * *

Student will doubtless reply that this is as it appears to me. Exactly. Every man must see with his own eyes, and no one can see with the eyes of another. Yet I will venture to ask my correspondent to read Kipling again, and note particularly this one quality—his power of saying things. If in the end he fails to see his genius or to be impressed by his audacious realism, then he may conclude that Kipling is not for him—at anyrate for the present. Time, however, works great changes. What is meat to-day is little better than poison to-morrow, and that which satisfies in youth nauseates in middle life. My correspondent may revel to-day in yellow asters; in twins that are heavenly or otherwise; in the woman who did or didn't; in the sorrows of angels or imps; but a larger vision will come to him in time, as well as a desire for stronger food.

* * *

I do not agree with *Inquirer* (Leicester) in the least. Because a man does not realise his ideals, it does not follow on that account that his life is a failure. Success is not merely in achievement, it is also in effort. It is not simply what we put into our pocket, but what we build into our life and into the life of the world. He who does something that in the doing makes him a better man, he who strives after an ideal and in the striving wins strength to endure, even though he does not gain the thing he strove for, gains something else, which may prove of even greater value. You say his labour is vain. You say that, only because you have no eyes to see below the surface of things, no means of measuring those silent forces that are ever at work in the realm that lies outside your narrow ken.

* * *

All this talk about wasted effort in the struggle for existence, and in the great fields of moral and social reform, is but the irresponsible chatter of people who are incapable of thinking deeply on any great question. The wasted effort of the world is in other directions—in the selfish and dishonourable struggles of men for money and power and position—in the plottings and schemings and rivalries that go on in Church and State—in the prostitution of time and talent for ignoble ends—in the miserable bolstering up of long-standing abuses. I would advise *Inquirer* to look a little more deeply. The answer to life's riddle is not written in the froth upon the wave. The things that are seen are only temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal.

* * *

Justin B.—It is no doubt quite true that the two main factors which determine the quality of human character are heredity and environment; but it is a great mistake to say they are the only factors. There is a third, which in theological language we designate *grace*—that divine influence which works in the human heart, compelling, persuading, restraining, and lifting men to a moral plane unattainable by any effort of their own. By environment is shown our earthly relationship; by heredity, our human origin; by grace, our divine descent.

* * *

A. M. B.—If the literary merit of your verses were only equal to the tender and reverent spirit they breathe, you might hope in time to win success. But you have a great deal yet to learn, particularly in the matter of rhythm. In every other verse or so, there is one line at least that halts painfully.—*Spes.* Your sketches are very unreal. Why don't you write about people as you see them, not as you dream about them? I presume you are very young. If you are not, it would be sheer waste of time to continue writing.—*A. B., J. H., T. W. W., and others.* I cannot possibly undertake to read and criticise three-volume novels in MSS. I am sorry to disappoint you.—*A. W. G.* I cannot advise you; consult a solicitor.—*N. B.* Consult your local bookseller.—*Bell.* The engraving is of no value.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

"THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE" counts among its Contributors many, if not most, of the best-known writers of the day. But, though we are always glad to secure contributions by authors whose names are guarantees of the merit of their work, it has been our privilege to introduce to our readers the early writings of authors whose abilities have since become universally admitted. To recognise the glitter of gold among the gravel and grit is always a peculiar pleasure to an Editor; and in directing the attention of our readers to the work of **Miss Julia Macgruder,** *an American writer, whose powerful novels are as yet almost unknown in England, we believe that the Story will make as profound and abiding impression upon them as it has made upon the eminent literary critics to whom we have shown it.*

"DEAD SELVES"

is a work which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say is

Not unworthy of the pen of Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot.

If any proof of its power were needed, it is surely to be found in the fact that, though it is avowedly "a novel with a purpose,"—a novel which was written to teach a great and sorely-needed lesson,—it is yet

More interesting, more fascinating, and more absorbing

as a story than any tale which has seen the light during recent years. The woman who wrote the story of the birth of the Soul of Rhoda Gwynn, the woman who etched for us with unerring touch the character of Duncan Fraser, and who has created for us one of the most truly lovable figures in all fiction,—his holy-hearted but human-hearted mother,—has surely a great career before her. She can bring hot tears to our eyes, and stir us to the depths of our being, for she reads the secrets of human hearts as few have read them since George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë laid down their pens.

THE NEW VOLUME OF "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE,"

which starts with our next Number, will be in many ways greatly improved. We shall convey some idea of what we intend to do if we give the Contents of our October Number (to be published on September 24). This Number, the first of the new Volume, will contain—

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S EARLY DAYS IN JOURNALISM. *An intensely interesting Article, by the Editor of the "Nottingham Express," describing Mr. Barrie's life in Nottingham during the time he was Editor of a local paper, and giving some delightful extracts from his early newspaper articles. This Paper is fully Illustrated.*

"DEAD SELVES," *the Story described above, is splendidly Illustrated by* **Bertha Newcombe.**

A GROUP OF GREAT SINGERS. *A chatty and personal Sketch, accompanied by a charming series of Copyright Photos. This Article deals with Madame Patti, Miss Macintyre, Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Miss Clara Butt, Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Ben Davies.*

JACK HANNAFORD. *A strong and vigorous complete Story, by* **S. Baring Gould.** *Illustrated by* **James Greig.**

LIFE IN A COTTON MILL *is the title of a most interesting contribution by* **Mrs. S. A. Tooley,** *who, in order to write it, spent some time in Lancashire, gathering information at first hand. It is Illustrated with a remarkable series of Photographs.*

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEOFFREY MONTAGUE. *An unusually clever Story, by* **H. D. Lowry.** *Beautifully Illustrated by* **Florence Reason.**

GREAT PREACHERS AND THEIR WORKING WAYS *is the title of a short series of important Interviews, by the* **Rev. J. Reid Howatt.** *The first Article deals with* **Dr. Joseph Parker,** *and is full of sturdy wisdom and irresistible humour. There are many interesting Illustrations.*

"THOSE SORT OF PEOPLE" *is the title of one of the most charming Stories* **L. B. Walford** *has ever written. As regards the Illustrations, it is enough to say that they are by* **Sydney Cowell.**

MEN I HAVE MET: *Personal Recollections of* **Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Kingsley, Tom Hughes, Jowett,** *etc. This is the last of the Articles which* **Dean Farrar** *undertook to write for "The Temple," and we have no hesitation in saying that it is by far the best and most interesting of a remarkable series. It is of course fully Illustrated with Portraits, Facsimiles of Letters, etc.*

"FOR THE BAIRNS." *Under this title we start a new department for the children. It will be conducted by* **Mr. Reid Howatt;** *and by Pictures, Prize Competitions, and Cheery Chats, we shall do our best to interest and amuse the young folks.*

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SELF-JUDGMENTS, TRUE AND FALSE, *is the subject of a brief but very helpful Paper, by the* **Rev. Alfred Rowland,** *the new Chairman of the Congregational Union.*

"ROUND THE STUDY FIRE." **Mr. Silas K. Hocking's** *popular Chats about Men and Books will be continued month by month.*

THE HOME DEPARTMENT *will be greatly improved, and with lively writing and clever Illustrations will be one of our most attractive features.*

Beginning with October, we intend to give every month an **Artistic Frontispiece,** *and we have already arranged for the publication of Pictures by some of our greatest Artists.*

These details will suggest some small idea of what the Magazine will be like during the coming year. Will you help us by securing **One New Subscriber?** *If every reader would do this at once, we should be in a position to carry out even greater improvements than those we have announced.*

August 1897. **FREDERICK A. ATKINS.**

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